

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD," AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE FIRST.—1703.

CHAPTER I.

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

ON the night of Friday, the 26th of November, 1703, and at the hour of eleven, the door of a miserable tenement, situated in an obscure quarter of the Borough of Southwark, known as the Old Mint, was opened; and a man, with a lantern in his hand, appeared at the threshold. This person, whose age might be about forty, had something of the air of a mechanic, though he, also, looked like one well-to-do in the world. In stature he was short and stumpy; in person corpulent; and in countenance, (so far as it could be discerned,) sleek, snub-nosed, and demure.

Immediately behind the individual answering to the above description stood a pale, poverty-stricken woman, whose forlorn aspect contrasted strongly with the man's plump and comfortable physiognomy. Dressed in a tattered black stuff gown, discoloured by various stains, and intended, it would seem, from the remnants of rusty crape with which it was here and there tricked out, to represent the garb of widowhood—this pitiable creature held in her arms a sleeping infant, swathed in the folds of a linsay-woolsey shawl.

Notwithstanding her emaciation—notwithstanding, also, the disfigurement occasioned by a dirty, close-fitting, muslin cap (no head-dress is so unbecoming as that of a widow)—her features still retained something of a pleasing expression, and might have been termed beautiful, had it not been for that repulsive freshness of lip denoting the habitual dram-drinker; a freshness in her case rendered the more shocking from the almost livid hue of the rest of her complexion. She could not be more than twenty; and though want and other suffering had done the work of time, had wasted her frame, and robbed her cheek of its bloom and roundness, they had not extinguished the lustre of her eyes, nor thinned her raven hair. Checking an ominous cough, that, ever and anon, convulsed her lungs, the poor woman addressed a few parting words to her companion, who lingered at the doorway as if he had something on his mind, which he did not very well know how to communicate.

"Well, good night, Mr. Wood," said she, in the deep, hoarse

accents of consumption; "and may God Almighty bless and reward you for your kindness! You were always the best of masters to my poor husband; and now you've proved the best of friends to his widow and orphan boy."

"Poh! poh! say no more about it," rejoined the man hastily. "I've done no more than my duty, Mrs. Sheppard, and neither deserve, nor desire your thanks. 'Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;' that's my comfort. And such slight relief as I can afford should have been offered earlier, if I'd known where you'd taken refuge after your unfortunate husband's—"

"Execution, you would say, sir," added Mrs. Sheppard, with a deep sigh, perceiving that her benefactor hesitated to pronounce the word. "You show more consideration to the feelings of a hempen widow, than there is any need to show. I'm used to insult as I am to misfortune, and am grown callous to both; but I'm *not* used to compassion, and know not how to take it. My heart would speak if it could, for it is very full. There was a time, long, long ago, when the tears would have rushed to my eyes unbidden at the bare mention of generosity like yours, Mr. Wood; but they never come now. I have never wept since that day."

"And I trust you will never have occasion to weep again, my poor soul," replied Wood, setting down his lantern, and brushing a few drops from his eyes, "unless it be tears of joy. Pshaw!" added he, making an effort to subdue his emotion, "I can't leave you in this way. I must stay a minute longer, if only to see you smile."

So saying, he re-entered the house, closed the door, and, followed by the widow, proceeded to the fire-place, where a handful of chips, apparently just lighted, crackled within the rusty grate.

The room in which this interview took place had a sordid and miserable look. Rotten, and covered with a thick coat of dirt, the boards of the floor presented a very insecure footing; the bare walls were scored all over with grotesque designs, the chief of which represented the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar. The rest were hieroglyphic characters, executed in red chalk and charcoal. The ceiling had, in many places, given way; the laths had been removed; and, where any plaster remained, it was either mapped and blistered with damps, or festooned with dusty cobwebs. Over an old crazy bedstead was thrown a squalid, patchwork counterpane; and upon the counterpane lay a black hood and scarf, a pair of bodice of the cumbrous form in vogue at the beginning of the last century, and some other articles of female attire. On a small shelf near the foot of the bed stood a couple of empty phials, a cracked ewer and basin, a brown jug without a handle, a small tin coffee-pot without a spout, a saucer of rouge, a fragment of looking-glass, and a flask, labelled "*Rosa Solis*." Broken pipes littered the floor, if that can be said to be littered, which, in the first instance, was a mass of squalor and filth.

Over the chimney-piece was pasted a handbill, purporting to be "*The last Dying Speech and Confession of TOM SHEPPARD, the Notorious Housebreaker, who suffered at Tyburn on the 25th of February, 1703.*" This placard was adorned with a rude woodcut, representing the unhappy malefactor at the place of execution. On one side of the handbill a print of the reigning sovereign, Anne, had been pinned over the portrait of William the Third, whose aquiline nose, keen eyes, and luxuriant wig, were just visible above the diadem of the queen. On the other, a wretched engraving of the Chevalier de Saint George, or, as he was styled in the label attached to the portrait, James the Third, raised a suspicion that the inmate of the house was not altogether free from some tincture of Jacobitism.

Beneath these prints, a cluster of hobnails, driven into the wall, formed certain letters, which, if properly deciphered, produced the words, "*Paul Groves, cobbler;*" and under the name, traced in charcoal, appeared the following record of the poor fellow's fate, "*Hung himsel in this rum for luv off licker;*" accompanied by a graphic sketch of the unhappy suicide dangling from a beam. A farthing candle, stuck in a bottle neck, shed its feeble light upon the table, which, owing to the provident kindness of Mr. Wood, was much better furnished with eatables than might have been expected, and boasted a loaf, a knuckle of ham, a meat-pie, and a flask of wine.

"You've but a sorry lodging, Mrs. Sheppard," said Wood, glancing round the chamber, as he expanded his palms before the scanty flame.

"It's wretched enough, indeed, sir," rejoined the widow; "but, poor as it is, it's better than the cold stones and open streets."

"Of course—of course," returned Wood, hastily; "anything's better than that. But, take a drop of wine," urged he, filling a drinking-horn, and presenting it to her; "it's choice canary, and I'll do you good. And now, come and sit by me, my dear, and let's have a little quiet chat together. When things are at the worst, they'll mend. Take my word for it, your troubles are over."

"I hope they are, sir," answered Mrs. Sheppard, with a faint smile and a doubtful shake of the head, as Wood drew her to a seat beside him, "for I've had my full share of misery. But I don't look for peace on this side the grave."

"Nonsense!" cried Wood: "while there's life there's hope. Never be down-hearted. Besides," added he, opening the shawl in which the infant was wrapped, and throwing the light of the candle full upon its sickly but placid features, "it's sinful to repine while you've a child like this to comfort you. Lord help him! he's the very image of his father. Like carpenter, like chips."

"That likeness is the chief cause of my misery," replied the widow, shuddering. "Were it not for that, he would indeed be a blessing and a comfort to me. He never cries nor frets, as children generally do, but lies at my bosom, or on my knee, as quiet and as gentle as you see him now. But, when I look upon his innocent face, and see how like he is to his father,—when I think of that father's shameful ending, and recollect how free from guilt *he* once was,—at such times, Mr. Wood, despair will come over me; and, dear as this babe is to me, far dearer than my own wretched life, which I would lay down for him any minute, I have prayed to Heaven to remove him, rather than he should grow up to be a man, and be exposed to his father's temptations—rather than he should live as wickedly and die as disgracefully as his father. And, when I have seen him pining away before my eyes, getting thinner and thinner every day, I have sometimes thought my prayers were heard."

"Marriage and hanging go by destiny," observed Wood, after a pause; "but I trust your child is reserved for a better fate than either, Mrs. Sheppard."

The latter part of this speech was delivered with so much significance of manner, that a by-stander might have inferred that Mr. Wood was not particularly fortunate in his own matrimonial connections.

"Goodness only knows what he's reserved for," rejoined the widow in a desponding tone; "but if Mynheer Van Galgebrok, whom I met last night at the Cross Shovels, spoke the truth, little Jack will never die in his bed."

"Save us!" exclaimed Wood. "And who is this Van Gal—Gal—what's his outlandish name?"

"Van Galgebrok," replied the widow. "He's the famous Dutch conjurer who foretold King William's accident and death, last February but one, a month before either event happened, and gave out that another prince over the water would soon enjoy his own again; for which he was committed to Newgate, and whipped at the cart's tail. He went by another name then,—Rykhart Scherprechter I think he called himself. His fellow-prisoners nicknamed him the gallows-provider, from a habit he had of picking out all those who were destined to the gibbet. He was never known to err, and was as much dreaded as the gaol-fever in consequence. He singled out my poor husband from a crowd of other felons; and you know how right he was in that case, sir."

"Ay, marry," replied Wood, with a look that seemed to say that he did not think it required any surprising skill in the art of divination to predict the doom of the individual in question; but whatever opinion he might entertain, he contented himself with inquiring into the grounds of the conjurer's evil augury respecting the infant. "What did the old fellow judge from, eh, Joan?" asked he.

"From a black mole under the child's right ear, shaped like a coffin, which is a bad sign; and a deep line just above the middle of the left thumb, meeting round about in the form of a noose, which is a worse," replied Mrs. Sheppard. "To be sure, it's not surprising the poor little thing should be so marked; for, when I lay in the women-felons' ward in Newgate, where he first saw the light, or at least such light as ever finds entrance into that gloomy place, I had nothing, whether sleeping or waking, but halters, and gibbets, and coffins, and such like horrible visions, for ever dancing round me! And then, you know, sir—but, perhaps, you don't know that little Jack was born, a month before his time, on the very day his poor father suffered."

"Lord bless us!" ejaculated Wood, "how shocking! No, I did *not* know that."

"You may see the marks on the child yourself, if you choose, sir," urged the widow,

"See the devil!—not I," cried Wood impatiently. "I didn't think you'd been so easily fooled, Joan."

"Fooled or not," returned Mrs. Sheppard mysteriously, "old Van told me *one* thing which has come true already."

"What's that?" asked Wood with some curiosity.

"He said, by way of comfort, I suppose, after the fright he gave me at first, that the child would find a friend within twenty-four hours, who would stand by him through life."

"A friend is not so soon gained as lost," replied Wood; "but how has the prediction been fulfilled, Joan, eh?"

"I thought you would have guessed, sir," replied the widow, timidly. "I'm sure little Jack has but one friend, beside myself, in the world, and that's more than I would have ventured to say for him yesterday. However, I've not told you all; for old Van *did* say something about the child saving his new-found friend's life at the time of meeting; but how that's to happen, I'm sure I can't guess."

"Nor any one else in his senses," rejoined Wood, with a laugh. "It's not very likely that a baby of nine months old will save *my* life, if I'm to be his friend, as you seem to say, Mrs. Sheppard. But I've not promised to stand by him yet; nor will I, unless he turns out an honest lad,—mind that. Of all crafts,—and it was the only craft his poor father, who, to do him justice, was one of the best workmen that ever handled a saw, or drove a nail, could never understand,—of all crafts, I say, to be an honest man is the master-craft. As long as your son observes that precept I'll befriend him, but no longer."

"I don't desire it, sir," replied Mrs. Sheppard, meekly.

"There's an old proverb," continued Wood, rising and walking towards the fire, "which says,—'Put another man's child in your bosom, and he'll creep out at your elbow.' But I don't value that, because I think it applies to one who marries a widow with incumbrances; and that's not my case, you know."

"Well, sir," gasped Mrs. Sheppard.

"Well, my dear, I've a proposal to make in regard to this baby of yours, which may, or may not, be agreeable. All I can say is, it's well meant; and I may add, I'd have made it five minutes ago, if you'd given me the opportunity."

"Pray come to the point, sir," said Mrs. Sheppard, somewhat alarmed by this preamble.

"I *am* coming to the point, Joan. The more haste, the worse speed—better the feet slip than the tongue. However, to cut a long matter short, my proposal's this:—I've taken a fancy to your bantling, and, as I've no son of my own, if it meets with your concurrence and that of Mrs. Wood, (for I never do anything without consulting my better half,) I'll take the boy, educate him, and bring him up to my own business of a carpenter."

The poor widow hung her head, and pressed her child closer to her breast.

"Well, Joan," said the benevolent mechanic, after he had looked at her steadfastly for a few moments, "what say you?—silence gives consent, eh?"

Mrs. Sheppard made an effort to speak, but her voice was choked by emotion.

"Shall I take the baby home with me?" persisted Wood, in a tone between jest and earnest.

"I cannot part with him," replied the widow, bursting into tears; "indeed, indeed, I cannot."

"So, I've found out the way to move her," thought the carpenter; "those tears will do her some good, at all events. Not part with him!" added he aloud. "Why, you wouldn't stand in the way of his good fortune, surely? I'll be a second father to him, I tell you. Remember what the conjurer said."

"I *do* remember it, sir," replied Mrs. Sheppard, "and am most grateful for your offer. But I dare not accept it."

"Dare not!" echoed the carpenter; "I don't understand you, Joan."

"I mean to say, sir," answered Mrs. Sheppard in a troubled voice, "that if I lost my child, I should lose all I have left in the world. I have neither father, mother, brother, sister, nor husband—I have only *him*."

"If I ask you to part with him, my good woman, it's to better his condition, I suppose, ain't it?" rejoined Wood angrily; for, though he had no serious intention of carrying his proposal into effect, he was rather offended at having it declined. "It's not an offer," continued he, "that I'm likely to make, or you're likely to receive, every day in the year."

And muttering some remarks, which we do not care to repeat, reflecting upon the consistency of the sex, he was preparing once more to depart, when Mrs. Sheppard stopped him.

"Give me till to-morrow," implored she, "and if I *can* bring

myself to part with him, you shall have him without another word."

"Take time to consider of it," replied Wood sulkily "there's no hurry."

"Don't be angry with me, sir," cried the widow, sobbing bitterly, "pray, don't. I know I am undeserving of your bounty; but if I were to tell you what hardships I have undergone—to what frightful extremities I have been reduced—and to what infamy I have submitted, to earn a scanty subsistence for this child's sake,—if you could feel what it is to stand alone in the world as I do, bereft of all who have ever loved me, and shunned by all who have ever known me, except the worthless and the wretched,—if you knew (and Heaven grant you may be spared the knowledge!) how much affliction sharpens love, and how much more dear to me my child has become for every sacrifice I have made for him,—if you were told all this, you would, I am sure, pity rather than reproach me, because I cannot at once consent to a separation, which I feel would break my heart. But give me till to-morrow—only till to-morrow—I may be able to part with him then."

The worthy carpenter was now far more angry with himself than he had previously been with Mrs. Sheppard; and, as soon as he could command his feelings, which were considerably excited by the mention of her distresses, he squeezed her hand warmly, bestowed a hearty execration upon his own inhumanity, and swore he would neither separate her from her child, nor suffer any one else to separate them.

"Plague on't!" added he; "I never meant to take your baby from you. But I'd a mind to try whether you really loved him as much as you pretended. I was to blame to carry the matter so far. However, confession of a fault makes half amends for it. A time *may* come when this little chap will need my aid, and, depend upon it, he shall never want a friend in Owen Wood."

As he said this, the carpenter patted the cheek of the little object of his benevolent professions, and, in so doing, unintentionally aroused him from his slumbers. Opening a pair of large black eyes, the child fixed them for an instant upon Wood, and then, alarmed by the light, uttered a low and melancholy cry, which, however, was speedily stilled by the caresses of his mother, towards whom he extended his tiny arms, as if imploring protection.

"I don't think he would leave me, even if I could part with him," observed Mrs. Sheppard, smiling through her tears.

"I don't think he would," acquiesced the carpenter. "No friend like the mother, for the baby knows no other."

"And that 's true," rejoined Mrs. Sheppard; "for if I had *not* been a mother, I would not have survived the day on which I became a widow."

"You mustn't think of that, Mrs. Sheppard," said Wood in a soothing tone.

"I can't help thinking of it, sir," answered the widow. "I can never get poor Tom's last look out of my head, as he stood in the Stone-Hall at Newgate, after his irons had been knocked off, unless I manage to stupify myself somehow. The dismal tolling of Saint Sepulchre's bell is for ever ringing in my ears—oh!"

"If that's the case," observed Wood, "I'm surprised you should like to have such a frightful picture constantly in view as that over the chimney-piece."

"I'd good reasons for placing it there, sir; but don't question me about them now, or you'll drive me mad," returned Mrs. Sheppard wildly.

"Well, well, we'll say no more about it," replied Wood; "and, by way of changing the subject, let me advise you on no account to fly to strong waters for consolation, Joan. One nail drives out another, it's true; but the worst nail you can employ is a coffin-nail. Gin Lane's the nearest road to the churchyard."

"It may be; but if it shortens the distance, and lightens the journey, I care not," retorted the widow, who seemed by this reproach to be roused into sudden eloquence. "To those who, like me, have never been able to get out of the dark and dreary paths of life, the grave is indeed a refuge, and the sooner they reach it the better. The spirit I drink may be poison,—it may kill me,—perhaps it *is* killing me:—but so would hunger, cold, misery,—so would my own thoughts. I should have gone mad without it. Gin is the poor man's friend,—his sole set-off against the rich man's luxury. It comforts him when he is most forlorn. It may be treacherous, it may lay up a store of future woe; but it insures present happiness, and that is sufficient. When I have traversed the streets a houseless wanderer, driven with curses from every door where I have solicited alms, and with blows from every gate-way where I have sought shelter,—when I have crept into some deserted building, and stretched my wearied limbs upon a bulk, in the vain hope of repose,—or, worse than all, when, frenzied with want, I have yielded to horrible temptation, and earned a meal in the only way I could earn one,—when I have felt, at times like these, my heart sink within me, I have drank of this drink, and have at once forgotten my cares, my poverty, my guilt. Old thoughts, old feelings, old faces, and old scenes have returned to me, and I have fancied myself happy,—as happy as I am now." And she burst into a wild hysterical laugh.

"Poor creature!" ejaculated Wood. "Do you call this frantic glee happiness?"

"It's all the happiness I have known for years," returned the widow, becoming suddenly calm, "and it's short-lived enough, as you perceive. I tell you what, Mr. Wood," added she in a hollow voice, and with a ghastly look, "gin may bring ruin;

but as long as poverty, vice, and ill-usage exist, it will be drunk !”

“ God forbid !” exclaimed Wood fervently ; and, as if afraid of prolonging the interview, he added, with some precipitation, “ But I must be going : I ’ve stayed here too long already. You shall hear from me to-morrow.”

“ Stay !” said Mrs. Sheppard, again arresting his departure. “ I ’ve just recollected that my husband left a key with me, which he charged me to give you when I could find an opportunity.”

“ A key !” exclaimed Wood eagerly. “ I lost a very valuable one some time ago. What ’s it like, Joan ?”

“ It ’s a small key, with curiously-fashioned wards.”

“ It ’s mine, I ’ll be sworn,” rejoined Wood. “ Well, who ’d have thought of finding it in this unexpected way !”

“ Don’t be too sure till you see it,” said the widow. “ Shall I fetch it for you, sir ?”

“ By all means.”

“ I must trouble you to hold the child, then, for a minute, while I run up to the garret, where I ’ve hidden it for safety,” said Mrs. Sheppard. “ I think I *may* trust him with you, sir,” added she, taking up the candle.

“ Don’t leave him, if you ’re at all fearful, my dear,” replied Wood, receiving the little burthen with a laugh. “ Poor thing !” muttered he, as the widow departed on her errand, “ she ’s seen better days and better circumstances than she ’ll ever see again, I ’m sure. Strange, I could never learn her history. Tom Sheppard was always a close file, and would never tell whom he married. Of this I ’m certain, however, she was much too good for him, and was never meant to be a journeyman carpenter’s wife, still less what she is now. Her heart ’s in the right place, at all events ; and, since that ’s the case, the rest may perhaps come round,—that is, if she gets through her present illness. A dry cough ’s the trumpeter of death. If that ’s true, she ’s not long for this world. As to this little fellow, in spite of the Dutchman, who, in my opinion, is more of a Jacobite than a conjurer, and more of a knave than either, he shall never mount a horse foaled by an acorn, if I can help it.”

The course of the carpenter’s meditations was here interrupted by a loud note of lamentation from the child, who, disturbed by the transfer, and not receiving the gentle solace to which he was ordinarily accustomed, raised his voice to the utmost, and exerted his feeble strength to escape. For a few moments Mr. Wood dandled his little charge to and fro, after the most approved nursery fashion, essaying at the same time the soothing influence of an infantine melody proper to the occasion ; but, failing in his design, he soon lost all patience, and being, as we have before hinted, rather irritable, though extremely well-meaning, he lifted the unhappy bantling in the air, and shook him with so much

good will, that he had well-nigh silenced him most effectually. A brief calm succeeded. But with returning breath came returning vociferations; and the carpenter, with a faint hope of lessening the clamour by change of scene, took up his lantern, opened the door, and walked out.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD MINT.

Mrs. SHEPPARD'S habitation terminated a row of old ruinous buildings, called Wheeler's Rents; a dirty thoroughfare, part street, and part lane, running from Mint Street, through a variety of turnings, and along the brink of a deep kennel, skirted by a number of petty and neglected gardens in the direction of Saint George's Fields. The neighbouring houses were tenanted by the lowest order of insolvent traders, thieves, mendicants, and other worthless and nefarious characters, who fled thither to escape from their creditors, or to avoid the punishment due to their different offences; for we may observe that the Old Mint, although it had been divested of some of its privileges as a sanctuary by a recent statute passed in the reign of William the Third, still presented a safe asylum to the debtor, and even continued to do so until the middle of the reign of George the First, when the crying nature of the evil called loudly for a remedy, and another and more sweeping enactment entirely took away its immunities. In consequence of the encouragement thus offered to dishonesty, and the security afforded to crime, this quarter of the Borough of Southwark was accounted (at the period of our narrative) the grand receptacle of the superfluous villany of the metropolis. Infested by every description of vagabond and miscreant, it was, perhaps, a few degrees worse than the rookery near Saint Giles's and the desperate neighbourhood of Saffron Hill in our own time. And yet, on the very site of the sordid tenements and squalid courts we have mentioned, where the felon openly made his dwelling, and the fraudulent debtor laughed the object of his knavery to scorn—on this spot, not two centuries ago, stood the princely residence of Charles Brandon, the chivalrous Duke of Suffolk, whose stout heart was a well of honour, and whose memory breathes of loyalty and valour. Suffolk House, as Brandon's palace was denominated, was subsequently converted into a mint by his royal brother-in-law, Henry the Eighth; and, after its demolition, and the removal of the place of coinage to the Tower, the name was still continued to the district in which it had been situated.

Old and dilapidated, the widow's domicile looked the very picture of desolation and misery. Nothing more forlorn could be conceived. The roof was partially untiled; the chimneys were tottering; the side-walls bulged, and were supported by a piece of timber propped against the opposite house; the glass

in most of the windows was broken, and its place supplied with paper; while, in some cases, the very frames of the windows had been destroyed, and the apertures were left free to the airs of heaven. On the ground-floor the shutters were closed, or, to speak more correctly, altogether nailed up, and presented a very singular appearance, being patched all over with the soles of old shoes, rusty hobnails, and bits of iron hoops, the ingenious device of the former occupant of the apartment, Paul Groves, the cobbler, to whom we have before alluded.

It was owing to the untimely end of this poor fellow that Mrs. Sheppard was enabled to take possession of the premises. In a fit of despondency, superinduced by drunkenness, he made away with himself; and when the body was discovered, after a lapse of some months, such was the impression produced by the spectacle—such the alarm occasioned by the crazy state of the building, and, above all, by the terror inspired by strange and unearthly noises heard during the night, which were, of course, attributed to the spirit of the suicide, that the place speedily enjoyed the reputation of being haunted, and was, consequently, entirely abandoned. In this state Mrs. Sheppard found it; and, as no one opposed her, she at once took up her abode there; nor was she long in discovering that the dreaded sounds proceeded from the nocturnal gambols of a legion of rats.

A narrow entry, formed by two low walls, communicated with the main thoroughfare; and in this passage, under the cover of a penthouse, stood Wood, with his little burthen, to whom we shall now return.

As Mrs. Sheppard did not make her appearance quite so soon as he expected, the carpenter became a little fidgetty, and, having succeeded in tranquillizing the child, he thought proper to walk so far down the entry as would enable him to reconnoitre the upper windows of the house. A light was visible in the garret, feebly struggling through the damp atmosphere, for the night was raw and overcast. This light did not remain stationary, but could be seen at one moment glimmering through the rents in the roof, and at another shining through the cracks in the wall, or the broken panes of the casement. Wood was unable to discover the figure of the widow, but he recognised her dry, hacking cough, and was about to call her down, if she could not find the key, as he imagined must be the case, when a loud noise was heard, as though a chest, or some weighty substance, had fallen upon the floor.

Before Wood had time to inquire into the cause of this sound, his attention was diverted by a man, who rushed past the entry with the swiftness of desperation. This individual apparently met with some impediment to his further progress; for he had not proceeded many steps when he turned suddenly about, and darted up the passage in which Wood stood.

Uttering a few inarticulate ejaculations, — for he was com-

pletely out of breath,—the fugitive placed a bundle in the arms of the carpenter, and, regardless of the consternation he excited in the breast of that personage, who was almost stupified with astonishment, he began to divest himself of a heavy horseman's cloak, which he threw over Wood's shoulder, and, drawing his sword, seemed to listen intently for the approach of his pursuers.

The appearance of the new-comer was extremely prepossessing; and, after his trepidation had a little subsided, Wood began to regard him with some degree of interest. Evidently in the flower of his age, he was scarcely less remarkable for symmetry of person than for comeliness of feature; and, though his attire was plain and unpretending, it was such as could be worn only by one belonging to the higher ranks of society. His figure was tall and commanding, and the expression of his countenance (though somewhat disturbed by his recent exertion, was resolute and stern.

At this juncture, a cry burst from the child, who, nearly smothered by the weight imposed upon him, only recovered the use of his lungs as Wood altered the position of the bundle. The stranger turned his head at the sound.

"By heaven!" cried he in a tone of surprise, "you have an infant there!"

"To be sure I have," replied Wood angrily; for, finding that the intentions of the stranger were pacific, so far as he was concerned, he thought he might safely venture on a slight display of spirit. "It's very well you haven't crushed the poor little thing to death with this confounded clothes'-bag. But some people have no consideration."

"That child may be the means of saving me," muttered the stranger, as if struck by a new idea: "I shall gain time by the expedient. Do you live here?"

"Not exactly," answered the carpenter.

"No matter. The door is open, so it is needless to ask leave to enter. Ha!" exclaimed the stranger, as shouts and other vociferations resounded at no great distance along the thoroughfare, "not a moment is to be lost. Give me that precious charge," he added, snatching the bundle from Wood. "If I escape, I will reward you. Your name?"

"Owen Wood," replied the carpenter; "I've no reason to be ashamed of it. And now, a fair exchange, sir. Yours?"

The stranger hesitated. The shouts drew nearer, and lights were seen flashing ruddily against the sides and gables of the neighbouring houses.

"My name is Darrell," said the fugitive hastily. "But, if you are discovered, answer no questions, as you value your life. Wrap yourself in my cloak, and keep it. Remember! not a word!"

So saying, he huddled the mantle over Wood's shoulders,

dashed the lantern to the ground, and extinguished the light. A moment afterwards, the door was closed and bolted, and the carpenter found himself alone.

"Mercy on us!" cried he, as a thrill of apprehension ran through his frame. "The Dutchman was right, after all."

This exclamation had scarcely escaped him, when the discharge of a pistol was heard, and a bullet whizzed past his ears.

"I have him!" cried a voice in triumph.

A man, then, rushed up the entry, and, seizing the unlucky carpenter by the collar, presented a drawn sword to his throat. This person was speedily followed by half a dozen others, some of whom carried flambeaux.

"Mur—der!" roared Wood, struggling to free himself from his assailant, by whom he was half strangled.

"Damnation!" exclaimed one of the leaders of the party in a furious tone, snatching a torch from an attendant, and throwing its light full upon the face of the carpenter; "this is not the villain, Sir Cecil."

"So I find, Rowland," replied the other, in accents of deep disappointment, and at the same time relinquishing his grasp. "I could have sworn I saw him enter this passage. And how comes his cloak on this knave's shoulders?"

"It is his cloak, of a surety," returned Rowland. "Harkye, sirrah," continued he, haughtily interrogating Wood; "where is the person from whom you received this mantle?"

"Throttling a man isn't the way to make him answer questions," replied the carpenter, doggedly. "You'll get nothing out of me, I can promise you, unless you show a little more civility."

"We waste time with this fellow," interposed Sir Cecil, "and may lose the object of our quest, who, beyond doubt, has taken refuge in this building. Let us search it."

Just then, the infant began to sob piteously.

"Hist!" cried Rowland, arresting his comrade. "Do you hear that? We are not wholly at fault. The dog-fox cannot be far off, since the cub is found."

With these words, he tore the mantle from Wood's back, and, perceiving the child, endeavoured to seize it. In this attempt he was, however, foiled by the agility of the carpenter, who managed to retreat to the door, against which he placed his back, kicking the boards vigorously with his heel.

"Joan! Joan!" vociferated he, "open the door, for God's sake, or I shall be murdered, and so will your babby! Open the door quickly, I say!"

"Knock him on the head," thundered Sir Cecil, "or we shall have the watch upon us."

"No fear of that," rejoined Rowland: "such vermin never dare to show themselves in this privileged district. All we have to apprehend is a rescue."

The hint was not lost upon Wood. He tried to raise an outcry, but his throat was again forcibly griped by Rowland.

"Another such attempt," said the latter, "and you are a dead man. Yield up the babe, and I pledge my word you shall remain unmolested."

"I will yield it to no one but its mother," answered Wood.

"Sdeath! do you trifle with me, sirrah?" cried Rowland fiercely. "Give me the child, or ——"

As he spoke, the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Sheppard staggered forward. She looked paler than ever; but her countenance, though bewildered, did not exhibit the alarm which might naturally have been anticipated from the strange and perplexing scene presented to her view.

"Take it," cried Wood, holding the infant towards her; "take it, and fly."

Mrs. Sheppard put out her arms mechanically. But before the child could be committed to her care, it was wrested from the carpenter by Rowland.

"These people are all in league with him," cried the latter. "But don't wait for me, Sir Cecil. Enter the house with your men. I'll dispose of the brat."

This injunction was instantly obeyed. The knight and his followers crossed the threshold, leaving one of the torch-bearers behind them.

"Davies," said Rowland, delivering the babe, with a meaning look, to his attendant.

"I understand, sir," replied Davies, drawing a little aside. And, setting down the link, he proceeded deliberately to untie his cravat.

"My God! will you see your child strangled before your eyes, and not so much as scream for help?" said Wood, staring at the widow with a look of surprise and horror. "Woman, your wits are fled!"

And so it seemed; for all the answer she could make was to murmur distractedly, "I can't find the key."

"Devil take the key!" ejaculated Wood. "They're about to murder your child—*your* child, I tell you! Do you comprehend what I say, Joan?"

"I've hurt my head," replied Mrs. Sheppard, pressing her hand to her temples.

And then, for the first time, Wood noticed a small stream of blood coursing slowly down her cheek.

At this moment, Davies, who had completed his preparations, extinguished the torch.

"It's all over," groaned Wood, "and perhaps it's as well her senses are gone. However, I'll make a last effort to save the poor little creature, if it costs me my life."

And, with this generous resolve, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Arrest! arrest! help! help!" seconding the words with

a shrill and peculiar cry, well known at the time to the inhabitants of the quarter in which it was uttered.

In reply to this summons a horn was instantly blown at the corner of the street.

"Arrest!" vociferated Wood. "Mint! Mint!"

"Death and hell!" cried Rowland, making a furious pass at the carpenter, who fortunately avoided the thrust in the darkness; "will nothing silence you?"

"Help!" ejaculated Wood, renewing his cries. "Arrest!"

"Jigger closed!" shouted a hoarse voice in reply. "All's bowman, my covey. Fear nothing. We'll be upon the bandogs before they can shake their trotters!"

And the alarum was sounded more loudly than ever.

Another horn now resounded from the further extremity of the thoroughfare; this was answered by a third; and presently a fourth, and more remote blast, took up the note of alarm. The whole neighbourhood was disturbed. A garrison called to arms at dead of night on the sudden approach of the enemy, could not have been more expeditiously, or effectually aroused. Rattles were sprung; lanterns lighted, and hoisted at the end of poles; windows thrown open; doors unbarred; and, as if by magic, the street was instantaneously filled with a crowd of persons of both sexes, armed with such weapons as came most readily to hand, and dressed in such garments as could be most easily slipped on. Hurrying in the direction of the supposed arrest, they encouraged each other with shouts, and threatened the offending parties with their vengeance.

Regardless as the gentry of the Mint usually were (for, indeed, they had become habituated from their frequent occurrence to such scenes,) of any outrages committed in their streets; deaf, as they had been, to the recent scuffle before Mrs. Sheppard's door, they were always sufficiently on the alert to maintain their privileges, and to assist each other against the attacks of their common enemy—the sheriff's officer. It was only by the adoption of such a course (especially since the late act of suppression, to which we have alluded,) that the inviolability of the asylum could be preserved. Incursions were often made upon its territories by the functionaries of the law; sometimes attended with success, but more frequently with discomfiture; and it rarely happened, unless by stratagem or bribery, that (in the language of the gentlemen of the short staff) an important capture could be effected. In order to guard against accidents or surprises, watchmen, or scouts, (as they were styled,) were stationed at the three main outlets of the sanctuary ready to give the signal in the manner just described: bars were erected, which, in case of emergency, could be immediately stretched across the streets; doors were attached to the alleys, and were never opened without due precautions; gates were affixed to the courts, wickets to the gates, and bolts to the wickets. The back-

windows of the houses (where any such existed) were strongly barricaded, and kept constantly shut; and the fortress was, furthermore, defended by high walls and deep ditches in those quarters where it appeared most exposed. There was also a Maze, (the name is still retained in the district,) into which the debtor could run, and through the intricacies of which it was impossible for an officer to follow him, without a clue. Whoever chose to incur the risk of so doing might enter the Mint at any hour; but no one was suffered to depart without giving a satisfactory account of himself, or producing a pass from the Master. In short, every contrivance that ingenuity could devise was resorted to by this horde of reprobates to secure themselves from danger or molestation. Whitefriars' had lost its privileges; Salisbury Court and the Savoy no longer offered places of refuge to the debtor; and it was, therefore, doubly requisite that the Island of Bermuda (as the Mint was termed by its occupants) should uphold its rights, as long as it was, able to do so.

Mr. Wood, meantime, had not remained idle. Aware that not a moment was to be lost, if he meant to render any effectual assistance to the child, he ceased shouting, and defending himself in the best way he could from the attacks of Rowland, by whom he was closely pressed, forced his way, in spite of all opposition, to Davies, and dealt him a blow on the head with such good will that, had it not been for the intervention of the wall, the ruffian must have been prostrated. Before he could recover from the stunning effects of the blow, Wood possessed himself of the child: and, untying the noose which had been slipped round its throat, had the satisfaction of hearing it cry lustily.

At this juncture, Sir Cecil and his followers appeared at the threshold.

"He has escaped!" exclaimed the knight; "we have searched every corner of the house without finding a trace of him."

"Back!" cried Rowland. "Don't you hear those shouts? Yon fellow's clamour has brought the whole horde of jail-birds and cut-throats that infest this place about our ears. We shall be torn in pieces if we are discovered. Davies!" he added, calling to the attendant, who was menacing Wood with a severe retaliation, "don't heed him; but, if you value a whole skin, come into the house, and bring that woman with you. She may afford us some necessary information."

Davies reluctantly complied. And, dragging Mrs. Sheppard, who made no resistance, along with him, entered the house, the door of which was instantly shut and barricaded.

A moment afterwards, the street was illumined by a blaze of torchlight, and a tumultuous uproar, mixed with the clashing of weapons, and the braying of horns, announced the arrival of the first detachment of Minters.

Mr. Wood rushed instantly to meet them.

"Hurrah!" shouted he, waving his hat triumphantly over his head. "Saved!"



George Cruikshank

Portrait of Helen, daughter of the artist, in the left



"Ay, ay, it's all bob, my covey! You're safe enough, that's certain!" responded the Minters, baying, yelping, leaping, and howling around him like a pack of hounds when the huntsman is beating cover; "but, where are the lurehers?"

"Who?" asked Wood.

"The traps!" responded a bystander.

"The shoulder-clappers!" added a lady, who, in her anxiety to join the party, had unintentionally substituted her husband's nether habiliments for her own petticoats.

"The ban-dogs!" thundered a tall man, whose stature and former avocations had procured him the nickname of "The long drover of the Borough market." "Where are they?"

"Ay, where are they?" chorussed the mob, flourishing their various weapons, and flashing their torches in the air; "we'll sarve 'em out."

Mr. Wood trembled. He felt he had raised a storm which it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to allay. He knew not what to say, or what to do; and his confusion was increased by the threatening gestures and furious looks of the ruffians in his immediate vicinity.

"I don't understand you, gentlemen," stammered he, at length.

"What does he say?" roared the long drover.

"He says he don't understand flash," replied the lady in gentleman's attire.

"Cease your confounded clutter!" said a young man, whose swarthy visage, seen in the torchlight, struck Wood as being that of a Mulatto. "You frighten the eull out of his senses. It's plain he don't understand our lingo; as, how should he? Take pattern by me;" and as he said this he strode up to the carpenter, and, slapping him on the shoulder, propounded the following questions, accompanying each interrogation with a formidable contortion of countenance. "Curse you! Where are the bailiffs? Rot you! have you lost your tongue? Devil seize you! you could bawl loud enough a moment ago!"

"Silence, Blueskin!" interposed an authoritative voice, immediately behind the ruffian. "Let me have a word with the eull!"

"Ay! ay!" cried several of the by-standers, "let Jonathan kimbaw the cove. He's got the gift of the gab."

The crowd accordingly drew aside, and the individual, in whose behalf the movement had been made, immediately stepped forward. He was a young man of about two-and-twenty, who, without having anything remarkable either in dress or appearance, was yet a noticeable person, if only for the indescribable expression of cunning pervading his countenance. His eyes were small and gray; as far apart and as sly-looking as those of a fox. A physiognomist, indeed, would have likened him to that crafty animal, and it must be owned the general formation of his features favoured such a comparison. The nose was long and sharp, the

chin pointed, the forehead broad and flat, and connected, without any intervening hollow, with the eyelid; the teeth, when displayed, seemed to reach from ear to ear. Then his beard was of a reddish hue, and his complexion warm and sanguine. Those, who had seen him slumbering, averred that he slept with his eyes open. But this might be merely a figurative mode of describing his customary vigilance. Certain it was, that the slightest sound aroused him. This astute personage was somewhat under the middle size, but fairly proportioned, inclining rather to strength than symmetry, and abounding more in muscle than in flesh.

It would seem, from the attention which he evidently bestowed upon the hidden and complex machinery of the grand system of villainy at work around him, that his chief object in taking up his quarters in the Mint must have been to obtain some private information respecting the habits and practices of its inhabitants, to be turned to account hereafter.

Advancing towards Wood, Jonathan fixed his keen gray eyes upon him, and demanded, in a stern tone, whether the persons who had taken refuge in the adjoining house were bailiffs.

"Not that I know of," replied the carpenter, who had in some degree recovered his confidence.

"Then I presume you've not been arrested?"

"I have not," answered Wood, firmly.

"I guessed as much. Perhaps you'll next inform us why you have occasioned this disturbance."

"Because this child's life was threatened by the persons you have mentioned," rejoined Wood.

"An excellent reason, i' faith!" exclaimed Blueskin, with a roar of surprise and indignation, which was echoed by the whole assemblage. "And so we're to be summoned from our beds and snug firesides, because a kid happens to squall, eh? By the soul of my grandmother, but this is too good!"

"Do you intend to claim the privileges of the Mint?" said Jonathan, calmly pursuing his interrogations amid the uproar. "Is your person in danger?"

"Not from my creditors," replied Wood, significantly.

"Will he post the Cole? Will he come down with the dues? Ask him that?" cried Blueskin.

"You hear," pursued Jonathan; "my friend desires to know if you are willing to pay your footing as a member of the ancient and respectable fraternity of debtors?"

"I owe no man a farthing, and my name shall never appear in any such rascally list," replied Wood angrily. "I don't see why I should be obliged to pay for doing my duty. I tell you this child would have been strangled. The noose was at its throat when I called for help. I knew it was in vain to cry 'murder!' in the Mint, so I had recourse to stratagem."

"Let's have a look at the kinchen-oe, that *ought* to have been throttled," cried Blueskin, snatching the child from Wood. "My

stars! here's a pretty lullaby-cheat to make a fuss about—ho! ho!"

"Deal with me as you think proper, gentlemen," exclaimed Wood; "but, for merey's sake, don't harm the child! Let it be taken to its mother."

"And who is its mother?" asked Jonathan in an eager whisper. "Tell me frankly, and speak under your breath. Your own safety—the child's safety—depends upon your candour."

While Mr. Wood underwent this examination, Blueskin felt a small and trembling hand placed upon his own, and, turning at the summons, beheld a young female, whose features were partially concealed by a loo, or half mask, standing beside him. Coarse as were the ruffian's notions of feminine beauty, he could not be insensible to the surpassing loveliness of the fair creature, who had thus solicited his attention. Her figure was, in some measure, hidden by a large scarf, and a deep hood drawn over the head contributed to her disguise; still it was evident, from her lofty bearing, that she had nothing in common, except an interest in their proceedings, with the crew by whom she was surrounded.

Whence she came,—who she was,—and what she wanted,—were questions which naturally suggested themselves to Blueskin, and he was about to seek for some explanation, when his curiosity was checked by a gesture of silence from the lady.

"Hush!" said she in a low, but agitated voice; "would you earn this purse?"

"I've no objection," replied Blueskin, in a tone intended to be gentle, but which sounded like the murmuring whine of a playful bear. "How much is there in it?"

"It contains gold," replied the lady; "but I will add this ring."

"What am I to do to earn it?" asked Blueskin with a disgusting leer,—“cut a throat—or throw myself at your feet—eh, my dear?"

"Give me that child," returned the lady, with difficulty overcoming the loathing inspired by the ruffian's familiarity.

"Oh! I see!" replied Blueskin, winking significantly. "Come nearer, or they'll observe us. Don't be afraid—I won't hurt you. I'm always agreeable to the women, bless their kind hearts! Now, slip the purse into my hand. Bravo!—the best cly-faker of 'em all couldn't have done it better. And now for the fawney—the ring I mean. I'm no great judge of these articles, ma'am; but I trust to your honour not to palm off paste upon me."

"It is a diamond," said the lady in an agony of distress,—“the child!"

"A diamond! Here, take the kid," cried Blueskin, slipping the infant adroitly under her scarf. "And so this is a diamond," added he, contemplating the brilliant from the hollow of his hand: "it does sparkle almost as brightly as your ogles. By

the by, my dear, I forgot to ask your name—perhaps you 'll oblige me with it now? Hell and the devil!—gone!"

He looked around in vain. The lady had disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

THE MASTER OF THE MINT.

JONATHAN, meanwhile, having ascertained the parentage of the child from Wood, proceeded to question him, in an under tone, as to the probable motives of the attempt upon its life; and, though he failed in obtaining any information on this point, he had little difficulty in eliciting such particulars of the mysterious transaction as have already been recounted. When the carpenter concluded his recital, Jonathan was for a moment lost in reflection.

"Devilish strange!" thought he, chuckling to himself: "queer business! Capital trick of the cull in the cloak to make another person's brat stand the brunt for his own—capital! ha! ha! Won't do, though. He must be a sly fox, to get out of the Mint without my knowledge. I've a shrewd guess where he's taken refuge; but I'll ferret him out. These bloods will pay well for his capture; if not, *he'll* pay well to get out of their hands; so I'm safe either way—ha! ha! Blueskin," he added aloud, and motioning that worthy, "follow me."

Upon which, he set off in the direction of the entry. His progress, however, was checked by loud acclamations, announcing the arrival of the Master of the Mint and his train.

Baptist Kettleby (for so was the Master named) was a "goodly portly man, and a corpulent," whose fair round paunch bespoke the affection he entertained for good liquor and good living. He had a quick, shrewd, merry eye, and a look in which duplicity was agreeably veiled by good humour. It was easy to discover that he was a knave, but equally easy to perceive that he was a pleasant fellow; a combination of qualities by no means of rare occurrence. So far as regards his attire, Baptist was not seen to advantage. No great lover of state or state costume at any time, he was generally, towards the close of an evening, completely in dishabille, and in this condition he now presented himself to his subjects. His shirt was unfastened, his vest unbuttoned, his hose ungartered; his feet were stuck into a pair of pantoufles, his arms into a greasy flannel dressing-gown, his head into a thrum-cap, the cap into a tie-periwig, and the wig into a gold-edged hat. A white apron was tied round his waist, and into the apron was thrust a short thick truncheon, which looked very much like a rolling-pin.

The Master of the Mint was accompanied by another gentleman almost as portly as himself, and quite as deliberate in his movements. The costume of this personage was somewhat singular, and might have passed for a masquerading habit, had not the imperturbable gravity of his demeanour forbidden any such

supposition. It consisted of a close jerkin of brown frieze, ornamented with a triple row of brass buttons; loose Dutch slops, made very wide in the seat and very tight at the knees; red stockings with black clocks, and a fur cap. The owner of this dress had a broad weather-beaten face, small twinkling eyes, and a bushy, grizzled beard. Though he walked by the side of the governor, he seldom exchanged a word with him, but appeared wholly absorbed in the contemplations inspired by a broad-bowled Dutch pipe.

Behind the illustrious personages just described marched a troop of stalwart fellows, with white badges in their hats, quarter-staves, oaken cudgels, and links in their hands. These were the Master's body-guard.

Advancing towards the Master, and claiming an audience, which was instantly granted, Jonathan, without much circumlocution, related the sum of the strange story he had just learnt from Wood, omitting nothing except a few trifling particulars, which he thought it politic to keep back; and, with this view, he said not a word of there being any probability of capturing the fugitive, but, on the contrary, roundly asserted that his informant had witnessed that person's escape.

The Master listened, with becoming attention, to the narrative, and, at its conclusion, shook his head gravely, applied his thumb to the side of his nose, and, twirling his fingers significantly, winked at his phlegmatic companion. The gentleman appealed to shook his head in reply, coughed as only a Dutchman *can* cough, and raising his hand from the bowl of his pipe, went through precisely the same mysterious ceremonial as the Master.

Putting his own construction upon this mute interchange of opinions, Jonathan ventured to observe, that it certainly was a very perplexing case, but that he thought something *might* be made of it, and, if left to him, he would undertake to manage the matter to the Master's entire satisfaction.

"Ja, ja, Muntmeester," said the Dutchman, removing the pipe from his mouth, and speaking in a deep and guttural voice, "leave the affair to Johannes. He'll settle it bravely. And let ush go back to our brandewyn, and hollandsche genever. Desc ere not schouts, as you faind, but jonkers on a vrolyk; and if dey'd chansled to keel de vrow Sheppard's pet lamb, dey'd have done her a servish, by shaving it from dat unpleasant complaint, de hempen fever, with which its laatter days are threatened, and of which its poor vader died. Myn Got! haanging runs in some families, Muntmeester. It's hereditary, like de jig, vat you call it—gout—haw! haw!"

"If the child is destined to the gibbet, Van Galgebrok," replied the Master, joining in the laugh, "it'll never be choked by a footman's cravat, that's certain; but, in regard to going back empty-handed," continued he, altering his tone, and assuming a dignified air, "it's quite out of the question. With Baptist Kettleby, to engage in a matter is to go through with it. Be-

sides, this is an affair which no one but myself can settle. Common offences may be decided upon by deputy; but outrages perpetrated by men of rank, as these appear to be, must be judged by the Master of the Mint in person. These are the decrees of the Island of Bermuda, and I will never suffer its excellent laws to be violated. Gentlemen of the Mint," added he, pointing with his truncheon towards Mrs. Sheppard's house, "forward!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the mob, and the whole phalanx was put in motion in that direction. At the same moment, a martial flourish, proceeding from cows' horns, tin canisters filled with stones, bladders and cat-gut, with other sprightly instruments, was struck up, and, enlivened by this harmonious accompaniment, the troop reached its destination in the best possible spirits for an encounter.

"Let us in," said the Master, rapping his truncheon authoritatively against the boards, "or we'll force an entrance."

But as no answer was returned to this summons, though it was again, and more peremptorily, repeated, Baptist seized a mallet from a bystander and burst open the door. Followed by Van Galgebok and others of his retinue, he then rushed into the room, where Rowland, Sir Ceeil, and their attendants stood with drawn swords prepared to receive them.

"Beat down their blades," cried the Master; "no bloodshed."

"Beat out their brains, you mean," rejoined Blueskin with a tremendous imprecation; "no half measures now, Master."

"Hadh't you better hold a moment's parley with the gentlemen before proceeding to extremities?" suggested Jonathan.

"Agreed," responded the Master. "Surely," he added, staring at Rowland, "either I'm greatly mistaken, or it is—"

"You are *not* mistaken, Baptist," returned Rowland with a gesture of silence; "it is your old friend. I'm glad to recognise you."

"And I'm glad your worship's recognition doesn't come too late," observed the Master. "But why didn't you make yourself known at once?"

"I'd forgotten the office you hold in the Mint, Baptist," replied Rowland. "But clear the room of this rabble, if you have sufficient authority over them. I would speak with you."

"There's but one way of clearing it, your worship," said the Master, archly.

"I understand," replied Rowland. "Give them what you please. I'll repay you."

"It's all right, pals," cried Baptist, in a loud tone; "the gentlemen and I have settled matters. No more scuffling."

"What's the meaning of all this?" demanded Sir Ceeil. "How have you contrived to still these troubled waters?"

"I've chanced upon an old ally in the Master of the Mint," answered Rowland. "We may trust him," he added in a whisper; "he is a staunch friend of the good cause."

"Blueskin, clear the room," cried the Master; "these gentlemen would be private. They've *paid* for their lodging. Where's Jonathan?"

Inquiries were instantly made after that individual, but he was nowhere to be found.

"Strange!" observed the Master; "I thought he'd been at my elbow all this time. But it don't much matter—though he's a devilish shrewd fellow, and might have helped me out of a difficulty, had any occurred. Hark ye, Blueskin," continued he, addressing that personage, who, in obedience to his commands, had, with great promptitude, driven out the rabble, and again secured the door, "a word in your ear. What female entered the house with us?"

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed Blueskin, afraid, if he admitted having seen the lady, of being compelled to divide the plunder he had obtained from her among his companions, "how should I know? D'ye suppose I'm always thinking of the petticoats? I observed no female; but if any one *did* join the assault, it must have been either Amazonian Kate, or Fighting Moll."

"The woman I mean did not join the assault," rejoined the Master, "but rather seemed to shun observation; and, from the hasty glimpse I caught of her, she appeared to have a child in her arms."

"Then, most probably, it was the widow Sheppard," answered Blueskin, sulkily.

"Right," said the Master, "I didn't think of her. And now I've another job for you."

"Propose it," returned Blueskin, inclining his head.

"Square accounts with the rascal who got up the sham arrest; and, if he don't tip the cole without more ado, give him a taste of the pump, that's all."

"He shall go through the whole course," replied Blueskin, with a ferocious grin, "unless he comes down to the last grig. We'll lather him with mud, shave him with a rusty razor, and drench him with *aqua pompaginis*. Master, your humble servant.—Gentlemen, your most obsequious trout."

Having effected his object, which was to get rid of Blueskin, Baptist turned to Rowland and Sir Cecil, who had watched his proceedings with much impatience, and remarked, "Now, gentlemen, the coast's clear; we've nothing to interrupt us. I'm entirely at your service."

CHAPTER IV.

JONATHAN WILD.

LEAVING them to pursue their conference, we shall follow the footsteps of Jonathan, who, as the Master surmised, and as we have intimated, had unquestionably entered the house. But at the beginning of the affray, when he thought every one was too much occupied with his own concerns to remark his absence, he

slipped out of the room, not for the purpose of avoiding the engagement, (for cowardice was not one of his failings,) but because he had another object in view. Creeping stealthily up stairs, unmasking a dark lantern, and glancing into each room as he passed, he was startled in one of them by the appearance of Mrs. Sheppard, who seemed to be crouching upon the floor. Satisfied, however, that she did not notice him, Jonathan glided away as noiselessly as he came, and ascended another short flight of stairs leading to the garret. As he crossed this chamber, his foot struck against something on the floor, which nearly threw him down, and stooping to examine the object, he found it was a key. "Never throw away a chance," thought Jonathan. "Who knows but this key may open a golden lock one of these days?" And, picking it up, he thrust it into his pocket.

Arrived beneath an aperture in the broken roof, he was preparing to pass through it, when he observed a little heap of tiles upon the floor, which appeared to have been recently dislodged. "He *has* passed this way," cried Jonathan exultingly; "I have him safe enough." He then closed the lantern, mounted without much difficulty upon the roof, and proceeded cautiously along the tiles.

The night was now profoundly dark. Jonathan had to feel his way. A single false step might have precipitated him into the street; or, if he had trodden upon an unsound part of the roof, he must have fallen through it. He had nothing to guide him; for, though the torches were blazing ruddily below, their gleam fell only on the side of the building. The venturesome climber gazed for a moment at the assemblage beneath, to ascertain that he was not discovered; and, having satisfied himself in this particular, he stepped out more boldly. On gaining a stack of chimneys at the back of the house, he came to a pause, and again unmasked his lantern. Nothing, however, could be discerned, except the crumbling brickwork. "Confusion!" ejaculated Jonathan; "can he have escaped? No. The walls are too high, and the windows too stoutly barricaded in this quarter, to admit such a supposition. He can't be far off. I shall find him yet. Ah! I have it," he added, after a moment's deliberation; "he's there, I'll be sworn." And, once more enveloping himself in darkness, he pursued his course.

He had now reached the adjoining house, and, scaling the roof, approached another building, which seemed to be, at least, one story loftier than its neighbours. Apparently, Jonathan was well acquainted with the premises; for, feeling about in the dark, he speedily discovered a ladder, up the steps of which he hurried. Drawing a pistol, and unclosing his lantern with the quickness of thought, he then burst through an open trap-door into a small loft.

The light fell upon the fugitive, who stood before him in an attitude of defence, with the child in his arms.

"Aha!" exclaimed Jonathan, acting upon the information he

had obtained from Wood; "I have found you at last. Your servant, Mr. Darrell."

"Who are you?" demanded the fugitive, sternly.

"A friend," replied Jonathan, uncocking the pistol, and placing it in his pocket.

"How do I know you are a friend?" asked Darrell.

"What should I do here alone if I were an enemy? But, come, don't let us waste time in bandying words, when we might employ it so much more profitably. Your life, and that of your child, are in my power. What will you give me to save you from your pursuers?"

"Can you do so?" asked the other, doubtfully.

"I can, and will. Now, the reward?"

"I have but an ill-furnished purse. But if I escape, my gratitude——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Jonathan, scornfully. "Your gratitude will vanish with your danger. Pay fools with promises. I must have something in hand."

"You shall have all I have about me," replied Darrell.

"Well—well," grumbled Jonathan, "I suppose I must be content. An ill-lined purse is a poor recompence for the risk I have run. However, come along. I needn't tell you to tread carefully. You know the danger of this breakneck road as well as I do. The light would betray us." So saying, he closed the lantern.

"Harkye, sir," rejoined Darrell; "one word before I move. I know not who you are; and, as I cannot discern your face, I may be doing you an injustice. But there is something in your voice that makes me distrust you. If you attempt to play the traitor, you will do so at the hazard of your life."

"I have already hazarded my life in this attempt to save you," returned Jonathan boldly, and with apparent frankness; "this ought to be sufficient answer to your doubts. Your pursuers are below. What was to hinder me, if I had been so inclined, from directing them to your retreat?"

"Enough," replied Darrell. "Lead on!"

Followed by Darrell, Jonathan retraced his dangerous path. As he approached the gable of Mrs. Sheppard's house, loud yells and vociferations reached his ears; and, looking downwards, he perceived a great stir amid the mob. The cause of this uproar was soon manifest. Blueskin and the Minters were dragging Wood to the pump. The unfortunate carpenter struggled violently, but ineffectually. His hat was placed upon one pole, his wig on another. His shouts for help were answered by roars of mockery and laughter. He continued alternately to be tossed in the air, or rolled in the kennel until he was borne out of sight. The spectacle seemed to afford as much amusement to Jonathan as to the actors engaged in it. He could not contain his satisfaction, but chuckled, and rubbed his hands with delight.

"By Heaven!" cried Darrell, "it is the poor fellow whom I

placed in such jeopardy a short time ago. I am the cause of his ill-usage."

"To be sure you are," replied Jonathan, laughing. "But, what of that? It'll be a lesson to him in future, and will show him the folly of doing a good-natured action!"

But perceiving that his companion did not relish his pleasantries, and fearing that his sympathy for the carpenter's situation might betray him into some act of imprudence, Jonathan, without further remark, and by way of putting an end to the discussion, let himself drop through the roof. His example was followed by Darrell. But, though the latter was somewhat embarrassed by his burthen, he peremptorily declined Jonathan's offer of assistance. Both, however, having safely landed, they cautiously crossed the room, and passed down the first flight of steps in silence. At this moment, a door was opened below; lights gleamed on the walls; and the figures of Rowland and Sir Cecil were distinguished at the foot of the stairs.

Darrell stopped, and drew his sword.

"You have betrayed me," said he, in a deep whisper, to his companion; "but you shall reap the reward of your treachery."

"Be still!" returned Jonathan, in the same under tone, and with great self-possession: "I can yet save you. And see!" he added, as the figures drew back, and the lights disappeared; "it's a false alarm. They have retired. However, not a moment is to be lost. Give me your hand."

He then hurried Darrell down another short flight of steps, and entered a small chamber at the back of the house. Closing the door, Jonathan next produced his lantern, and, hastening towards the window, undrew a bolt by which it was fastened. A stout wooden shutter, opening inwardly, being removed, disclosed a grating of iron bars. This obstacle, which appeared to preclude the possibility of egress in that quarter, was speedily got rid of. Withdrawing another bolt, and unhooking a chain suspended from the top of the casement, Jonathan pushed the iron framework outwards. The bars dropped noiselessly and slowly down, till the chain tightened at the staple.

"You are free," said he; "that grating forms a ladder, by which you may descend in safety. I learnt the trick of the place from one Paul Groves, who used to live here, and who contrived the machine. He used to call it his fire-escape—ha! ha! I've often used the ladder for my own convenience, but I never expected to turn it to such good account. And now, sir, have I kept faith with you?"

"You have," replied Darrell. "Here is my purse; and I trust you will let me know to whom I am indebted for this important service."

"It matters not who I am," replied Jonathan, taking the money. "As I said before, I have little reliance upon *professions* of gratitude."

"I know not how it is," sighed Darrell, "but I feel an unaccountable misgiving at quitting this place. Something tells me I am rushing on greater danger."

"You know best," replied Jonathan, sneeringly; "but if I were in your place I would take the chance of a future and uncertain risk to avoid a present and certain peril."

"You are right," replied Darrell; "the weakness is past. Which is the nearest way to the river?"

"Why, it's an awkward road to direct you," returned Jonathan. "But if you turn to the right when you reach the ground, and keep close to the Mint wall, you'll speedily arrive at White Cross Street; White Cross Street, if you turn again to the right, will bring you into Queen Street; Queen Street, bearing to the left, will conduct you to Deadman's Place; and Deadman's Place to the water-side, not fifty yards from Saint Saviour's stairs, where you're sure to get a boat."

"The very point I aim at," said Darrell as he passed through the outlet.

"Stay!" said Jonathan, aiding his descent; "you had better take my lantern. It may be useful to you. Perhaps you'll give me in return some token, by which I may remind you of this occurrence, in case we meet again. Your glove will suffice."

"There it is," replied the other, tossing him the glove. "Are you sure these bars touch the ground?"

"They come within a yard of it," answered Jonathan.

"Safe!" shouted Darrell, as he effected a secure landing. "Good night!"

"So," muttered Jonathan, "having started the hare, I'll now unleash the hounds."

With this praiseworthy determination, he was hastening down stairs, with the utmost rapidity, when he encountered a female, whom he took, in the darkness, to be Mrs. Sheppard. The person caught hold of his arm, and, in spite of his efforts to disengage himself, detained him.

"Where is he?" asked she, in an agitated whisper. "I heard his voice; but I saw them on the stairs, and durst not approach him, for fear of giving the alarm."

"If you mean the fugitive, Darrell, he has escaped through the back window," replied Jonathan.

"Thank Heaven!" she gasped.

"Well, you women are forgiving creatures, I must say," observed Jonathan, sarcastically. "You thank Heaven for the escape of the man who did his best to get your child's neck twisted."

"What do you mean?" asked the female, in astonishment.

"I mean what I say," replied Jonathan. "Perhaps you don't know that this Darrell so contrived matters, that your child should be mistaken for his own; by which means it had a narrow escape from a tight cravat, I can assure you. However, the

scheme answered well enough, for Darrell has got off with his own brat."

"Then this is not my child?" exclaimed she, with increased astonishment.

"If you have a child there, it certainly is not," answered Jonathan, a little surprised; "for I left your brat in the charge of Blueskin, who is still among the crowd in the street, unless, as is not unlikely, he's gone to see your other friend disciplined at the pump."

"Merciful Providence!" exclaimed the female. "Whose child can this be?"

"How the devil should I know?" replied Jonathan gruffly. "I suppose it didn't drop through the ceiling, did it? Are you quite sure it's flesh and blood?" asked he, playfully pinching its arm till it cried out with pain.

"My child! my child!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheppard, rushing from the adjoining room. "Where is it?"

"Are you the mother of this child?" inquired the person who had first spoken, addressing Mrs. Sheppard.

"I am—I am!" cried the widow, snatching the babe, and pressing it to her breast with rapturous delight. "God be thank'd, I have found it!"

"We have both good reason to be grateful," added the lady, with great emotion.

"Sblood!" cried Jonathan, who had listened to the foregoing conversation with angry wonder, "I've been nicely done here. Fool that I was to part with my lantern! But I'll soon set myself straight. What ho! lights! lights!"

And, shouting as he went, he flung himself down stairs.

"Where shall I fly?" exclaimed the lady, bewildered with terror. "They will kill me, if they find me, as they would have killed my husband and child. Oh God! my limbs fail me."

"Make an effort, madam," cried Mrs. Sheppard, as a storm of furious voices resounded from below, and torches were seen mounting the stairs; "they are coming!—they are coming!—fly!—to the roof! to the roof!"

"No," cried the lady, "this room—I recollect—it has a back window."

"It is shut," said Mrs. Sheppard.

"It is open," replied the lady, rushing towards it, and springing through the outlet.

"Where is she?" thundered Jonathan, who at this moment reached Mrs. Sheppard.

"She has flown up stairs," replied the widow.

"You lie, hussy!" replied Jonathan, rudely pushing her aside, as she vainly endeavoured to oppose his entrance into the room; "she is here. Hist!" cried he, as a scream was heard from without. "By G—! she has missed her footing."

There was a momentary and terrible silence, broken only by a few feeble groans.

Sir Cecil, who with Rowland and some others had entered the room, rushed to the window with a torch.

He held down the light, and a moment afterwards beckoned, with a blanched cheek, to Rowland.

"Your sister is dead," said he, in a deep whisper.

"Her blood be upon her own head, then," replied Rowland, sternly. "Why came she here?"

"She could not resist the hand of fate, which drew her hither," replied Sir Cecil, mournfully.

"Descend, and take charge of the body," said Rowland, conquering his emotion by a great effort. "I will join you in a moment. This accident rather confirms than echeeks my purpose. The stain upon our family is only half effaced: I have sworn the death of the villain and his bastard, and I will keep my oath. Now, sir," he added, turning to Jonathan, as Sir Cecil and his followers obeyed his injunctions, "you say you know the road which the person whom we seek has taken?"

"I do," replied Jonathan. "But I give no information gratis!"

"Speak, then," said Rowland, placing money in his hand.

"You'll find him at Saint Saviour's stairs," answered Jonathan. "He's about to cross the river. You'd better lose no time. He has got five minutes' start of you. But I sent him the longest way about."

The words were scarcely pronounced, when Rowland disappeared.

"And now to see the end of it," said Jonathan, shortly afterwards, passing through the window. "Good night, Master."

Three persons only were left in the room. These were the Master of the Mint, Van Galgebok, and Mrs. Sheppard.

"A bad business this, Van," observed Baptist, with a prolonged shake of the head.

"Ja, ja, Muntmeester," said the Hollander, shaking his head in reply; "very bad—very."

"But then they're staunch supporters of our friend over the water," continued Baptist, winking significantly; "so we must e'en hush it up in the best way we can."

"Ja," answered Van Galgebok. "But—sapperment!—I wish they hadn't broken my pipe."

"JONATHAN WILD promises well," observed the Master, after a pause: "he'll become a great man. Mind, I, Baptist Kettleby, say so."

"He'll be haanged nevertheless," replied the Hollander, giving his collar an ugly jerk. "Mind, I, Rykhart Van Galgebok, predict it. And now let's go back to the Shovels, and finish our brandewyn and bier, Muntmeester."

"Alas!" cried Mrs. Sheppard, relieved by their departure, and giving way to a passionate flood of tears; "were it not for my child, I should wish to be in the place of that unfortunate lady."

A VISIT TO THE CHATEAU OF CHILLON.

“Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar.”

LEAVING Geneva in the steamer at eight o'clock in the morning, I arrived at Vevay at four o'clock on the same day. I say nothing of the deeply blue waters through which I passed, and the fine scenery of either shore. Transferring them to words, will not make more vivid their image on the memory.

While taking a lunch at “The Three Crowns,” in Vevay, I desired the landlord to send me a *batelier*, as I wished to arrange for a visit, by water, to the Chateau of Chillon. In a few minutes a woman, under an immense straw hat, ornamented with a single blue ribbon, and whose broad rim, at every step, flapped—gracefully if you please—upon her shoulders, entered my apartment.

“Ah! is this the oars-woman?” inquired I.

She courtesied.

“Eh bien,” I continued, “I wish to see Chillon. I am alone, you see—I wish to move quick, and perhaps shall remain there long.—What’s the fare?”

“My boat,” replied she, “is very handsome, *très jolie*. You shall have two good *bateliers*. Eight francs, Monsieur. I have taken many English to Chillon.”

“Eight francs!” exclaimed I; “too much, altogether too much.”

“Ah, Monsieur, it is two hours away from here, and my boat is very good.”

“I’ll give you two,” said I.

She shook her head.

“Very good. Landlord, call me another *batelier*.”

“Six francs,” said the Swiss dame.

“Be quick, landlord,” said I.

“Four francs, Monsieur,” said the woman.

“And who are to be my *bateliers*?” asked I.

“Myself and my daughter,” she replied.

“Aha, your daughter! Is she young, and does she sing?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

A bargain was closed. In two hours I was under the walls of Chillon. I saw upon them, largely written, the words,—“*Liberté et Patrie*.” They belong to the ensigns of the Republic of Vaud. Tyranny, said I, has at length ceased here, and over *one* of its strongholds its foe is now triumphant. While surveying the Chateau from divers points, I read out of a pamphlet before me some passages touching its history.

It was built by order of a Duke of Savoy, in 1298, as a prison of State. For that purpose it served until 1536, when it was besieged and subdued by Charles V, assisted by troops from Geneva and Berne. Descending into its vaults, the conquerors found, among other prisoners, three citizens of Geneva, who once had been among its magistrates, and François Bonnivard, an illustrious name in the annals of that Republic. It is his character and career which have surrounded these desolate walls with interest. He was born in 1496. He studied at Turin. On the resignation of his uncle, he became Prior of St. Victor, at Geneva. This Republic he adopted;—drawn, he says, by love of its liberty, whose interests he

now ardently espoused. Marrying those interests, his offspring was, alas! but a dungeon and chains. He declared himself the defender of Geneva, against the Duke of Savoy. By that Duke was Geneva captured. Bonnivard, taken prisoner, was thrown into the dungeons of Chillon in 1530. In the vigour of his years, in the full vivacity of his spirit, in the highest energies of his intellect, in the perfect bloom of his affections, we find him torn from the sphere wherein those qualities are so useful and so graceful, and chained to the pillar of a damp dungeon. There he pines away, without the satisfaction of feeling that his miseries tend to redeem, or in any way to benefit, his adopted country. But, Martyr-patriot, your sufferings have been not altogether in vain. Thinking of you, shall hearts in every age feel their devotion to liberty waxing fresher and more strong; and deeper, sterner, and more destroying shall grow their hatred of oppression. It is the sound of chains like yours which arouses to deeds of retribution the free spirits of the world, and from out your dreary dungeons shall go for ever forth, "appeals from tyranny to God."

Entering beneath the huge portals, I found myself descending into the cells, under the conduct of a female. "The jailer of Bonnivard had not so pleasant a voice as yours," said I. God hasten that time, when all the political dungeons on the earth and under the earth shall be entered only by persons with motives like mine, and I may well add, under like fair guidance.

"There are seven pillars of Gothic mould
In Chillon's dungeons, deep and old;
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray."

Among these columns I now passed. "This is the ring of Bonnivard," said the damsel. "He was chained here for six years. Here are still traces of his footsteps in the stone pavement." I walked round the pillar, and seating myself upon the adjacent rock, perused the "Prisoner of Chillon," by Lord Byron. The name of its author, carved by his own hand, was upon one of the columns before me. But how indifferent seemed to me the poem! I knew the truth about Chillon, and I was now reading Byron's fiction. The truth is far more impressive than the fiction. Byron's prisoners are all from his brain:—three brothers, two of whom die, and their survivor whines out lamentations, that never could have come from the soul of Bonnivard. Why did not the poet take the simple truth, and surround it with illustrations from his great genius? Then might the poem have been worthy of the spot. Now, Bonnivard's praises, his noble self-sacrifice, his lofty patriotism, his onward courage, are all unsung. And what are these walls without that associated patriotism, and courage, and self-sacrifice? Chillon may give some interest to the lines of Byron, but, in my mind, those lines add nothing to the interest of Chillon. They are quite merged and forgotten in the mightier impressiveness of those other associations, full of truth and full of dignity, that invest these sad memorials of the vengeance of the Duke of Savoy. And yet how many are there, with whom this spot is interesting, only because, forsooth, Lord Byron rhymed about it. "Have you made the visit to Chillon?" asked I of an Englishman, a few days ago. "Chillon, Chillon?" muttered he, half inquiringly. "Yes, dear," interrupted

his wife, "Chillon, the castle about which Byron wrote that beautiful poem, you know." "Ah, yes," said the gentleman; "I'm told it's quite a place since Byron wrote about it. A good many English visit it, I'm told."*

I desired to climb up to the grated window, and get a view of the exterior scene. "Oh no, Monsieur," said the guide, "you will have a much finer view from up stairs." I was resolved, however. What did I care for the view from her kitchen window? I wished to look abroad from the crevice through which the prisoner's eyes, all glazed and lustreless, had so often looked. Lake Lemman lay before me. The sun was just setting. Had Bonnivard ever turned sighing, from a scene so fair, back to the desolation of his prison? Of all the lovely forms of nature about this far-famed lake, the one before me outrivalled any I had yet beheld. No wind was stirring, and its waves were still. The sun, descending behind a cluster of clouds, was reflected therein. Its image was like a vast ingot of burning gold. A moment after, the appearance was changed, and by a fortunate position of the clouds, its light streamed down into the far depths of the lake, and for an instant I seemed to behold therein a city with a thousand golden spires. As the sun disappeared, the picture was again changed. The many-coloured light was scattered far over the waters, and Lemman was as if a thousand rainbows had been broken into fragments upon its polished breast. The shadows came down. Once more the scene was varied. The last expression was the fairest. Words can give no conception of it. Imagine one vast, wide-wavering, out-spread mantle of changeable silk. But I forget the snow-blanchèd Alps, rising high in the distance. I forget "Clarens, sweet Clarens," upon the right;—the Rhone upon my left, bursting, as it were, through a garden into the lake; and those little vessels of delicate construction, faintly and far distant seen, as if painted upon the sky. And there is a moral association about these objects. It lends to them one fairest charm. It is of a later time. For a moment Bonnivard is forgotten, and Rousseau arises. This is the scene of his Heloise. *There* are the mountains and the waters, which he once peopled with affections. The heart of Rousseau seems to live and beat in all things within the view of yonder Clarens,—the home of Julie, of Claire, and of St. Preux. I turned inward to the cell. The darkness had descended. Already were the damps and solitude beginning to oppress me. A single hour had sufficed to fill me with chills and with dreariness. Alas, for the wretched prisoner of six long years!

The other apartments of the Chateau were visited,—the chamber of the tyrant Duke, and many cells. They have but little definite history attached to them. I took leave of my fair conductress, and as the boat bore me swiftly from the lessening castle, I fell into some reflections.

Since Bonnivard's death, three hundred years have passed away. Great have been the revolutions in the civilized world. Mighty and many truths have been revealed. Each generation pronounces itself wiser and happier, better and more free, than that which preceded it. Man's destiny and his rights have been more clearly revealed, and more widely promulgated. Tyranny is denounced with a louder and more general voice. We look back with horror upon

* This gentleman, whoever he was, did not come from Great Britain. "A good many English visit it, I'm told," is not the remark of an Englishman.—ED.

the chains and dungeons of the feudal age. The memory of the Duke of Savoy is blackened by the sufferings of Bonnivard;—Bonnivard, the worthy gentleman, the enlightened scholar, the noble patriot, and the martyr. The small province once lorded over by the Dukes of Savoy, is not far removed from the present dominions of the Austrian Emperor. In these dominions, I see a prison far more fearful than that which I have just now left behind me; and lingering out life within its dungeons, are some of the first gentlemen and scholars of Italy.

Alas! thought I, for the political prospects of the human race. The voice of liberty is loud, but the power of its foes, though noiseless, is strong and still unbroken. The sufferings of Bonnivard, of Pellico, and Maroncelli, are but links, a little away apart from each other, in a chain of wrong that will be forging until the end of time. History proves that the spirit of tyranny is immortal, as the spirit of freedom. They are both born from one womb,—ambition in the human breast. Destroy that ambition,—the wish to excel, to be great, to be *above*,—you indeed kill the spirit whose action we call tyranny, and you lay likewise waste some fairest realms of the intellect and the heart. And yet fondly do we look forward to a worthier political life, among this portion of the earth's inhabitants. We hope for an age, when chains shall cease to clank, and dungeons for the free shall be forgotten things; when men shall stand erect in the presence of each other, conscious of equal political rights, and what is more, actually enjoying equal political privileges. Shall that age for ever be, as for thousands of years it has ever been, a beguiling dream?

When our boat touched the shore at Vevay, it was after ten o'clock. A knot of Swiss damsels were waiting for the long-delayed bateliers. I had forgotten all about the songs. Mentioning the subject, four of the party rowed a little distance from the shore, and began what they call the "Vaudois,"—a *cantonal* song. The sentiment was patriotic and affectionate, and the words were very impressively sung. It was the first Swiss song I had heard, at such an hour, on a Swiss lake, among Swiss mountains. Thus heard, it has a character and impressiveness that totally vanish, when transplanted into some dry street, on the other side of the Atlantic. I had heard the Swiss song from various instruments, and likewise in crowded theatres in the United States, but they did never worthily embody it. Its only fit harp is the Swiss voice; its only theatre is the Swiss lake and mountain; its only worthy auditors are Swiss ears. I enjoyed the present song much, but the native listeners around me seemed to enjoy it far more. And why should they not? To me it had but the vulgar interest of novelty. To them it was one of the finest teachers. It was an agent in their system of education: it was an influence that wrought kindly upon their character. Its words embodied their recollections and their hopes; its strain sent quicker pulses through their hearts, and a warmer grasp into each hand. One mode, and that not the least interesting, of enjoying a Swiss song, is, closing your ears, to open eyes upon the natives who are listening to it. You will perceive how deeply those tones go beyond the auditory nerve. They touch a thousand heart-strings.

SONG OF "OLD TIME."

It is gone—gone—and a new career
 Opens to me with the coming year :
 In my course I may not wait ;
 While my glass I turn, and my scythe I try,
 Ye can pause to look at the wrecks which lie
 In the grave of Thirty-eight !
 For its knell ye are ringing a joyous chime,
 'Tis a festival hour, a merry time !

Ye bury the year with a joyous sound ;
 In the lighted hall the dancers bound,
 The wine-cup sparkles now ;
 And the laugh, and jest, and song are there,
 And bright eyes flash, and maidens fair
 List to the lover's vow.

Such is the requiem, all hearts elate,
 Of Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-eight !

But its memory, like a ghost at last,
 Stalks from the tomb of the mighty Past,
 Awhile on earth to dwell :

And I laugh to mark how few will learn :
 How many the shadowy teacher spurn,
 And all that he can tell ;

For I know that the only seers there be
 Have but learn'd the most
 From the Past's pale ghost,
 To sail on the Future's stormy sea !

"Out upon Time !" is the constant cry :

"Out upon Time and his tyranny !"

For mine is the despot's sway.

And monarchs of earth, the proudest ye see,
 Are vassals of mine, and bow to me,

Whose power cannot pass away.

But ye all forget, while ye rail at your doom,
 Though I wither the flower, I gave it the bloom !

And what though my scythe unceasing mows on,
 I raise up fresh beauty, though yours be gone ;
 All things have their time to die.

And sorrow away, from the heart I chase,
 And the tear, on the mourner's cheek efface,
 For a gentle touch have I.

And I hallow much that was little prized,
 And I test the wisdom so oft despised.

But still ye rail on at "Old Father Time,"
 Though ye bury the year with a joyous chime.

In my course I may not wait ;
 But they are the wise who earnestly try
 To gather some spoils from the wrecks which lie
 In the grave of Thirty-eight !

For I know that the only seers there be
 Have but learn'd the most
 From the Past's pale ghost,
 To sail on the Future's stormy sea !

CAMILLA TOULMIN.

THE TWIN-DOOMED.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN, AUTHOR OF "A WINTER IN THE FAR WEST."

"Twin-born they live, twin-born they die; in grief and joy twin-hearted;
Like buds upon one parent bough, twin-doomed, in death not parted."

THE superstition embodied in the above distich is very common in those parts of New York and New Jersey which were originally settled by a Dutch population. It had its influence with Dominie Dewitt from the moment that his good woman presented him with the twin-brothers, whose fortunes are the subject of our story. He regarded them from the first as children of fate—as boons that were but lent to their parents to be reclaimed so soon that it was a waste of feeling, if not an impious intermeddling with Providence, to allow parental affection to devolve in its full strength upon them.

They were waifs, he thought, upon the waters of life, which it hardly concerned his heart to claim.

The death of the mother, which soon followed the birth of the twins, confirmed this superstitious feeling, and their forms were henceforth ever associated with images of gloom in the breast of their only surviving parent. Old Dewitt, however, though a selfish and contracted man, was not wanting in the ideas of duty which became his station as a Christian pastor. He imparted all the slender advantages of education which were shared by his other children to the two youngest; and though they had not an equal interest in his affections with the rest, he still left them unvisited by any harshness whatsoever. The indifference of their father was, in fact, all of which the twins had to complain.

The consequence was natural; the boys being left so much to themselves, became all-in-all to each other. Their pursuits were in every respect the same. At school, or in any quarrel or scene of boyish faction, the two Dewitts were always named as one individual; and as they shot up toward manhood, they were equally inseparable. If Ernest went out to drive a deer, Rupert always must accompany him to shoot partridges by the way; and if Rupert borrowed his brother's rifle for the larger game, Ernest in turn would shoulder the smooth-bore of the other, to bring home some birds at the same time. Together, though, they always went.

The "Forest of Deane," which has kept its name and dimensions almost until the moment when I write, was the scene of their early sports. The wild deer at that time still frequented the Highlands of the Hudson; and the rocky passes which led down from this romantic forest to the river, were often scoured by these active youths in pursuit of a hunted buck which would here take the water. Many a time, then, have the cliffs of Dundenberg echoed their woodland shout, when the blood of their quarry dyed the waves which wash its base. Their names as dead shots and keen hunters were well known in the country below, and there are those yet living in the opposite village of Peekskill, who have feasted upon bear's meat, which the twin-huntsmen carried thither from the forest of Deane.

Our story, however, has but little to do with the early career of the Rockland hunters, and I have merely glanced at the years of their life which were passed in that romantic region of a state whose scenic beauties are, perhaps, unmatched in variety by any district of the same size, in order to show how the dispositions of the twins were fused and moulded together in early life. It was on the banks of the Ohio (Oh-ey-o, or Beautiful River, as it is called in the mellifluous dialect of the Senecas,) that the two foresters of Deane first began to play a part in the world's drama. As the larger game became scarce on the Hudson, they had emigrated to this then remote region; and here they became as famous for their boldness and address in tracing the Indian marauder to his lair, as they had been previously noted for their skill in striking a less dangerous quarry.

The courage and enterprise of the two brothers made them great favourites in the community of hunters, of which they were now members. A frontier settler always depends more upon his rifle than on his farm for subsistence, during the infancy of his "improvements;" and this habit of taking so often to the woods, brings him continually into collision with the Indians. It has ever, indeed, been the main source of all our border difficulties. The two Dewitts had their full share of these wild adventures. They were both distinguished for their feats of daring; but upon one occasion, Rupert, in particular, gave such signal proofs of conduct and bravery, that upon the fall of the chief man in the settlement, in a skirmish wherein young Dewitt amply revenged his death, Rupert was unanimously elected captain of the station, and all the cabins within the stockade were placed under his especial guardianship. Ernest witnessed the preferment of his brother with the same emotions of pride as if it had been conferred upon himself; and so much did the twins seem actuated by one soul, that in all measures that were taken by the band of pioneers, they insensibly followed the lead of either brother. The superstition which had given a fated character to their lives at home, followed in a certain degree, even here, and their characters were supposed to be so thoroughly identified, their fortunes so completely bound up in each other, that, feeling no harm could overtake the one which was not shared by the other, their followers had equal confidence in both, and volunteered, with the same alacrity, upon any border expedition, when either of the brothers chanced to lead.

It was about this time that General Wayne, who had been sent by government to crush the allied forces of the North-western Indians, established his camp upon the Ohio, with the intention of passing the winter in disciplining his raw levies, and in preparing for the winter campaign, which was afterward so brilliantly decided near the Miami of the Lakes. The mail route from Pittsburg to Beaver now passes the field where these troops were marshalled, and the traveller may still see the rude fireplaces of the soldiery blackening the rich pastures through which he rides. He may see too—but I must not anticipate the character of my story, whose truth is indicated by more than one silent memento.

The western militia, large bodies of which had been drafted into Wayne's army, were never remarkable for military subordination, of which, not to mention the Black Hawk war of 1832, the more

notable campaigns with the British afforded many an instance. They are a gallant set of men, but they have an invincible propensity, each man to "fight on his own hook;" and not merely that, but when not employed upon immediate active service, it is almost impossible to keep them together. They become disgusted with the monotony of military duties; revolt at their exacting precision; and though full of fight, when fight is to be had, are eager to disperse upon the least intermission of active service, and come and go as individual caprice may lead them. General Wayne's camp, indeed, was for a while a complete caravanserai, where not merely one or two, but whole troops of volunteers, could be seen arriving and departing at any hour. This, to the spirit of an old soldier, who had been bred in the armies of Washington, was unendurable. But as these fitting gentry constituted the sharpshooters, upon whom he chiefly depended, the veteran officer bore with them as long as possible, in the hope that by humouring the volunteers, he might best attach them to the service for which this species of force was all-important.

At length, however, matters reached such a pass, that the army was in danger of complete disorganization, and a new system must necessarily be adopted. "Mad Anthony," as Wayne's men called him, (who, when he really took a thing in hand, never did it by halves), established martial law in its most rigid form, and proclaimed that every man on his muster-roll, of whatsoever rank, who should pass beyond the lines without a special permit from himself, should be tried as a deserter, and suffer accordingly. The threatened severity seemed only to multiply the desertions; but so keen were the backwoods militiamen in making their escape from what they now considered an outrageous tyranny, that, with all the vigilance of the regular officers, it was impossible to seize any to make a military example of them.

Fresh volunteers, however, occasionally supplied the place of those who thus absented themselves without leave; and one morning in particular, a great sensation was created throughout the camp by the arrival of a new body of levies, which, though numerically small, struck every one as the finest company that had yet been mustered beneath the standard of Wayne. The troop consisted of mounted riflemen, thoroughly armed and equipped after the border fashion, and clad in the belted hunting-frock, which is the most graceful of modern costumes. Both horses and men seemed picked for special service, and their make and movement exhibited that union of strength and agility, which, alike in man and beast, constitutes the perfection of that amphibious force—the *dragoon*; whose original character, perhaps, is only represented in modern armies by the mounted rangers of our Western prairies.

The commandant of this corps seemed worthy to be the leader of so gallant a band. His martial figure, the horse he rode, and all his personal equipments, were in every respect complete, and suited to each other. The eagle feather in his wolf-skin cap, told of a keen eye and a long shot; the quilled pouch, torn with the wampum belt, which sustained his hatchet and pistols, from the body of some swarthy foeman—spoke of the daring spirit and iron arm; while the panther-skin which formed the housings of his sable roan, betrayed that the rider had vanquished a foe more terrible than the red

savage himself. His horse, a cross of the heavy Conestoga, with a mettlesome Virginia racer, bore himself as if proud of so gallant a master; and as the fringed leggin pressed his flank, while the young officer faced the general in passing in salute before him, he executed his passages with all the graceful precision of a charger trained in the *ménage*.

A murmur of admiration ran along the ranks as this gallant cavalier paced slowly in front of the soldiery, and reined up his champion steed before the line of his tall followers, as they were at length marshalled upon the parade. But the sensation which his air and figure excited was almost equally shared by another individual, who had hitherto ridden beside him in the van, but who now drew up his rough Indian pony apart from the rest, as if claiming no share in the lot of the new comers.

It was a sunburnt youth, whose handsome features afforded so exact a counterpart of those of the leader of the band, that were it not for the difference of their equipments, either of the two might at first be taken for the other; and even upon a narrower inspection, the dark locks and more thoughtful countenance of Ernest, would alone have been distinguished from the brown curls and animated features of his sanguine and high-spirited brother. The former, as we have mentioned, had drawn off from the corps the moment it halted and formed for inspection. He now stood leaning upon his rifle, his plain leathern hunting-shirt contrasting not less with the gay-coloured frocks of his companions, than did the shaggy coat of his stunted pony with the sleek hides of their clean-limbed coursers. His look too was widely different from the blithe and buoyant one which lighted their features; and his eye and lip betrayed a mingled expression of sorrow and scorn, as he glanced from the lithe and noble figure of his brother to the buckram regulars, whose platoons were marshalled near.

The new levies were duly mustered, and after the rules and articles of war had been read aloud to them, several camp regulations were promulgated; and among the rest the recent order of the commander-in-chief, whereby a breach of discipline, in going beyond the chain of sentinels, incurred the penalty of desertion.

"No, by heaven!" shouted Ernest, when this was read; "Rupert, Rupert, my brother, you shall never bear such slavery! Away—away, from this roofless prison, and if your life is what they want, let them have it in the woods—in your own way. But bind not yourself to these written laws, that bear chains and death in every letter. Away, Rupert, away from this accursed thralldom!" And leaping into his saddle before half these words were uttered, he seized the bridle rein of his brother, and nearly urged him from the spot while pouring out his passionate appeal.

"By the soul of Washington!" roared old Wayne, "what mad youngster is this? Nay, seize him not," added he good-humouredly, seeing that Rupert did not yield to his brother's violence, and that the other checked himself and withdrew abashed from the parade, as a coarse laugh, excited by his Quixotism, stung his ear. "By the soul of Washington!" cried the general, repeating his favourite oath, "but ye're a fine brace of fellows; and Uncle Sam has so much need of both of you, that he has no idea of letting more than one go." And calling Rupert to his side, he spoke with a kindness to the

young officer, that was probably meant to secure a new recruit in his brother, who had, however, disappeared from the scene.

The parade was now dismissed, and so soon as Rupert had taken possession of his quarters, and seen that his men and horses were all properly taken care of, he parted from his comrades to take a farewell of Ernest, who awaited him in a clump of trees upon the bank of the river, at a short distance from the camp. Ernest seemed to have fully recovered his equanimity; but though, youth-like, ashamed of the fit of heroics which had placed his brother in a somewhat ridiculous position a few hours before, he had not altered the views which he had entertained from the first, about Rupert's taking service under General Wayne.

"You will not start homeward to-night?" cried Rupert, at length changing a subject it was useless to discuss.

"Yes, to-night I must be off, and that soon, too, Rupert. Little Needji must pace his thirty miles before midnight. I don't know that I have done wisely in coming so far with you; but, in truth, I wanted to see how our hunters would look among the continentals Mad Anthony has brought with him."

"Wait till we come to the fighting, Ernest, and the old general will soon find out who's who. His regulars may do in civilized war, but a man must live in the woods to know how to fight in them."

"Ay, ay, that's it; a hound may do for a deer that isn't worth a powder-horn stopper upon a panther track. But you must remember," continued his brother, fixing his eyes sadly upon Rupert, "that you will have to fight just in the way that the general tells you — which means, I take it, that real manhood must go for nothing. Why, there's not a drummer in the ranks that will not know his duty better than you; ay, and for aught I see, be able to do it, too, as well."

A flush of pride — perhaps of pain — crossed the countenance of the young officer as his brother thus spoke; and, laying his hand upon his arm, added, with the indignant tone of a caged hunter, "Why, Rupert, you must not dare even, soldier that you now are, to take the bush, and keep your hand in by killing a buck occasionally."

"Believe it not, Ernest: my men will never stand that, for all the Mad Anthonys or mad devils in the universe."

"You must, you must, my brother," answered Ernest, shaking his head, "and now you begin to see why I would not volunteer upon this service. I am quieter than you, and therefore saw further into matters than you did, when you chose to come hither rather than give up the command of your company. But where's the use of looking back upon a cold trail? You are now one of Uncle Sam's men, and Heaven knows when he will let go his grip upon you."

Conversing thus, the brothers had walked some distance. The moon was shining brightly above them, and a silver coil of light trailing along the rippling Ohio, seemed to lure them onward with the river's course. At length, however, the more considerate Ernest deemed it prudent that they should part, and catching the pony, which had followed them like a dog, he mounted and prepared to move off. But Rupert would not yet leave his brother

and retrace his steps to the camp. It might be long before they should meet again—they who had never before parted—who had been always inseparable, alike in counsel and in action, and who were now about for the first time to be severed, when stout hearts and strong hands might best be mutually serviceable.

"I don't think I will leave you just yet, Ernest. I may as well walk with you as far as the branch; and we are hardly without shot of the soldier who is standing sentry yonder. What a mark the fellow's cap would be from that clump of pawpaws!"

"Yes," said Ernest, lifting his rifle from his lap as the musket gleamed in the moonlight. "I am almost tempted to pick that shining smooth-bore out of his fingers, just to show how ridiculous it is to carry such shooting-irons as that into the woods. But come; the time has gone by for such jokes; if you will go farther with me, let us push on." They reached the "branch," or brook, and crossed it; and still they continued increasing the distance between themselves and the camp.

"Well, I suppose we must now really bid good-b'ye," exclaimed Rupert at last, seizing the hand of his brother. "But here, Ernest, I wish you would carry home my Indian belt, and these other fixings; they will remind you of old times if I'm kept away long, and the sutler will give me something to wear more in camp fashion." As he spoke thus, he tied the wampum sash around the waist of his brother, and while throwing the Indian pouch over his shoulder, their arms met in the fold of brotherhood, and the twins parted with that silent embrace. Rupert, rapidly retracing his steps toward the camp, soon reached the brook, and a half-hour's walk might yet have enabled him to regain his quarters in safety; but the finger of Fate was upon him, and he, who had already been led away from duty by the strong lure of affection, was still further induced to violate it by an instinct not less impulsive in the bosom of a borderer.

Pausing to drink at the rivulet, Rupert, in stooping over the bank, thought that he discovered a fresh moccasin-print, and bending down the branches which embowered the spot, so as to bring the rays of the moon full upon it, a more thorough examination fully satisfied him that an Indian had lately passed that way. A regular soldier, upon thus discovering traces of a spy in the neighbourhood of the camp, would at once have reported it to the officer of the day, and allowed his superior to take measures accordingly. But such an idea never occurred to the backwood ranger. He had discovered an Indian trail, and there were but two things, in his opinion, to be done; first to find out its direction, and then to follow it to the death. A sleuth-hound upon the scent of blood could not be impelled by a more irresistible instinct than that which urged the fiery Rupert on that fatal chase.

It boots not to tell the various chances of his hunt; how here he missed the trail upon rocky ground, where the moccasin had left no print; how there he was obliged to feel for it in some tangled copse, where no betraying moonbeam fell; and how, at last, when the stars grew dim, and the grey dawn had warmed into ruddy day, he for the first time rested his wearied limbs upon the banks of a stream, where the trail disappeared entirely.

Let us now follow the fortunes of the doomed Ernest, who, like

the hero of classic story, bore about his person the fatal gifts that were to work his destruction. Not a half hour elapsed from the time that he had parted from his brother, before he found himself the prisoner of a sergeant's guard, which had been despatched to "take or slay the deserter, Rupert Dewitt."

Apprehending no ill, Ernest allowed himself to be seized; the equipments he had just received from Rupert, not less than the similitude of likeness to his twin-brother, in the opinion of the party that captured him, fully established his identity; and the horror which he felt at discovering how Rupert had forfeited his life, was almost counterbalanced by a thrill of joy, as it suggested itself to the high-souled Ernest that he might so far keep up the counterfeits as to become a sacrifice in place of the brother on whom he deoted. The comrades of Rupert, who might have detected the imposition, chanced to be off on fatigue parties in different directions; and this, together with the summary mode of proceeding that was adopted upon his reaching camp, favoured his design.

A drum-head court-martial was instantly called to decide upon the fate of a prisoner, to whose guilt there seemed to be, alas! too many witnesses. The road he had taken, the distance from camp, the time of night he had chosen to wander so far from the lines,—nay, the fact of his leaving his blood-horse at the stable, as if fearing detection through him, and stealing off upon an Indian pony—all seemed to make out a flagrant case of desertion. But why dwell upon these painful details of an affair which was so amply canvassed in all its bearings, throughout the western country, long afterwards? Let the reader be content with the bare historical fact, that the ill-starred militiaman was condemned to be shot to death as a deserter, under the circumstances as I have stated them. It seemed a terrible proceeding when these attending circumstances were afterwards reviewed; but though at the time General Wayne was much censured for signing that young man's death-warrant, yet both military men and civilians, who knew the condition of his army, have agreed that it was this one example alone which prevented that army from falling to pieces.

The heart of Ernest was so thoroughly made up to meet the fate which was intended for his brother, that his pulses did not change in a single throb when he was told that he had but an hour to prepare himself for death. "The sooner that it be over, the better for Rupert," exclaimed he, mentally. And then, man as he was, his eyes filled with tears when he thought of the anguish which that darling brother would suffer on learning the fate which had overtaken him.

"Oh God!" he cried aloud, clasping his hands above his head as he paced the narrow guard-room in which he was now immured, "God of Heaven! that they would place us together with our rifles in the forest, and send this whole army to hunt us down." The features of the wild bushfighter lighted up with a grim smile as he thought of keeping a battalion at bay in the green wood, and crippling it with his single arm. The proud thought seemed to bear with it a new train of views. "If Rupert knew," said he, pausing in his walk,— "if he but dreamed how matters were going, he would soon collect a score of rifles to strike with, and take me from beneath their very bayonets. But this is madness——"

"Ay! that it is, my fine fellow," answered the sentinel who guarded his door, and who now, hearing the last words uttered while the steps of those who were to have the final charge of the prisoner were heard upon the stair, thought it incumbent upon him to remind the youth where he was. Ernest compressed his lip, and drawing himself to his full height, as he wheeled and faced his escort, motioned to them to lead on. He was at once conducted to the esplanade in front of the camp, upon the river's bluff.

The morning was gusty and drizzling, as if Nature shuddered in tears at the sacrifice of one who, from his infancy, had worshipped her so faithfully. The young hunter scarcely cast a glance at the military array as he stepped forward to take the fatal position from which he was never to move more. Pride alone seemed to prompt the haughty mien and averted but unblenching eye, that were, in fact, governed by a nobler impulse—the fear of a personal recognition by some of the soldiery before his substitution as a victim to martial law was completed; but of the many in his brother's band who had so often echoed his own shout upon the joyous hunt, or caught up his charging cheer in the Indian onslaught, there was now not one to look upon the dying youth. Considerations of feeling, or the fear, perhaps, of exciting a mutinous spirit among those hot-headed levies, had induced the general to keep the comrades of the twin-brothers at a distance from the fatal scene. As already stated, they had originally been detained upon some fatigue duty, which took them to a distance from the camp, and measures had been since adopted to prolong their absence until the catastrophe was over. Once, and once only, did Ernest trust himself to run his eye along the formal files of stranger faces; and then—while the scenes of his early days by the bright river of the north flashed athwart his memory—he felt a momentary sinking of the heart to think there was no home-loved friend who could witness the manner of his death; and yet, when he remembered that one such witness might, by identifying him, prevent his sacrifice and endanger the life of Rupert, he was content that it should be thus.

A platoon of regulars was now drawn up in front of him, and waited but the word of their officer—when suddenly a murmur ran along the column, which was displayed upon the ground in order to give solemnity to the scene. It was mistaken for a symptom of mutiny, and precipitated the fatal moment.

"FIRE!" cried the officer; and, even as he spoke, a haggard figure, in a torn hunting-shirt—with ghastly look, and tangled hair that floated on the breeze—leaped before the line of deadly muzzles! He uttered one piercing shriek—whether of joy or agony it were impossible to tell—and then fell staggering with one arm across the bosom of Ernest, who breathed out his life while springing forward to meet the embrace of his brother!

They were buried in one grave, and the voyager upon the Ohio, whose boat may near the north-western shore, where the traces of Wayne's encampment are yet visible, still sees the shadowy buck-eye, beneath which repose THE TWIN-DOOMED FORESTERS OF DEANE!

SHAKSPEARE PAPERS.—No. VIII.

IAGO.

I HAVE been accused by some who have taken the trouble of reading these papers, that I am fond of paradoxes, and write not to comment upon Shakspeare, but to display logical dexterity in maintaining the untenable side of every question. To maintain that Falstaff was in heart melancholy and Jaques gay, to contrast the fortunes of Romeo and Bottom, or to plead the cause of Lady Macbeth, is certainly not in accordance with the ordinary course of criticism; but I have given my reasons, sound or unsound as they may be, for my opinions, which I have said with old Montaigne, I do not pretend to be good, but to be *mine*. What appears to me to be the distinguishing feature of Shakspeare is, that his characters are real men and women, not mere abstractions. In the best of us all there are many blots, in the worst there are many traces of goodness. There is no such thing as angels or devils in the world. We have passions and feelings, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, pretty equally distributed among us; and that which actuates the highest and the lowest, the most virtuous and the most profligate, the bravest and meanest, must, in its original elements, be the same. People do not commit wicked actions from the mere love of wickedness; there must always be an incentive of precisely the same kind as that which stimulates to the noblest actions—ambition, love of adventure, passion, necessity. All our virtues closely border upon vices, and are not unfrequently blended. The robber may be generous—the miser, just—the cruel man, conscientious—the rake, honourable—the fop, brave. In various relations of life, the same man may play many characters as distinct from one another as day from night. I venture to say that the creatures of Boz's fancy, Fagin or Sikes, did not appear in every circle as the unmitigated scoundrels we see them in *Oliver Twist*. It is, I suppose, necessary to the exigencies of the tale, that no other part of their characters should be exhibited; but, after all, the Jew only carries the commercial, and the housebreaker the military principle, to an extent which society cannot tolerate. In element, the feeling is the same that covers the ocean with the merchant-ships of England, and sends forth the hapless boys to the trade of picking pockets—that inspires the highwayman to stop a traveller on Hounslow, and spirits the soldier to face a cannon at Waterloo. Robber, soldier, thief, merchant, are all equally men. It is necessary for a critical investigation of character, not to be content with taking things merely as they seem. We must endeavour to strip off the covering with which habit or necessity has enveloped the human mind, and to inquire after motives as well as look to actions. It would not be an unamusing task to analyze the career of two persons starting under similar circumstances, and placed in situations not in essence materially different, one ending at the debtors'

door of Newgate amid hootings and execrations, and the other borne to his final resting-place in Westminster Abbey, graced by all the pomps that heraldry can bestow.

As Shakspeare therefore draws men, and not one-sided sketches of character, it is always possible to treat his personages as if they were actually existing people; and there is always some redeeming point. The bloody Macbeth is kind and gentle to his wife; the gore-stained Richard, gallant and daring; Shylock is an affectionate father, and a good-natured master; Claudius, in Hamlet, is fond of his foully-won queen, and exhibits, at least, remorse for his deed in heart-rending soliloquies; Angelo is upright in public life, though yielding to sore temptation in private; Cloten is brutal and insulting, but brave; the ladies are either wholly without blemishes, or have merits to redeem them: in some plays, as Julius Cæsar, Coriolanus, Antony and Cleopatra, Romeo and Juliet, and several others, no decidedly vicious character is introduced at all. The personages introduced are exposed to the frailties of our nature, but escape from its grosser crimes and vices.

But Iago! Ay! there's the rub. Well may poor Othello look down to his feet, and not seeing them different from those of others, feel convinced that it is a fable which attributes a cloven hoof to the devil. His next test,

“ If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee ”*—

affords a proof that Iago is not actually a fiend, for he wounds him; but still he cannot think him anything less than a “demi-devil,” being bled, not killed. Nor is it wonderful that the parting instruction of Lodovico to Cassio, should be to enforce the most cunning cruelty of torture on the hellish villain, or that all the party should vie with each other in heaping upon him words of contumely and execration. He richly deserved them. He had ensnared the soul and body of Othello to do the most damnable actions; he had been the cause of the cruel murder of Desdemona; he had killed his own wife, had plotted the assassination of Cassio, had betrayed and murdered Roderigo. His determination to keep silence when questioned, was at least judicious:

“ Demand me nothing: what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will speak word:”

for with his utmost ingenuity he could hardly find anything to say for himself. Is there nothing, then, to be said for him by anybody else?

No more than this. He is the sole exemplar of studied personal revenge in the plays. The philosophical mind of Hamlet ponders too deeply, and sees both sides of the question too clearly, to be able to carry any plan of vengeance into execution. Romeo's revenge on Tybalt for the death of Mercutio is a sudden gust of ungovernable rage. The vengeance in the historical plays are those of war or statecraft. In Shylock, the passion is hardly personal against his intended victim. A swaggering Christian is at the

* After this line he wounds Iago. Then follows:

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir, but not killed.

This is strange language. Should it not be “I, [*i. e.* Ay, as usual in Shakspeare,] bled, sir, but not killed?”

mercy of a despised and insulted Jew. The hatred is national and sectarian. Had Bassanio or Gratiano, or any other of their creed, been in his power, he would have been equally relentless. He is only retorting the wrongs and insults of his tribe, in demanding full satisfaction, and imitating the hated Christians in their own practices.

“ And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?
 If we are like you in the rest, we will
 Resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong
 A Christian, what is *his* humility?
 Revenge!
 [And] if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should
 His sufferance be by Christian example?
 Why, [sir] revenge! The villany you teach me
 I'll execute, and it shall go hard, but
 I'll better the instruction.”*

It is, on the whole, a passion remarkably seldom exhibited in Shakspeare in any form. Iago, as I have said, is its only example, as directed against an individual.

Iago had been affronted in the tenderest point. He felt that he had strong claims on the office of lieutenant to Othello, who had witnessed his soldierly abilities

“ At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
 Christian and heathen.”

The greatest exertion was made to procure it for him, and yet he is refused. What is still worse, the grounds of the refusal are military: Othello evades the request of the bowing magnificoes

“ with a bombast circumstance,
 Horribly stuffed with epithets of war.”

He assigns to the civilians reasons for passing over Iago, drawn from his own trade, of which they of course could not pretend to be adequate judges. And worst of all, when this practised military man is for military reasons set aside, who is appointed? Some man of greater renown and skill in arms? *That* might be borne; but it is no such thing. The choice of Othello lights upon

“ Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
 † One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
 A fellow almost damned in a fair wife, †
 That never set a squadron in the field,

* Printed as prose in the editions. The insertion of *and* before *if*, where it may serve as the ordinary copulative,—or as the common form, *an if*, perpetually recurring, as in Romeo, “*an if* a man did need a poison now,” [on which form I may remark in passing, Horne Tooke talks ignorantly enough in his *Diversions of Purley*,]—and of a monosyllable between *why* and *revenge*, makes the whole passage metrical. I am inclined to think that *revenge* should be repeated in the concluding lines. “If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? REVENGE!” If, on the contrary, a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be?

“REVENGE! REVENGE! The villany you teach me
 I'll execute.”

As an editor I might scruple to exhibit the text thus. I should recommend it to an actor in place of the prosaic and unmetrical—*Why, revenge*.

† This is one of the most puzzling lines in Shakspeare. All the explanations are forced. Cassio had no wife, and his treatment of Bianca, who stands

Nor the division of a battle knows,
More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theoretic,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership."

It is an insult hard to be borne, as many an H. P. will be ready to testify. We will find in many professional periodical works the complaint reiterated, that

"there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service :
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first :"

and many a curse, loud and deep, is inflicted on that account upon the Horse Guards and Admiralty, who fortunately have no individual responsibilities on which the disappointed ancients can fasten. I am sure that no British soldier or sailor would carry his anger farther than a passing growl, but the example of Bellingham shows that even in our assassin-hating nation, a feeling of injustice done

in place of one, is contemptuous ; nor does he let her stand in the way of his duty. She tenderly reproaches him for his long absence, and he hastily sends her home, harshly saying,

"I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish
To have him see me woman'd."

Tyrwhitt reads *damned in a fair life* ; interpreting it as an allusion to the judgment denounced in the gospel, against those of whom all men speak well, which is very far-fetched indeed. If *life* were the reading, it might signify that Cassio was damned for the rough life of a soldier by the fair, i. e. the easy life he had hitherto led. Johnson gives it up, as a passage "which, for the present, must be resigned to corruption and obscurity." A writer in one of the early volumes of Blackwood's Magazine, proposed somewhat ingeniously

"A great arithmetician,
A fellow almost damned : in a fair *wise*,
Who never set a squadron in the field."

But this is not satisfactory. Why is Cassio a fellow almost damned ? Like Dr. Johnson, "I have nothing that I can, with any approach to confidence, propose," but I think that the word "damned" is a corruption of some word which signified delicate, soft, dainty, or something of the kind, and that for "*in*" we should read "*as*." "A fellow almost as soft and delicate as a fair wife," as dainty as a woman. I am not fortunate to supply it, but I have somewhat thought it was

"A fellow almost *trimmed* as a fair wife."

Such a fellow as the "neat and *trimly* dressed" courtier, "perfumed as a milliner," who excited the impatience of Hotspur. *As a fair wife*, corresponds to *more than a spinster*, in the conclusion of the sentence. I throw out my hint for the leading or misleading of future editors.

I cannot help remarking that Colonel Mitchell, in his noble life of Wallenstein, seems to have no better opinion of the "arithmeticians" of Shakspeare's day than Iago. George Basta, the celebrated tactician, was contemporary with Shakspeare. Wallenstein served under him, and Colonel Mitchell makes somewhat the same complaint of the want of preferment of his hero as the disappointed ancient. "As to George Basta," he says, "if we may judge of him by his system of tactics, which was then exactly what Saldera's is now, and which, when the object of such a system is considered, must be looked upon as second only, in feebleness and insufficiency, to the one followed in our own time, he was not a likely person to appreciate talent, or to encourage and call forth genius." Nor, indeed, is the Colonel very complimentary to the army to which Iago belongs. He calls them "the worthless mercenaries of Venice, troops constantly kept in a state of mutiny and insufficiency, by the ignorant fears of their despicable government."

“ Thus do I ever make my fool my purse :
 For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
 If I should time expend with *such a snipe*,
 But for my sport and profit.”

Cassio he considers to be not merely unskilled in war, but a fool :—

“ For while *this honest fool*
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,” &c.

Othello is an ass in his estimation :—

“ The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.”

The “*inclining*” Desdemona he utterly despises, as one who fell in love with the Moor merely for his bragging, and telling fantastical lies. His wife he calls a fool ; and, with these opinions of his great superiority of wisdom and intellect, he commences operations to enmesh them all, as if they were so many puppets. It would be a strange thing indeed, he reflects, if I were to permit myself to be insulted, and my rights withheld, by such a set of idiots, whom I can wind round my finger as I please.

He seated him in the seat of the scorner, a character which he who is accounted the wisest of men continually opposes to that of true wisdom. “ Seest thou,” says Solomon, in the Proverbs copied out by the men of Hezekiah, King of Judah, which, whether they be inspired or not, are aphorisms of profound and concentrated wisdom,—“ seest thou a man wise in his own conceit ? there is more hope of a fool than of him.”* And the career of Iago ends with his own destruction, amid the abomination set down in another chapter of Proverbs as the lot of the scorner. The jealousy of Othello is not more gradually and skilfully raised and developed than the vengeance of Iago. At first angry enough, no doubt ; but he has no defined project. He follows the Moor to take advantage of circumstances to turn them to his own use. Nothing of peculiar malignity is thought upon : if he can get Cassio's place, he will be satisfied.

“ Cassio 's a proper man : let me see now,
 To get his place——.”

The marriage and the sight of Desdemona point out to him a ready way of accomplishing this object. The thought occurs suddenly, and he is somewhat startled at first. He asks himself with eager repetition,

“ How ? how ?”

and pauses to think—

“ Let me see——.”

It is soon settled.

“ After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife.”

But it still alarms him :

“ I have it—It's engender'd : Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.”

* Prov. xxvi. 12. “ The scorner is an abomination to men,” occurs in chap. xxiv. 9.

The plot is not matured even when they all arrive at Cyprus.

“ ’Tis here, but yet confused—

Knavery’s plain face is never seen till used.”

When once fairly entered upon, however, it progresses with unchecked rapidity. He is himself hurried resistlessly forward by the current of deceit and iniquity in which he has embarked. He is as much a tool or passive instrument as those whom he is using as such.

Some critics pronounce his character unnatural, as not having sufficient motive for the crimes he commits. This is not wise. He could not help committing them. Merely to put money in his purse, he gulled Roderigo into a belief that he could assist the poor dupe in his suit to Desdemona. There is no remarkable crime in this. Nor can we blame him for being angry at being somewhat scornfully passed over; we can, at all events, enter into his feelings when he wishes to undermine one whom he considers to be unworthily preferred to him, and to obtain a place which he thinks should be his own, if patronage had been justly dispensed. It was a base thing, indeed, to malign a lady, and possess her husband with jealousy; but he could not have calculated on the harvest of death and crime which the seed of suspicion that he was sowing was destined to bring up. When he makes Cassio drunk, he only anticipates that he will put him in such action as may offend the isle. When framing the device that is to destroy the lieutenant, no thoughts of murder arise before him.

He has no regard for the feelings of Othello, but dreams not that he will kill Desdemona, whom he says he loves. As for the lady herself, his low estimation of woman would of course lead him to think but little about her peace and quiet. He excuses himself, besides, by referring to the rumour that Othello had given him cause to be jealous. It is plain that he does not pretend to lay any great stress upon this; nor can we suppose that, even if it were true, it would deeply affect him; but he thinks lightly of women in general, and has no respect whatever for his wife. Indeed, Othello does not hold Emilia in much esteem; and her own conversation with Desdemona, as she is undressing her for bed (act iv. scene 3), shows that her virtue was not impregnable. The injury, therefore, Iago was about to do Desdemona, in lessening her in the respect of her husband by accusing her of such an ordinary offence as a deviation from chastity, and one which *he* did not visit with any particular severity on his own wife, must have seemed trivial. He could not have been prepared for the dire tempest of fury which his first hint of her unfaithfulness aroused in the bosom of Othello. Up to that moment he had done nothing more than gull a blockhead, and endeavour by unworthy means to undermine a rival; trickery and slander, though not very honourable qualities, are not of such rare occurrence in the world as to call for the expression of any peculiar indignation, when we find them displayed by a clever and plotting Italian.

They have, however, led him to the plain and wide path of damnation. He cannot retract his insinuations. Even if he desired, Othello will not let him:

“ Villain, be sure you prove my love a whore.”

[We may observe that he still, though his suspicions are so fiercely

roused, calls her his *love*. It is for the last time before her death. After her guilt is, as he thinks, proved, he has no word of affection for her. She is a convicted culprit, to be sacrificed to his sense of justice.]

“ Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof :
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my waked wrath.

—
—
—
Make me to see 't, or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop
To hang a doubt on ; or woe upon thy life !”

Iago, therefore, had no choice but to go forward. He was evidently not prepared for this furious outburst ; and we may acquit him of hypocrisy when he prays Othello to let her live. But Cassio must die :—

“ He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly.”

A more urgent reason immediately suggests itself :—

“ And besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril.
No—he must die.

The death of Desdemona involves that of Roderigo :—

“ Live Roderigo ?
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bobb'd from him
As gifts to Desdemona.
It must not be.”

Here is the direct agency of necessity. He *must* remove these men. Shortly after, to silence the clamorous testimony of his wife, he *must* kill her. He is doomed to blood. [As some other considerations on this point occur to us, we will defer the conclusion of our remarks on the character of Iago, and reserve them for another paper.]

THE SON TO HIS MOTHER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

THERE was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there, a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales did tell ;
And gentle words and fond embrace were given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place, upon my mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended, “ Good night !” she softly said,
And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep within my tiny bed ;
And holy words she taught me there,—methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of ev'ry time ;
When doubt or danger weigh'd me down, then pleading, all for me,
It was a fervent pray'r to Heaven that bent my mother's knee !

And can I this remember, and e'er forget to prove
The glow of holy gratitude—the fulness of my love ?
When thou art feeble, mother, come rest thy arm on me,
And let thy cherish'd child support the aged mother's knee !

A PILGRIMAGE TO SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.

Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
 No ha visto maravilla!
 He who to Seville has not seen,
 Nought wonderful has ever seen!

Old Saying.

"*VEDI Napoli e poi mori!*"—"See Naples, and then die!" exclaim the Neapolitans. The same fond admiration of their city has suggested the above extravagant couplet to the Sevillanos. Nevertheless, who that has seen the Cathedral, the Alcazar, the remains of Roman and Arabian architecture, and the venerable picturesque city itself, can deny that Seville is verily a wonder? The Cathedral alone would justify this boast.

The Cathedral, or *Iglesia Mayor*, as it is commonly called, is in fact the primary object of interest in Seville, whether we regard the antiquity and singularity of its Moorish tower the *Giralda*, or the magnificence of the more modern Gothic temple. The morning after my arrival I hastened to view it, and found it as far surpassing my most sanguine expectations as it did the many cathedrals I had previously beheld, both in my own country and on the Continent.

Externally, it presents a strange mixture of Arabian, Gothic, and modern Spanish architecture, which assimilates greatly to the Italian. Yet the *tout-ensemble* is striking, and the Gothic part—the church itself—is both rich and majestic in a high degree.

The stranger, on entering, is struck with amazement at the immensity of the edifice. When he casts his eye down the vast aisles, where arch beyond arch and column beyond column stretch away in dim perspective, or when he raises it to the gigantic pillars towering to support the vaulted roof, more than a hundred feet above his head, he feels rooted to the spot, overpowered by the burst of majesty. Then, as he continues to survey the aisles, which, (illumined only by the light struggling through the coloured windows, and playing here and there in variegated rays on pavement and pillar, or streaming, as from a point, through a far-off door,) are wrapt in a twilight gloom; as he contemplates the dark figures of the priests gliding noiselessly by, the sable forms of the suppliants prostrate before the altars around, the deep and solemn silence, or occasionally the still more solemn echoes of prayer—a feeling of awe creeps through his soul which heightens the sense of immensity already experienced into a sublimity such as few works of man are capable of inspiring. I question if the Pyramids themselves—which are but mounds in the vast expanse of desert, where art is lost in the grandeur of nature,—can, independently of their antiquity, produce so imposing an effect as a Gothic temple like this.

But let him enter for the first time—as was my good fortune—during the performance of high mass, when the grand altar is lighted up by a thousand candles, whose blaze is reflected and multiplied by huge mirrors of burnished silver,—when the body of the church is filled with lowly worshippers—when the deep silence is

broken only by the voice of the priest at the altar, or by the echoes of his own footsteps. On a sudden the great organ bursts into a solemn anthem,—the choristers accompany it with their sweet voices,—the music swells and rolls through the building, till each column, each arch, seems alive with a devotion which he cannot fail to experience stealing into his own bosom. Then, when on the ringing of a bell the consecrated Host is raised on high, and the whole congregation, as one man, sink on their knees, or throw themselves prostrate in adoration; then he finds himself seized with kindred feelings, and, in spite of his better judgment, is prompted to cast himself forward among the crowd of suppliants. Thus it was with me. Overpowered by the grandeur of the scene, the solemnity of the place, the sublime strains of devotion still echoing through the aisles, I was hurried away by the impulse of the moment, and found myself bending the knee when I least intended.

If there ever were one spot above others where the effect of ecclesiastical pomp and ceremony upon the senses might be mistaken for the religion of the intellect and heart, or where superstition appears divested of absurdity, and assumes the garb of humble and sincere piety—Seville Cathedral is that spot.

This superb edifice was founded, in the year 1401, on the site of the ancient Mosque, and was dedicated to the Virgin, in acknowledgment of her services in rescuing the city from the infidels. It took more than a century to complete the structure. Its proportions of four hundred and twenty feet in length, by two hundred and ninety-one in breadth, constitute it the largest Gothic cathedral in Spain. Indeed the old saying, “La de Toledo, la rica; la de Salamanca, la fuerte; la de Leon, la bella; la de Sevilla, la grande—That of Toledo, the rich! that of Salamanca, the strong; that of Leon, the beautiful; that of Seville, the great,”—or the other,

“Toledo en riqueza,
Compostela en fortaleza,
Leon en sotleza,
Sevilla en grandeza—”

“Toledo in wealth; Compostela in strength; Leon in airiness; Seville in magnitude,”—determines its superiority in this respect. It is in the form of a Latin cross, has five aisles, and is surrounded by numerous chapels.*

Four rows of enormous clustered columns, eight in each row, separate the aisles, and were hung, when I first saw them, from capital to base, with crimson damask, streaked with yellow, the trappings of the recent festival of Corpus Christi. They are forty-two feet in circumference, and, to use the words of an old chronicler, “appear rather towers than pillars.” The roofs of the centre nave and transept rise one hundred and thirty-four feet from the pavement; those of the side aisles are thirty-eight feet lower. The centre aisle contains the choir and the grand altar.

The choir is a large church in itself, in the heart of the Cathedral, enclosed on three sides by screens, and open on the east towards

* Rodrigo Caro, in his “Antigüedades de Sevilla,” page 53, says that this cathedral contains no less than eighty-two chapels and altars. I counted forty-three within the body of the edifice, exclusive of the high altar and those in the sacristy and large church of the Sagrario.

the high altar, or rather bounded only by a lofty and richly-worked grating of iron. The space between this grating and the altar is appropriated to worshippers. High above the choir is the organ, reputed the largest and finest in the world, not excepting that of Haarlem.

The high altar is magnificent, ornamented with the richest marbles, paintings, statues, and a profusion of gilding; and backed by a very lofty screen of carved wood. On grand festivals it is surmounted by immense silver mirrors in the forms of stars and crowns, while the steps leading to it are flanked by ranges of huge candlesticks of massive silver.

Behind the high altar is the *Capilla Real*, a large gloomy chapel, containing the tomb of Ferdinand the Saint and Conqueror, who, in 1248, wrested this city from the Moors, and of whom it was doubted whether he excelled most in power, holiness, or good fortune;* he who, in the words of his epitaph, was "the most faithful, the most true, the most generous, the most valiant, the most enduring, the most humble, who most feared God, and did Him most service, who overcame and destroyed all his enemies, and exalted and honoured all his friends." In the same chapel is interred his son, Alonso the Tenth, surnamed "the Wise," as also the notorious *María de Padilla*, mistress of Pedro the Cruel.

About thirty or forty feet within the principal entrance to the Cathedral are some tablets in the marble pavement; one on either hand bearing a rude representation of a ship, and this inscription:—

Nuevo mundo dió Colon,
A Castilla y á Leon.

A new world Columbus gave
To Castille and to Leon:

and in the centre a larger tablet, marking the burial-place of Ferdinand Columbus, the son of the great navigator.

At the north-eastern corner of the Cathedral is a door leading into the *Patio de los Naranjos*, or Court of Orange-Trees. This is three hundred and thirty feet from east to west, by one hundred and thirty-four from north to south. In the centre is a fountain, and scattered throughout are the trees which give their name to the court. It was originally the outer court to the mosque, which in Moorish times occupied the site of the present cathedral; and here the Mohammedans performed their ablutions before entering the sanctuary. It is still enclosed on the north and east by the ancient wall with the heavy buttresses and notched battlements peculiar to the Saracenic order of architecture; on the south it is bounded by the body of the Cathedral, and on the west by the church of the *Sagrario*, a large and gorgeous, but not handsome building, of comparatively modern date, and in the Spanish style, attached to the Cathedral.

Above the eastern wall of the *Patio* rises the *Giralda*, a lofty square tower of Arabian architecture, when and by whom erected is yet disputed; but *Caro*, a chronicler of Seville, asserts that it was founded about the year A.D. 1000; and its architect is vulgarly believed to be no other than *Geber*, the renowned Arabian astronomer, mathematician, chemist, and the reputed inventor of Algebra. It was the minaret of the ancient mosque, and originally, as a Latin

* Mariana, lib. xiii. cap. 8.

inscription informs us, was only two hundred and fifty feet in height: it was then surmounted by four gilt globes, one over the other, the highest the smallest, and the lowest so large, that in order to admit it into the city it was found necessary to widen one of the gates. The tower is fifty feet square, and the walls eight feet thick. In the year 1568, it was carried up to the height of three hundred and fifty feet, its present altitude. It is easy to perceive by the exterior how much was the work of the Moors, for that part is beautifully ornamented with Moresco windows and arches, and Arabesque tracery in relief, and is of a delicate pale red colour. The modern part commences with the belfry of twenty bells, five in each wall, which, like Spanish bells generally, are not swung to and fro, but are made to revolve vertically. From the belfry rises a smaller square tower, terminating in an octagonal steeple, crowned by a brass statue of Faith. The whole upper part of the tower is of light yellow stone, and in the modern Spanish style. Notwithstanding the engrafting of this upon an order of architecture so dissimilar as the Saracenic, the effect is more harmonious than might be imagined; and the Giralda certainly gains both beauty and grandeur by the addition to its height.

As I stood in the Court of Orange-Trees admiring the lofty tower, and watching the revolutions of its bells, I was accosted by a man, one of those good-humoured, talkative, amusing, busy do-nothings, so common in this land of indolence.

"Wonderful bells, those, sir."

"Yes; I never saw bells revolve in that way before."

"Bad preachers, sir—bad example, theirs!"

"How's that, man?"

"Because they call others to mass, and never go themselves."

"Well said; they certainly make a great noise about—"

"Noise! *vaya!* go to! it's nothing! the largest of those bells, sir, is a *niñería*,—a mere plaything, to the great bell of Toledo! *Ave Maria Purísima!* that bell is twenty feet or more in height, and so large that twenty-five tailors can sit and work within it. They never toll it, for it makes so much noise as to break all the windows in the city, and make every pregnant woman miscarry. A bad year for the Toledanitos when that bell is rung. Does your mercy know, sir, why it was made so large?"

I confessed my ignorance.

"Then, sir, I'll tell you. A rich count of Toledo had a son, who, having killed a man in a duel, sought refuge in the cathedral, while his father went to Madrid to petition the king for his pardon. 'No,' said the king, '*quien ha matado á uno, es preciso que muera*,—he who has killed a man must die!' Well, sir, the count continued to petition, and the king to refuse, till at length the king said, wishing to get rid of him, said he, 'When you make me a bell at Toledo that I can hear at Madrid, I'll pardon the young man.' Now look ye, sir, Toledo is nearly sixty miles from Madrid. *Pues Señor*, the count went home, and some time after, as the king was sitting in his palace at the open window, he heard a distant toll. '*Valgame Dios!*—God help me!' he cried, 'that's the bell of Toledo!' and so the young count obtained his pardon. Now, sir, I'll tell your mercy what's written on the bell:

' Margarita me llamo,
 Dos cientos quintales peso ;
 Quien no lo cree,
 Que me tome en peso !'

' Margaret's my name,
 Ten tons do I weigh ;
 Let him lift me and prove it
 Who this would gainsay !'

As this amusing fellow seemed disposed to make himself useful, I intimated my desire to ascend the Giralda ; and in a few seconds we were within its walls. The ascent is by an inclined plane, or rather a series of planes surrounding a square of twenty feet, as high as the modern part of the tower where steps succeed. The centre square contains apartments. According to Juanico, my guide, some monarch of Spain had once ascended on horseback ; and this is credible enough, for so broad is the passage, that not one only, but two persons, might ride up abreast. Nay, I verily believe that a small gig might be drawn up,—with some little difficulty, perhaps, in turning the angles. The ascent is not fatiguing, being enlivened by numerous peeps, through Moresco windows, of the city below : here and there, too, is a balcony, from which a better view may be obtained.

On reaching the belfry, Juanico asked me if I had seen Zaragoza.

"No," I replied.

"Well, sir, there's a very high tower there, attached, like this, to the cathedral ; and a boy who was once looking out from the belfry leaned forward too far, and fell out. His father chanced to be standing just below the tower, and saw his son-fall. '*Santa Maria del Pilar, salva mi hijo!*—Holy Mary of the Pillar, save my child!' he cried, and clasped his hands in agony. Well, sir, blessed be the Virgin Most Pure! she heard his prayer, and the boy reached the ground without the least hurt."

"Very marvellous!"

"Yes, sir ; but this is nothing to the miracles that Virgin, she of the Pillar, performs. She has an image in her church, which looks and feels exactly like flesh, and its nails grow and are cut regularly every month. What is most marvellous is, that if you look her in the face for a quarter of an hour, you'll be blind for ever."

"Why is not her face covered to prevent such terrible effects!"

"*Hombre! no!* Man! no! that would offend her: whoever comes in, looks at her with awe for a couple of minutes, and then lowers his eyes. Service is never performed at her altar, because three priests, who once attempted it, all burst, and fell dead in the midst."

Not content with the prospect from the belfry, which ordinarily satisfies strangers, I resolved to ascend as high as possible. Mounting some stone steps, I climbed a long upright iron post with transverse bars for the feet, squeezed my body through a grating above, and at last found myself outside the tower, standing only on a small projecting stone, and clinging to the walls for support. Immediately above me was the gigantic figure of Faith, which from below appears so puny. It holds a palm-branch in one hand, and in the other a banner, which serves as a vane ; and the whole figure, turning on a pivot, acts as a weather-cock, though fourteen feet in height, and of the enormous weight of three thousand six hundred pounds. It thus gives its name, Giralda (weathercock) to the tower.

The view from the tower is most extensive and interesting. Im-

mediately beneath, to the south and west, lies the vast pile of the Cathedral, its variously-shaped roofs, its flying buttresses, and innumerable pinnacles, with the dome-capped church of the Sagrario bounding the Orange-Court to the west. Juanico then pointed out to me the Archiepiscopal Palace just below the tower on the north-east, the Lonja, or Exchange, on the south, and the Alcazar, or Moorish palace beyond, with its courts and extensive gardens; to the west of these that enormous mass of building the Tobacco Factory, one of the chief wonders of this wondrous city; and to the north of the tower the great square of San Francisco, or the Plaza Real, with the Town-hall and other public buildings. On every side extends the venerable city itself, bristling with towers, spires, and domes innumerable,—its roofs rarely flat and white-washed, as in Cadiz, but covered with dark red tiles strangely channelled,—the whole enclosed by long lines of turretted wall, the remains of Roman and Moorish days. The spacious amphitheatre for the bull-fights, and the Roman "Tower of Gold," break the long range of alamedas on the near bank of the broad Guadalquivir, skirting whose opposite shore is the populous suburb of Triana. Just without the city, on the east, is the long and many-arched Roman aqueduct, marking the road to Carmona and Cordoba; and on the south, in the suburb of San Bernardo, is the Cannon Foundry: one of the boasts of the Sevillanos. In the north-east, at the distance of a few miles, the convent of San Isidro points to the site of the ancient Roman city of Italica. There are a few rising grounds on the opposite side of the river, but in every other direction the eye passes over a vast plain, here and there slightly undulating, in some parts sandy, parched, and desert; in others covered with golden corn, or refreshed with vineyards, dark olive, or darker orange-groves. Far away in the south-western horizon are the dim outlines of the Serania de Ronda. The Betis, in long and glittering windings, intersects the plain, fringed for some distance below the city with orange-groves; but beyond, flowing through a bare and boundless level towards the ocean.

On descending the tower my guide conducted me to the Library attached to the Cathedral, built over the eastern arcade of the Court of Orange-Trees. The collection was commenced by Ferdinand Columbus, who bequeathed to it twenty thousand volumes. It contains many curious Arabic manuscripts. Portraits of all the Archbishops of Seville grace the walls of the Library; beside which there is one of Murillo, painted by himself. He is represented as a young man of thirty; dressed in black, with shirt-collars turned down; black mustachios, and small beard, much in the style of a modern Spaniard. His complexion is sallow, his expression thoughtful, his forehead lofty and capacious, and his eyebrows are arched in a manner betokening that prominence of the bone which the phrenologist deems peculiarly indicative of a talent for colouring. Last, but not least among the curiosities of the Library, is a formidable Toledo, said to have been the sword of Fernan Gonzales, a hero of Saint Ferdinand's army, who wielded it with success at the conquest of the city six centuries since; for, in some verses attached to the hilt, it boasts of having cut many Moorish throats—"Cortado muchas gargantas Moras." It far surpasses in size and weight the blades used in these degenerate days.

The Cathedral of Seville is unrivalled in pictures by any other metropolitan church in the Peninsula. It contains some *chefs-d'œuvres* of Murillo, who was a native of this city, together with many choice specimens of other Spanish masters. Unfortunately they are for the most part so placed that their beauties and defects are alike obscured. Among the most favoured with regard to situation, is a Murillo, representing St. Anthony of Padua kneeling in adoration of the infant Saviour, who, in the clouds, attended by angels, is stepping forward, and opening his arms to bless the saint. This picture is deservedly esteemed as one of the finest productions of Murillo's pencil. It possesses in a remarkable degree all those qualities—that chaste but rich harmony of colouring, that breadth, that subserenity of all minor details to the one desired effect, that beauty and nature of expression, that faithful representation of pure affections and holy emotions,—which characterize the best works of this master. The colouring is exceedingly subdued, and almost monotonous in tone; but this only serves to convince the beholder that he who, with materials so few and simple, could produce such a picture, must indeed be a master of his art, capable at pleasure of wielding brighter colours with equal effect. Both in subject and tone this piece bears a strong resemblance to the St. Francis in the Capuchin Convent at Cadiz.

This Cathedral contains another picture, which for me has not inferior charms. The subject is the Virgin and Child, by Alonso Cano, the head of the Granadan, as Murillo is of the Sevillian school of painting. The mother, all mildness, sweetness, and beauty,—the personification of maiden modesty and purity,—contemplates with downcast eyes, and a smile of maternal love, the naked cherub on her lap. It is an exquisite little piece, but so lost in the shade that it cannot be viewed to advantage without the aid of a strong lamp. The Sevillanos, nevertheless, seem to appreciate it, if we may judge from a notice promising one hundred days of indulgence to all who say three Ave-Marias before the shrine over which it is placed.

There are many other specimens of Spanish art, some singular enough. The two damsels who, as tradition has it, once supported the tower of the Giralda during an earthquake, figure on canvass, as well as in the coloured glass of the window of a chapel dedicated to them. The Sevillanos do right in making the most of them, for, should a similar catastrophe befall the city, two damsels, I fear, would hardly be found now-a-days of faith or physical power sufficient to uphold with their shoulders the rocking tower. The "Death of the Innocents," with monks in the foreground, and Seville Cathedral behind, is a strange specimen of anachronism. Yet more strange is a "St. Dionysius" walking coolly, with his head under his arm, as though the weather were too warm for him to carry it on his shoulders.

As I stood gazing with a smile of astonishment at this picture, Juanico, who, having visited most parts of Spain, seldom let slip an opportunity of relating what he had seen, said with a solemn air, "Ah, sir, you may laugh at that picture, but I've seen one at which you could not laugh, ay, and a thousand times more marvellous than that."

I inquired what it was.

"It is in the Cathedral of Jacn; a true portrait of the Holy Christ!"

"Who painted it?"

"*Ay! pecador de mi!* Ah, sinner that I am! There it is — it is not painted at all!"

"*Hombre!* What do you mean, then?"

"*Verrá usted.* You shall see, sir. When our blessed Lord was on the cross, (here he made the sign upon his person) and his face sweated with agony, the Most Holy Virgin wiped it with her pocket-handkerchief, and the image of the Divine Countenance was impressed on the handkerchief so as to look like a picture; and there it has remained to this day, and that very handkerchief is now in Jaen Cathedral."

"Do you believe this to be true?"

A doubt of the authenticity of the miracle seemed scarcely before to have crossed the simple fellow's mind, for he hesitated a moment, and then replied, "*Dios sabe, yo no,*—God knows, not I."

I relate the above and similar stories to show the gross superstition which formerly prevailed in this country—formerly, I say, because such absurdities are now credited by few except women, who are generally more tenacious of their religious belief than the other sex. Yet many females, though otherwise good Catholics—regular attendants at mass and the confessional,—give little credence to such ridiculous miracles and legends; and their number is likely to increase, owing to the expulsion of the monks, and the declining influence of the priests. I hardly imagine that Juanico himself, with all his simplicity, was capable of swallowing the absurdities he related with so much solemnity, but rather consider the air which he, in common with many of his countrymen, assumed in such narrations, as the effect of long-formed habits, a lingering reverence for the mysteries of the mother religion, increased, perhaps, for the time by the consciousness of addressing a heretic. Thus I have heard stories pregnant with the most absurd superstition, issue with the greatest solemnity from the lips of those who at other times would avow themselves entire disbelievers in revelation, or even atheists. In fact, habits are not so readily changed as opinions; the mind may for some time continue to produce the same effects under contrary influences, just as the ocean preserves its swell long after the tempest has subsided.

When we reflect, however, that such gross credulity, such abject blindness to priestcraft, was, at no distant period, almost universal in Spain, we cannot but rejoice at the present altered state of things, and hail any events which are likely to induce a still further enlightenment of the minds of the people.

The inhabitants of Seville appeared to me to retain more reverence for the Catholic faith than those of any other city of Andalusia that I visited, if their attendance at public worship be a fair test; for, whereas in every other city, few, and females alone, were to be seen at mass; in Seville, the congregations at the churches were comparatively numerous, and comprised a fair sprinkling of males. Besides, I observed at Seville an unusual number of those branches of date palm consecrated by the priests on Palm-Sunday, which are so often seen in Andalusia, fancifully wrought into little baskets, and fixed in the gratings of the balconies as preservatives against lightning. Yet even in Seville Catholicism is on the decline, as is sometimes evinced by little things. For instance, the old custom of

uncovering the head, signing the cross, and muttering a petition, common to the gay crowd on the Prado when the bells tolled *la oracion*—the hour of evening prayer,—which, according to Inglis, was still preserved in 1830 at Seville, is now in entire disuse.

Let it not be forgotten that Seville, to use the words of an old chronicler, Rodrigo Caro, “was the first (city) that with ardent zeal for the purity and preservation of the Catholic faith, raised the tremendous and fearful wall of the Holy Office of the Inquisition against heretical depravity and apostasy.” The court was first held, January 2nd, 1481, in the Dominican Convent of San Pablo. Does this fact redound to the honour of Seville, as Caro would have us believe? *Audi alteram partem!* Within one year from its establishment this tribunal had burnt at the stake two thousand persons, and *reconciled* seventeen thousand more, or, in other words, had inflicted on them fines and confiscations, subjected them to torture, or condemned them to imprisonment, in many instances perpetual!*

The Cathedral of Seville is famed for its treasures, which, being removed to Cadiz on the invasion of the French in 1810, escaped the rapacity of those harpies. The custodia, or temple, in which the Host is carried in procession through the city, is of solid silver, twelve feet high, and of enormous weight. A cross, and pair of candlesticks of massive gold, are interesting as being formed of the first of that metal brought from America by Columbus. An immense crown, with a star, ten or twelve feet in diameter, and numerous tall and massive candlesticks, all of solid silver, have already been mentioned as used to decorate the high altar on special occasions. In the sacristy are also deposited the vestments of the priests—some of the most superb description; of the richest damasked silks, fringed with gold, and literally covered with precious stones. In fact, they are so loaded with ornaments as greatly to fatigue the wearers. Gazing on all this wealth, I could not but regret that it should lie here useless, instead of being advantageously employed for the benefit of the country, in the formation of roads and canals—the thing above all others required to promote the civilization of Spain—in the suppression of banditti; in the education of the rising generation; or even in the extinction of the civil war, which will most probably be its ultimate use.

The above is not the only wealth of which this cathedral can boast—it is equally rich in sacred relics. The particulars of this exhibition have almost slipped my memory, but I can remember an arm-bone of St. Bartholomew, a thorn of the Saviour's crown in a glass bottle, and a large fragment of the true cross. The most precious and marvellous morsels, however,—the tit-bits of the collection—are not exposed to heretical eyes. This fragment of the cross, by the by, according to Juanico, once proved its own genuineness. When thrown into the flames by some unbelieving monarch, it took fire indeed, but sent forth such an odour as to suffocate the king and all his followers, and, on being extracted from the flames, resumed immediately its original appearance of unburnt wood. The only interesting part of this exhibition is the ancient keys of Seville; one, said to be the key delivered to Ferdinand by the Moors at the surrender of

* Vide Marianna and Zurita.

the city in 1248, has words in the shape of Arabic characters; the other, of gold, is worked in the same manner with the words,

“Dios abrirà;
Rey entrará.”

“God will open,
The King will enter.”

I was struck with the apparently slight protection afforded to these relics. Though pious thefts are now almost out of fashion, though the relics themselves might offer no temptation; yet the precious caskets and cases in which they are enclosed — the shells, if not the kernels — would prove a valuable booty. In one small court a few wooden bars alone served to protect them from robbery, and though the court is only legitimately accessible through the iron gates of the sacristy leading into the Cathedral, yet a daring house-breaker might easily find his way over the roofs, and descend into it.

A great nuisance is the host of beggars who at all times infest the Cathedral. They select this spot, doubtless not from selfish motives, but wholly out of regard to the souls of the faithful; that these may not want continual opportunities of putting into practice the charity inculcated by their priests, and thus swelling the creditor side of their account with heaven. “The maimed, the halt, the blind,” the dumb, and cripples of every description, the most hideous distortions of humanity, the victims of every fearful accident and disease, are here in swarms; and they appear as proud of and as anxious to display their deformities as most of us are to conceal them. Whoever visited the Cathedral in the summer of 1836 must remember one frightful little urchin squatting on the ground, with his bare legs, withered to mere twigs, twisted up in a hideous manner before him. Nevertheless the little man was not deficient in activity of locomotion. I had never entered the building many minutes before a quick shuffling noise warned me of his approach, and there he was, working his way towards me, perhaps from the further extremity of the aisle, by the rapid motion of his hands along the pavement. Objects such as these cannot fail to excite compassion as well as disgust; it is impossible to steel one’s self against their petitions, strange as these often are. “*Déme usted, caballero, una limosna, un ochavico, por el amor de Dios!*—Give me, cavalier, a little alms; but a mite, for the love of God!”—or, “*por las angustias del Santo Christo*—by the agonies of the Holy Christ!”—or, “*por los dolores de la Santissima Virgen*—by the pangs of the Most Holy Virgin!” and sometimes is added as a further inducement, “*el bendito San Antonio que está arriba en los cielos se la pagará á usted*—the blessed St. Anthony, who is above in heaven, will repay your mercy!” or some quaint proverb, as,

“*El dar limosna
Nunca mengua la bolsa!*”

“Alms to the poor
Never lessen your store.”

We are apt to imagine that the “native pride” of Spaniards would prevent them from begging. No such thing. This pride is displayed, however, in another way, especially by the men,—in the authoritative tone in which they demand rather than petition for charity. Their matchless effrontery is equalled only by their filth. I have frequently observed them, even in the Cathedral, perform-

ing friendly operations on each other's heads and rags. In fact, the observation of Beckford on the mendicants of Portugal would apply with more force to those of Spain; "no beggars equal them for strength of lungs, luxuriance of sores, profusion of vermin, variety and arrangement of tatters, and dauntless perseverance."

Beggars of all classes are numerous enough in every part of Spain, and since the expulsion of their patrons, the monks, have transferred their attendance from the convents to the churches; but never do I remember witnessing such an assemblage as within and around the walls of Seville Cathedral.

The eye is never weary of beholding, nor the mind of contemplating, this magnificent temple. Every day of my short stay in Seville, I spent many hours within its walls, besides frequently availing myself of it as a passage from one part of the city to the other. Apart from its intrinsic charms, the grateful coolness, and tender twilight within, made it a delicious retreat from the intolerable heat and glare of the burning streets.

It is an epoch in one's life to see Seville Cathedral. Its outlines, forms, and hues, once beheld, are indelibly impressed upon the memory, remembered with a reverential love,—and in after years will haunt the imagination with a vividness and reality almost startling. Has the stranger visited it at break of day, when the earliest rays of the sun played high on the columns and groined roofs, leaving all below still buried in shade; when the matin prayer and chaunt arose, wreathed in incense, from the suppliant few before the altar?—Has he watched the light creeping down the pillars, and increasing in brilliancy, till what was before obscure became definite and distinct; till the noon-day blaze, softened, mellowed, and tinged, was diffused throughout, penetrating the darkest recesses of the building, and making the whole stand forth in its fairest proportions, a wondrous creation of art with almost the sublimity of nature?—Has he beheld the long train of priests, marching in stately procession through the aisles, with glimmering tapers, glittering banners, and clouds of incense?—Has he visited it at the hour of evening prayer, when the dying light of day accorded so well with the exercise of devotion; when the blaze from the high altar threw a more mysterious gloom around, dimly and doubtfully revealing the rest of the church; when the organ pealed unseen from above, a chorus, as it were, of celestial music?—Or, still later, when, as the shades of twilight deepened, the soaring roofs were lost to the eye, and the huge columns seemed to stretch up into boundless space; and when the tapers before some far-off shrine seemed burning at an indefinite distance?—Or, in the hour of silence, solitude, and darkness, has he paced the deserted aisles, and experienced the tremendous sense of remaining alone with the Deity? Has he witnessed and felt all this?—his mind must have been irresistibly and profoundly impressed, and he must have owned

"That in such moments there was life and food
For future years!"

THE HEARTH OF SCRIVELSBY COURT.

A MEMORIAL FOR THE SEASON.

BY EDMUND CARRINGTON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "CONFESSIONS OF AN OLD BACHELOR," ETC.

THE hearth of Scrivelsby ! the Christmas hearth of the " Good Old House " ! what jocund associations does it awaken ! mingled too with that " pleasing pain," that " sweet-bitter," due to the cherished memories of the past. Percy, Ritson, and Evans ! many a sweet and simple legend illustrative of our old English annals, of the outlawed Robin, and his compeers of Sherwood, of the feuds of Chevy Chase, have ye given to the world ; but there are melodies which yet vibrate through the family circles of some of our best old English houses, to which ye have not had access, but whose echoes now reach us at this festive season of their annual revival, and to a participation in which we gladly invite our readers. *Whose* is the eye that will not sparkle to peruse a tale of the house so celebrated by our favourite British minstrel, Scott — the house of Marmyon, of old seated at Scrivelsby, and at present represented by the Dymokes ?* Let us hie then to the venerable halls, quick as thought can snatch us—for steam has not yet found them out, nor set their old timbers buzzing to the vibration of its drone. Look out on the forest grounds ! their hoary sweep around presents one frozen sea of snow, except here and there a green speck, where the deer cower beneath the bare arms of those gnarled oaks, and with their vital warmth thaw for themselves a spot of herbage, for which they contend with the desolating spirit of the season. The jocund horn of the huntsman is mute ; its throat frozen up, and all its merry notes dormant and ice-bound, till a more genial change of weather awaken their glad clamours again,—as in the instance of the horn of the redoubted Munchausen ! The foxhunter, debarred from the joys of the chase, soothes his impatience, as best he may, by the associations of it which are recalled in the bay of the hounds that echoes on his ear from the kennel across yonder dreary lea ! But, turn from those old diamond panes of the hall-casement, barred up, as they are, by the icicles, that droop spirally over them, and gleam chilly through the frozen atmosphere ; turn from that void of Nature's nakedness, where monotony and dearth are the gaunt phantoms that haunt its gloom ; turn from these, to greet the bright-blazing hearth within, and the more cheering associations it kindles in the bosom ! Do honour to the season, and celebrate the festivities of that ancient hearth which has cheered in its merry gleam how many a long and wintry night, through how many a revolving year from the far past to the now-dawning era of Christmas ! All swept away like shadows are the joyous forms that have disported through their by-gone day of pleasure and Christmas round that hearth ! They are swept away as the sear-leaves of the by-gone year through yonder forest-mazes, and new forms raise the laughter-shout in their place ;—but we forget ! Our regrets (albeit brief and transient) are leading us away from the present joy : yet *worthy* regrets are they, and due to cherished names ; and, if a

* Hereditary Champions of England.

tear was just budding forth as that hearth recalled them to mind, we will secure its retreat in the smile which the joy-light of the *present* illumines! "*Carpe Diem*," says the bard and philosopher! We live but for the present! The creatures of a day, we must make the *present* smile! So turn we to that festive hearth! What tales has it heard! what smiling faces has it seen! to what jocund laughter-shouts, what mirthful carols, what minstrel legends of the "good old house" has it echoed! Long may it so echo; and long may smiling faces celebrate its merriment! But, see! the old man has tuned his harp!—his harp wreathed with mistletoe, as a Druid bard of Eld—and with the merrier Christmas symbol, too, of the holly, with its ruddy berries! And, see! the festive circle has drawn closer round the blaze, and all are intent to catch the strain that shall swell forth over those oak-panelled walls, and massy-carved ceiling-rafters, to awaken memories of the olden time, of which they are conscious! And the old man's countenance brightens too, as he sweeps the string to renew the by-gone tales of the house he loves.

THE GREEN MANTLE.

(FROM THE OLD BALLAD).*

RUDE though the lay, its blush avows
No pamper'd Folly's lust;
Ere celebrate it, Guilt's carouse,
The silvery chord shall rust.

And unabash'd may those fair cheeks
Reflect its 'passion' light:
While smiles the hearth in ruddy streaks
To kindle hearts as bright!

Robed in the pale light of my dream
A warlike Shadow woke,
Whose turban fold and crescent gleam
A Paynim chief bespoke.

Flicker'd the dying ember' ray,
Where the chirping cricket danced;
O'er his wan brow the flashes play,
And o'er his mail blue glanced.

"Shall I arced why thus I pace,"
He said, "the lonesome round
Of these dim tow'rs through silent space,
When dreams the pallid bound?"

"What fears awake! what memories weep
Where those chill moonbeams glisten!
Through the moaning wood where the night-gales sweep,
And the mute deer trembling listen?"

* The legend, it should be observed, is, with a mere variation of the old spelling, taken word for word from the family MSS. and illustrates a memorial of the opposition offered by one of the Lords Marmyon to his daughter's encouragement of a Saracen warrior, who it appears had been brought prisoner to this country at the era of the First Crusade. It is a current belief to the present day amongst the peasantry of the neighbourhood that the parties indemnify themselves by haunting the spot of their ill-starred attachment; and the "Green Mantle," or "Green Lady," are names that have often disquieted an honest rustic's progress through the precincts of Scrivelsby towards twilight.

- “ Long years ago! long years ago!
 And blood rests on this spot!
 The ivied tow’r, the grey rent stone,
 And lovely lady’s grot.
- “ Whilome fair Alice held the sway
 Through Marmyon’s lordly halls,
 But blamed the sire her welcome’s ray
 On Paynim brow that falls!
- “ O’er Scrivelsby’s glades the bloodhounds bay,
 Its echoes hoarse were mute;
 And nought was heard but the vague-stirr’d lay
 That trill’d one watchful lute.
- “ The din had sunk of the revel o’er,
 The wassail wild that broke;
 No strain through the castle walls heard more,
 Save where Alice that lone lay woke.
- “ The hour ’t was nigh: o’er the bastion-brow
 The warder watch was mounted:
 With beating heart I sought her now,
 And the ling’ring minutes counted.
- “ Her casement look’d on the wild wood green,
 Where my footsteps trembling bore me;
 And I stood in the light of her beauty’s sheen,
 While her thoughts yet wander’d o’er me.
- “ Wildly I clasp’d her to my heart—
 As in rude wrecks we cling
 To hope and life—brief held apart,
 Ere the wave their dirges ring!
- “ And all too swift the moments fled—
 When pale she paused, and cried,
 ‘ Away! I hear a stealthy tread,
 And peril haunts beside!
- “ ‘ Away! the tear that asks thy flight,
 Lest weep it o’er thy blood!
 A star malign deforms the light
 Of life’s chill solitude.
- “ ‘ Yet past the grave, unchain’d the will
 By bonds of creed or clime,
 Hither we’ll steal, and teach death’s chill
 To smile,—nor love be crime!
- “ ‘ Away! and through wide Christiantie,
 Though scorn’d a Paynim guise—
 Thy scarf’s green* web shall a token be
 Left dearest to these eyes!’—
- “ But the arras shook while yet she spoke—
 And a shriek she pour’d of fear,
 As a form from ’neath the tap’stry broke—
 ’T was Marmyon’s form stood there!
- “ Feign in *this* heart the blade to sheathe
 In gust too blind pursued—
 He pierced that scarf—the breast beneath—
 And stain’d it with his child’s blood!

* Green, at the time of the Crusades, was the distinguishing colour of the Saracen knight’s apparel, as it is to this day in the family of the Prophet.

- " Hapless she sprang to meet the blow,
 Her own soft breast the shield :
 As hapless, her love's envied glow
 That sire for aye hath heal'd !
- " And vainly his arms around her cast,
 He hung o'er her drooping brow,
 And call'd her back to life—'t was past
 As wept he o'er her now !
- " But, lo ! I see—(*thou* canst not see)—
 From yon dim vistas glide
 A fairy shadow fitfully,—
 Now the mazes show, now hide :
- " The moments haste, when the iron clang
 Shall knoll of the midnight bell ;
 Shall shake the tow'rs o'er the moat that hang,
 Of Alice's presence tell.
- " It robes, that fatal web, her breast,
 Stain'd in the blood-wept tear ;
 Her ghastly winding-sheet that vest,
 Its spectral terror's gear !
- " Hark ! peals even now that warning bell—
 I'm aware of a spirit near !
 I know by my sense's inward spell
 The sway of her presence dear !"
- He ceas'd : when stole in pallid grace,
 Like snow-flake's silent flight,
 A form shrin'd in its icy rays,
 A dim and fearful sight.
- The ill-starr'd maiden's shade I knew
 By the vest's green folds she bore,
 By its paler tint in the crimson hue
 Distain'd of the savage gore.
- Dishevell'd streamed her tresses bright,
 Like strings of gold around ;
 Save matted clung they, where dimm'd their light
 The purple-sprinkling wound.
- They gaz'd on each other wistfully,
 With fond intent and sad ;
 And in that glance spoke silently,
 More than all language had.
- Away, hand clasp'd in hand, they glide,
 Each bent on each the brow :
 Their light I traced to the wild wood-side,
 As it flitted from me now.
- I watch'd, where 'neath the sallow ray
 Of the dubious beam they fled—
 But, lost their visionary way,
 Fades now the gleam it shed !
- Yet, ne'er are Scrivelsby's pale walls
 And moonlight vistas seen,
 But whisp'ring night the maze appals—
 Breathes of the Mantle Green.

OLIVER TWIST;
OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.
BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

FATAL CONSEQUENCES.

It was nearly two hours before daybreak — the time which in the autumn of the year may be truly called the dead of night; when the streets are silent and deserted, when even sound appears to slumber, and profligacy and riot have staggered home to dream — it was at this still and silent hour that the Jew sat watching in his old lair, with face so distorted and pale, and eyes so red and bloodshot, that he looked less like a man than some hideous phantom, moist from the grave, and worried by an evil spirit.

He sat crouching over a cold hearth, wrapped in an old torn coverlet, with his face turned towards a wasting candle that stood upon a table by his side. His right hand was raised to his lips, and as, absorbed in thought, he bit his long black nails, he disclosed among his toothless gums a few such fangs as should have been a dog's or rat's.

Stretched on a mattress upon the floor lay Noah Claypole fast asleep. Towards him the old man sometimes directed his eyes for an instant, then brought them back again to the candle, which, with long-burnt wick drooping almost double, and hot grease falling down in clots upon the table, plainly showed that his thoughts were busy elsewhere.

Indeed they were. Mortification at the overthrow of his notable scheme, hatred of the girl who had dared to palter with strangers, an utter distrust of the sincerity of her refusal to yield him up, bitter disappointment at the loss of his revenge on Sikes, the fear of detection, and ruin, and death, and a fierce and deadly rage kindled by all,—these were the passionate considerations which, following close upon each other with rapid and ceaseless whirl, shot through the brain of Fagin, as every evil thought and blackest purpose lay working at his heart.

He sat without changing his attitude in the least, or appearing to take the smallest heed of time, until his quick ear seemed to be attracted by a footstep in the street.

"At last," muttered the Jew, wiping his dry and fevered mouth. "At last."

The bell rang gently as he spoke. He crept up stairs to the door, and presently returned, accompanied by a man muffled to the chin, who carried a bundle under one arm. Sitting down,

and throwing back his outer coat, the man displayed the burly frame of Sikes.

"There," he said, laying the bundle on the table. "Take care of that, and do the most you can with it. It's been trouble enough to get; I thought I should have been here three hours ago."

Fagin laid his hand upon the bundle, and, locking it in the cupboard, sat down again without speaking. But he did not take his eyes off the robber for an instant during this action, and now that they sat over against each other, face to face, he looked fixedly at him, with his lips quivering so violently, and his face so altered by the emotions which had mastered him, that the housebreaker involuntarily drew back his chair, and surveyed him with a look of real affright.

"Wot now?" cried Sikes. "Wot do you look at a man so for?—Speak, will you?"

The Jew raised his right hand, and shook his trembling forefinger in the air, but his passion was so great that the power of speech was for the moment gone.

"D—me!" said Sikes, feeling in his breast with a look of alarm. "He's gone mad. I must look to myself here."

"No, no," rejoined Fagin, finding his voice. "It's not—you're not the person, Bill. I've no—no fault to find with you."

"Oh, you haven't, haven't you?" said Sikes, looking sternly at him, and ostentatiously passing a pistol into a more convenient pocket. "That's lucky—for one of us. Which one that is, don't matter."

"I've got that to tell you, Bill," said the Jew, drawing his chair nearer, "will make you worse than me."

"Ay?" returned the robber, with an incredulous air. "Tell away. Look sharp, or Nance will think I'm lost."

"Lost!" cried Fagin. "She has pretty well settled that in her own mind already."

Sikes looked with an aspect of great perplexity into the Jew's face, and reading no satisfactory explanation of the riddle there, clenched his coat collar in his huge hand, and shook him soundly.

"Speak, will you!" he said; "or if you don't, it shall be for want of breath. Open your mouth, and say wot you've got to say in plain words. Out with it, you thundering old cur, out with it."

"Suppose that lad that's lying there——" Fagin began.

Sikes turned round to where Noah was sleeping, as if he had not previously observed him. "Well," he said, resuming his former position.

"Suppose that lad," pursued the Jew, "was to peach—blow upon us all—first seeking out the right folks for the purpose, and then having a meeting with 'em in the street to paint our

likenesses, describe every mark that they might know us by, and the crib where we might be most easily taken. Suppose he was to do all this, and, besides, to blow upon a plant we've all been in, more or less—of his own fancy; not grabbed, trapped, tried, earwigged by the parson, and brought to it on bread and water,—but of his own fancy; to please his own taste; stealing out at nights to find those most interested against us, and peaching to them. Do you hear me?" cried the Jew, his eyes flashing with rage. "Suppose he did all this, what then?"

"What then!" replied Sikes with a tremendous oath. "If he was left alive till I came, I'd grind his skull under the iron heel of my boot into as many grains as there are hairs upon his head."

"What if I did it!" cried the Jew, almost in a yell. "I, that know so much, and could hang so many besides myself!"

"I don't know," replied Sikes, clenching his teeth, and turning white at the mere suggestion. "I'd do something in the jail that 'ud get me put in irons; and if I was tried along with you, I'd fall upon you with them in the open court, and beat your brains out afore the people, I should have such strength," muttered the robber, poisoning his brawny arm, "that I could smash your head as if a loaded waggon had gone over it."

"You would?"

"Would I!" said the housebreaker. "Try me."

"If it was Charley, or the Dodger, or Bet, or ——"

"I don't care who," replied Sikes impatiently. "Whoever it was, I'd serve them the same."

Fagin again looked hard at the robber, and motioning him to be silent, stooped over the bed upon the floor, and shook the sleeper to rouse him. Sikes leant forward in his chair, looking on, with his hands upon his knees, as if wondering much what all this questioning and preparation was to end in.

"Bolter! Bolter! Poor lad!" said Fagin, looking up with an expression of devilish anticipation, and speaking slowly, and with marked emphasis. "He's tired—tired with watching for *her* so long,—watching for *her*, Bill."

"Wot d'ye mean?" asked Sikes, drawing back.

The Jew made no answer, but bending over the sleeper again, hauled him into a sitting posture. When his assumed name had been repeated several times, Noah rubbed his eyes, and giving a heavy yawn, looked sleepily about him.

"Tell me that again—once again, just for him to hear," said the Jew, pointing to Sikes as he spoke.

"Tell yer what?" asked the sleepy Noah, shaking himself pettishly.

"That about—NANCY," said the Jew, clutching Sikes by the wrist, as if to prevent his leaving the house before he had heard enough. "You followed her!"

"Yes."

“To London Bridge?”

“Yes.”

“Where she met two people?”

“So she did.”

“A gentleman, and a lady that she had gone to of her own accord before, who asked her to give up all her pals and Monks first, which she did; and to describe him, which she did; and to tell her what house it was that we meet at, and go to, which she did; and where it could be best watched from, which she did; and what time the people went there, which she did. She did all this. She told it all, every word, without a threat, without a murmur — she did — didn’t she?” cried the Jew, half mad with fury.

“All right,” replied Noah, scratching his head. “That’s just what it was.”

“What did they say about last Sunday?” demanded the Jew.

“About last Sunday,” replied Noah, considering. “Why, I told yer that before.”

“Again. Tell it again!” cried Fagin, tightening his grasp on Sikes, and brandishing his other hand aloft as the foam flew from his lips.

“They asked her,” said Noah, who, as he grew more wakeful, seemed to have a dawning perception who Sikes was, “they asked her why she didn’t come last Sunday as she promised. She said she couldn’t—”

“Why — why?” interrupted the Jew, triumphantly. “Tell him that.”

“Because she was forcibly kept at home by Bill, the man she had told them of before,” replied Noah.

“What more of him?” cried the Jew. “What more of the man she had told them of before. Tell him that—tell him that.”

“Why, that she couldn’t very easily get out of doors unless he knew where she was going to,” said Noah; “and so the first time she went to see the lady, she — ha! ha! ha! it made me laugh when she said it, that did, — she gave him a drink of laudanum.”

“Hell’s fire!” cried Sikes, breaking fiercely from the Jew. “Let me go!”

Flinging the old man from him, he rushed from the room, and darted wildly and furiously up the stairs.

“Bill, Bill!” cried the Jew, following him hastily. “A word. Only a word.”

The word would not have been exchanged, but that the housebreaker was unable to open the door, on which he was expending fruitless oaths and violence when the Jew came panting up.

“Let me out!” said Sikes. “Don’t speak to me — it’s not safe. Let me out, I say.”

"Here me speak a word," rejoined the Jew, laying his hand upon the lock, "you won't be——"

"Well," replied the other.

"You won't be—too—violent, Bill?" whined the Jew.

The day was breaking, and there was light enough for the men to see each other's faces. They exchanged one brief glance; there was a fire in the eyes of both which could not be mistaken.

"I mean," said Fagin, showing that he felt all disguise was now useless, "not too violent for safety. Be crafty, Bill, and not too bold."

Sikes made no reply, but, pulling open the door, of which the Jew had turned the lock, dashed into the silent streets.

Without one pause or moment's consideration, without once turning his head to the right or left, or raising his eyes to the sky, or lowering them to the ground, but looking straight before him with savage resolution, his teeth so tightly compressed that the strained jaw seemed starting through his skin, the robber held on his headlong course, nor muttered a word, nor relaxed a muscle, until he reached his own door. He opened it softly with a key, strode lightly up the stairs, and entering his own room, double-locked the door, and, lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed.

The girl was lying half-dressed upon it. He had wakened her from her sleep, for she raised herself with a hurried and startled look.

"Get up," said the man.

"It is you, Bill," said the girl, with an expression of pleasure at his return.

"It is," was the reply. "Get up."

There was a candle burning, but the man hastily drew it from the candlestick, and hurled it under the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without, the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

"Let it be," said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her. "There's light enough for wot I've got to do."

"Bill," said the girl, in the low voice of alarm, "why do you look like that at me?"

The robber sat regarding her for a few seconds with dilated nostrils and heaving breast, and then, grasping her by the head and throat, dragged her into the middle of the room, and, looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

"Bill, Bill—" gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear, "—I—I won't scream, or cry—not once,—hear me—speak to me—tell me what I have done!"

"You know, you she-devil!" returned the robber, suppressing his breath. "You were watched to-night; every word you said was heard."

"Then, spare my life, for the love of Heaven, as I spared yours," rejoined the girl, clinging to him. "Bill, dear Bill!

you cannot have the heart to kill me! Oh, think of all I have given up only this one night for you! You *shall* have time to think, and save yourself this crime! I will not loose my hold; you cannot throw me off. Bill! Bill! for dear God's sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood. I have been true to you; upon my guilty soul I have."

The man struggled violently to release his arms, but those of the girl were clasped round his, and, tear her as he would, he could not tear them away.

"Bill," cried the girl, striving to lay her head upon his breast, "the gentleman, and that dear lady, told me to-night of a home in some foreign country, where I could end my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again, and beg them on my knees to show the same mercy and goodness to you, and let us both leave this dreadful place, and far apart lead better lives, and forget how we have lived, except in prayers, and never see each other more. It is never too late to repent. They told me so—I feel it now—but we must have time—a little, little time!"

The housebreaker freed one arm, and grasped his pistol. The certainty of immediate detection if he fired, flashed across his mind, even in the midst of his fury, and he beat it twice with all the force he could summon, upon the upturned face that almost touched his own.

She staggered and fell, nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead, but raising herself with difficulty on her knees, drew from her bosom a white handkerchief—Rose Maylie's own—and holding it up in her folded hands as high towards Heaven as her feeble strength would let her, breathed one prayer for mercy to her Maker.

It was a ghastly figure to look upon. The murderer staggering backward to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club and struck her down.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THE FLIGHT OF SIKES.

OF all bad deeds that under cover of the darkness had been committed within wide London's bounds since night hung over it, that was the worst;—of all the horrors that rose with an ill scent upon the morning air, that was the foulest and most cruel.

The sun—the bright sun, that brings back not light alone, but new life, and hope, and freshness to man—burst upon the crowded city in clear and radiant glory. Through costly-coloured glass and paper-mended window, through cathedral dome and rotten crevice, it shed its equal ray. It lighted up the room where the murdered woman lay. It did. He tried to shut it out, but it would stream in. If the sight had been a ghastly one in the dull morning, what was it now in all that brilliant light!

He had not moved: he had been afraid to stir. There had

been a moan and motion of the hand ; and with terror added to hate he had struck and struck again. Once he threw a rug over it ; but it was worse to fancy the eyes, and imagine them moving towards him, than to see them glaring upwards, as if watching the reflection of the pool of gore that quivered and danced in the sunlight on the ceiling. He had plucked it off again. And there was the body—mere flesh and blood, no more—but *such* flesh, and *such* blood !

He struck a light, kindled a fire, and thrust the club into it. There was human hair upon the end which blazed and shrunk into a light cinder, and, caught by the air, whirled up the chimney. Even that frightened him, sturdy as he was ; but he held the weapon till it broke, and then piled it on the coals to burn away, and smoulder into ashes. He washed himself and rubbed his clothes ; there were spots that would not be removed, but he cut the pieces out, and burnt them. How those stains were dispersed about the room ! The very feet of the dog were bloody.

All this time he had never once turned his back upon the corpse ; no, not for a moment. Such preparations completed, he moved backwards towards the door, dragging the dog with him, lest he should carry out new evidences of the crime into the streets. He shut the door softly, locked it, took the key, and left the house.

He crossed over, and glanced up at the window, to be sure that nothing was visible from the outside. There was the curtain still drawn, which she would have opened to admit the light she never saw again. It lay nearly under there. *He* knew that. God, how the sun poured down upon the very spot !

The glance was instantaneous. It was a relief to have got free of the room. He whistled on the dog, and walked rapidly away.

He went through Islington ; strode up the hill at Highgate, on which stands the stone in honour of Whittington ; turned down to Highgate Hill, unsteady of purpose, and uncertain where to go ; struck off to the right again almost as soon as he began to descend it, and taking the foot-path across the fields, skirted Caen Wood, and so came out on Hampstead Heath. Traversing the hollow by the Vale of Health, he mounted the opposite bank, and crossing the road which joins the villages of Hampstead and Highgate, made along the remaining portion of the heath to the fields at North End, in one of which he laid himself down under a hedge and slept.

Soon he was up again, and away—not far into the country, but back towards London by the high-road—then back again—then over another part of the same ground as he had already traversed—then wandering up and down in fields, and lying on ditches' brinks to rest, and starting up to make for some other spot and do the same, and ramble on again.

Where could he go, that was near and not too public, to



James Thompson's 'The Dog' by



get some meat and drink? Hendon. That was a good place, not far off, and out of most people's way. Thither he directed his steps,—running sometimes, and sometimes, with a strange perversity, loitering at a snail's pace, or stopping altogether and idly breaking the hedges with his stick. But when he got there, all the people he met—the very children at the doors—seemed to view him with suspicion. Back he turned again, without the courage to purchase bit or drop, though he had tasted no food for many hours; and once more he lingered on the heath, uncertain where to go.

He wandered over miles and miles of ground, and still came back to the old place; morning and noon had passed, and the day was on the wane, and still he rambled to and fro, and up and down, and round and round, and still lingered about the same spot. At last he got away, and shaped his course for Hatfield.

It was nine o'clock at night when the man, quite tired out, and the dog limping and lame from the unaccustomed exercise, turned down the hill by the church of the quiet village, and plodding along the little street, crept into a small public-house, whose scanty light had guided them to the spot. There was a fire in the tap-room, and some country labourers were drinking before it. They made room for the stranger, but he sat down in the farthest corner, and ate and drank alone, or rather with his dog, to whom he cast a morsel of food from time to time.

The conversation of the men assembled here, turned upon the neighbouring land and farmers, and, when those topics were exhausted, upon the age of some old man who had been buried on the previous Sunday; the young men present considering him very old, and the old men present declaring him to have been quite young—not older, one white-haired grandfather said, than he was—with ten or fifteen years of life in him at least—if he had taken care;

There was nothing to attract attention or excite alarm in this. The robber, after paying his reckoning, sat silent and unnoticed in his corner, and had almost dropped asleep, when he was half wakened by the noisy entrance of a new-comer.

This was an antic fellow, half pedlar and half mountebank, who travelled about the country on foot to vend hones, strops, razors, wash-balls, harness-paste, medicines for dogs and horses, cheap perfumery, cosmetics, and such like wares, which he carried in a case slung to his back. His entrance was the signal for various homely jokes with the countrymen, which slackened not until he had made his supper, and opened his box of treasures, when he ingeniously contrived to unite business with amusement.

“And what be that stoof—good to eat, Harry?” asked a grinning countryman, pointing to some composition cakes in one corner.

“This,” said the fellow, producing one, “this is the infallible

and invaluable composition for removing all sorts of stain, rust, dirt, mildew, spick, speck, spot, or spatter, from silk, satin, linen, cambric, cloth, crape, stuff, carpet, merino, muslin, bombazeen, or woollen stuff. Wine-stains, fruit-stains, beer-stains, water-stains, paint-stains, pitch-stains, any stains—all come out at one rub with the infallible and invaluable composition. If a lady stains her honour, she has only need to swallow one cake, and she's cured at once—for it's poison. If a gentleman wants to prove his, he has only need to bolt one little square, and he has put it beyond question—for it's quite as satisfactory as a pistol-bullet, and a great deal nastier in the flavour, consequently the more credit in taking it. One penny a-square. With all these virtues, one penny a square."

There were two buyers directly, and more of the listeners plainly hesitated. The vender observing this, increased in loquacity.

"It's all bought up as fast as it can be made," said the fellow. "There are fourteen water-mills, six steam-engines, and a galvanic battery always a-working upon it, and they can't make it fast enough, though the men work so hard that they die off, and the widows is pensioned directly with twenty pound a-year for each of the children, and a premium of fifty for twins. One penny a square—two halfpence is all the same, and four farthings is received with joy. One penny a square. Wine-stains, fruit-stains, beer-stains, water-stains, paint-stains, pitch-stains, mud-stains, blood-stains—here is a stain upon the hat of a gentleman in company that I'll take clean out before he can order me a pint of ale."

"Ha!" cried Sikes starting up. "Give that back."

"I'll take it clean out, sir," replied the man, winking to the company, "before you can come across the room to get it. Gentlemen all, observe the dark stain upon this gentleman's hat, no wider than a shilling, but thicker than a half-crown. Whether it is a wine-stain, fruit-stain, beer-stain, water-stain, paint-stain, pitch-stain, mud-stain, or blood-stain—"

The man got no farther, for Sikes with a hideous imprecation overthrew the table, and tearing the hat from him, burst out of the house.

With the same perversity of feeling, and irresolution that had fastened upon him, despite himself, all day, the murderer, finding that he was not followed, and that they most probably considered him some drunken sullen fellow, turned back up the town, and getting out of the glare of the lamps of a stage-coach that was standing in the street, was walking past, when he recognised the mail from London, and saw that it was standing at the little post-office. He almost knew what was to come, but he crossed over and listened.

The guard was standing at the door waiting for the letter-bag. A man dressed like a gamekeeper came up at the mo-

ment, and he handed him a basket which lay ready on the pavement.

"That's for your people," said the guard. "Now, look alive in there, will you. Damn that 'ere bag, it warn't ready night afore last: this won't do, you know."

"Anything new up in town, Ben?" asked the gamekeeper, drawing back to the window-shutters, the better to admire the horses.

"No, nothing that I knows on," replied the man, pulling on his gloves. "Corn's up a little. I heerd talk of a murder, too, down Spitalfields way, but I don't reckon much upon it."

"Oh, that's quite true," said a gentleman inside, who was looking out of the window. "And a very dreadful murder it was."

"Was it, sir?" rejoined the guard, touching his hat. "Man or woman, pray, sir?"

"A woman," replied the gentleman. "It is supposed—"

"Now, Ben," cried the coachman impatiently.

"Damn that 'ere bag," said the guard; "are you gone to sleep in there?"

"Coming," cried the office-keeper, running out.

"Coming," growled the guard. "Ah, and so's the young 'ooman of property that's going to take a fancy to me, but I don't know when. Here, give hold. All ri—ight!"

The horn sounded a few cheerful notes, and the coach was gone.

Sikes remained standing in the street, apparently unmoved by what he had just heard, and agitated by no stronger feeling than a doubt where to go. At length he went back again, and took the road which leads from Hatfield to St. Albans.

He went on doggedly; but as he left the town behind him, and plunged further and further into the solitude and darkness of the road, he felt a dread and awe creeping upon him which shook him to the core. Every object before him, substance or shadow, still or moving, took the semblance of some fearful thing; but these fears were nothing, compared to the sense that haunted him of that morning's ghastly figure following at his heels. He could trace its shadow in the gloom, supply the smallest item of the outline, and note how stiff and solemn it seemed to stalk along. He could hear its garments rustling in the leaves, and every breath of wind came laden with that last low cry. If he stopped, it did the same. If he ran, it followed—not running too, that would have been a relief, but like a corpse endowed with the mere machinery of life, and borne upon one slow melancholy wind that never rose or fell.

At times he turned with desperate determination, resolved to beat this phantom off, though it should look him dead; but the hair rose from his head, and his blood stood still; for it had turned with him, and was behind him then. He had kept it

before him that morning, but it was behind him now—always. He leant his back against a bank, and felt that it stood above him, visibly out against the cold night-sky. He threw himself upon the road—on his back upon the road. At his head it stood, silent, erect, and still—a living grave-stone, with its epitaph in blood.

Let no man talk of murderers escaping justice, and hint that Providence must sleep. There were twenty score of violent deaths in one long minute of that agony of fear.

There was a shed in a field he passed that offered shelter for the night. Before the door were three tall poplar trees, which made it very dark within, and the wind moaned through them with a dismal wail. He *could not* walk on till daylight came again, and here he stretched himself close to the wall—to undergo new torture.

For now a vision came before him, as constant and more terrible than that from which he had escaped. Those widely-staring eyes, so lustreless and so glassy, that he had better borne to see than think upon, appeared in the midst of the darkness; light in themselves, but giving light to nothing. There were but two, but they were everywhere. If he shut out the sight, there came the room with every well-known object—some, indeed, that he would have forgotten if he had gone over its contents from memory—each in its accustomed place. The body was in *its* place, and its eyes were as he saw them when he stole away. He got up and rushed into the field without. The figure was behind him. He re-entered the shed, and shrunk down once more. The eyes were there before he had lain himself along.

And here he remained in such terror as none but he can know, trembling in every limb, and the cold sweat starting from every pore, when suddenly there arose upon the night-wind the noise of distant shouting, and the roar of voices mingled in alarm and wonder. Any sound of men in that lonely place, even though it conveyed a real cause of alarm, was something to him. He regained his strength and energy at the prospect of personal danger, and springing to his feet, rushed into the open air.

The broad sky seemed on fire. Rising into the air with showers of sparks, and rolling one above the other, were sheets of flame, lighting the atmosphere for miles round, and driving clouds of smoke in the direction where he stood. The shouts grew louder as new voices swelled the roar, and he could hear the cry of Fire mingled with the ringing of an alarm-bell, the fall of heavy bodies, and the crackling of flames as they twined round some new obstacle, and shot aloft as though refreshed by food. The noise increased as he looked. There were people there—men and women—light, bustle. It was like new life to him. He darted onward—straight, headlong—dashing through

brier and brake, and leaping gate and fence as madly as the dog who careered with loud and sounding bark before him.

He came upon the spot. There were half-dressed figures tearing to and fro, some endeavouring to drag the frightened horses from the stables, others driving the cattle from the yard and out-houses, and others coming laden from the burning pile amidst a shower of falling sparks, and the tumbling down of red-hot beams. The apertures, where doors and windows stood an hour ago, disclosed a mass of raging fire; walls rocked and crumbled into the burning well; the molten lead and iron poured down, white-hot, upon the ground. Women and children shrieked, and men encouraged each other with noisy shouts and cheers. The clanking of the engine-pumps, and the spitting and hissing of the water as it fell upon the blazing wood, added to the tremendous roar. He shouted too till he was hoarse; and flying from memory and himself, plunged into the thickest of the throng.

Hither and thither he dived that night—now working at the pumps, and now hurrying through the smoke and flame, but never ceasing to engage himself wherever noise and men were thickest. Up and down the ladders, upon the roofs of buildings, over floors that quaked and trembled with his weight, under the lee of falling bricks and stones,—in every part of that great fire was he; but he bore a charmed life, and had neither scratch nor bruise, nor weariness nor thought, till morning dawned again, and only smoke and blackened ruins remained.

This mad excitement over, there returned with tenfold force the dreadful consciousness of his crime. He looked suspiciously about him, for the men were conversing in groups, and he feared to be the subject of their talk. The dog obeyed the significant beck of his finger, and they drew off stealthily together. He passed near an engine where some men were seated, and they called to him to share in their refreshment. He took some bread and meat; and as he drank a draught of beer, heard the firemen, who were from London, talking about the murder. "He has gone to Birmingham, they say," said one: "but they'll have him yet, for the scouts are out, and by to-morrow night there'll be a cry all through the country."

He hurried off and walked till he almost dropped upon the ground, then lay down in a lane, and had a long, but broken and uneasy sleep. He wandered on again, irresolute and undecided, and oppressed with the fear of another solitary night.

Suddenly he took the desperate resolution of going back to London.

"There's somebody to speak to there, at all events," he thought. "A good hiding-place, too. They'll never expect to nab me there after this country scent. Why can't I lay by for a week or so, and forcing blunt from Fagin, get abroad to France! D—me, I'll risk it."

He acted upon this impulse without delay, and choosing the least frequented roads began his journey back, resolved to lie concealed within a short distance of the metropolis, and entering it at dusk by a circuitous route, to proceed straight to that part of it which he had fixed on for his destination.

The dog, though,—if any descriptions of him were out, it would not be forgotten that the dog was missing, and had probably gone with him. This might lead to his apprehension as he passed along the streets. He resolved to drown him, and walked on looking about for a pond; picking up a heavy stone, and tying it to his handkerchief as he went.

The animal looked up into his master's face while these preparations were making,—and, whether his instinct apprehended something of their purpose, or the robber's sidelong look at him was sterner than ordinary,—skulked a little farther in the rear than usual, and cowered as he came more slowly along. When his master halted at the brink of a pool, and looked round to call him, he stopped outright.

“Do you hear me call ‘come here?’” cried Sikes, whistling.

The animal came up from the very force of habit; but as Sikes stooped to attach the handkerchief to his throat, he uttered a low growl and started back.

“Come back,” said the robber, stamping on the ground. The dog wagged his tail, but moved not. Sikes made a running noose, and called him again.

The dog advanced, retreated, paused an instant, turned and scoured away at his hardest speed.

The man whistled again and again, and sat down and waited in the expectation that he would return. But no dog appeared, and he resumed his journey.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

MONKS AND MR. BROWNLOW AT LENGTH MEET. THEIR CONVERSATION, AND THE INTELLIGENCE THAT INTERRUPTS IT.

THE twilight was beginning to close in, when Mr. Brownlow alighted from a hackney-coach at his own door, and knocked softly. The door being opened, a sturdy man got out of the coach and stationed himself on one side of the steps, while another man who had been seated on the box dismounted too, and stood upon the other side. At a sign from Mr. Brownlow, they helped out a third man, and taking him between them, hurried him into the house. This man was Monks.

They walked in the same manner up the stairs without speaking, and Mr. Brownlow, preceding them, led the way into a back-room. At the door of this apartment, Monks, who had ascended with evident reluctance, stopped. The two men looked to the old gentleman, as if for instructions.

“He knows the alternative,” said Mr. Brownlow. “If he hesitates or moves a finger but as you bid him, drag him into

the street, call for the aid of the police, and impeach him as a felon in my name."

"How dare you say this of me?" said Monks.

"How dare you urge me to it, young man?" replied Mr. Brownlow, confronting him with a steady look. "Are you mad enough to leave this house? Unhand him. There, sir. You are free to go, and we to follow. But I warn you, by all I hold most solemn and most sacred, that the instant you set foot in the street, that instant will I have you apprehended on a charge of fraud and robbery. I am resolute and immovable. If you are determined to be the same, your blood be upon your own head!"

"By what authority am I kidnapped in the street, and brought here by these dogs?" asked Monks, looking from one to the other of the men who stood beside him.

"By mine," replied Mr. Brownlow. "Those persons are indemnified by me. If you complain of being deprived of your liberty—you had power and opportunity to retrieve it as you came along, but you deemed it advisable to remain quiet—I say again, throw yourself for protection upon the law. I will appeal to the law too; but when you have gone too far to recede, do not sue to me for leniency when the power will have passed into other hands, and do not say I plunged you down the gulf into which you rushed yourself."

Monks was plainly disconcerted, and alarmed besides. He hesitated.

"You will decide quickly," said Mr. Brownlow, with perfect firmness and composure. "If you wish me to prefer my charges publicly, and consign you to a punishment, the extent of which, although I can, with a shudder, foresee, I cannot control, once more, I say, you know the way. If not, and you appeal to my forbearance, and the mercy of those you have deeply injured, seat yourself without a word in that chair. It has waited for you two whole days."

Monks muttered some unintelligible words, but wavered still.

"You will be prompt," said Mr. Brownlow. "A word from me, and the alternative has gone for ever."

Still the man hesitated.

"I have not the inclination to parley farther," said Mr. Brownlow, "and, as I advocate the dearest interests of others, I have not the right."

"Is there—" demanded Monks with a faltering tongue,— "is there—no middle course?"

"None; emphatically none."

Monks looked at the old gentleman with an anxious eye; but, reading in his countenance nothing but severity and determination, walked into the room, and, shrugging his shoulders, sat down.

"Lock the door on the outside," said Mr. Brownlow to the attendants, "and come when I ring."

The men obeyed, and the two were left alone together.

"This is pretty treatment, sir," said Monks, throwing down his hat and cloak, "from my father's oldest friend."

"It is because I was your father's oldest friend, young man," returned Mr. Brownlow. "It is because the hopes and wishes of young and happy years were bound up with him, and that fair creature of his blood and kindred who rejoined her God in youth, and left me here a solitary, lonely man; it is because he knelt with me beside his only sister's death-bed when he was yet a boy, on the morning that would—but Heaven willed otherwise—have made her my young wife; it is because my seared heart clung to him from that time forth through all his trials and errors, till he died; it is because old recollections and associations fill my heart, and even the sight of you brings with it old thoughts of him; it is all these things that move me to treat you gently now—yes, Edward Leeford, even now—and blush for your unworthiness who bear the name."

"What has the name to do with it?" asked the other, after contemplating, half in silence, and half in dogged wonder, the agitation of his companion. "What is the name to me?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Brownlow, "nothing to you. But it was *hers*; and even at this distance of time brings back to me, an old man, the glow and thrill which I once felt only to hear it repeated by a stranger. I am very glad you have changed it—very—very."

"This is all mighty fine," said Monks (to retain his assumed designation) after a long silence, during which he had jerked himself in sullen defiance to and fro, and Mr. Brownlow had sat shading his face with his hand. "But, what do you want with me?"

"You have a brother," said Mr. Brownlow, rousing himself, "—a brother, the whisper of whose name in your ear, when I came behind you in the street, was in itself almost enough to make you accompany me hither in wonder and alarm."

"I have no brother," replied Monks. "You know I was an only child. Why do you talk to me of brothers? You know that as well as I."

"Attend to what I do know, and you may not," said Mr. Brownlow. "I shall interest you by and by. I know that of the wretched marriage, into which family pride, and the most sordid and narrowest of all ambition, forced your unhappy father when a mere boy, you were the sole and most unnatural issue," returned Mr. Brownlow.

"I don't care for hard names," interrupted Monks, with a jeering laugh. "You know the fact, and that's enough for me."

"But I also know," pursued the old gentleman, "the misery, the slow torture, the protracted anguish of that ill-assorted union; I know how listlessly and wearily each of that wretched pair dragged on their heavy chain through a world that was

poisoned to them both ; I know how cold formalities were succeeded by open taunts ; how indifference gave place to dislike, dislike to hate, and hate to loathing, until at last they wrenched the clanking bond asunder, and retiring a wide space apart, carried each a galling fragment, of which nothing but death could break the rivets, to hide it in new society, beneath the gayest looks they could assume. Your mother succeeded ; she forgot it soon : but it rusted and cankered at your father's heart for years."

"Well, they were separated," said Monks, "and what of that?"

"When they had been separated for some time," returned Mr. Brownlow, "and your mother, wholly given up to continental frivolities, had utterly forgotten the young husband ten good years her junior, who, with prospects blighted, lingered on at home, he fell among new friends. *This* circumstance, at least, you know already."

"Not I," said Monks, turning away his eyes, and beating his foot upon the ground, as a man who is determined to deny everything. "Not I."

"Your manner, no less than your actions, assures me that you have never forgotten it, or ceased to think of it with bitterness," returned Mr. Brownlow. "I speak of fifteen years ago, when you were not more than eleven years old, and your father but one-and-thirty—for he was, I repeat, a boy, when *his* father ordered him to marry. Must I go back to events that cast a shade upon the memory of your parent, or will you spare it, and disclose to me the truth?"

"I have nothing to disclose," rejoined Monks in evident confusion. "You must talk on if you will."

"These new friends, then," said Mr. Brownlow, "were a naval officer, retired from active service, whose wife had died some half a year before, and left him with two children—there had been more, but, of all their family happily but two survived. They were both daughters ; one a beautiful creature of nineteen, and the other a mere child of two or three years old. They resided," said Mr. Brownlow, without seeming to hear the interruption, "in a part of the country to which your father, in his wandering, had repaired, and where he had taken up his abode. Acquaintance, intimacy, friendship, fast followed on each other. Your father was gifted as few men are—he had his sister's soul and person. As the old officer knew him more and more, he grew to love him. I would that it had ended there. His daughter did the same."

The old gentleman paused ; Monks was biting his lips, with his eyes fixed upon the floor ; seeing this, he immediately resumed.

"The end of a year found him contracted, solemnly contracted, to that daughter ; the object of the first true, ardent, only passion of a guileless, untried girl."

ASLEEP WITH THE FLOWERS.

Fictis jocari nos meminerit fabulis.—PHÆDR. PROL.

[N.B.—Some of the following songs have already appeared with music.]

CHAPTER I.

“METHINKS, if flowers had voices, they would sing a wondrous sweet music!” thought I to myself one summer’s evening, as I carelessly wandered by a brook that meandered through a sweet variety of setting sun-light and shade, trees and lowly blossoms, rocky margins and interruptions, that made the little petulant water murmur its disquiet;—and then, again, green velvet banks, under whose sleepy influence it seemed to sink into a motionless tranquillity,—like an infant tired into slumber by its waywardness and passion!

On one of those damask cushions, as I laid me down, Thompson’s beautiful lines, from his “Castle of Indolence,” occurred to me, and I whispered to myself,

“A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was;
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky!”

I think it is Fontaine that says, “J’ai toujours cru, et le crois encore, que le sommeil est une chose invincible. Il n’y a procès, ni affliction, ni amour qui tienne;” and I found it so upon this occasion; for, though I frequently endeavoured to dismiss my somnolency, that I might enjoy the sweet scene around me, it proved to be “une chose invincible,” and accordingly I was fast asleep in a few moments.

But if my eyes closed upon a sweet scene of this world, they opened to one of more delicate beauty and delight in the land of vision. I thought, or dreamed, I was in a place where the flowers were the only animate beings. At first, melody seemed to me to be a respirable quality of its atmosphere; for I heard soft melancholy cadences murmuring sweet echoes to my own breathings, low and gentle as they were, but which afterwards I found were the flowers’ voices; and, if ever harmony “rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes, and stole upon the air,” ’twas in that dream, where “the painted populace that dwell in fields” were the minstrels!

The novelty of my situation presented such a mixture of diffidence and delight, fear of intrusion, and yet wish to stay, that I should have sunk quite confused, had not a most gentle strain of indescribable sweetness stolen upon my sense, and completely absorbing my attention, left me quite indifferent to every other consideration.

Unused as my mortal ears were to such delicate harmonies, I listened with a rapture bordering upon insanity to a whispered *Pastorale*, that required my most breathless attention to follow up; but what was my extacy when, at its almost noiseless conclusion, I heard breathing distinctly, but still faintly, on every side around me, the following

CHORUS OF FLOWERS.

Hear our tiny voices, hear!
Lower than the night-wind’s sighs;
’Tis we that to the sleeper’s ear
Sing dreams of heaven’s melodies!

Listen to the songs of flow'rs—
 What music is there like to ours ?
 Look on our beauty—we were born
 On a rainbow's dewy breast,*
 Then cradled by the moon or morn,
 Or that sweet light that loves the west !
 Look upon the face of flow'rs—
 What beauty is there like to ours ?
 You think us happy while we bloom
 So lovely to your mortal eye ;—
 But we have hearts, and there 's a tomb
 Where ev'n a flow'ret's peace may lie !
 Listen to the songs of flow'rs—
 What melody is like to ours ?
 Hear our tiny voices, hear !
 Lower than the night-wind's sighs—
 'Tis we that to the sleeper's ear
 Sing dreams of heaven's melodies !
 Listen to the songs of flow'rs—
 What melody is like to ours ?

A little emboldened, for I now began to think I was not an unwelcome intruder, I straightway commenced examining the fairy scene that everywhere saluted my enraptured sense. There seemed to be no particular climate influencing it ; nature had congregated her wildest varieties into one harmonious link ; the seasons, forgetting their animosities, joined hand in hand, and by their united friendliness made all seem tempered down into such gentle peace, that acacias and fir-trees, snow-drops and roses, myrtles and mistletoes, were all seen embracing each other in a happy oblivion of their respective times and localities.

I took a pathway that led me gently down a sloping lawn, determined to search every cranny of this wilderness of sweets. I had not wandered far before I was riveted with new delight by a low melancholy breathing that issued from a thicket of sweet-smelling shrubs whose perfume seemed to be the only difficulty that its music had to struggle through. Here, laying myself down upon a mossy bank, I listened with astonishment and delight to the

SONG OF THE MAY-ROSE.

Moonlight ! moonlight ! waking above me,
 This is the hour,
 This is the hour
 That a sweet one† comes to whisper, " I love thee,"
 Here in my bow'r—
 Here in my bow'r !
 Moonlight ! moonlight ! bid him haste to me,
 Or the rude breeze,
 Or the rude breeze
 In his airy flights may venture to woo me
 'Mid the dark trees—
 'Mid the dark trees !
 Moonlight ! moonlight ! one of Earth's daughters,
 With a wild lute,
 With a wild lute,

* " It hath been observed by the ancients, that where a rainbow seemeth to touch or hang over, there breatheth forth a sweet smell."—LORD BACON.

† The nightingale, celebrated in many a poem as the rose's *cher ami*.

Last ev'ning sang so sweet o'er the waters,
 My bird was mute,
 My bird was mute!
 Moonlight! moonlight! think'st thou he'd leave me
 For one so pale,
 For one so pale?
 Yet, dear moonlight! if he deceive me,
 Tell not the tale—
 Tell not the tale!

The jealous minstrel had scarcely ended her sweet complaining, when another gentle voice, but "less steep'd in melancholy," arose from a dark stream, that silently flowed at the foot of my resting-place, and filled the listening air around us with melody and joy.

SONG OF THE WATER-LILY.

The Rose has her nightingale—I have my swan,
 Tho' our loves are but known to a few:—
 When the rose is decay'd, and the nightingale gone,
 My bloom and my lover are true!
 Oh! 't is sweet, ere the ev'ning is low in the west,
 To see him spread out his fair wings,
 And float down the stream on his loved lily's breast
 To slumber while fondly she sings.
 In the fables of old there's a story that Jove
 Strew'd my leaves o'er the couch of his rest,
 But 't was only once plumed in the form of my love,
 To my bosom he ever was prest!
 Oh! ne'er for a moment, with ev'n the first
 Of immortals, could I be untrue
 To the dear one that here from my infancy nursed
 Both my love and my loveliness too!
 Then haste, dearest, haste to your lily that lies
 On the waves of your shadowy stream;—
 Tune the lyre of your wing* to her fond whisper'd sighs,
 And more than of Heaven she'll dream!
 Tho' they say that the souls of the flowers again
 May win back their paradise pride,
 Here on these slow waters I'd ever remain
 While you call me your loved lily-bride!

The lily ceased, and, startled by the applauding echoes, hid her warm rising blushes in the cold deep water, and was heard no more. In vain I pursued the path of the streamlet, in the hope of seeing her emerge to let me look upon her beauty; but she came not, and I wan-

* The snowy swan, that like a fleecy cloud
 Sails o'er the crystal of reflected heaven
 (Some waveless stream), while through his reedy wings
 The zephyr makes such distant melody,
 That up we gaze upon the twilight stars,
 And think it is the spherical music.—ANON.

† It is either Marmontel, or Dr. Hay on Miracles, or somebody else, who is of opinion that those angels who stood neuter in the heavenly rebellion, have been banished from paradise to take upon them the grosser existence of materiality in various shapes, as a punishment for their indifference,—(hence our fairies, sylphs, elves, &c. dwelling in fountains, flowers, caves, and echoes,)—and that, after a certain period passed in such lenient exile, the gates of felicity will be again open to them.

dered on in quest of other enjoyments, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies!"

As I passed by a green lane, there came forth a gentle rush of soft night-winds, that seemed to have been chased by some flowers,—“too rudely questioned by their breath,” if I might be allowed to infer so from the sweets that followed them. They soon passed on, and once more I was stopped to listen to

THE SONG OF THE ANEMONE.

Oh! why, my frail love,
Why dost thou rove,
Zephyr, why faithless and free?
You may woo in her bower
A lovelier flower,
But will she adore you like me?
No—no—
She will not adore you like me!

Remember the day,
When fainting away,
Zephyr you whisper'd to me:
There was not a flower
In lawn or in bower
Would open her bosom to thee—
No—no—
Would open her bosom to thee!

Oh! then this fond breast
That loves you the best,
Zephyr, gave welcome to thee:*
Ah! rover, fly on—
When I'm dead and gone
You'll ne'er find a flower like me—
No—no—
You'll ne'er find a flower like me!

At the conclusion of this reproachful ditty I fell into a reverie about devoted affections and the almost invariable ingratitude that awaits them. I could not but fancy the anemone a beautiful girl that had cast away the jewel of her heart upon a worthless one, and who found even in the language of reproach a new vent for the protestation of her love and fidelity. I made several attempts to throw off my growing and constantly-attendant feeling of morbid disquiet and melancholy, till suddenly my ears were merrily assailed by a song of so totally a different character from the last, that I hailed it as a timely relief from the gloom and misanthropy I was, half pleased, allowing to steal over me; and accordingly, though with somewhat of a struggle against "Il Penseroso," I duly attended to "L'Allegro" of the

SONG OF THE BEE-FLOWER.†

I'm the Cupid of flowers,
A merry light thing;
I'm lord of these bowers,
And rule like a king!
There is not a leaf
Ever thrill'd with the smart
Of Love's pleasant grief,
But was shot through the heart

* The flowers of the anemone expand when the wind blows upon them.

† A species of the Orchis.

By me—by me—little mischievous sprite !
Kindling a love-match is all my delight !

I'm the Cupid of flowers,
And would not forego
My reign in these bowers
For more than I know :
It's so pleasant to make
A tall blossom bow,
And humbly forsake
Her rash maiden-vow,
To me—to me—little mischievous sprite !
Kindling a love-match is all my delight !

I'm the Cupid of flowers ;
And Venus' own son
Ne'er had in his bowers
More frolic or fun :
Like him, too, I'm arm'd
With my honey and sting ;
The *first* till I've charm'd,
Then the *last*, and take wing.
Away—away—little mischievous sprite !
Kindling a love-match is all my delight !

“ In truth, light-hearted minstrel,” said I, at the close of his tuneful merriment, “ ‘ Kindling a love-match,’ at one time, has been a ‘ delight’ even unto me ; but *tempora mutantur*, and I am now as blank a page as ever was opened in the chronicles of the heart !” So saying, I looked around me for a bed of lettuce to lie down upon, and forget my grief ; thinking that if it once served as an opiate to Venus herself after the death of Adonis, it might, on the present occasion, help me to forget the painful memories that were crowding “ thick and fast” upon my feverish brain. A cluster of green leaves closely entwined in each other, for a moment made me think I had found the resting-place I sought for ; but, on stooping down to examine them more minutely, I discovered they were “ Lillies of the valley,” those nuns of the *green* veil, that were preparing their evening hymn ; and as I always respect the devotional exercises of every creed and clime, I stood apart in reverential silence to hear the

VESPER SONG OF THE CONVALL LILIES.

Listen ! how the breezes swell,
Like fairy music wreathing
Through the windings of a shell,
(Now near, now distant breathing,)
Murmurs sweet the choral hymn
Our green convent duly sends
To that hour divinely dim,
Ere night begins or daylight ends ;—
When the mix'd beauty of the skies
Has that soft character of mien,
Which plays upon a girl's blue eyes
When suddenly their joy has been
Shadow'd by thinking of a stranger,
From whom, though vain and hopeless tie,
The world or friends could never change her !
The dream round which her memory

HANDY ANDY. IV.

WHEN Handy Andy ran to his mother's cabin to escape from the fangs of Dick Dawson, there was no one within; his mother being digging a few potatoes for supper from the little ridge behind her house, and Oonah Riley, her niece,—an orphan girl who lived with her,—being up to Squire Egan's to sell some eggs; for round the poorest cabins in Ireland you scarcely ever fail to see some ragged hens, whose eggs are never consumed by their proprietors, except, perhaps, on Easter Sunday, but sold to the neighbouring gentry at a trifling price.

Andy cared not who was out or who was in, provided he could only escape from Dick; so, without asking any questions, he crawled under the wretched bed in the dark corner, where his mother and Oonah slept, and where the latter, through the blessed influence of health and youth and an innocent heart, had brighter dreams than attend many a couch whose downy pillows and silken hangings would more than purchase the fee simple of any cabin in Ireland. There Handy, in a state of utter exhaustion from his fears, his race, and his thrashing, soon fell asleep, and the terrors of Dick the Devil gave place to the blessing of the profoundest slumber.

Quite unconscious of the presence of her darling Andy was the widow Rooney, as she returned from the potato ridge into her cabin; depositing a *skeough* of the newly dug esculent at the door, and replacing the spade in its own corner of the cabin. At the same moment Oonah returned, after disposing of her eggs, and handed the three pence she had received for them to her aunt, who dropped them into the deep pocket of blue striped tick which hung at her side.

“Take the pail, Oonah, *mu chree*, and run to the well for some wather to wash the pratees, while I get the pot ready for bilin' them; it wants scowrin', for the pig was atin' his dinner out iv it, the craythur.”

Off went Oonah with her pail, which she soon filled from the clear spring; and placing the vessel on her head, walked back to the cabin with that beautifully erect form, free step, and graceful swaying of the figure, so peculiar to the women of Ireland and the East, from their habit of carrying weights upon the head. The potatoes were soon washed, and as they got their last dash of water in the *skeough*, whose open wicker-work let the moisture drain from them, up came Larry Hogan, who being what is called “a civil spoken man,” addressed Mrs. Rooney in the following agreeable manner:—

“Them's purty pratees, Mrs. Rooney,—God save you, ma'am!”

"'Deed an' they are,—thank you kindly, Mr. Hogan; God save you and yours too! And how would the woman that owns you be?"

"Hearthy, thank you."

"Will you step in?"

"No—I'm obleeged to you—I must be aff home wid me; but I'll just get a coal for my pipe, for it wint out on me awhile agone with the fright."

"Well, I've heer'd quare things, Larry Hogan," said Oonah, laughing and showing her white teeth; "but I never heer'd so quare a thing as a pipe goin' out with the fright."

"Oh, how sharp you are!—takin' one up afore they're down."

"Not afore they're down, Larry, for you said it."

"Well, if I was down, you were down *on* me, so you are down too, you see. Ha, ha, and afther all now, Oonah, a pipe is like a Christian in many ways:—sure it's made o' clay like a Christian, and has the spark o' life in it, and while the breath is in it the spark is alive; but when the breath is out of it, the spark dies, and then it grows cowl'd like a Christian, and isn't it a pleasant companion like a Christian?"

"Faix, some Christians isn't pleasant companions at all!" chimed in Mrs. Rooney sententiously.

"Well, but they ought to be," said Larry; "and isn't a pipe sometimes cracked like a Christian, and isn't it sometimes choked like a Christian?"

"Oh, choke you and your pipe together, Larry! will you never have done?" said the widow.

"The most improvinist thing in the world is smokin'," said Larry, who had now relit his pipe, and squatted himself on a three-legged stool beside the widow's fire. "The most improvinist thing in the world" (paugh!)—and a parenthetical whiff of tobacco smoke curled out of the corner of Larry's mouth—"is smokin': for the smoke shows you, as it were, the life o' man passin' away like a puff,—(paugh!)—just like that; and the tibakky turns to ashes like his poor perishable body; for, as the song says,—

"Tibakky is an Indian weed,
Alive at morn, and dead at eve;
It lives but an hour,
Is cut down like a flower.

Think o' this when you 're smoking tiba-akky!"

And Larry sung the ditty as he crammed some of the weed into the bowl of his pipe with his little finger.

"Why, you're as good as a sarmin't this evenin', Larry," said the widow, as she lifted the iron pot on the fire.

"There's worse sarmin'ts nor that, I can tell you," rejoined Larry, who took up the old song again—

“ A pipe it larns us all this thing,—
 ’Tis fair without and foul within,
 Just like the sowl begrimed with sin.
 Think o’ this when you ’re smoking tiba-akky !”

Larry puffed away silently for a few minutes, and when Oonah had placed a few sods of turf round the pot in an upright position, that the flame might curl upward round them, and so, hasten the boiling, she drew a stool near the fire, and asked Larry to explain about the fright.

“ Why, I was coming up by the cross road there, when what should I see but a ghost—”

“ A ghost ! !” exclaimed the widow and Oonah, with suppressed voices, and distended mouth and eyes.

“ To all appearance,” said Larry ; “ but it was only a thing was stuck in the hedge to freken whoever was passin’ by ; and as I kem up to it there was a groan, so I started, and looked at it for a minit, or thereaway ; but I seen what it was, and threwn a stone at it, for fear I ’d be mistaken, and I heer’d titherin’ inside the hedge, and then I knew ’twas only divilment of some one.”

“ And what was it ?” asked Oonah.

“ ’Twas a horse’s head, in throth, with an owld hat on the top of it, and two buck-briars stuck out on each side, and some rags hanging on them, and an owld breeches shakin’ undher the head ; ’twas just altogether like a long pale-faced man with high shouldhers and no body, and very long arms and short legs :—faith, it frightened me at first.”

“ And no wondher,” said Oonah. “ Dear, but I think I ’d lose my life if I seen the like !”

“ But sure,” said the widow, “ wouldn’t you know that ghosts never appears by day ?”

“ Ay, but I hadn’t time to think o’ that, bein’ taken short wid the fright,—more betoken, ’twas the place the murdher happened in long ago.”

“ Sure enough,” said the widow. “ God betune us and harm !” and she marked herself with the sign of the cross as she spoke :—“ and a terrible murdher it was,” added she.

“ How was it ?” inquired Oonah, drawing her seat closer to her aunt and Larry.

“ ’Twas a schoolmasther, dear, that was found dead on the road one mornin’ with his head full of fractions,” said the widow.

“ All in jommethry,”* said Larry.

“ And some said he fell off the horse,” said the widow.

“ And more say the horse fell on him,” said Larry.

* Anything very badly broken is said by the Irish peasantry to be in jommethry.

"And again, there was some said the horse kicked him in the head," said the widow.

"And there was talk of shoe-aside," said Larry.

"The horse's shoe was it?" asked Oonah.

"No, *alanna*," said Larry: "shoe-aside is Latin for cutting your throat."

"But he didn't cut his throat," said the widow.

"But sure it's all one whether he done it wid a razhir on his throat, or a hammer on his head; it's shoe-aside all the same."

"But there was no hammer found, was there?" said the widow.

"No," said Larry. "But some people thought he might have hid the hammer afther he done it, to take off the disgrace of the shoe-aside."

"But wasn't there any life in him when he was found?"

"Not a taste. The crowner's jury sot on him, and he never said a word agin it, and if he was alive he would."

"And didn't they find anything at all?" asked Oonah.

"Nothing but the vardick," said Larry.

"And was that what killed him?" said Oonah.

"No, my dear; 'twas the crack in the head that killed him, however he kem by it; but the vardick o' the crowner was, that it was done, and that some one done it, and that they wor blackguards, whoever they wor, and persons onknown; and sure if they wor unknown then, they'd always stay so, for who'd know them afther doing the like?"

"There for you, Larry," said the widow: "but what was that to the murdher over at the green hills beyant?"

"Oh! that was the terriblest murdher ever was in the place, or nigh it: that was the murdher in airnest!"

With that eagerness which always attends the relation of horrible stories, Larry and the old woman raked up every murder and robbery that occurred within their recollection, while Oonah listened with mixed curiosity and fear. The boiling over of the pot at length recalled them to a sense of the business that ought to be attended to at the moment, and Larry was invited to take share of the potatoes. This he declined; declaring, as he had done some time previously, that he must "be off home," and to the door he went accordingly; but as the evening shades had closed into the darkness of night, he paused on opening it with a sensation he would not have liked to own. The fact was, that after the discussion of numerous nightly murders, he would rather have had daylight on the outside of the cabin, for the horrid stories that had been revived round the blazing hearth were not the best preparation for going a lonely road on a dark night. But go he should, and he did; and it is not improbable that the widow, from sympathy, had a notion why Larry paused upon the threshold, for

the moment he had crossed it, and that they had exchanged their "Good night, and God speed you," the door was rapidly closed and bolted. The widow returned to the fireside and was silent, while Oonah looked by the light of a candle into the boiling pot to ascertain if the potatoes were yet done, and cast a fearful glance up the wide chimney as she withdrew from the inspection.

"I wish Larry did not tell us such horrid stories," said she, as she laid the rushlight on the table; "I'll be dhramin' all night o' them."

"'Deed an' that's throe," said the widow; "I wish he hadn't."

"Sure you was as bad yourself," said Oonah.

"Throth, an' I b'lieve I was, child, and I'm sorry for it now; but let us ate our supper, and go to bed, in God's name."

"I'm afeard o' my life to go to bed!" said Oonah. "Wisha! but I'd give the world it was mornin'."

"Ate your supper, child, ate your supper," said her aunt, giving the example, which was followed by Oonah; and after the light meal, their prayers were said, and perchance with a little extra devotion, from their peculiar state of mind; then to bed they went. The rushlight being extinguished, the only light remaining was that shed from the red embers of the decaying fire, which cast so uncertain a glimmer within the cabin that its effect was almost worse than utter darkness to a timid person, for any object within its range assumed a form unlike its own, and presented some fantastic image to the eye; and as Oonah, contrary to her usual habit, could not fall asleep the moment she went to bed, she could not resist peering forth from under the bed-clothes through the uncertain gloom, in a painful state of watchfulness, which became gradually relaxed into an uneasy sleep.

The night was about half spent when Andy began to awake, and as he stretched his arms, and rolled his whole body round, he struck the bottom of the bed above him in the action, and woke his mother. "Dear me," thought the widow, "I can't sleep at all to-night." Andy gave another turn soon after, which roused Oonah. She started, and shaking her aunt, asked her in a low voice if it was she who kicked her, though she scarcely hoped an answer in the affirmative, and yet dared not believe what her fears whispered.

"No, a *cushla*," whispered the aunt.

"Did you feel anything?" asked Oonah, trembling violently.

"What do you mane, *alanna*?" said the aunt.

Andy gave another roll. "There it is again!" gasped Oonah; and in a whisper, scarcely above her breath, she added, "Aunt,—there's some one under the bed!"

The aunt did not answer; but the two women drew closer together, and held each other in their arms, as if their proximity

afforded protection. Thus they lay in breathless fear for some minutes, while Andy began to be influenced by a vision, in which the duel and the chase and the thrashing were all enacted over again, and soon an odd word began to escape from the dreamer:—"Gi' me the pist 'l, Dick—the pist 'l!"

"There are two of them!" whispered Oonah. "God be merciful to us!—Do you hear him asking for the pistol?"

"Scree!" said her aunt.

"I can't," said Oonah.

Andy was quiet for some time, while the women scarcely breathed.

"Suppose we get up, and make for the door?" said the aunt.

"I wouldn't put my foot out of the bed for the world," said Oonah. "I'm afeard one o' them would catch me by the leg."

"Howld him! howld him!" grumbled Andy.

"I'll die with the fright, aunt! I feel I'm dyin'! Let us say our prayers, aunt, for we're goin' to be murdered!" The two women began to repeat with fervour their *aves* and *pater-nosters*, while at this immediate juncture Andy's dream having borne him to the dirty ditch where Dick Dawson had pommelled him, he began to vociferate, "Murder! murder!" so fiercely, that the women screamed together in an agony of terror, and "Murder! murder!" was shouted by the whole party, for once the widow and Oonah found their voices, they made good use of them. The noise awoke Andy, who had, be it remembered, a tolerably long sleep by this time; and he, having quite forgotten where he had lain down, and finding himself confined by the bed above him, and smothering for want of air, with the fierce shouts of murder ringing in his ears, woke in as great a fright as the women in the bed, and became a party in the terror he himself had produced; every plunge he gave under the bed inflicted a poke or a kick on his mother and cousin, which was answered by the cry of "Murder!"

"Let me out! Let me out, Mither Dick!" roared Andy.

"Where am I at all? Let me out!"

"Help, help! murdher!" roared the women.

"I'll never shoot any one again, Mither Dick—let me up!"

Andy scrambled from under the bed half awake, and whole frightened by the darkness and the noise, which was now increased by the barking of the cur-dog.

"High! at him, Coaly!" roared Mrs. Rooney; "howld him! howld him!"

Now as this address was often made to the cur respecting the pig when Mrs. Rooney sometimes wanted a quiet moment in the day, and the pig didn't like quitting the premises, the dog ran to the corner of the cabin where the pig habitually lodged, and laid hold of his ear with the strongest testimonials of affection, which polite attention the pig acknowledged by a prolonged squeeling, that drowned the voices of the women and Andy

together; and now the cocks and hens that were roosting on the rafters of the cabin, were startled by the din, and crowing and cackling; and the flapping of the frightened fowls as they flew about in the dark, added to the general uproar and confusion.

"A——h!" screamed Oonah, "take your hands off me!" as Andy, getting from under the bed, laid his hand upon it to assist him, and caught a grip of his cousin.

"Who are you at all?" cried Andy, making another claw, and catching hold of his mother's nose.

"Oonah, they're murdering me!" shouted the widow.

The name of Oonah, and the voice of his mother, recalled his senses to Andy, who shouted, "Mother, mother, what's the matter!" A frightened hen flew in his face, and nearly knocked Andy down. "Bad cess to you," cried Andy; "what do you hit me for?"

"Who are you at all?" cried the widow.

"Don't you know me?" said Andy.

"No, I don't know you; by the vartue o' my oath, I don't; and I'll never swear again' you, jintlemen, if you lave the place, and spare our lives!"

Here the hens flew against the dresser, and smash went the plates and dishes.

"Oh, jintlemen, dear, don't rack and ruin me that way; don't desthroy a lone woman!"

"Mother, mother, what's this at all? Don't you know your own Andy?"

"Is it you that's there?" cried the widow, catching hold of him.

"To be sure it's me," said Andy.

"You won't let us be murdered, will you?"

"Who'd murdher you?"

"Them people that's with you." Smash went another plate.

"Do you hear that? they're rackin' my place, the villains!"

"Divil a one's wid me at all!" said Andy.

"I'll take my oath there was three or four under the bed," said Oonah.

"Not one but myself," said Andy.

"Are you sure?" said his mother.

"Cock sure!" said Andy, and a loud crowing gave evidence in favour of his assertion.

"The fowls is going mad," said the widow.

"And the pig's distracted," said Oonah.

"No wonder; the dog's murdering him," said Andy.

"Get up and light the rushlight, Oonah," said the widow;

"you'll get a spark out o' the turf cendhers."

"Some o' them will catch me, maybe!" said Oonah.

"Get up, I tell you!" said the widow.

Oonah now arose, and groped her way to the fire-place, where by dint of blowing upon the embers, and poking the rushlight

among the turf ashes, a light was at length obtained. She then returned to the bed, and threw her petticoat over her shoulders.

"What's this at all?" said the widow rising, and wrapping a blanket round her.

"Bad cess to the know I know!" said Andy.

"Look undher the bed, Oonah," said the aunt.

Oonah obeyed, and screamed, and ran behind Andy.

"There's another here yet!" said she.

Andy seized the poker, and standing on the defensive, desired the villain to come out: the demand was not complied with.

"There's nobody there," said Andy.

"I'll take my oath there is," said Oonah; "a dirty black-guard without any clothes on him."

"Come out, you robber!" said Andy, making a lunge under the truckle.

A grunt ensued, and out rushed the pig, who had escaped from the dog, the dog having discovered a greater attraction in some fat that was knocked from the dresser, which the widow intended for the dipping of rushes in; but the dog being enlightened to his own interest without rushlights, and preferring mutton fat to pig's ear, had suffered the grunter to go at large, while he was captivated by the fat. The clink of a three-legged stool the widow seized to the rescue, was a stronger argument against the dog than he was prepared to answer, and a remnant of fat was preserved from the rapacious Coaly.

"Where's the rest o' the robbers?" said Oonah: "there's three o' them, I know."

"You're dhramin," said Andy. "Divil a robber is here but myself."

"And what brought you here?" said his mother.

"I was afeard they'd murdher me," said Andy.

"Murdher!" exclaimed the widow and Oonah together, still startled by the very sound of the word. "Who do you mane?"

"Misther Dick," said Andy.

"Aunt, I tell you," said Oonah, "this is some more of Andy's blundhers. Sure Misther Dawson wouldn't be goin' to murdher any one; let us look round the cabin, and find out who's in it, for I won't be aisy until I look into every corner to see there's no robbers in the place; for I tell you again there was three o' them undher the bed."

The search was made, and the widow and Oonah at length satisfied that there were no midnight assassins there with long knives to cut their throats; and then they began to thank God that their lives were safe.

"But, oh! look at my chaynee!" said the widow, clapping her hands, and casting a look of despair at the shattered delft that lay around her; "look at my chaynee!"

"And what *was* it brought *you* here?" said Oonah, facing

round on Andy with a dangerous look, rather, in her bright eye.
 "Will you tell us that, what *was* it?"

"I came to save my life, I tell you," said Andy.

"To put us in dhread of ours, you mane," said Oonah.
 "Just look at the *omadhawn* there," said she to her aunt,
 "standin' with his mouth open, just as if nothin' happened, and
 he afther frightenin' the lives of us."

"Thrue for you, *alanna*," said her aunt.

"And would no place sarve you, indeed, but undher our bed,
 you vagabone?" said his mother, roused to a sense of his de-
 linquency, "to come in like a morodin villian, as you are, and
 hide under the bed, and frighten the lives out of us, and rack
 and ruin my place!"

"'Twas Mither Dick, I tell you," said Andy.

"Bad scran to you, you unlooky hangin' bone thief!" cried
 the widow, seizing him by the hair, and giving him a hearty
 cuff on the ear, which would have knocked him down, only that
 Oonah kept him up by an equally well applied box on the
 other.

"Would you murdher me?" shouted Andy.

"Arn't you afther frightenin' the lives out of us, you dirty,
 good-for-nothing, mischief-making!—"

On poured the torrent of abuse, rendered more impressive by
 a whack at every word. Andy roared, and the more he roared
 the more did Oonah and his mother thrash him. So great, in-
 deed, was their zeal in the cause, that the widow's blanket and
 Oonah's petticoat fell off in the *melee*, which compels us to put
 our hands to our eyes, and close the chapter.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

FLED is the dream so fondly nurst,
 Of angel joys the fragile token;
 The bubble of our love is burst,
 Its cobweb ties for ever broken.

Then seek not passion to renew,—
 Believe me that the dream is ended.
 Who in this wise world ever knew
 Of cobwebs tied or bubbles mended?

A. K.

MERRIE ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HER GAMBOLS, SONGS, AND FLASHES OF MERRIMENT, WITH THE HUMOURS OF HER ANCIENT COURT-FOOLS, WILL SUMMERS, DICK TARLTON, AND ARCHIBALD ARMSTRONG.

BY MR. INGLEBERRY GRISKIN.

WELL might England have been called "*Merric*" in the olden time, for the court had its masques and pageantry, and the people their sports and pastimes. There existed a jovial sympathy between the two estates, which was continually brought into action, and enjoyed with hearty good-will. Witness the Standard in Cornhill, and the Conduit in "Chepe;" when May-poles were in their glory, and fountains ran with wine. Catholicism, though it enjoined penance and mortification, was no enemy, at appointed seasons, to mirth. Hers were merry saints, for they always brought with them a holiday! A right jovial prelate was the Pope who first invented the Carnival! On that joyful saturnalia, racks and thumbscrews, fire and faggots, were put by; whips and hair-shirts exchanged for lutes and dominos; and music, which devils and puritans abhor, inspired equally their diversions and devotions. How different from the tautological gibberish of those hypocritical mumpers who substituted their discordant nasal twang for the solemn harmony of cathedral music; who altered St. Peter's phrase, "the *Bishop* of your souls," into "the *Elder* (!!!) of your souls;" and, for "Thy *Kingdom* come," in the Lord's Prayer, brayed forth "thy *Commonwealth* come!" These were the devout publicans who piously smuggled the water into their run-puncheons, which they called wrestling with the spirit, and making the enemy weaker! who pulled down May-poles,* and erected pan-tiles; sent the players a packing; abolished wakes, whitsun-ales, and morris-dancing; rescued us from the superstition of a merry Christmas; and diluted the once convivial John Bull into an unsocial solution of stiff-necked profundity, with a lugubrio-comic expression that might convulse a Trappist. "The Prince of Darkness," says Lear, "is a *gentleman*;" which is more than can be said of his puritans.

We are as "melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugged bear," at these dismal reminiscences. Where be your gambols, your songs, Merry old England? when Momus presided over his High Court of Mummery, or Beggars' Parliament; and His Mendicant Majesty of Queernm-

* On May 1, 1517, the unfortunate shaft, or May-pole, gave rise to the insurrection of that turbulent body, the London apprentices, and the plundering of the foreigners in the city, whence it got the name of *Evil May-day*. From that time the offending pole was hung on a range of hooks over the doors of a long row of neighbouring houses. In the 3rd of Edward VI. an over-zealous fanatic called *Sir Stephen* began to preach against this May-pole, which inflamed his audience so greatly, that the owner of every house over which it hung sawed off as much as depended over his premises, and committed piecemeal to the flames this terrible idol!

The "tall May-pole" that "once o'erlooked the Strand," (about the year 1717), Sir Isaac Newton begged of the parish, and it was carried to Wanstead in Essex, where it was erected in the park, and had the honour of raising the greatest telescope then known. The New Church occupies its site.

"But now (so Anne and piety ordain),
A church collects the saints of Drury-Lane."

mania opened his mock sessions, assisted by Lord Chancellor Cocks Lorel, and his ragged peers! Instead of the Lord of Misrule, the Schoolmaster is abroad! Cant on the one hand, anti-social utilitarianism on the other, have produced an insipid uniformity of character, a money-grubbing, care-worn monotony, that cry aloof to eccentricity and whim. Men are thinking of "stratagems and wars," the inevitable consequence of lots of logic, lack of amusement, and lean diet. No man is a traitor over turtle, or hatches plots with good store of capon and claret in his stomach. "Laugh and grow fat," says the old adage; which implies that fun and fat are synonymous. A Werter-faced gentleman in prime twig to take a journey down a pump, is a thing to be avoided. "Let no such man be trusted." Had Cassius been a better feeder, he had never conspired against Cæsar. Three meals a day, and supper at night, are four substantial reasons for a man not being disloyal, lank, or lachrymose.

The English were a jesting, ballad-singing,* play-going people.† The ancient press teemed with "merrie jests,"‡ a few of which are carefully preserved in the cabinets of the curious, and exhibit a facetious contrast to the doleful ravings and crying canticles; the Hooks and Eyes for an Unbeliever's breeches; the Unloveliness of Love-locks; the Loathsomeness of Long haire; and the sin of drinking healths; of Fear-the-Lord Barbotte, and Praise-God Barebones! "Show me the popular ballads of the time, and I will show you the temper and taste of the people." We would not discard in our riper years the stories that charmed our infancy; nor part with those primitive *moralities*, Goody Two-Shoes and Mother Bunch, for all the essays on population and political economy that Dullness ever penned. Who but remembers Moore of Moore-hall, in his suit of spiked armour, like an "Egyptian Porcupig?"

"To make him strong and mighty,
He drank by the tale six pots of strong ale,
And a quart of Aqua Vitæ!"

We have seen "Old Father Thames" on fire, and the fishes frying in agony: and to a fierce, ferocious, first-rate fight, two tailors have marched forth as mortal combatants! We delight in a Fiddler's Fling, three yards a penny! full of mirth and pastime; and revel in the ex-

* We select at random from a "rhyte pithie" black-letter bundle before us, "A Balade of a Prieste that loste his nose, for saying of Masse, as I suppose;" "A most pleasant Ballad of patient Grissell;" "A merry new Song how a Bruer meant to make a Cooper cuckold, and how deere the Bruer paid for his bargain;" "A new Balade, how a Wife entreated her Husband, to have her owne wyl;" "A merrie new Ballad, intituled, the Pinyng of the Basket;" "A prettie new Ballad, intituled, the Crow sits upon the wall, Please one and Please all," by *Tarlton*.

† There were not fewer than seventeen playhouses in and about London, between 1570 and 1629.

‡ The following unique oddities grin from our book-shelves. "Skelton's merrie Tales;" "A Banquet of Jestes, Old and New" (Archee's); "A new Booke of Mistakes, or Bulls with Tales, and Bulls without Tales;" "The Booke of Bulls Baited, with two Centuries of bold Jestes and nimble Lies;" "Robin Good-Fellow, his mad Pranks and merry Jestes;" "A merry Jest of Robin Hood;" "Tales and quicke answers;" "xii. mery Jestes of the Wyddow Edyth;" "The merry jeste of a shrewde and curste Wyfe lapped in Morrelles-skin for her good behayour;" "Dobson's Drie Bobbes, Sonne and Heire to Scoggin, full of mirth and delightful recreation;" "Peele's Jestes;" "Tarlton's Jestes;" "Scoggin's Jestes;" "The Jestes of Smug the Smith;" "A Nest of Ninnies," &c. &c.

hilarating perfume of those odoriferous chaplets, gathered on "sunshiny holidays" and "star-twinkling nights," bewailing how beautiful maidens meet with deceitful wooers, and how fond shepherds are cheated by mocking damsels; how disappointed lovers go to sea, and how lasses follow them in jackets and trowsers! Sir George Ethelridge, in his comedy of *Love in a Tub*, says, "Expect me at night to see the old man, with his paper-lantern and cracked spectacles, singing you woful tragedies to kitchen-maids and cobblers' apprentices." "Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;" and there is an indescribable charm in these simple chaunts that served to amuse our ancestry in the olden time.

"Listen to mee, my lovely shepherd's joye,
And thou shalt heare, with mirth and muckle glee,
Some pretie tales, which, when I was a boye,
My toothlesse grandame oft hath told to mee."

"When I travelled," says the Spectator, "I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed, for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude (though they are only the rabble of a nation), which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures, and whatever falls in with it will meet with admirers among readers of all qualities and condition."

"Old tales, old songs, and an old jest,
Our stomachs easiliest digest."

We love the sound of the pipe and the tabor, the "merry Church bells."—"Bells and guns," says Sir William Temple, "are known to raise joy and grief, to give pleasure and pain, to compose disturbed thoughts, to assist and heighten devotion itself;" but fanaticism (a new sort of legerdemain!) opines that, by making this world a hell upon earth, it is nearer on its road to heaven.

Hence the *Funebria Floræ*.* These disciples of the Stubbes and Prynne school having discovered, by their sage oracles, that May-games were derived from the Floralian feasts and interludes of the pagan Romans, which were solemnised on the first of May; and that dancing round a May-pole, adorned with garlands of flowers, ribbons, and other ornaments, was idolatry, after the fashion of Baal's worshippers, who capered about the altar in honour of that idol; resolved that the goddess *Flora* should no longer receive the gratulations of *Maid Marian*, *Friar Tuck*, and *Robin Hood's merry men*, on a fine May morning; a superstition derived from the *Sibyl's books*, horribly *papistical* and *pagan*!

* The downfall of May-games, 4to. 1660. By Thomas Hall, the canting parson of Kings-Norton. Hear the caittiff!

"There 's not a knave in all the town,
Nor swearing courtier, nor base clown,
Nor dancing lob, nor mincing quean,
Nor popish clerk, be't priest or dean,
Nor knight debauch'd, nor gentleman,
That follows drab, or cup, or can,
That will give thee a friendly look,
If thou a *May-pole* canst not brook."

Another joyous remnant of the olden time was the court-fool. "Better be a witty fool than a foolish wit." What a marvellous personage is the court-fool of Shakspeare! Truths, deep as the centre, came from his lips. His head was stocked with notions. He wore not Motley in his brain. He was, what Jacques styles Touchstone, "a material fool." And that glorious fool in Lear! How touching is his devoted attachment to the distracted old king, and its grateful return! In the intensity of his sorrow and in the agony of death, he remembers his faithful servant:

—"And my poor fool is hang'd!"

Shakspeare never showed himself a more profound master than in harmonising and uniting in beautiful contrast these transcendent pictures of human wit and human woe.

The most famous court-fools were Will Summers, or Sommers, who made the Defender of the Faith merry in the dreary interval of decapitating his wives; Richard Tarlton, who "*undumpished*" Queen Elizabeth at his pleasure; and Archibald Armstrong, vulgo Archee, jester to the sombre Charles. Archee was the last of the Motleys; unless we admit a fourth, King Colley, on the authority of the well-known epigram.

"In merry old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet and also his fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
Poor Cibber must serve both for fool and for poet!"

Will Summers* was of low stature, pleasant countenance, nimble body and gesture; and had good mother-wit in him; he was a whimsical compound of fool and knave. He was a prodigious favourite with Henry the Eighth. That morose and cruel monarch, whose frown was death, tolerated his caustic satire and laughed at his gibes. "There is no scandal in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail." When the king was at dinner, Will Summers would thrust his face through the arras, and make the royal gormandiser roar heartily with his odd humour and comical grimaces: and then he would approach the table in such a rolling and antic posture, holding his hands and setting his eyes, that is past describing, unless one saw him.

But Will Summers possessed higher qualities than merely making King Henry merry with his mummeries. He used his extraordinary influence in a way that few court favourites—not being fools!—have done, before or since. He tamed the tyrant's ferocity, and urged him to good deeds; himself giving the example, by his kindness to those who came within the humble sphere of his bounty. Armin, in his *Nest of Ninnies*, 4to. 1608, thus describes this laughing philosopher. "A comely foole indeed passing more stately; who was this forsooth? Will Sommers, and not meanly esteemed by the king for his merriment; his melody was of a higher straine, and he lookt as the noone

* Under a very rare print of him by Delarem, are inscribed the following lines:—

"What though thou think'st mee clad in strange attire,
Know I am suted to my owne desire:
And yet the characters describ'd upon mee,
May shewe thee, that a king bestow'd them on mee.
This horne I have, betokens Sommers' game;
Which sportive tyme will bid thee reade my name:
All with my nature well agreeing too,
As both the name, and tyme, and habit doe."

broad waking. His description was writ on his forehead, and yee might read it thus :

“ Will Sommers borne in Shropshire, as some say,
 Was brought to Greenwich on a holy day,
 Presented to the king, which foole disdayn'd,
 To shake him by the hand, or else asham'd,
 Howe're it was, as ancient people say,
 With much adoe was wonne to it that day.
 Leane he was, hollow-eyde, as all report,
 And stoope he did too ; yet, in all the court,
 Few men were more belov'd than was this foole,
 Whose merry prate kept with the king much rule.
 When he was sad, the king and he would rime,
 Thus Will exil'd sadness many a time.
 I could describe him, as I did the rest,
 But in my mind I doe not think it best :
 My reason this, howe're I doe descry him,
 So many know him, that I may belye him.
 Therefore to please all people one by one,
 I hold it best to let that paines alone.
 Only thus much, he was a poore man's friend,
 And helpt the widdow often in the end :
 The king would ever graunt what he did crave,
 For well he knew Will no exacting knave ;
 But wisht the king to doe good deeds great store,
 Which caus'd the court to love him more and more.”

Many quaint sayings are recorded of him, which exhibit a copious vein of mirth, and an acute and ready wit. Upon a festival day, being in the court-yard walking with divers gentlemen, he espied a very little personage with a broad-brimmed hat ; when he remarked, that if my Lord Minimus had but such another hat at his feet, he might be served up to the king's table, as between two dishes.

Going over with the king to Boulogne, and the weather being rough and tempestuous, he, never having been on ship-board before, began to be very fearful of the sea ; and, calling for a piece of the salted beef, devoured it before the king very greedily. His majesty asked him why he ate such gross meat with such an appetite, when there was store of fresh victuals on board ? To which he made answer, “ Oh ! blame me not, Harry, to fill my stomach with so much salt meat beforehand, knowing, if we be cast away, what a deal of water I have to drink after it !”

He was no favourite with Wolsey, who had a fool of his own, one Patch, that loved sweet wine exceedingly, and to whom it was as natural as milk to a calf. The churchman was known to have a mistress ; Holinshed terms him “ vitious of his bodie,” and Shakspeare says, “ of his own body he was ill,” which clearly implies clerical concupiscence. Summers improvised an unsavoury jest upon the lady, which made the king laugh, and the cardinal bite his lip. He was equally severe upon rogues in grain, for, said he, “ a miller is before his mill a thief, and in his mill a thief, and behind his mill a thief !” And his opinion of church patronage was anything but orthodox. Being asked why the best and richest benefices were for the most part conferred on unworthy and unlearned men, he replied, “ Do you not observe daily, that upon the weakest and poorest jades are laid the

greatest burdens ; and upon the best and swiftest horses are placed the youngest and lightest gallants?"

On his death-bed a joke still lingered on his lips. A ghostly friar would have persuaded him to leave his estate (some five hundred pounds ; a large sum in those days !) to the order of Mendicants ; but Summers turned the tables upon him, quoted the covetous father's own doctrine, and left it to the " Prince of this world," by whose favour he had gotten it.

Tarlton is entitled to especial notice, as being the principal original representative of the court-fool, or clown. Sir Richard Baker says, " Tarlton, for the part called the clown's part, never had his match, and never will have." He excelled in tragedy as well as comedy, a circumstance that has escaped the research of all his biographers. This curious fact is recorded in a very scarce volume, " Stradlingi (Joannis) Epigrammata," 1607, which contains verses on Tarlton. He was born at Condover in the county of Salop ; was (according to tradition) his father's swineherd, and owed his introduction at court to Robert Earl of Leicester. Certain it is that Elizabeth took great delight in him, made him one of her servants, and allowed him wages and a groom. According to Taylor the water poet, (" Wit and Mirth,") " Dicke Tarlton said that hee could compare Queene Elizabeth to nothing more fitly than to a sculler ; for," said he, " neither the queene nor the sculler hath a fellow." He basked all his eccentric life full in the sunshine of royal favour. The imperial tigress, who condemned a poor printer to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for publishing a harmless tract, civilly asking her, when tottering and toothless, to name her successor, listened with grinning complacency to the biting jests and waggeries of her court-fool, which were not always in strict accordance with etiquette ; grave judges and pious bishops relaxed their reverend muscles at his irresistible buffoneries ; while the " many-headed beast," the million, hailed him with uproarious jollity. " Here* I must needs remember Tarlton, in his time with the queen his sovereigne, and the people's generall applause." " Richard Tarlton,† for a wondrous plentifull, pleasant, extemporal wit, was the wonder of his time. He was so beloved that men use his picture for their signes." " Let him ‡ (the wretched fanatic, Prynne) try when he will, and come upon the stage himself with all the scurrility of the Wife of Bath, with all the ribaldry of Poggius or Boccace, yet I dare affirm he shall never give that contentment to beholders as honest Tarlton did, though he said never a word." His very look was the first act of a comedy.

— " Tarlton when his head was onely seene,
The tire-house doore and tapistrie betweene,
Set all the multitude in such a laughter,
They could not hold for scarse an houre after."§

In those primitive times (when the play was ended) actors and audiences were wont to pass jokes—" *Theames*," as they were called—upon each other ; and Tarlton, whose flat nose and shrewish wife made him a general butt, was always too many for his antagonist. If driven into a corner, he, as Dr. Johnson said of Foote, took a jump,

* Heywood's Apology for Actors. † Howes, the editor of Stowe's Chronicle.

‡ Theatrum Redivivum, by Sir Richard Baker.

§ Peacham's Thalia's Banquet, 1620.

and was over your head in an instant. In 1611 was published in 4to. "Tarlton's Jests, drawn into Three Parts: his court-witty Jests; his sound-city Jests; his country-pretty Jests; full of delight, wit, and honest mirth." This volume is of most extraordinary rarity, and has never been reprinted. In the title-page is a woodcut of the inimitable droll in his clown's dress, playing on his pipe with one hand, and beating his drum with the other. In Tarlton's News out of Purgatory, the ancient dress appropriated to that character is thus described. "I saw one attired in russet, with a buttoned cap on his head, a bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand; so artificially attired for a clowne, as I began to call Tarlton's woonted shape to remembrance;" and in Chettle's Kind-Hart's Dreame (1592), "The next, by his suit of russet, his buttoned cap, his taber, his standing on the toe, and other tricks, I knew to be either the body or resemblance of Tarlton, who living, for his pleasant conceits, was of all men liked, and dying, for mirth left not his like." This print* is characteristic and spirited, and bears the strongest marks of personal identity. His flat nose is as capitably depicted, as was his defence of it, when some country wag threw up his "Theame," after the following fashion:—

"Tarlton, I am one of thy friends, and none of thy foes,
Then I prethee tell me how cam'st by thy flat nose:
Had I beene present at that time on those banks,
I would have laid my short sword over his long shankes."

To which polite interrogatory, the *undumpisher* of Queen Elizabeth made this tart reply:—

"Friend or foe, if thou wilt needs know, marke me well,
With parting dogs and bears, then by the ears, this chance fell:
But what of that? though my nose be flat, my credit for to save,
Yet very well I can, by the smell, scent an honest man from a knave."

It was the scandal of the time, that Tarlton owed not his nasal peculiarity to the Bruins of Paris-garden, but to another encounter that might have had something to do with making his wife Kate the shrew she was. It would seem, however, that she returned the compliment, for on his passage from Southampton, when, during a storm, the captain charged every man to throw the heaviest thing he could best spare into the water, Tarlton offered to throw his lady overboard, but the passengers rescued her: and being asked wherefore he meant so to do, he answered, "She is the heaviest thing I have, and I can best spare her!"

Once while he was performing at the Bull in Bishopsgate-street, where the queen's servants often played, a fellow in the gallery, whom he had galled by a sharp retort, threw an apple at him,† which hit him on the cheek: Tarlton, taking the apple, and advancing to the front of the stage, made this jest:—

* Of the *original* we speak, which Caulfield sold to Mr. Townley for ten guineas! This identical print, *with* the Jests, now lie before us. Caulfield's copy is utterly worthless.

† Tom Weston, of facetious memory, received a similar compliment from an orange. Tom took it up very gravely, pretended to examine it particularly, and advancing to the foot-lights, exclaimed, "Humph! this is not a Seville (civil) orange." On reference to Polly Peachem's Jests (1728) the same bon-mot is given to Wilks.

"Gentlemen, this fellow, with his face of mapple,*
 Instead of a pippin, hath throwne me an apple;
 But as for an apple, he hath cast me a crab,
 So, instead of an honest woman, God hath sent him a drab."

The people laughed heartily, for he had a queane to his wife.

Gabriel Harvey, in his "Four Letters and certain Sonnets," 1592, speaking of Tarlton's "famous play" (of which no copy is known) called "The Seven Deadly Sins," says, "which most deadly, but lively playe, I might have seen in London, and was verie gently invited thereunto at Oxford by Tarlton himselfe; of whom I merrily demanding, which of the seaven was his own deadlie sinne? he bluntly answered after this manner, 'the sinne of other gentlemen, letchery!'" Ben Jonson's Induction to his Bartholomew Fair, makes the stage-player speak thus: "I have kept the stage in Master Tarlton's time, I thank my stars. Ho! an' that man had lived to play in Bartholomew Fair, you should ha' seen him ha' come in, and ha' been cozened i' the cloth † quarter so finely!"

"There was one Banks (in the time of Tarlton) who served the Earle of Essex, and had a horse of strange qualities: and being at the Crosse-keyes in Gracious-street, getting money with him, as he was mightily resorted to; Tarlton, then (with his fellowes) playing at the Bell by, (should not this be the Bull in Bishopsgate-street?) came into the Crosse-keyes (amongst many people) to see fashions: which Banks perceiving, (to make the people laugh,) saies 'Signor, (to his horse,) 'go fetch me the veriest foole in the company.' The jade comes immediately, and with his mouth drawes Tarlton forth. Tarlton (with merry words) said nothing but 'God a mercy, horse!' In the end Tarlton, seeing the people laugh so, was angry inwardly, and said, 'Sir, had I power of your horse, as you have, I would doe more than that.' 'Whate'er it be,' said Banks, (to please him,) 'I will charge him to do it.' 'Then,' saies Tarlton, 'charge him to bring me the veriest wh—e-master in the company.' 'He shall,' (saies Banks,) 'Signor,' (saies he) 'bring Master Tarlton the veriest wh—e-master in the company.' The horse leads his master to him. 'Then God a mercy, horse, indeed!' saies Tarlton. The people had much ado to keep peace; but Banks and Tarlton had like to have squared, and the horse by to give ayme. But ever after it was a by-word thorow London, 'God a mercy, horse!' and is to this day."

"Tarlton, (as other gentlemen used,) at the first coming up of tobacco, did take it more for fashion's sake than otherwise, and being in a roome, set between two men overcome with wine, and they never seeing the like, wondered at it; and seeing the vapour come out of Tarlton's nose, cried out, 'Fire! fire!' and then threw a cup of wine in Tarlton's face." With a little variation, Sir Walter Raleigh is reported to have been so treated by his servant. There are some curious old tobacco papers extant representing the fact. It was a jug of beer, not a cup of wine.

"Tarlton being at the court all night, in the morning he met a great courtier coming from his chamber, who, espying Tarlton, said, 'Good-

* Mapple means rough and carbuncled. Ben Jonson describes his own face as *rocky*: the bark of the maple being uncommonly rough, and the grain of one of the sorts of the tree, as Evelyn expresses it, "undulated and crisped into a variety of curls."

† Cloth Fair, where the principal theatrical booths were erected.

morrow, Mr. Didimus and Tridimus.' Tarlton being somewhat abashed, not knowing the meaning thereof, said, 'Sir, I understand you not; expound, I pray you.' Quoth the courtier, 'Didimus and Tridimus are fool and knave.' 'You overload me,' replied Tarlton, 'for my back cannot bear both; therefore take you the one, and I will take the other; take you the knave, and I will carry the fool with me.' And again; there was a nobleman that asked Tarlton what he thought of soldiers in time of peace? 'Marry,' quoth he, 'they are like chimneys in summer.'" Tom Brown has stolen this simile.

"Tarlton, who at that time kept a tavern in Gracechurch-street, made the celebrated Robert Armin* his adopted son, on the occasion of the boy (who was then servant to a goldsmith in Lombard-street) displaying that ready wit, for which Tarlton himself was so renowned.

"A wagge thou art, none can prevent thee;
And thy desert shall content thee;
Let me divine: as I am,
So in time thou'lt be the same:
My adopted sonne therefore be,
To enjoy my clowne's suit after me.

"And so it fell out. The boy reading this, loved Tarlton ever after, and fell in with his humour; and private practice brought him to public playing; and at this houre he performs the same, where at the Globe on the Bank-side men may see him."

Many other jokes are told of Tarlton; how, when he kept the sign of the Tabor, a tavern in Gracechurch-street, being chosen scavenger, he neglected his duty, got complained of by the ward, shifted the blame to the raker, who transferred it to his horse, upon which he (Tarlton) sent the horse to the Compter, and the raker had to pay a fee for the redemption of his steed! And how he got his tavern bill paid, and a journey to London scot-free, by gathering his conceits together, and sending his boy to accuse him to the magistrates for a seminary priest! the innkeeper losing his time and his charges, besides getting well flouted into the bargain.

In the year 1588 Tarlton "shuffled off this mortal coil," and gave eternal pause to his merriments. 'Tis said he died penitent, (his crying sin was making other people laugh,) and was buried, September 3, in St. Leonard's, Shoreditch.

In the books of the Stationers' Company was licensed "A Sorrowful new Sonnette, intituled Tarlton's Recantation upon this Theame given him by a gentleman at the Bel Savage without Ludgate (now or els never) being the last Theame he songe; and Tarlton's repentance and his farewvell to his friends in his sickness, a little before his death." In "Wits' Bedlam," 1617, is the following epitaph on him:—

"Here within this sullen earth
Lies Dick Tarlton, Lord of Mirth;

* Robert Armin was a special droll, and a popular actor in Shakspeare's plays. He was associated with him and "his fellows" in the patent granted by James I. to act at the Globe Theatre, and in any other part of the kingdom. He is the author of "The History of the Two Maids of More-clacke," 4to. 1609, in which he played Simple John in the hospital in a masterly manner. His "true effigie" appears in the title-page: as does that of Green (another contemporary actor of rare merit) in "Tr'Quoque." He also wrote "A Nest of Ninnies," in which are many curious characteristic anecdotes and descriptions of Will Summers, and Will's contemporary fool, Jack Oates.

Who in his grave still laughing gapes,
 Syth all clownes since have been his apes :
 Earst he of clownes to learne still sought,
 But now they learne of him they taught :
 By art far past the principall,
 The counterfeit is so worth all."

The following epitaph, quoted by Fuller,

" Hic situs est cujus poterat vox, actio, vultus,
 Ex Heraclito reddere Democritum,"

is thus varied in Hackett's select and remarkable epitaph :

" Hic situs est, cujus vultus, vox, actio posset
 Ex," &c. &c.

Archibald Armstrong* in no way disgraced his coat of Motley ; though the author of an epitaph on Will Summers speaks of his inferiority :—

" Well, more of him what should I say ?
 Both fools and wise men turn to clay :
 And this is all we have to trust,
 That there 's no difference in their dust.
 Rest quiet then beneath this stone,
 To whom late Archee was a drone."

He was, like his two laughing predecessors, an attached and faithful servant, a fellow of arch simplicity and sprightly wit ; and if he gave the public not quite so rich a taste of his quality as they did, let it be remembered that puritanism was stalking abroad, and that two religious (?) factions were fiercely contending for supremacy, and that neither relished a " merrie jest." It seems, however, that Archee, who had outwitted many, was, on one occasion, himself outwitted. " Archee coming to a nobleman to give him good-morrow upon New-Year's day, he received a very gracious reward from him, twenty good pieces of gold in his hand. But the covetous foole, expecting (it seemes) a greater, shooke them in his fist, and said they were too light. The nobleman took it ill from him, but, dissembling his anger, said, ' I prithee, Archee, let mee see them again, for amongst them is one piece that I would be loath to part with.' Archee, supposing he would have added more unto them, delivered them back to my lord, who, putting 'em up in his pocket, said, ' Well, I once gave money into a foole's hand, who had not the wit to keep it.'"

Poor Archee was " unfrocked" for cracking an irreverend jest on Archbishop Laud, whose jealous power and tyrannical mode of exercising it could not bear the laughing reproof of even an " allowed fool." " The briefe reason of Archee's banishment was this :—A nobleman asking what he would doe with his handsome daughters, he

* There are two rare portraits of Archee prefixed to different editions of his *Jests* : one by Cecil, 1657 ; and one by Gaywood, 1660. Under that by Cecil are inscribed the following lines :—

" Archee, by kings and princes graced of late,
 Jested himself into a fayer estate ;
 And in this booke doth to his friends commend
 His jeeres, taunts, tales, which no man can offend."

And under that by Gaywood, the following :—

" This is no Muckle John, nor Summers Will,
 But here is Mirth drawn from the Muse's quill ;
 Doubt not (kinde reader), be but pleased to view
 These witty jests : they are not ould, but new."

(Archee) replied, he knew very well what to doe with them, but hee had sonnes, which he knew not well what to doe with; he would gladly make schollars of them, but that hee feared the arch-bishop would cut off their eares!"*

These were the three merry men of the olden time, who, by virtue of their office, spoke *truth in jest* to the royal ear, and gave home-thrusts that would have cost a whole cabinet their heads. If their calling had no other redeeming quality but this, posterity would be bound to honour it.

TWELFTH-NIGHT IMAGE-RY.

BY JOYCE JOCUND.

COME, old fellow! let's think o'er our juvenile days,
And dwell on those seasons of boyish delights,
When at pastry-cooks' windows together we'd gaze,
And wish the whole year was made up of "Twelfth-nights!"

What buffets we got!—oh! the kicks and the shakes
We received from the crowd—an unmannerly crew!
Who were not contented to look on the cakes,
But seeing the "CHARACTERS," wanted them too.

Still sweets would allure us, and pleasures enthrall,
As many a glance to the dear ones we flung;—
And "IMAGES" rose—oh! more gorge-ous than all
That painters e'er pencil'd, or poets e'er sung.

Say, do you remember those pantomime folks,
In clear sugar-candy, the "nicest of men?"
'Twas easy to fancy we heard the clown's jokes:
We have play'd many "tricks" and seen "changes" since then.

That ship too like us, that seem'd wanting a *puff*,
Though haply no wind could we raise 'mid the throng—
Our purses and persons were both short enough,
Yet objects so tempting made both of us *long*.

Then have you forgotten the mountain and stream,
That made so romantic a six inch retreat?—
And the temple that haunted our youth's Twelfth-night dream,
As students we found not the "Temple" so—*sweet*?

When urchins, what warning from conscience we had,
How fathers might flog us, and mothers would scold.
Alas! though the man be more wise than the lad,
Sweet visions come seldomer as we grow old.

For time has flown o'er us with withering wings,
And life looks no longer all "couleur de rose."
We care not if Cupid were clipp'd of his wings;
Even Venus's doves are eclipsed by "Jem Crows!"

* "Archy's Dream, sometime jester to his maiestie; but exiled the court by Canterburie's malice," 4to. 1641.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

AN HEROICAL ODE, AFTER DRYDEN.

Two of the most famous days in the year, happily for the sake of London, occur to break into the horrid atmospherical monotony of fog and darkness of the gloomy month of November. Of these, one, the FIFTH, or Guy Faux day, has recently fallen into some disrepute; and but for the loyal and protestant feelings of a few ragged urchins about town, would speedily drop altogether into disuse. The other, the NINTH, has abated so little of its magnificence, that at this time the leading interest of a popular play in Paris rests upon the efforts of a powerful countess (of Strafford) to get her son made Lord Mayor of London; with, of course, a glorious procession by land and water, to conclude the piece in the event of a fortunate issue. Notwithstanding this, and the recent assurance of Sir Peter Laurie at a public meeting, that Aldermen were the most abstemious men in the kingdom, living to extreme old age in abhorrence of turtle and venison, principally upon water souchet and cresses; the splendours of the last "Show" have revived in my memory the following composition of a former *day*, and unknown to or forgotten by all the rest of the world. If you like it, print it?

THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER,
LORD MAYOR'S DAY,
AN ODE.

A PARODY ON
ALEXANDER'S FEAST,

OR
THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE
IN HONOUR OF SAINT CECILIA'S DAY;
By
John Dryden.

I.

'Twas at the Lord Mayor's Feast, for London won
By no one knows who's son,
Aloft in gaudy state
His gouty Lordship sate,
On cushions crammed with down.
The Aldermen sat round the board,
Their ruby noses with carbuncles stored
(As having Bacchus oft adored);
The Lady Mayoress on his right,
Perched like the peering bird of night,
In robes of silk and satin dight.
Lucky, lucky, lucky pair!
None but the rich,
None but the rich,
None but the rich, such pomp can share!

CHORUS.

Lucky, lucky, lucky pair!
None but the rich,
None but the rich,
None but the rich, such pomp can share!

II.

Fiddlers in the saloon,
 A cat-gut scraping race,
 With stamping, wincing, and grimace,
 Played many a merry tune,
 And laughter filled the place.
 They first sung Winifred,
 Who left her mam asleep a-bed,
 And ran for Gretna with the foot-boy Ned ;
 Such is the warmth of longing maidens' love,
 They rode as if the d—— I drove.
 He hugged her fancied fears away
 As on his neck she trembling lay ;
 Till Rory blest the broomstick rite,
 Then they retired to rest and bid the world good night.
 The Aldermen applaud with vacant stare ;
 A bridal feast ! they shout, and bridal fare !
 A bridal feast ! they shout, and rend the gas-fed air.
 With sudden fears
 His Lordship hears ;
 Starts from his doze
 He wipes his nose,
 And seems dissolved in tears.

CHORUS.

With sudden fears
 His Lordship hears ;
 Starts from his doze,
 He wipes his nose,
 And seems dissolved in tears.

III.

In praise of porter next they scrape the rosin'd strings ;—
 Porter relief to all in trouble brings :
 See, see, a barrel of Barclay's stout
 Brought to drug the rabble out.
 Many a guzzling sot
 Kisses the frothy pot—
 Now give the fiddlers time to drink about.
 Porter, best of British drink,
 Upholds coal-heavers, labour-tired :
 Porter, brewed from malt, a spirit
 Exceeding rare, but of rare merit.
 Potent spirit !
 Great thy merit !
 Grand the verse by thee inspired !
 CHORUS.
 Porter, brewed from malt, a spirit
 Exceeding rare, but of rare merit.
 Potent spirit !
 Great thy merit !
 Grand the verse by thee inspired !

IV.

These sounds renewed his Lordship's doze,
 And thrice in dreams his future gains arose,—
 And thrice he counts his money-bags, and thrice to levee goes.
 The fiddlers guessed his queerish case
 By his heavy eyes and twitching face ;
 And while with visionary care
 He built big castles in the air,

They chose a dismal theme
 To rouse him from his dream ;
 And sung his Predecessor vain,
 By too severe a souse,
 Driven, driven, driven, driven,
 Driven from the Mansion House,
 And living in a lane !
 Neglected now, his year is o'er,
 By those who "Lored" him before ;
 Trudging a-foot through streets where late
 He pranced about in coach of state.
 With lengthened phiz his Lordship pensive sate,
 Reflecting in how short a space
 His fleeting honours would be o'er ;
 The tears coursed down his purple face—
 He blubbering wept full sore.

CHORUS.

Reflecting in how short a space
 His fleeting honours would be o'er ;
 The tears coursed down his purple face—
 He blubbering wept full sore.

V.

The cunning fiddlers laughed to know
 That mirth next neighbour was to woe :—
 'Twas but a lively jig to play,
 To whisk all anxious thoughts away,
 Fiddlesticks, well rubbed with rosin,
 Stir the strings with ticklish motion ;
 Trade, they sing, is full of crosses,
 Often gaining nought but losses.
 Ships along the coast a-sailing
 Often founder with their cargoes,
 Stocks are falling, bankers failing,
 Therefore cast off Care's embargoes.
 See the Lady Mayoress nigh you,—
 Sip the sweets a plum can buy you ;
 The rabble, drunk with "heavy," shout applause,
 And ever will when fortune crowns a cause.
 The Mayor, unable to contain his pride,
 With looks elate,
 Surveyed his state,
 And sighed and wished, sighed and wished,
 Sighed and wished it could abide.
 At length, with beer and sleep at once oppressed,
 He sank upon his lady's ample breast.

CHORUS.

The Mayor, unable to contain his pride,
 With looks elate,
 Surveyed his state,
 And sighed and wished, sighed and wished,
 Sighed and wished it could abide.
 At length with beer and sleep at once oppressed,
 He sank upon his lady's ample breast.

VI.

Now tune your fiddles up once more,
 His Lordship moustrous loud doth snore.
 The reason why, without a question,
 Is lack of exercise and bad digestion.

Hark ! hark ! the tinkling sound
 Hath raised up his head,
 As lightsome as lead,
 And strangely he stares around.
 Oh ! bustle, bustle, the fiddlers cry,
 Stock-jobbing runs high,
 And the bulls and the bears
 With goose pens at their ears,
 In the alley look cursedly sly.
 Behold a ghastly throng,
 Faces half an ell long :
 These are bankrupts, who, waddling out lame ducks of late,
 Devoured by envy, rail and fret,
 Tormented by a vain regret—
 Give the vengeance due
 To the cheating crew ;
 Behold how their eye-balls roll in despair !
 How they dismally point to the Fleet
 As to their always dreaded last retreat.
 The Aldermen all seemed in Lethe's stream dipt,
 His Lordship, quite jaded, half waked and half slept ;
 His lady therefore led
 Him quickly off to bed,
 And, like a kind and duteous wife, close to his back crept.

CHORUS.

His Lordship, quite jaded, half waked and half slept ;
 His lady therefore led
 Him quickly off to bed,
 And, like a kind duteous wife, close to his back crept.

VII.

Thus in times past,
 E'er citizens were men of taste,
 And sharps from flats could tell,
 Fiddlers amused them mighty well ;
 Their wish near strayed
 Beyond a trip to Bagnigge Wells in Sunday coat arrayed.
 At last Velluti famed appears
 To introduce Italian airs ;
 This curious creature from its narrow chest,
 And almost man-like shapen throat
 Constraining many a squeaking note,
 Made half the city connoisseurs, and amateurs the rest.
 Let fiddlers make a fire, and throw
 Their fiddles in with haste :
 Polaccas and bravuras now
 Are everywhere the taste.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last Velluti famed appears
 To introduce Italian airs ;
 This curious creature from its narrow chest,
 And almost man-like shapen throat
 Constraining many a squeaking note,
 Made half the city connoisseurs, and amateurs the rest.
 Let fiddlers make a fire, and throw
 Their fiddles in with haste :
 Polaccas and bravuras now
 Are everywhere the taste.

TIM DRIED'UN.





George Greubank

The Storm.

JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD" AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE FIRST.—1703.

CHAPTER V.

THE DENUNCIATION.

FOR a short space, Mrs. Sheppard remained dissolved in tears. She then dried her eyes, and, laying her child gently upon the floor, knelt down beside him. "Open my heart, Father of Mercy!" she murmured, in a humble tone, and with down-cast looks, "and make me sensible of the error of my ways. I have sinned deeply; but I have been sorely tried. Spare me yet a little while, Father! not for my own sake, but for the sake of this poor babe." Her utterance was here choked by sobs. "But, if it is thy will to take me from him," she continued, 'as soon as her emotion permitted her,—“if he must be left an orphan amid strangers, implant, I beseech thee, a mother's feelings in some other bosom, and raise up a friend, who shall be to him what I would have been. Let him not bear the weight of my punishment. Spare him!—pity me!”

With this she arose, and, taking up the infant, was about to proceed down stairs, when she was alarmed by hearing the street-door opened, and the sound of heavy footsteps entering the house.

"Halloa, widow!" shouted a rough voice from below, "where the devil are you?"

Mrs. Sheppard returned no answer.

"I've got something to say to you," continued the speaker, rather less harshly; "something to your advantage; so come out o' your hiding-place, and let's have some supper, for I'm infernally hungry.—D'ye hear?"

Still the widow remained silent.

"Well, if you won't come, I shall help myself, and that's unsociable," pursued the speaker, evidently, from the noise he made, suiting the action to the word. "Devilish nice ham you've got here!—capital pie!—and, as I live, a flask of excellent canary. You're in luck to-night, widow. Here's your health in a bumper, and wishing you a better husband than your first. It'll be your own fault if you don't soon get another, and a proper young man into the bargain. Here's his health likewise. What! mum still. You're the first widow I ever heard of who could withstand that lure. I'll try the effect of a jolly stave." And he struck up the following ballad:

SAINT GILES'S BOWL.*

I.

Where Saint Giles's church stands, once a lazar-house stood ;
 And, chained to its gates, was a vessel of wood ;
 A broad-bottomed bowl, from which all the fine fellows,
 Who passed by that spot, on their way to the gallows,—

*Might tippie strong beer
 Their spirits to cheer,*

*And drown in a sea of good liquor all fear !
 For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles
 So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles !*

II.

By many a highwayman many a draught
 Of nutty-brown ale at Saint Giles's was quaff,
 Until the old lazar-house chanced to fall down,
 And the broad-bottom'd bowl was removed to the Crown.

*Where the robber may cheer
 His spirits with beer,*

*And drown in a sea of good liquor all fear !
 For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles
 So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles !*

III.

There MULSACK and SWIFTNECK, both prigs from their birth,
 OLD MOB and TOM COX took their last draught on earth :
 There RANDAL, and SHORTER, and WHITNEY pull'd up,
 And jolly JACK JOYCE drank his finishing cup !

*For a can of ale calms,
 A highwayman's qualms,*

*And makes him sing blithely his dolorous psalms !
 And nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles
 So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles !*

“Singing's dry work,” observed the stranger, pausing to take a pull at the bottle. “And now, widow,” he continued, “attend to the next verse, for it consarns a friend o' your's.”

IV.

When gallant TOM SHEPPARD to Tyburn was led,—
 “Stop the cart at the Crown—stop a moment,” he said.
 He was offered the Bowl, but he left it, and smiled,
 Crying, “Keep it till call'd for by JONATHAN WILD !

*“The rascal, one day,
 Will pass by this way,*

*“And drink a full measure to moisten his clay !
 “And never will Bowl of Saint Giles have beguiled
 “Such a thorough-paced scoundrel as JONATHAN WILD !”*

* At the hospital of Saint Giles for Lazars, the prisoners conveyed from the City of London towards Tyburn, there to be executed for treasons, felonies, or other trespasses, were presented with a Bowl of Ale, thereof to drink, as their last refreshing in this life.—*Strype's Stow*. Book ix. ch. iii.

v.

Should it e'er be *my* lot to ride backwards that way,
At the door of the Crown I will certainly stay;
I 'll summon the landlord—I 'll call for the Bowl,
And drink a deep draught to the health of my soul!

*Whatever may lup,
I 'll taste of the tup,*

*To keep up my spirits when brought to the crap!
For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles
So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles!*

“ Devil seize the woman !” growled the singer, as he brought his ditty to a close; “ will nothing tempt her out? Widow Sheppard, I say,” he added, rising, “ don't be afraid. It's only a gentleman come to offer you his hand. ‘ He that woos a maid,’—fol-de-rol—(hiccupping.)—I 'll soon find you out.”

Mrs. Sheppard, whose distress at the consumption of the provisions had been somewhat allayed by the anticipation of the intruder's departure after he had satisfied his appetite, was now terrified in the extreme by seeing a light approach, and hearing footsteps on the stairs. Her first impulse was to fly to the window; and she was about to pass through it, at the risk of sharing the fate of the unfortunate lady, when her arm was grasped by some one in the act of ascending the ladder from without. Uttering a faint scream, she sank backwards, and would have fallen, if it had not been for the interposition of Blueskin, who, at that moment, staggered into the room with a candle in one hand, and the bottle in the other.

“ Oh, you're here, are you!” said the ruffian, with an exulting laugh: “ I've been looking for you everywhere.”

“ Let me go,” implored Mrs. Sheppard, — “ pray let me go. You hurt the child. Don't you hear how you've made it cry?”

“ Throttle the kid!” rejoined Blueskin, fiercely. “ If you don't stop its squalling, I will. I hate children. And, if I'd my own way, I'd drown 'em all like a litter o' puppies.”

Well knowing the savage temper of the person she had to deal with, and how likely he was to put his threat into execution, Mrs. Sheppard did not dare to return any answer; but, disengaging herself from his embrace, endeavoured meekly to comply with his request.

“ And now, widow,” continued the ruffian, setting down the candle, and applying his lips to the bottle neck as he flung his heavy frame upon a bench. “ I've a piece o' good news for you.”

“ Good news will be news to me. What is it?”

“ Guess,” rejoined Blueskin, attempting to throw a gallant expression into his forbidding countenance.

Mrs. Sheppard trembled violently; and though she understood his meaning too well, she answered,—“ I can't guess.”

"Well, then," returned the ruffian, "to put you out o' suspense, as the topsman remarked to poor Tom Sheppard, afore he turned him off, I'm come to make you an honourable proposal o' marriage. You won't refuse me, I'm sure; so no more need be said about the matter. To-morrow, we'll go to the Fleet and get spliced. Don't shake so. What I said about your brat was all stuff. I didn't mean it. It's my way when I'm ruffled. I shall take to him as nat'ral as if he were my own flesh and blood afore long. — I'll give him the edication of a prig,—teach him the use of his forks betimes,—and make him, in the end, as clever a cracksman as his father."

"Never!" shrieked Mrs. Sheppard; "never! never!"

"Hallo! what's this?" demanded Blueskin, springing to his feet. "Do you mean to say that if I support your kid, I shan't bring him up how I please—ch?"

"Don't question me, but leave me," replied the widow wildly; "you had better."

"Leave you!" echoed the ruffian, with a contemptuous laugh; "—not just yet."

"I am not unprotected," rejoined the poor woman; "there's some one at the window. Help! help!"

But her cries were unheeded. And Blueskin, who, for a moment, had looked round distrustfully, concluding it was a feint, now laughed louder than ever.

"It won't do, widow," said he, drawing near her, while she shrank from his approach, "so you may spare your breath. Come, come, be reasonable, and listen to me. Your kid has already brought me good luck, and may bring me still more if his edication's attended to. This purse," he added, chinking it in the air, "and this ring, were given me for him just now by the lady, who made a false step on leaving your house. If I'd been in the way, instead of Jonathan Wild, that accident wouldn't have happened."

As he said this, a slight noise was heard without.

"What's that?" ejaculated the ruffian, glancing uneasily towards the window. "Who's there?—Pshaw! it's only the wind."

"It's Jonathan Wild," returned the widow, endeavouring to alarm him. "I told you I was not unprotected."

"*He protect you,*" retorted Blueskin, maliciously; "you haven't a worse enemy on the face of the earth than Jonathan Wild. If you'd read your husband's dying speech, you'd know that he laid his death at Jonathan's door,—and with reason too, as I can testify,"

"Man!" screamed Mrs. Sheppard, with a vehemence that shook even the hardened wretch beside her, "begone, and tempt me not."

"What should I tempt you to?" asked Blueskin, in surprise.

"To—to—no matter what," returned the widow distractedly. "Go—go!"

"I see what you mean," rejoined Blueskin, tossing a large case-knife, which he took from his pocket, in the air, and catching it dexterously by the haft as it fell; "you owe Jonathan a grudge;—so do I. He hanged your first husband. Just speak the word," he added, drawing the knife significantly across his throat, "and I'll put it out of his power to do the same by your second. But, d—n him! let's talk o' something more agreeable. Look at this ring;—it's a diamond, and worth a mint o' money. It shall be your wedding ring. Look at it, I say. The lady's name's engraved inside, but so small I can scarcely read it. A-L-I-V-A—Aliva—T-R-E-N—Trencher—that's it. Aliva Trencher."

"Aliva Trenchard!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheppard, hastily; "is that the name?"

"Ay, ay, now I look again it *is* Trenchard. How came you to know it? Have you heard the name before?"

"I think I have—long, long ago, when I was a child," replied Mrs. Sheppard, passing her hand across her brow; "but my memory is gone—quite gone. Where *can* I have heard it!"

"Devil knows," rejoined Blueskin. "Let it pass. The ring's yours, and you're mine. Here, put it on your finger."

Mrs. Sheppard snatched back her hand from his grasp, and exerted all her force to repel his advances.

"Set down the kid," roared Blueskin, savagely.

"Mercy!" screamed Mrs. Sheppard, struggling to escape, and holding the infant at arm's length; "have mercy on this helpless innocent!"

And the child, alarmed by the strife, added its feeble cries to its mother's shrieks.

"Set it down, I tell you," thundered Blueskin, "or I shall do it a mischief."

"Never!" cried Mrs. Sheppard.

Uttering a terrible imprecation, Blueskin placed the knife between his teeth, and endeavoured to seize the poor woman by the throat. In the struggle her cap fell off. The ruffian caught hold of her hair, and held her fast. The chamber rang with her shrieks. But her cries, instead of moving her assailant's compassion, only added to his fury. Planting his knee against her side, he pulled her towards him with one hand, while with the other he sought his knife. The child was now within reach; and, in another moment, he would have executed his deadly purpose, if an arm from behind had not felled him to the ground.

When Mrs. Sheppard, who had been stricken down by the blow that prostrated her assailant, looked up, she perceived Jonathan Wild kneeling beside the body of Blueskin. He was holding the ring to the light, and narrowly examining the inscription.

"Trenchard," he muttered; "Aliva Trenchard—they were

right, then, as to the name. Well, if she survives the accident—as the blood, who styles himself Sir Cecil, fancies she may do—this ring will make my fortune by leading to the discovery of the chief parties concerned in this strange affair.”

“Is the poor lady alive?” asked Mrs. Sheppard eagerly.

“S’blood!” exclaimed Jonathan, hastily thrusting the ring into his vest, and taking up a heavy horseman’s pistol with which he had felled Blueskin,—“I thought you’d been senseless.”

“Is she alive?” repeated the widow.

“What’s that to you?” demanded Jonathan, gruffly.

“Oh, nothing—nothing,” returned Mrs. Sheppard. “But pray tell me if her husband has escaped?”

“Her husband!” echoed Jonathan scornfully. “A *husband* has little to fear from his wife’s kinsfolk. Her *lover*, Darrell, has embarked upon the Thames, where, if he’s not capsized by the squall, (for it’s blowing like the devil,) he stands a good chance of getting his throat cut by his pursuers—ha! ha! I tracked ’em to the banks of the river, and should have followed to see it out, if the watermen hadn’t refused to take me. However, as things have turned up, it’s fortunate that I came back.”

“It is indeed,” replied Mrs. Sheppard; “most fortunate for me.”

“For *you!*” exclaimed Jonathan; “don’t flatter yourself that I’m thinking of you. Blueskin might have butchered you and your brat before I’d have lifted a finger to prevent him, if it hadn’t suited my purposes to do so, and *he* hadn’t incurred my displeasure. I never forgive an injury. Your husband could have told you that.”

“How had he offended you?” inquired the widow.

“I’ll tell you,” answered Jonathan, sternly. “He thwarted my schemes twice. The first time, I overlooked the offence; but the second time, when I had planned to break open the house of his master, the fellow who visited you to-night,—Wood, the carpenter of Wych Street,—he betrayed me. I told him I would bring him to the gallows, and I was as good as my word.”

“You were so,” replied Mrs. Sheppard; “and for that wicked deed you will one day be brought to the gallows yourself.”

“Not before I have conducted your child thither,” retorted Jonathan, with a withering look.

“Ah!” ejaculated Mrs. Sheppard, paralysed by the threat.

“If that sickly brat lives to be a man,” continued Jonathan, rising, “I’ll hang him upon the same tree as his father.”

“Pity!” shrieked the widow.

“I’ll be his evil genius!” vociferated Jonathan, who seemed to enjoy her torture.

“Begone, wretch!” cried the mother, stung beyond endurance by his taunts; “or I will drive you hence with my curses.”

"Curse on, and welcome," jeered Wild.

Mrs. Sheppard raised her hand, and the malediction trembled upon her tongue. But ere the words could find utterance, her maternal tenderness overcame her indignation; and, sinking upon her knees, she extended her arms over her child.

"A mother's prayers—a mother's blessings," she cried, with the fervour almost of inspiration, "will avail against a fiend's malice."

"We shall see," rejoined Jonathan, turning carelessly upon his heel.

And, as he quitted the room, the poor widow fell with her face upon the floor.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORM.

As soon as he was liberated by his persecutors, Mr. Wood set off at full speed from the Mint, and, hurrying he scarce knew whither, (for there was such a continual buzzing in his ears and dancing in his eyes, as almost to take away the power of reflection,) he held on at a brisk pace till his strength completely failed him.

On regaining his breath, he began to consider whither chance had led him; and, rubbing his eyes to clear his sight, he perceived a sombre pile, with a lofty tower and broad roof, immediately in front of him. This structure at once satisfied him as to where he stood. He knew it to be Saint Saviour's Church. As he looked up at the massive tower, the clock tolled forth the hour of midnight. The solemn strokes were immediately answered by a multitude of chimes, sounding across the Thames, amongst which the deep note of Saint Paul's was plainly distinguishable. A feeling of inexplicable awe crept over the carpenter as the sounds died away. He trembled, not from any superstitious dread, but from an undefined sense of approaching danger. The peculiar appearance of the sky was not without some influence in awakening these terrors. Over one of the pinnacles of the tower a speck of pallid light marked the position of the moon, then newly born and newly risen. It was still profoundly dark; but the wind, which had begun to blow with some violence, chased the clouds rapidly across the heavens, and dispersed the vapours hanging nearer the earth. Sometimes the moon was totally eclipsed; at others, it shed a wan and ghastly glimmer over the masses rolling in the firmament. Not a star could be discerned, but, in their stead, streaks of lurid radiance, whence proceeding it was impossible to determine, shot ever and anon athwart the dusky vault, and added to the ominous and threatening appearance of the night.

Alarmed by these prognostications of a storm, and feeling too

much exhausted from his late severe treatment to proceed further on foot, Wood endeavoured to find a tavern where he might warm and otherwise refresh himself. With this view he struck off into a narrow street on the left, and soon entered a small ale-house, over the door of which hung the sign of the "Welsh Trumpeter."

"Let me have a glass of brandy," said he, addressing the host.

"Too late, master," replied the landlord of the Trumpeter, in a surly tone, for he did not much like the appearance of his customer; "just shut up shop."

"Zounds! David Pugh, don't you know your old friend and countryman?" exclaimed the carpenter.

"Ah! Owen Wood, is it you?" cried David in astonishment. "What the devil makes you out so late? And what has happened to you, man, eh?—you seem in a queer plight."

"Give me the brandy, and I'll tell you," replied Wood.

"Here, wife—hostess—fetch me that bottle from the second shelf in the corner cupboard.—There, Mr. Wood," cried David, pouring out a glass of the spirit, and offering it to the carpenter, "that'll warm the cockles of your heart. Don't be afraid, man,—off with it. It's right Nantz. I keep it for my own drinking," he added in a lower tone.

Mr. Wood having disposed of the brandy, and pronounced himself much better, hurried close to the fire-side, and informed his friend in a few words of the inhospitable treatment he had experienced from the gentlemen of the Mint; whereupon Mr. Pugh, who, as well as the carpenter, was a descendant of Cadwallader, waxed extremely wroth; gave utterance to a number of fierce-sounding imprecations in the Welsh tongue; and was just beginning to express the greatest anxiety to catch some of the rascals at the Trumpeter, when Mr. Wood cut him short by stating his intention of crossing the river as soon as possible in order to avoid the storm.

"A storm!" exclaimed the landlord. "Gadzooks! I thought something was coming on; for when I looked at the weather-glass an hour ago, it had sunk lower than I ever remember it."

"We shall have a durty night on it, to a sartinty, landlord," observed an old one-eyed sailor, who sat smoking his pipe by the fire-side. "The glass never sinks in that way, d'ye see, without a hurricane follerin'. I've knowed it often do so in the West Injees. Moreover, a couple o' porpusses came up with the tide this mornin', and ha' bin flounderin' about i' the Thames abuv Lunnun Bridge all day long; and them say-monsters, you know, always proves sure fore-runners of a gale."

"Then the sooner I'm off the better," cried Wood; "what's to pay, David?"

"Don't affront me, Owen, by asking such a question,"

returned the landlord; "hadn't you better stop and finish the bottle?"

"Not a drop more," replied Wood. "Enough's as good as a feast. Good night!"

"Well, if you won't be persuaded, and must have a boat, Owen," observed the landlord, "there's a waterman asleep on that bench will help you to as tidy a craft as any on the Thames. Halloa, Ben!" cried he, shaking a broad-backed fellow, equipped in a short-skirted doublet, and having a badge upon his arm,—“scullers wanted.”

"Hallos! my hearty," cried Ben, starting to his feet.

"This gentleman wants a pair of oars," said the landlord.

"Where to, master?" asked Ben, touching his woollen cap.

"Arundel Stairs," replied Wood, "the nearest point to Wych Street."

"Come along, master," said the waterman.

"Hark 'ee, Ben," said the old sailor, knocking the ashes from his pipe upon the hob; "you may try, but dash my timbers if you'll ever cross the Thames to-night."

"And why not, old saltwater?" inquired Ben, turning a quid in his mouth,

"'Cause there's a gale a-getting up as'll perwent you, young freshwater," replied the tar.

"It must look sharp then, or I shall give it the slip," laughed Ben: "the gale never yet blowed as could perwent my crossing the Thames. The weather's been foul enough for the last fortnight, but I've never turned my back upon it."

"May be not," replied the old sailor drily; "but you'll find it too stiff for you to-night, anyhow. Howsomdever, if you *should* reach t'other side, take an old feller's advice, and don't be foolhardy enough to venter back again."

"I tell 'ee what, saltwater," said Ben, "I'll lay you my fare—and that'll be two shillin'—I'm back in an hour."

"Done!" cried the old sailor. "But vere'll be the use o' vinnin'? you von't live to pay me."

"Never fear," replied Ben, gravely; "dead or alive, I'll pay you, if I lose. There's my thumb upon it. Come along, master."

"I tell 'ee what, landlord," observed the old sailor, quietly replenishing his pipe from a huge pewter tobacco-box, as the waterman and Wood quitted the house, "you've said good-b'ye to your friend."

"Odd's me! do you think so?" cried the host of the Trumpeter. "I'll run and bring him back. He's a Welshman, and I wouldn't for a trifle that any accident befel him."

"Never mind," said the old sailor, taking up a piece of blazing coal with the tongs, and applying it to his pipe; "let 'em try. They'll be back soon enough—or not at all."

Mr. Wood and the waterman, meanwhile, proceeded in the direction of Saint Saviour's Stairs. Casting a hasty glance at the old and ruinous prison belonging to the liberty of the Bishop of Winchester, (whose palace formerly adjoined the river,) called the Clink, which gave its name to the street, along which he walked; and noticing, with some uneasiness, the melancholy manner in which the wind whistled through its barred casements, the carpenter followed his companion down an opening to the right, and presently arrived at the water-side.

Moored to the steps, several wherries were dancing in the rushing current, as if impatient of restraint. Into one of these the waterman jumped, and, having assisted Mr. Wood to a seat within it, immediately pushed from land. Ben had scarcely adjusted his oars, when the gleam of a lantern was seen moving towards the bank. A shout was heard at a little distance, and, the next moment, a person rushed with breathless haste to the stair-head.

"Boat there!" cried a voice, which Mr. Wood fancied he recognised.

"You'll find a waterman asleep under his tilt in one of them ere craft, if you look about, sir," replied Ben, backing water as he spoke.

"Can't you take me with you?" urged the voice; "I'll make it well worth your while. I've a child here whom I wish to convey across the water without loss of time."

"A child!" thought Wood; "it must be the fugitive Darrell. Hold hard," cried he, addressing the waterman; "I'll give the gentleman a lift."

"Unpossible, master," rejoined Ben; "the tide's running down like a mill-sluice, and the wind's right in our teeth. Old saltwater was right. We shall have a reg'lar squall afore we gets across. D'ye hear how the wanes creaks on old Winchester House? We shall have a touch on it ourselves presently. But I shall lose my wager if I stay a moment longer—so here goes." Upon which, he plunged his oars deeply into the stream, and the bark shot from the strand.

Mr. Wood's anxiety respecting the fugitive was speedily relieved by hearing another waterman busy himself in preparation for starting; and, shortly after, the dip of a second pair of oars sounded upon the river.

"Curse me, if I don't think all the world means to cross the Thames this fine night," observed Ben. "One 'ud think it rained fares, as well as blowed great guns. Why, there's another party on the stair-head inquiring arter scullers; and, by the mass! they appear in a greater hurry than any on us."

His attention being thus drawn to the bank, the carpenter beheld three figures, one of whom bore a torch, leap into a wherry of a larger size than the others, which immediately put off from shore. Manned by a couple of watermen, who rowed

with great swiftness, this wherry dashed through the current in the track of the fugitive, of whom it was evidently in pursuit, and upon whom it perceptibly gained. Mr. Wood strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the flying skiff. But he could only discern a black and shapeless mass, floating upon the water at a little distance, which, to his bewildered fancy, appeared absolutely standing still. To the practised eye of the waterman matters wore a very different air. He perceived clearly enough, that the chase was moving quickly; and he was also aware, from the increased rapidity with which the oars were urged, that every exertion was made on board to get out of the reach of her pursuers. At one moment, it seemed as if the flying bark was about to put to shore. But this plan (probably from its danger) was instantly abandoned; not, however, before her momentary hesitation had been taken advantage of by her pursuers, who, redoubling their efforts at this juncture, materially lessened the distance between them.

Ben watched these manœuvres with great interest, and strained every sinew in his frame to keep ahead of the other boats.

"Them's catchpoles, I s'pose, sir, arter the gemman with a writ?" he observed.

"Something worse, I fear," Wood replied.

"Why, you don't think as how they 're crimps, do you?" Ben inquired.

"I don't know what I think," Wood answered sulkily; and he bent his eyes upon the water, as if he wished to avert his attention forcibly from the scene.

There is something that inspires a feeling of inexpressible melancholy in sailing on a dark night upon the Thames. The sounds that reach the ear, and the objects that meet the eye, are all calculated to awaken a train of sad and serious contemplation. The ripple of the water against the boat, as its keel cleaves through the stream—the darkling current hurrying by—the indistinctly-seen craft, of all forms and all sizes, hovering around, and making their way in ghost-like silence, or warning each other of their approach by cries, that, heard from afar, have something doleful in their note—the solemn shadows cast by the bridges—the deeper gloom of the echoing arches—the lights glimmering from the banks—the red reflection thrown upon the waves by a fire kindled on some stationary barge—the tall and fantastic shapes of the houses, as discerned through the obscurity;—these, and other sights and sounds of the same character, give a sombre colour to the thoughts of one who may choose to indulge in meditation at such a time and in such a place.

But it was otherwise with the carpenter. This was no night for the indulgence of dreamy musing. It was a night of storm and terror, which promised each moment to become more stormy

and more terrible. Not a bark could be discerned on the river, except those already mentioned. The darkness was almost palpable; and the wind which, hitherto, had been blowing in gusts, was suddenly lulled. It was a dead calm. But this calm was more awful than the previous roaring of the blast.

Amid this portentous hush, the report of a pistol reached the carpenter's ears; and, raising his head at the sound, he beheld a sight which filled him with fresh apprehensions.

By the light of a torch borne at the stern of the hostile wherry, he saw that the pursuers had approached within a short distance of the object of their quest. The shot had taken effect upon the waterman who rowed the chase. He had abandoned his oars, and the boat was drifting with the stream towards the enemy. Escape was now impossible. Darrell stood erect in the bark, with his drawn sword in hand, prepared to repel the attack of his assailants, who, in their turn, seemed to await with impatience the moment which should deliver him into their power.

They had not to tarry long. In another instant, the collision took place. The watermen, who manned the larger wherry, immediately shipped their oars, grappled with the drifting skiff, and held it fast. Wood, then, beheld two persons, one of whom he recognised as Rowland, spring on board the chase. A fierce struggle ensued. There was a shrill cry, instantly succeeded by a deep splash.

"Put about, waterman, for God's sake!" cried Wood, whose humanity got the better of every personal consideration; "some one is overboard. Give way, and let us render what assistance we can to the poor wretch."

"It's all over with him by this time, master," replied Ben, turning the head of his boat, and rowing swiftly towards the scene of strife; "but d——n him, he was the chap as hit poor Bill Thomson just now, and I don't much care if he should be food for fishes."

As Ben spoke, they drew near the opposing parties. The contest was now carried on between Rowland and Darrell. The latter had delivered himself from one of his assailants, the attendant, Davies. Hurling over the sides of the skiff, the ruffian speedily found a watery grave. It was a spring-tide at half ebb; and the current, which was running fast and furiously, bore him instantly away. While the strife raged between the principals, the watermen in the larger wherry were occupied in stemming the force of the torrent, and endeavouring to keep the boats, they had lashed together, stationary. Owing to this circumstance, Mr. Wood's boat, impelled alike by oar and tide, shot past the mark at which it aimed; and, before it could be again brought about, the struggle had terminated. For a few minutes, Darrell seemed to have the advantage in the conflict.

Neither combatant could use his sword: and in strength the fugitive was evidently superior to his antagonist. The boat rocked violently with the struggle. Had it not been lashed to the adjoining wherry, it must have been upset, and have precipitated the opponents into the water. Rowland felt himself sinking beneath the powerful grasp of his enemy. He called to the other attendant, who held the torch. Understanding the appeal, the man snatched his master's sword from his grasp, and passed it through Darrell's body. The next moment, a heavy plunge told that the fugitive had been consigned to the waves.

Darrell, however, rose again instantly; and, though mortally wounded, made a desperate effort to regain the boat.

"My child!" he groaned faintly.

"Well reminded," answered Rowland, who had witnessed his struggles with a smile of gratified vengeance; "I had forgotten the accursed imp in this confusion. Take it," he cried, lifting the babe from the bottom of the boat, and flinging it towards its unfortunate father.

The child fell within a short distance of Darrell, who, hearing the splash, struck out in that direction, and caught it before it sank. At this juncture, the sound of oars reached his ears, and he perceived Mr. Wood's boat bearing up towards him.

"Here he is, waterman," exclaimed the benevolent carpenter.

"I see him!—row for your life!"

"That's the way to miss him, master," replied Ben coolly.

"We must keep still. The tide 'll bring him to us fast enough."

Ben judged correctly. Borne along by the current, Darrell was instantly at the boat's side.

"Seize this oar," vociferated the waterman.

"First take the child," cried Darrell, holding up the infant, and clinging to the oar with a dying effort.

"Give it me," returned the carpenter; "all's safe. Now, lend me your own hand."

"My strength fails me," gasped the fugitive. "I cannot climb the boat. Take my child to—it is—oh God!—I am sinking—take it—take it!"

"Where?" shouted Wood.

Darrell attempted to reply. But he could only utter an inarticulate exclamation. The next moment his grasp relaxed, and he sank to rise no more.

Rowland, meantime, alarmed by the voices, snatched a torch from his attendant, and holding it over the side of the wherry, witnessed the incident just described.

"Confusion!" cried he; "there is another boat in our wake. They have rescued the child. Loose the wherry, and stand to your oars—quick—quick!"

These commands were promptly obeyed. The boat was set

free, and the men resumed their seats. Rowland's purposes were, however, defeated in a manner as unexpected as appalling.

During the foregoing occurrences a dead calm prevailed. But as Rowland sprang to the helm, and gave the signal for pursuit, a roar like a volley of ordnance was heard aloft, and the wind again burst its bondage. A moment before, the surface of the stream was black as ink. It was now whitening, hissing, and seething like an enormous cauldron. The blast once more swept over the agitated river; whirled off the sheets of foam, scattered them far and wide in rain-drops, and left the raging torrent blacker than before. The gale had become a hurricane: that hurricane was the most terrible that ever laid waste our city. Destruction everywhere marked its course. Steeples toppled, and towers reeled beneath its fury. Trees were torn up by the roots; many houses were levelled to the ground; others were unroofed; the leads on the churches were ripped off, and "shrivelled up like scrolls of parchment." Nothing on land or water was spared by the remorseless gale. Most of the vessels lying in the river were driven from their moorings, dashed tumultuously against each other, or blown ashore. All was darkness, horror, confusion, ruin. Men fled from their tottering habitations, and returned to them scared by greater dangers. The end of the world seemed at hand.

At this time of universal havoc and despair,—when all London quaked at the voice of the storm,—the carpenter, who was exposed to its utmost fury, fared better than might have been anticipated. The boat in which he rode was not overset. Fortunately, her course had been shifted immediately after the rescue of the child; and, in consequence of this movement, she received the first shock of the hurricane, which blew from the south-west, upon her stern. Her head dipped deeply into the current, and she narrowly escaped being swamped. Righting, however, instantly afterwards, she scudded with the greatest rapidity over the boiling waves, to whose mercy she was now entirely abandoned. On this fresh outburst of the storm, Wood threw himself instinctively into the bottom of the boat, and clasping the little orphan to his breast, endeavoured to prepare himself to meet his fate.

While he was thus occupied, he felt a rough grasp upon his arm, and presently afterwards Ben's lips approached close to his ear. The waterman sheltered his mouth with his hand while he spoke, or his voice would have been carried away by the violence of the blast.

"It's all up, master," groaned Ben; "nothin' short of a merracle can save us. The boat's sure to run foul o' the bridge; and if she 'scapes stavin' above, she'll be swamped to a sartainty below. There'll be a fall of above twelve foot o' water, and think o' that on a night as 'ud blow a whole fleet to the devil."

Mr. Wood *did* think of it, and groaned aloud.

"Heaven help us!" he exclaimed; "we were mad to neglect the old sailor's advice."

"That's what troubles me," rejoined Ben. "I tell 'ee what, master, if you're more fortunate nor I am, and get ashore, give old saltwater your fare. I pledged my thumb that, dead or alive, I'd pay the wager if I lost; and I should like to be as good as my word."

"I will — I will," replied Wood hastily. "Was that thunder?" he faltered, as a terrible clap was heard overhead.

"No; it's only a fresh gale," Ben returned: "hark! now it comes."

"Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" ejaculated Wood, as a fearful gust dashed the water over the side of the boat, deluging him with spray.

The hurricane had now reached its climax. The blast shrieked, as if exulting in its wrathful mission. Stunning and continuous, the din seemed almost to take away the power of hearing. He, who had faced the gale, would have been instantly stifled. Piercing through every crevice in the clothes, it, in some cases, tore them from the wearer's limbs, or from his grasp. It penetrated the skin; benumbed the flesh; paralysed the faculties. The intense darkness added to the terror of the storm. The destroying angel hurried by, shrouded in his gloomiest apparel. None saw, though all felt his presence, and heard the thunder of his voice. Imagination, coloured by the obscurity, peopled the air with phantoms. Ten thousand steeds appeared to be trampling aloft, charged with the work of devastation. Awful shapes seemed to flit by, borne on the wings of the tempest, animating and directing its fury. The actual danger was lost sight of in these wild apprehensions; and many timorous beings were scared beyond reason's verge by the excess of their fears.

This had well nigh been the case with the carpenter. He was roused from the stupor of despair into which he had sunk by the voice of Ben, who roared in his ear, "The bridge! — the bridge!"

CHAPTER VII.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

LONDON, at the period of this history, boasted only a single bridge. But that bridge was more remarkable than any the metropolis now possesses. Covered with houses, from one end to the other, this reverend and picturesque structure presented the appearance of a street across the Thames. It was as if Gracechurch Street, with all its shops, its magazines, and ceaseless throng of passengers, were stretched from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore. The houses were older, the shops gloomier, and the thoroughfare narrower, it is true; but the bustle, the crowd, the street-like air was the same. Then the bridge had

arched gateways, bristling with spikes, and garnished (as all ancient gateways ought to be) with the heads of traitors. In olden days, it boasted a chapel, dedicated to Saint Thomas; beneath which there was a crypt curiously constructed amid the arches, where "was sepultured Peter the Chaplain of Colechurch, who began the Stone Bridge at London:" and it still boasted an edifice (though now in rather a tumbledown condition) which had once vied with a palace,—we mean None-such House. The other buildings stood close together in rows; and so valuable was every inch of room accounted, that, in many cases, cellars, and even habitable apartments, were constructed in the solid masonry of the piers.

Old London Bridge (the grandsire of the present erection) was supported on nineteen arches, each of which

Would a Rialto make for depth and height!

The arches stood upon enormous piers; the piers on starlings, or jetties, built far out into the river to break the force of the tide.

Roused by Ben's warning, the carpenter looked up, and could just perceive the dusky outline of the bridge, looming through the darkness, and rendered indistinctly visible by the many lights that twinkled from the windows of the lofty houses. As he gazed at these lights, they suddenly seemed to disappear, and a tremendous shock was felt throughout the frame of the boat. Wood started to his feet. He found that the skiff had been dashed against one of the buttresses of the bridge.

"Jump!" cried Ben, in a voice of thunder.

Wood obeyed. His fears supplied him with unwonted vigour. Though the starling was more than two feet above the level of the water, he alighted with his little charge—which he had never for an instant quitted—in safety upon it.

Poor Ben was not so fortunate. Just as he was preparing to follow, the wherry containing Rowland and his men, which had drifted in their wake, was dashed against his boat. The violence of the collision nearly threw him backwards, and caused him to swerve as he sprang. His foot touched the rounded edge of the starling, and glanced off, precipitating him into the water. As he fell, he caught at the projecting masonry. But the stone was slippery; and the tide, which here began to feel the influence of the fall, was running with frightful velocity. He could not make good his hold. But, uttering a loud cry, he was swept away by the headlong torrent.

Mr. Wood heard the cry. But his own situation was too perilous to admit of his rendering any assistance to the ill-fated waterman. He fancied, indeed, that he beheld a figure spring upon the starling at the moment when the boats came in contact; but, as he could perceive no one near him, he concluded he must have been mistaken.



George Cruikshank

The Hunter on the Waves



In order to make Mr. Wood's present position, and subsequent proceedings fully intelligible, it may be necessary to give some notion of the shape and structure of the platform on which he had taken refuge. It has been said, that the pier of each arch, or lock of Old London Bridge, was defended from the force of the tide by a huge projecting spur called a starling. These starlings varied in width, according to the bulk of the pier they surrounded. But they were all pretty nearly of the same length, and built somewhat after the model of a boat, having extremities as sharp and pointed as the keel of a canoe. Cased and ribbed with stone, and braced with horizontal beams of timber, the piles, which formed the foundation of these jetties, had resisted the strong encroachments of the current for centuries. Some of them are now buried at the bottom of the Thames. The starling, on which the carpenter stood, was the fourth from the Surrey shore. It might be three yards in width, and a few more in length; but it was covered with ooze and slime, and the waves continually broke over it. The transverse spars before-mentioned were as slippery as ice; and the hollows between them were filled ankle-deep with water.

The carpenter threw himself flat upon the starling to avoid the fury of the wind. But in this posture he fared worse than ever. If he ran less risk of being blown over, he stood a much greater chance of being washed off, or stifled. As he lay on his back, he fancied himself gradually slipping off the platform. Springing to his feet in an ecstasy of terror, he stumbled, and had well nigh realized his worst apprehensions. He, next, tried to clamber up the flying buttresses and soffits of the pier, in the hope of reaching some of the windows and other apertures with which, as a man-of-war is studded with port-holes, the sides of the bridge were pierced. But this wild scheme was speedily abandoned; and, nerved by despair, the carpenter resolved to hazard an attempt, from the execution, almost from the contemplation, of which he had hitherto shrunk. This was to pass under the arch, along the narrow ledge of the starling, and if possible attain the eastern platform, where, protected by the bridge, he would suffer less from the excessive violence of the gale.

Assured, if he remained much longer where he was, he would inevitably perish, Wood recommended himself to the protection of Heaven, and began his perilous course. Carefully sustaining the child which, even in that terrible extremity, he had not the heart to abandon, he fell upon his knees, and, guiding himself with his right hand, crept slowly on. He had scarcely entered the arch, when the indraught was so violent, and the noise of the wind so dreadful and astounding, that he almost determined to relinquish the undertaking. But the love of life prevailed over his fears. He went on.

The ledge, along which he crawled, was about a foot wide

In length the arch exceeded seventy feet. To the poor carpenter it seemed an endless distance. When, by slow and toilsome efforts, he had arrived midway, something obstructed his further progress. It was a huge stone placed there by some workmen occupied in repairing the structure. Cold drops stood upon Wood's brow, as he encountered this obstacle. To return was impossible, — to raise himself certain destruction. He glanced downwards at the impetuous torrent, which he could perceive shooting past him with lightning swiftness in the gloom. He listened to the thunder of the fall now mingling with the roar of the blast; and, driven almost frantic by what he heard and saw, he pushed with all his force against the stone. To his astonishment and delight, it yielded to the pressure, toppled over the ledge, and sank. Such was the hubbub and tumult around him, that the carpenter could not hear its plunge into the flood. His course, however, was no longer interrupted, and he crept on.

After encountering other dangers, and being twice compelled to fling himself flat upon his face to avoid slipping from the wet and slimy pathway, he was at length about to emerge from the lock, when, to his inexpressible horror, he found he had lost the child!

All the blood in his veins rushed to his heart, and he shook in every limb as he made this discovery. A species of vertigo seized him. His brain reeled. He fancied that the whole fabric of the bridge was cracking overhead,—that the arch was tumbling upon him,—that the torrent was swelling around him, whirling him off, and about to bury him in the deafening abyss. He shrieked with agony, and clung with desperate tenacity to the roughened stones. But calmer thoughts quickly succeeded. On taxing his recollection, the whole circumstance rushed to mind with painful distinctness. He remembered that, before he attempted to dislodge the stone, he had placed the child in a cavity of the pier, which the granite mass had been intended to fill. This obstacle being removed, in his eagerness to proceed, he had forgotten to take his little charge with him. It was still possible the child might be in safety. And so bitterly did the carpenter reproach himself with his neglect, that he resolved, at all risks, to go back in search of it. Acting upon this humane determination, he impelled himself slowly backwards,—for he did not dare to face the blast,—and with incredible labour and fatigue reached the crevice. His perseverance was amply rewarded. The child was still safe. It lay undisturbed in the remotest corner of the recess.

So overjoyed was the carpenter with the successful issue of his undertaking, that he scarcely paused a moment to recruit himself; but, securing the child, set out upon his return. Retracing his steps, he arrived, without further accident, at the eastern platform of the starling. As he anticipated, he was

here comparatively screened from the fury of the wind; and when he gazed upon the roaring fall beneath him, visible through the darkness in a glistening sheet of foam, his heart overflowed with gratitude for his providential deliverance.

As he moved about upon the starling, Mr. Wood became sensible that he was not alone. Some one was standing beside him. This, then, must be the person whom he had seen spring upon the western platform at the time of the collision between the boats. The carpenter well knew from the obstacle which had interfered with his own progress, that the unknown could not have passed through the same lock as himself. But he might have crept along the left side of the pier, and beneath the further arch; whereas, Wood, as we have seen, took his course upon the right. The darkness prevented the carpenter from discerning the features or figure of the stranger; and the ceaseless din precluded the possibility of holding any communication by words with him. Wood, however, made known his presence to the individual by laying his hand upon his shoulder. The stranger started at the touch and spoke. But his words were borne away by the driving wind.

Finding all attempts at conversation with his companion in misfortune in vain, Wood, in order to distract his thoughts, looked up at the gigantic structure standing, like a wall of solid darkness, before him. What was his transport on perceiving that a few yards above him a light was burning. The carpenter did not hesitate a moment. He took a handful of the gravelly mud, with which the platform was covered, and threw the small pebbles, one by one, towards the gleam. A pane of glass was shattered by each stone. The signal of distress was evidently understood. The light disappeared. The window was shortly after opened, and a rope ladder, with a lighted horn lantern attached to it, let down.

Wood grasped his companion's arm to attract his attention to this unexpected means of escape. The ladder was now within reach. Both advanced towards it, when, by the light of the lantern, Wood beheld, in the countenance of the stranger, the well-remembered and stern features of Rowland.

The carpenter trembled; for he perceived Rowland's gaze fixed first upon the infant, and then on himself.

"It is her child!" shrieked Rowland, in a voice heard above the howling of the tempest, "risen from this roaring abyss to torment me. Its parents have perished. And shall their wretched offspring live to blight my hopes, and blast my fame? Never!" And, with these words, he grasped Wood by the throat, and, despite his resistance, dragged him to the very verge of the platform.

At this juncture, a thundering crash was heard against the side of the bridge. A stack of chimneys, on the house above them, had yielded to the storm, and descended in a shower of bricks and stones.

When the carpenter a moment afterwards stretched out his hand, scarcely knowing whether he was alive or dead, he found himself alone. The fatal shower, from which he and his little charge escaped uninjured, had stricken his assailant and precipitated him into the boiling gulf.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," thought the carpenter, turning his attention to the child, whose feeble struggles and cries proclaimed that, as yet, life had not been extinguished by the hardships it had undergone. "Poor little creature!" he muttered, pressing it tenderly to his breast, as he grasped the rope and clambered up to the window: "if thou hast, indeed, lost both thy parents, as that terrible man said just now, thou art not wholly friendless and deserted; for I myself will be a father to thee! And, in memory of this dreadful night, and the death from which I have been the means of preserving thee, thou shalt bear the name of THAMES DARRELL."

No sooner had Wood crept through the window, than nature gave way, and he fainted. On coming to himself, he found he had been wrapped in a blanket and put to bed with a couple of hot bricks to his feet. His first inquiries were concerning the child, and he was delighted to find that it still lived and was doing well. Every care had been taken of it, as well as of himself, by the humane inmates of the house in which he had sought shelter.

About noon, next day, he was able to move; and the gale having abated, he set out homewards with his little charge.

The city presented a terrible picture of devastation. London Bridge had suffered a degree less than most places. But it was almost choked up with fallen stacks of chimneys, broken beams of timber, and shattered tiles. The houses overhung in a frightful manner, and looked as if the next gust would precipitate them into the river. With great difficulty, Wood forced a path through the ruins. It was a work of no slight danger, for every instant a wall, or fragment of a building, came crashing to the ground. Thames Street was wholly impassable. Men were going hither and thither with barrows, and ladders and ropes, removing the rubbish, and trying to support the tottering habitations. Gracechurch Street was entirely deserted, except by a few stragglers, whose curiosity got the better of their fears; or who, like the carpenter, were compelled to proceed along it. The tiles lay a foot thick in the road. In some cases, they were ground almost to powder; in others, driven deeply into the earth, as if discharged from a piece of ordnance. The roofs and gables of many of the houses had been torn off. The signs of the shops were carried to incredible distances. Here and there, a building might be seen with the doors and windows driven in, and all access to it prevented by the heaps of bricks and tilesherds.

Through this confusion the carpenter struggled on;—now

ascending, now descending the different mountains of rubbish that beset his path, at the imminent peril of his life and limbs, until he arrived in Fleet Street. The hurricane appeared to have raged in this quarter with tenfold fury. Mr. Wood scarcely knew where he was. The old aspect of the place was gone. In lieu of the substantial habitations, which he had gazed on overnight, he beheld a row of falling scaffoldings, for such they seemed.

It was a dismal and depressing sight to see a great city thus suddenly overthrown; and the carpenter was deeply moved by the spectacle. As usual, however, on the occasion of any great calamity, a crowd was scouring the streets, whose sole object was plunder. While involved in this crowd, near Temple Bar,—where the thoroughfare was most dangerous from the masses of ruin that impeded it,—an individual, whose swarthy features recalled to the carpenter one of his tormentors of the previous night, collared him, and, with bitter imprecations, accused him of stealing his child. In vain Wood protested his innocence. The ruffian's companions took his part. And the infant, in all probability, would have been snatched from its preserver, if a posse of the watch (sent out to maintain order and protect property) had not opportunely arrived, and, by a vigorous application of their halberts, dispersed his persecutors, and set him at liberty.

Mr. Wood, then, took to his heels, and never once looked behind him till he reached his own dwelling in Wych Street. His wife met him at the door, and into her hands he delivered his little charge.

END OF THE FIRST EPOCH.

THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

THE sunshine of the heart be mine,
 Which beams a charm around;
 Where'er it sheds its ray divine
 Is all enchanted ground!
 No fiend of care
 May enter there,
 Though Fate employ her art;
 Her darkest powers all bow to thine,
 Bright sunshine of the heart!

Beneath the splendour of thy ray
 How lovely all is made;
 Bright fountains in the desert play,
 And palm-trees cast their shade;
 Thy morning light
 Is rosy bright,
 And when thy beams depart,
 Still glows with charms thy latest ray,
 Sweet sunshine of the heart!

THE ETERNAL CITY ;

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PARISIAN SABBATH."

THE COLOSSEUM.

EVERY traveller goes to see the Colosseum. While looking at its ruins, everybody feels, or pretends to feel, something akin to the poetical. Every beholder thereof desires to say, or write, something impressive about it. Every one, by judicious selection of time and circumstances, is anxious to secure to himself a fair share of the emotions which its presence is naturally calculated to awaken. Therefore in his *first* visit does he avoid the broad glare of day. Moreover, does he eschew for companions all Cockneys, and likewise those other prozers, who are continually pronouncing moonlight nothing but humbug. He may not be so punctilious as to visit it, according to a prescription by Madame Starke, exactly "during the moon's second quarter," or immediately after having witnessed certain illuminations in Holy Week; nor even upon a most empty, and therefore most sentimental, stomach. Sufficient, haply, may it be, if he select an hour like this, of midnight; when but faintly the wind stirs these ivy leaves around me; when the windows of yonder broad full moon seem flung wide open, and over hill and wide campagna, and arch and temple, and fountain and ruin, are poured floods of light: not golden, but light, soft, rich, mellow and mellowing, such as may be seldom seen in other than the sky of an Italian evening.

I recline upon the loftiest approachable resting-place. The sound of a sentry's footsteps, as he stalks through the arena below, faintly reach me at this far height. All things are in repose. The silence is unbroken, save by the desolate hooting of an owl on yonder Arch of Constantine, and the silver-like falling of water from a fountain near. There is nothing to break the charm. A good fortune this, and rather unusual to the lover of ruins in Rome. I was about to say that, for such romantic individual, this is one of the least favourable resorts in the world. His serious, antique memories are not merely marred, but broken continually into a thousand fragments, by common-place, modern, modernizing sights and sounds around him. Ancient Rome is in the midst of modern Rome. Her temples are within the smell of fish markets. Her palaces are serving as stables for oxen and horses. Her theatres are converted into shoe-shops. The mausoleum of Augustus is now appropriated to the exhibition of jugglers and circus riders; and fritters are at this moment frying in the Portico of Octavia. Whoever comes hither for the agreeable impression which ruins, properly beheld, sometimes awaken, must prepare himself for vexatious and disappointments. Perchance he flings himself into poetical attitudes, with the "mighty ruin" directly in his eye. The melancholy, and of course delightful, sensation has commenced. The mysterious influence, rife with all antiquity, is passing into his deepest heart. He is just beginning to enjoy, when alas! the jingle of a beggar's tin cup, the scream of a market-woman, or some other of the thousand disenchanting sounds here audible, breaks in, like the crow of a morning cock, startling into sudden flight the ghosts of departed beauty and majesty, which haply he had invoked into his

imagination and presence. He starts off for his lodgings, unsatisfied and chagrined. He reminds him of his likeness to that miserable one, from whom, by some invisible hand, luxuriously crowded banquets are fabled to have been snatched away, just as they were on the eve of gratifying his half-famished appetite. He denounces ruin-seeing in the Eternal City as a bore, and for a moment imagines himself translated to the vast plains of Thebes, or among the untenanted ruins of Balbec or Palmyra, where, meditating among voiceless solitudes, he may satisfy his taste thoroughly, without interruption, and without deception. I say *without deception*. He cannot always boast of that freedom in Rome. He is continually in danger of being gulled. About the origin, history, and objects, of a great majority of the antiquities here seen, there are some half dozen contradictory theories. The antiquaries are all pulling in different directions. The temple of one, is the bath of a second, the palace of a third, and the basilica of a fourth. Behold yonder ruin-admirer. His eye is upon a lofty column. He has been told that it belongs to the times of the Republic; that it is one of the few relics of that heroic era, which time and human passion have permitted to live. Instantly, in his fancy, it is surrounded with magnanimous associations. It is the very column, at whose base have rested the noblest of Roman patriots,—the purest of Roman matrons. It has in his memory become sanctified. Happy he, thus to have before him an object, linking the present with one of the finest periods in human history! What must be his chagrin, however, when, on returning to his chamber, and opening a description of the Antiquities of Rome, he finds it positively stated, that this very column was first erected, *not* in the time of the Republic, but five hundred years later, in one of the most degenerate periods of the Empire, by one of its most dissolute and degraded rulers. His face falls into the expressiveness of one who has been gulled. His patriotic enthusiasm oozes strangely off, and he calls aloud for pen that he may write himself down an ass. Now, this only illustrates what is here of most frequent occurrence. In the midst of jarring statements, the antiquity-gazer is wisest who permits himself to be governed by that theory, which haply shall invest objects with the greatest quantity of the antique, and the greatest number of impressive associations. If now and then cheated, why should he be sad? He has enjoyed the impression, and happy thus far, has secured one end of mortal life. We know it is but a very small portion of the agency which works in us our deepest feelings, and our happiest, that is truly worthy of so doing.

But of *this* ruin—the Colosseum—whereon I now rest, there can be no doubt. It is what it claims to be. It comes down to us, bearing around it a thousand well-ascertained truths, whereof we need not have the slightest distrust. Even the most sceptical as to the safety of feeling emotion in presence of a ruin, may do it here without the least possible danger. For the benefit of those whose interest is deep in dates and measures, I will note down that it was commenced by Flavian Vespasian, seventy-two years after Christ, and was completed in four years; that its shape is oval, and computed to be one thousand seven hundred and forty-one feet in circumference, and one hundred and seventy-nine feet in height; that its arena, likewise oval, is three hundred feet long, one hundred and ninety feet wide; that its entrances were by eighty arches in the outer wall;

that it furnished seats for more than one hundred thousand spectators; that not more than one-third of the stones composing the original building now remain,—the other two-thirds having been conveyed away, to serve for the construction of several Roman palaces and churches; that to Catholic worship is now consecrated its arena, around the sides of which are fourteen painted *stagioni*, representing different events which happened to our Saviour as he was going to Mount Calvary, and in whose centre stands a cross, that for every kiss, holds out to the faithful an indulgence of two hundred days. But of what avail are mere descriptions, to convey into the distant mind an idea of the *magnitude* of the Colosseum? For be it remembered, that the ruin illustrates, not the grace or beauty, but the enormous *hugeness* only of Roman thought. None but those who, having read such descriptions, have afterwards been so fortunate as to judge of their inadequacy by actual inspection, can answer. For myself I speak. I had often seen the Colosseum through written language, through painting, through oral descriptions. The second, not the first view, proved to me how inadequate were those vehicles of representation. There might have been some deluding fancy about my inspection. The interest of personal situation might have operated deceitfully upon me. I had suddenly passed between two very distant extremes. I had stepped, at once, from the cradle of one people into the grave of another. But a few months before, I stood upon the banks of the Mississippi; I was now upon those of the Tiber. *Then* around me were forests yet untouched by the axe, cities just bursting into their youth, institutions developing their earliest influences, multitudes all bustling and anxious, their energies just quickened into first vigorous action, their career of glory or of shame yet to be run, their backs upon the past, and their faces all intently on the future. From those fresh scenes and the hopes they created, I had been suddenly transported. I was *now* among prostrate pillars; among fanes dismantled, and palaces even with the earth; among the relics of a nation that had had its day; among a people whose faces seem ever towards the past. Other scenes had produced other ideas. The *To Be* was exchanged for the *Had Been*. The one was all for hope, the other for recollection. In the former was much joy, in the latter was all sadness! While standing for the first time beneath the arches of the Colosseum, saddening recollections throng thick around us, and those huge ivy-mantled stones, arising on every side, are clothed in something like supernatural grandeur.

In thoughts like these were the midnight moments gliding away, when I was startled by the sound of musical voices. They proceeded from a party of Germans, who, giving notice thereof to a few friends, are accustomed, on fine evenings like this, to repair hither, and increase, if possible, the natural impressiveness of the scene, by the artificial aid of well-chosen songs. I can hardly say that the charm of the time was injured by an auxiliary of this description. The words embodied some brief, impressive event in Italian history, and as their last tones died away upon the desolate silence, the sound of falling water was again heard from the fountain, and the owl resumed its hoot upon the Arch of Constantine.

RAMBLINGS IN ROME.

“To the studio of Thorwaldsen,” said I.

My cicerone led the way, and in a few minutes we were in the

workshop of the greatest living sculptor. He was not himself present. He has given up hard or constant labour: old age forbids it. Now and then he gives some finishing strokes. By his pupils a statue or a group is carried up almost to the point of life. It is there left by them, and the chisel of the Master comes. The pupils sculpture it for the multitude; Thorwaldsen, with a few touches, then finishes it for the connoisseurs, and for immortality. I was much interested in wandering through his five or six rooms. They were crowded with artistical objects in curious forms. In one apartment were several clay models. These are the first visible manifestations of the sculptor. They are the immediate imbodiments of conception, and demand the highest efforts of genius. All subsequent labour is quite mechanical, or bordering on it. After the model comes a mould, bearing its impression. Then from this mould is fashioned the *cast*, which is ever present to the artist's eye while chiselling. Scattered about, were many marble blocks just from the quarry; and many others but rudely wrought,—an arm shadowed out here, and a leg there. In this, the form was faintly beaming forth into expression; in that, it had come forth into its nearest proximity to life. I was attracted by a statue of Christ. The features were indeed heavenly. Before me, to be sure, was earthly marble; but all else earthly had been purged therefrom. The figure is gently bending; its countenance is in repose; the eyes are downward turned; and the whole expression is of humility, but the humility of a celestial being. Fastening the eye upon it for a long time, the beholder seems advanced into the presence of high heaven-born qualities. These every-day schemes and pursuits have for a little while relaxed their hold upon his heart. He is amazed at those mysterious powers of Art, which can so vividly and impressively make a block of marble the visible home of noble and spiritual affections. How near may the creature approximate to a creator! He may go quite up to that mysterious line, which separates life from that which is just *below*, just *less* than life. He can endow the stone with an intellect and a heart. He can enliven it with thoughts and with passions. He can make it meditate, and love, and fear, and hope, and hate. He can only not make it breathe.

In an adjacent room was the statue of a Russian princess, and one of the most beautiful works of the kind which I have lately seen. It was also completely cleansed of every thing material. Never was there more admirable skill of artist. How delicately and dexterously were intellect and feeling with each other interwrought, and there intermingled!

Among a hundred other objects of interest, was the bust of Thorwaldsen. It reminded me of the features of Franklin. It had their philosophic calmness; their kind, manly, honest expression. It represents the artist at the age of sixty. Covered with years and fame, Thorwaldsen is about to retire to Copenhagen, the place of his nativity: that city may well rejoice, as indeed she has often done, in the fame of this illustrious son.

Leaving the studio, I reflected upon my next move. It was a warm, hazy, dream-like day, fit for cogitations among the ruins. I had already killed the chief lions of Rome; palaces,—churches,—antiquities. One, however, remained. We passed to it;—the Column and Forum of Trajan;—Trajan, a virtuous emperor, in an age when virtue was little more than an empty name. After the lapse of near two thousand years, "still we Trajan's name adore." "This

column," began my guide, "is one hundred and thirty-two feet high. It is historic. Those *bassi relievi*,—twenty-three of which are spirals, and twenty-five hundred figures,—represent the Dacian victories of that Emperor. The top was formerly surmounted by his bronze statue, in whose hands were a golden urn containing his ashes. They are gone! That you see above, is the statue of St. Peter." At last the brazen image of the saint has got the better of that mighty heathen, though the great original, living, could hardly stand against the imperial idolater of his day. Well may the faithful esteem this an emblem of the all-victorious spirit of Catholic Christianity. Its foot is on the neck, not only of its relentless foes, but of their very statues. And this column is historic. A happy thought to perpetuate heroic deeds; not in volumes prisoned up in libraries inaccessible save to the literary few; but in marble or in brass, that shall stand broadly, openly, readably, out to the eyes of all, and through their eyes, appealing to their understandings and their hearts. Doubtless there was much in these ever-present embodiments of stirring events, to create and keep alive a patriotic ambition among the citizens of Rome. And here stood the Forum of the Emperor. This was one of the most magnificent structures in Rome. It was designed by Apollodorus, the Athenian. Yonder was a splendid palace. Upon this side was a beautiful marble temple, dedicated to the conqueror. Upon that were a gymnasium, a library, a triumphal arch, and porticos; and above and beneath were equestrian statues, and numerous sculptured forms of Rome's most illustrious citizens. This was regarded as a wonder, even when that city was in its glory. "Its gigantic edifices," says Ammianus Marcellinus, "it is impossible to describe, or for any mortals to conceive." When the Emperor Constantine entered Rome, he was struck with astonishment and admiration at the magnitude and beauty of this work. He despaired of executing anything equal to it, and said the only object he would, or could imitate, was the horse whereon the bronze statue of Trajan was seated. Where now is that equestrian group? Vanished. I stand upon the spot where it stood. Long has it been crumbled to fragments with those wherein are the bones of the prince who wished to imitate it. And where is the statue that looked abroad triumphantly from yonder summit? A certain cardinal has its head—(that was not long since dug up from amongst the rubbish at the foot of the column)—stowed away in his closet. And where is the gilded urn, which, holding the dust of the departed emperor, rested in the statue's right hand? You may see it, as you ascend the Capitol, upon an old Roman mile-stone. And where is the Forum? I see before me a large open space, cleared up by French curiosity. Yonder are halves of some twenty enormous granite columns, still standing and strewed around. I behold fragments of capitals and friezes—the arm of one statue and the leg of another. These, however, are only the relics of a little part. Remains on a grander scale lie fifteen feet under the earth's surface, beneath those churches and that palace. The curiosity of some coming age may perhaps dig them up.

Truly, a most thorough desolation did those northern Barbarians make in their destroying enterprises! Not one of those immense columns remains whole. With what fiendish and eager zeal must they not have gone on, heaping destruction on destruction! For a moment you may seem to see as in some dream, the beautiful porticos, the sacred temple, the triumphal arch, on whose top is a car drawn by

four marble steeds, standing out with chiselled distinctness in the clear sky. The vision changes, and lo! savage forms with fire and sword are desecrating the heathen fane, and you hear their exulting shouts, as the statue of the Emperor tumbles from that far height headlong to the ground. That vision swiftly fades. Temple and tower have gone down. The cries of vanquisher and of vanquished have ceased. A thousand years pass away, and before you is nothing but this melancholy rubbish!

THE MISERERE.

The ceremonies of Holy Week are at last concluded. My Protestant feeling at once writes forth itself in the following words:—To the ennu of seeing said ceremonies, shall hardly be added that of recording them. Why note down for after inspection the strange, gorgeous things that within the last seven days have been acted out for the salvation of the faithful, by the highest head down through to the lowest foot of the Church? They will amount to but some melancholy record of human credulity;—a series of facts that would be saddening were they not laughable;—curious proof of how man's heart relies for aid in its spiritual aspirations on perishable matter; with what fond trust it clings to time-consecrated forms;—and how vast and complicated a mass of machinery has been fashioned; what multitudes of jarring, contradictory, and most artificial influences have been put into operation, that human hearts may be brought into that childhood-simplicity, whereof is the kingdom of heaven. The end to be accomplished is, making pure the spirit. For such end, what means are necessary? A solitary chamber and a single Bible. But look abroad and survey this far-spreading Catholic system, whereof the ceremonies just ended are but a small part. Contemplate the single end; contemplate the multitudinous means; and behold the millions on millions of minds confiding in those means. You are surprised, indignant, saddened. You doubt if there be anything solemn here below. Human life seems to be not a comedy, but a farce. You laugh; you weep. And yet there is little wisdom in quarrelling with these things. As a traveller, you look at them, and their novelty impresses. Yonder is the Pope washing the feet of pilgrims. Were this ceremony performed in a simple, silent temple, where every surrounding circumstance had some near relation to the act, and was dexterously fitted to fix your eye and every thought more intensely thereon, perhaps the ceremony might serve as a symbol, leading you, forgetful of the present, up through the past, to the interesting event which it desires to have preserved ever-living in human memory. But what is the fact? You behold it, in the midst of gorgeous and noisy St. Peter's. You see it in the midst of certain music which conveys no idea to you; in the midst of grenadiers ordering here and there the restless multitude; in the midst of curses on the heat, on the dust, on the tremendous crowd; in the midst of artists haply criticising yonder masterpiece of Canova; in the midst of bucks ogling groups of surrounding beauty; and within the circle of a thousand fair Italian eyes that rain down most distracting and disastrous influence on pope and cardinals, and musicians and grenadiers, artists and bucks, and the ever-restless, ever-shifting, ever-staring multitude. To withdraw one's self from these last influences, and to fix attentively, singly, and usefully, the thought upon that almost smothered ceremony, requires a gift of abstraction which the Catholic may pos-

sibly possess, but unto which the Protestant has not much right to lay claim. It may, moreover, be added, that those who, in knowledge and understanding, are so far advanced as to perceive all the religious ideas which cluster about these symbols, have little or no need thereof ; while those who are not possessed of such necessary knowledge, or but faintly, can only look upon them as mere sensual exhibitions, speaking not one word intelligible to the heart or even to the intellect.

* * * * *

One performance in the exercises of Holy Week I desire to note down. The pleasure it gave me at the time, I would wish, as far as possible, to have perpetuated for the pleasure of memory hereafter ;— I mean certain music in the Sistine Chapel. I had heard much of the *Miserere* there sung. From many enthusiastic representations from many quarters, my demands had become somewhat exorbitant. They were, however, fully answered. There is much of striking fact and occurrence around the hearing of a *Miserere*, which exceedingly augments the fine impression that may naturally be wrought by its own intrinsic power. You hear it in a hall, made interesting by many gorgeous ceremonies of the Roman church. You hear it with your eye resting upon some masterpieces from the pencil of Michael Angelo, —upon sibyls and prophets, mysterious forms, voiceless for ever, though apparently ever on the eve of speech. You hear it after the surging and roaring of one of those great Catholic days have gone down, and while the shadows of night, slowly descending, are mantling with sable hues the impressive objects around you. You are prepared for it, by an hour's previous chanting of some twenty voices, so uninteresting that you grow impatient in longing for the great performance to begin. During this chant, the tall candles that illuminate the chapel are, one by one, at regular intervals, extinguished. The extinction of the last, announces that the moment has arrived.

A short silence preceded the opening of the *Miserere* of Allegri: the one which I was so fortunate as to hear, and which is regarded by amateurs as the finest. The strain commenced, and instantly with it a thrill through every nerve. I have no words, that ever so dexterously placed upon this unsounding sheet, can do anything more than most faintly symbolize the tones, that during the succeeding half hour came to my ear. While listening to their swell and fall—to their vast far-soaring, still-enlarging volume, and to their cadenzas so graceful, so touching, so divinely falling, they seemed oftentimes but silver echoes from some far-off melody, wafted for a moment hitherward: I tried, in order that I might make a comparison, to recall the finest music I had ever heard. I brought up the splendid strains of French and Italian bands. I recalled the voices of Rubini and Tamburini, and Grizi and Lablache, and of that orchestra, acknowledged to be the finest in the world, with whose efforts I had so often heard their own. It might have been the effect of some inappreciable association ; it might have been the effect of lapse of time, but those strains seemed now to me unworthy and common-place. I had once supposed their united harmonies the perfection of sound. I now felt that I was mistaken. Each one of those voices is a wonder, a miracle ;—yet united and combined in all their multitudinous varieties, and moving on in finest concord with those hundred instruments of the orchestra, their effect upon the heart—and that is the great test of their power—cannot, it seems to me, be anything like equal to what may be wrought by these twenty human voices in the choir of the Pope, when performing the *Miserere*.

Until now, I had no true conception of the impressiveness of merely human tones, when ingeniously combined; for let it be remembered that the effects of this music depend, not so much upon individual voices of wonderful power, wonderfully cultivated, as upon their judicious combination. Therein is the secret. Tones after tones are evolved. Now a single soprano thrills you; a sound, by the by, seldom heard but here. Then with it are gracefully interwoven notes of far different, yet of harmonizing powers;—and unto this slowly developing mass of melody shall soon be joined other tones, outbursting here, dying away there,—harps upon harps, bugles upon bugles, organs upon organs, with never-ending variety of strong and gentle, rapid and slow-moving, majestic and beautiful. As I have already observed, written *words* do not describe this music. *They* cannot sound and resound. But frame for your mental ear a vast Æolian harp, give to it a thousand strings, and send through them some gustful wind from the Mexican seas, and haply in your retired chamber, after some solemn meditations of the eventide, you may thus seem to hear tones faintly imaging forth those of the Miserere of Allegri.

I left the chapel subdued and saddened, and in returning towards my chambers, paused for a half hour at the Church of the Pilgrims. Here were some hundreds of this gentry of both sexes, in sandal shoon and scallop-shell, hither come from all quarters of the Continent, to have their feet washed by Roman nobility, and to enjoy three nights' lodging and three days' eating, free of all expense; nay more, to enjoy their soup and vegetables served up to them by *titled* hands. I first entered the washing-room. I heard the voice of a priest in his sacerdotal robes, reciting the forms appropriate to the occasion, and I saw six dirty and ragged pilgrims, who had arrived during the day, taking off their shoes and stockings, preparatory to lavations and the sandal. Snuff and hartshorn are generally my abominations; I never longed for them till now. The water-filled tubs were soon brought, and the solemn work of washing was commenced. My eye was attracted by one of the ugliest, dirtiest, and most ragged of the pilgrims. From the pilgrim it passed to the kneeling form of the nobleman, whose hands were deeply engaged with his lower extremities. It was clad in sacred vestments. Its countenance was fair. The eye was dark, but so constructed as to give continually and obstinately a most sinister character to all the features. "Pray, sir," inquired I of the gentleman next me, "can you tell me the name of yonder nobleman, who is just about applying the towel?"—"What, the one with so much devil in his visage?"—"The same."—"That, sir," answered he, "is DON MIGUEL, ex-tyrant of Portugal."

I passed to the eating hall. Hundreds of old men, and of the young,—of the emaciated, and of those with well-stuffed sides, were doing justice, most decorously however, to soups and vegetables every moment presented to them by the condescending hands of Roman nobles. The tables were ranged up and down the long hall on either side, and between them were at least five spectators for every eater, drawn thither, of course, by nothing but curiosity. As one of them, I gazed my fill at eaters, provender, and waiters, and thereupon retired, somewhat amused that men should hope to advance themselves heavenward by gastronomic exercise of this description, and still more, that noble Romans should hope to balance a whole year of high, unbending, uncompromising pride, with a single evening of badly-feigned humility.

THE DEAD MAN'S RACE,

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY W. JERDAN.

"What is Christmas without a snow-storm?"

SOME years ago a happy party were assembled at the hospitable mansion of a "fine old English gentleman," keeping their Christmas holiday, as it should be kept, round a huge Yule log, with wine and wassail, and jest and song; and good humour beamed on every face. Their cheer had been of the best; and fun and frolic had kept their spirits at high thermometer pitch in spite of the cold without: the glass got up in defiance of all weather.

Game succeeded game, — hunt the slipper, — cross-purposes (the only cross of the entertainment), — snap-dragon, — blindman's-buff, — forfeits, — till all were abandoned through pure fatigue, and they again took their seats for a respite, observing grade and station, — master, visitors, family, and servants, — round the great hall-table, when story-telling became the order of the evening.

Night was drawing on, and the hall was lighted only by the blaze of the heaped wood fire, which sparkled and crackled as if rejoicing at the merry faces around it and partaking in the jollity. It seemed to say, *how comfortable do I make you all!* — and so it did; for a heavy snow-storm was raging on the outside as if to cause its value to be more highly appreciated within.

The host — old Marmaduke Walton, surnamed "The Squire" — not only by the peasantry on his estate, but by all the country round — was ensconced in his easy-chair at the head of the ancient oak-board; and a prodigious bowl of bishop was smoking before him, out of which he laddled the generous liquor into horn goblets, in capacity emulous of tankards, for the joyous throng ranging at each side. This duty done, and the toast of the season given, he sang a stave by way of example, and lustily called for tale or song, or something for the general amusement, all round in succession; hinting at salt and water for defaulters to the festive contribution. What with the wish to please, and the fear to offend, one followed another without interruption in the prescribed task.

We have noticed that it was the "gloaming," the indescribable space of time before the bringing of lights; the time when ghosts and goblins, and serious ideas always run in the head (especially if merry-making), and the fall of snow did not tend to repress such notions on the present occasion. It was under such circumstances and feelings that our host told his story — a story of wonder and dread. Listen.

THE DEAD MAN'S RACE.

In the early part of March, Anno Domini 16—, a wealthy farmer was wending his way upon his jaded horse over a wild moor where not a tree grew, and the very soil was so poor, that even the worms died on it. Here and there a solitary bird might be seen pecking at a piece of withered fern, which it quickly left and flew away, surely

to seek some more productive solitude. The sun had set behind the dreary swamp which stretched towards the west, yet still the farmer journeyed on in the hope of reaching his home soon after the midnight hour. He had been at a large cattle fair, where he was unsuccessful in his speculations, and had drunk too freely in order to solace his vexation. A worthy thief (for even so long ago there were thieves at fairs and markets) observing his condition, had robbed him before quitting the town; but with matchless humanity, more than belongs to thieves in these degenerate days, had left him enough of cash to carry him home, the sum, nevertheless, being in copper and wondrous small, and, as it happened, in his great-coat pocket. Thus harassed in mind and body, he had started alone on his path, and was now in the midst of this lonely moor, where no house nor living creature (except the birds I have told you of) were seen to lighten the dreariness of his solitary ride. He had gone too far to return, and in very heaviness of heart he still went on.

The darkness rapidly increased, and the poor traveller, wearied with his laborious course, could hardly discern how to pick his way along little more than a summer sheep-track, worn by winter and obliterated by disuse; or the chance route of unfrequent pedestrians, with a savage waste upon every side. He became dreadfully excited, and urged his tired beast by whip and spur to its utmost speed. This lasted some time, when his eager eyes were blessed with the sight of a hut at a short distance, the door of which he quickly reached, and loudly rapped with the butt of his riding-whip. He rapped again and again, but still no answer was returned:—he rapped again and again, but still no voice replied. Impatiently he lifted the latch and entered without a bidding. It was so dark that he could not distinguish objects, and fire nor light were there to help him. Yet it seemed to be a place of desolation. He felt around the bare walls, and nothing met his grasp. He groped his airy way towards the centre, and all was blank and unfurnished. At last he stumbled over something: he thought it was a truckle bed or some chest of clothes cast down upon the chilly ground. At this moment the moon, long hidden by the gloomy clouds, rose suddenly from behind her murky veil, and, glimmering through the broken roof, a ray fell on the countenance of a Dead Man lying in a common poorhouse coffin, the lid of which lay by its side upon the floor. This corpse was the only tenant of the dismal hut; that coffin its only furniture.

With a single glance at its livid face the farmer rushed out, seized his horse's mane, leapt upon his back, and in an instant was galloping away, as if riding for his soul at Doncaster or Newmarket. Alack! he galloped in vain. In the midst of the clattering of his horse's hoofs, he heard the sound as of wheels rolling close behind him. He paused, and darted a glance round, hoping against hope that relief might be nearer than he dared to think. What horror! he saw the Dead Man's coffin rattling in his rear, apparently mounted on wheels and urged on by some demon of hell. A cold and deathlike sweat broke out on his body and limbs,—his hat was wet with the moisture of his brow, yet his temples burned like fire: in vain he tried to quicken his pace; his blood curdled, and he heard the fiend laughing at his misery.

If he, in utter despair, went slow, the mounted coffin went slow;

if he stumbled over any obstacle, the fiend stumbled too. At last human nature could endure no more. He stopped—he stopped, and the Dead Man's carriage rattled up to his side. Again he started off in agony as fast as his steed could go; but still the coffin kept its course, going with him whithersoever he went. He madly turned towards it, and the moonbeam still glimmered on the face of its unearthly occupant. This was too much; and he fell senseless from his horse.

Next morning he was found by some labourers and carried to his home; but his reason was gone, and in his ravings he disclosed this awful story. He grew worse and worse, and within a week was *in his coffin*. Many thought the drink and excitement had made him fancy this vision: but many believed in the DEAD MAN'S RACE.

That night nobody would leave Walton Hall, and it was whispered that the maids were all so frightened, that not one of them would sleep alone:—perhaps they slept with each other.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MACLEAN, (L. E. L.)

And thou art dead! It falls upon the ear,
 And heart, with a most strange, and startling sound;
 For there doth seem a halo bright and clear,
 The young, and lov'd, and gifted to surround,
 As if to shield them from the tyrant's power;
 And while we build for them high hopes on earth,
 We in their future picture not that hour,
 Which quells all hope that has so low a birth.

Thy genius was a mine of Poesy!
 Yet some there were, who, though it gave rich ore,
 Still deem'd most precious veins untouch'd did lie,
 (Thyself, perchance, unconscious of such store,)
 And fondly thought that in that far-off clime,
 Choosing some lofty and unhackney'd strain,
 With mind matured by travel, change, and time,
 Thy lyre's rich music oft would wake again!

Life's chequer'd book had but just turn'd for thee
 A new and glowing page of hope and love,—
 Alas! the records brief were doom'd to be,—
 Death severs ties nought else could ever move.
 And cold the brow where hangs thy wreath of fame,
 Yet not a leaf of it is lost or faded;
 And faithfully enshrin'd shall be thy name,
 In hearts that sorrow for thy loss has shaded.

And thou hast only now a foreign grave,—
 Far from all memories of olden time;
 Where skies are bright, and palm-trees gently wave
 In the hot air of Afric's sultry clime;
 And stars which there keep nightly watch above
 Are strange, and shed no rays on this dear land,
 Which yet, methinks, that thou full well didst love,
 And yearn to, even from that distant strand!

CAMILLA TOULMIN.

A GLIMPSE OF LONDON.

If, as critics say, magnitude and mist be principal ingredients in, if not the component parts of, the sublime, then must London, "that great *wen* of England," be sublimity itself; for length, breadth, height, are lost in the far-off dimness. It is magnitude enthroned in mist. House upon house, row upon row, street upon street, square upon square,—nay, even district upon district, are passed; and yet the houses, rows, streets, and squares seem but to multiply in the forward perspective. Carriages of all sorts appear as things of life, and human beings do literally swarm as bees in a hive.

Yet, amid all this apparently interminable confusion, the stranger will soon distinguish features of remarkable beauty which animate the picture, or points of peculiar interest which illumine the general landscape.

Surpassing in beauty and interest, originally in all the beauty which Nature in one of her most lavish moods could bestow; now, in all the interest which the storied associations of by-gone days, and the accumulated and ever-increasing wealth of modern times can give, the Thames rolls his free waves along,—the dispensers of health, and life, and wealth to millions. One cannot but revert to the time in imagination (and the contrast is almost too great to be clearly grasped) when the forest of masts which rise to the eye on every side was wanting,—when the watery road, along which it now requires no little skill to find a sinuous track, was open, little navigated, and rather to be feared for its unoccupied expanse, than as now from its crowded occupants and narrow pathways,—when the shores, now enveloped in buildings thick and dense as if grown from the soil, were, on the one hand, a gloomy morass; on the other a gentle alternation of hill and dale—a rich combination of woodland and pasture. These shores are now rife with all the accumulated bustle of the world's commerce: the waters bear on their bosom tribute from all the nations of the earth. "The Jew and the Christian, the Mahometan and the Kaffre, the dweller amid Lapland snows, and he upon whose infancy the sun darted his hottest perpendicular ray, the olive man of the East, the red man of the West, the black man of the South, and the white man of the North," all contribute their quota of wealth to this emporium of the world.

The prospect is not one of unbroken commercial uniformity. Objects of relief, as a painter would say, frequently arise, bright and brilliant amid the monotonous expanse as stars twinkling through the breaks in a midnight canopy of clouds. Such are those spires rising on every side which in reality and in emblem point the road to heaven. Such is GREENWICH COLLEGE, the sight of which revives each happier feeling of the mind. There, loitering about their princely home, are hundreds of the fine old inmates; some basking in the sun, others reposing in the shade,—some handling their telescopes, others minutely scrutinising and manifestly quizzing the manœuvres of our "fresh-water sailors,"—many industriously smoking their pipes, and others as industriously

doing nothing, with all the rest elaborately helping them,—all, in fact, endeavouring to kill time, having no other earthly thing to do. “Too happy,” says one spectator, “if they knew it.”—“Not at all,” replies another, “considering what they have to do.”—“Why, what?”—“The most difficult of all earthly tasks—to *please themselves*.” All comforts, and no mean quota of the luxuries of life, are provided for them: their chapel is perhaps one of the most magnificent in the country; and doubtless the discourses therein delivered to them will, as nearly as may be, be adapted to their natural propensities and acquired habits. The preacher will particularly discuss the lives of such of the disciples as were fishermen. St. Paul’s shipwreck is a never-failing theme for animadversion; as is the voyage of Jonah, the casting of whom into the sea they think perfectly right and justifiable. The worthy divine would frequently “enlarge” on the Deluge; but it is not a favourite subject with the old men, as they do not conceive it possible that any vessel can be a staunch sea-boat which is constructed without sails and rigging.

How differently are we excited by the view of the TOWER, with its aged walls hoary with the lapse of centuries,—with its deep, dark, engrossing history,—its legends written in blood,—its dread and dismal stream stealing in blackness and silence to that fearful gate from which few on whom it closed were ever seen to emerge;—with its amazing alternations,—now the palace of royalty, and now its prison,—to-day rejoicing in a princely banquet, to-morrow lamenting over a murdered king,—now throwing wide its gates for the gay and courtly passage of the royal and beautiful bride in the day of her triumph; and, ere the sun has girdled the earth, closing its ruthless bars on her, the patient victim of a butcher king! These, and myriad other recollections, the Tower walls “dim in the mists of years” bring to the eye of the mind, like ghosts of departed days.

But “the shadow of knowledge passeth over the mind of man as a dream;” and the bustle and the stir and the business, and, above all, the ineffable nonchalance of the very matter-of-fact, every-day spirits around you, soon “lay” the “ghosts” which your imagination has “conjured” up.

The TEMPLE, where for so many years “wisdom has been fatiguing itself,” has gardens laid to the water edge, neat and trim as the “briefs” therefrom promulgated; and, in their early summer livery of green, they (the gardens, as well as the briefs) are oftentimes *refreshers*.

But, first hastily glancing rather in advance at the venerable Towers of LAMBETH, underneath whose walls a hapless Queen of England was driven to seek shelter from the falling rain and bitter wind of a December night, we leave our boat, and speed to a scene of deep interest, where WESTMINSTER HALL, the PARLIAMENT HOUSES, and the ABBEY are clustered. The *bonâ fide Houses* of Parliament are indeed wanting at present. But the power and pride and glory of an English Parliament are no more dependent on, than they are confined to, the walls in which that power clothed itself in words; English hearts cannot but look with veneration at the spot, however disfigured just now by accidental circumstances, where Pitt and Burke, and Fox and Canning, wielded the mighty thunder which ceased not its rumbling till it had reached

the furthest confine of civilized man's abode. Within a few paces of the scene of their proudest labours, of their sternest discords, of their deepest disappointment, or their highest triumph, have they each found a tomb and silent resting-place at last!

The ABBEY itself, "sculptured and reared by ages," is well calculated to inspire the purest feelings of veneration. Its cloistered walls have re-echoed the daily voice of praise and prayer of myriads of beings in ages passed away; its deep-toned organ has swelled alike to the energetic orison of the enthusiastic, and the simpler aspiration of the meek,—to the lofty tones of the Pharisaic Christian, and the self-abasing ejaculation of the humble sinner: it is venerable with the lore of antiquity, and holy with the breath of centuries: generation after generation hath passed away since the voice of prayer was first heard within its walls; but day after day, and year after year, and century after century, hath heard that voice arise; and still, with the grace of Heaven,—still it will arise in full volume, a chorus of praise and thanksgiving, for ages yet to come,—

"Where our fathers have worshipped, there will we worship also."

The PARKS are to the Londoner a never-failing theme of boast and self-gratulation; and, as healthy and refreshing outlets from the confinement and closeness of town residences, they are indeed invaluable, well worth all the praise that is lavished on them, and all the care to preserve them from further encroachment, which can be bestowed upon them. A country visitor cannot at the first "glimpse" comprehend the pleasure or advantage of a dusty drive on a hot day along the crowded ride of Hyde Park; but that pleasure and advantage are both derivable therefrom, seems to be with Londoners, if not an admitted axiom, certainly all but a self-evident proposition. The bustle and the gaiety are exciting; and the contrasts presenting themselves at almost every step are amusing, and sometimes ludicrous. Every possible shape, make, and form of carriage are seen, and every possible variety of occupant is disporting in them, from the *ennuyeuse* peeress who just takes the trouble languidly to exist through the drive, to the flashing *parvenue* who elaborately exerts herself "to see and to be seen." Here is the high-bred but *English* mother with smiling, happy young faces around her; and there is the more fashionable lady who seems to divide her attention and affection equally between her child and her lap-dog; and everywhere are carriages in which these little quadrupeds seem so particularly accommodated, as to lead you to suppose that the carriage was ordered out, and the drive taken, for their especial benefit alone. Here is the "old English gentleman," with all his appointments neat, well-fitted, and unobtrusive; and close by him is the hearty country squire, sturdy and independent, jogging along on horseback: he of cotton and calico rolls in all the pomp and pride of equipage; while, as if in intentional satire, a "dairy-boy" with his milk-can has "taken a coach," as "Japhet's" Timothy expresses it, behind, and enjoys his stolen seat for half the length of the "drive" ere the self-important occupiers of the carriage, or their still more important attendants, are aware of the contaminating intrusion.

One thing which never fails to be remarked by a stranger in

London is the dialect of its inhabitants: not that of the aristocratic circles, nor is it that ineffable and inimitable peculiarity which is said to attach to all who have the felicity to be born within the sound of Bow bells; neither is it that melodious twang (now falling fast into desuetude) by which the street venders of unimaginable luxuries contrive to make the Queen's English utterly unintelligible. It is a sort of softness of intonation and expression,—a kind of

“No, sir,' to a gentleman, and ‘Yes, ma'am,' to a lady”

style, which seems to pervade the manner of the lower people—(I beg pardon, of the operatives)—even on exciting topics. Indeed it is fully perceptible on the same very engrossing subjects, and in the same rank of persons who would in the northern counties use, in all its bare simplicity, the Quaker's pronoun “thee” and “thou,” without precisely that accompanying *purity* of exemplification on which, we are led to understand, the Quakers pique themselves.

“The early development,” too, (to borrow the favourite expression of a celebrated modern author,) of the juveniles of London is very apparent. Boys and girls seem to act with the promptitude of men and women at an age when, in the country, they are hardly considered out of the nursery. The boys indeed appear to be kept in the back-ground,—that is, in the workshop or schoolroom; they do not abound in the streets as they do in the streets of provincial towns: London is not a place for even boys to be idle. The coach and omnibus stands, &c. are prolific of them; and this is in the course of nature quite; for, if boys could frame a heaven of their own, it would assuredly be an enormous hippodrome. And, with all the natural and enforced civility of London, it is perfectly ludicrous to see the self-importance with which these incipient lords of creation swell, when employed either legitimately or by stealth, in the arrangements of a cab or coach. “Want a buss, ma'am?” officiously asks a little urchin, to all appearance just emancipated from his petticoats. Encouraged perhaps by a gentle reply, he ventures further:—“Have a buss for sixpence, ma'am?”—“Thank you, my boy, I'd rather walk.” The boy's look of unutterable astonishment at this unlooked-for, this inconceivable declaration, would have delighted Hogarth. The possibility of any mortal Being preferring a *walk* to a *ride*, especially in that majestic vehicle, to the first vacant tigership of which he is probably looking as to the grand pivot on which his future fortunes are to turn, evidently never entered the scope of his ideas.

London is rich in contrasts, though the general mass of society be so intimately blended together as to make each separate degree not distinctly perceptible. Here are to be found the very acme of polish and the very zero of vulgar slang, and to be found located too, in many instances, within a few paces, even within the turning of a street corner, of each other: here the deepest poverty is seen almost touching the extremest luxury: everything that is good and great, refined and generous, may be found in London; while vice and vulgarity, meanness and hypocrisy, most surely luxuriate there. Accidental circumstances are daily bringing patterns of unobtrusive virtue to light; and every unexpected emergency is the means of calling forth noble-minded and beneficent spirits as active promoters and encouragers of any plans tending to improve the

morals, and enlighten the spiritually darkened minds of their indigent fellow-creatures. Still are there whole districts which pour forth thousands of human beings untutored in everything save crime,—where the power of the law is set at defiance,—where the voice of religion has never been heard,—where the ears of children nurtured in crime have been first opened to the sounds of blasphemy, and their infant tongues first taught to lisp a curse. In dirt, in filth, in the midst of disgusting and brutal obscenity,—without any idea of another world, or any knowledge of good in this,—where the name of God is never mentioned, or mentioned but to be blasphemed, they are fitly trained for riot, for robbery, for murder, and frequently—too frequently—hoary in wickedness ere time has tinged a hair with grey, they forfeit their lives on the gallows. London abounds in charities: there is scarcely an ailment which has not its peculiar hospital; there is scarcely a deprivation, mental or bodily, to which its *own* place of relief is not appropriated; from the Foundling Hospital which succours the helpless babe at its birth, to the Alms House which affords a shelter to weary age, with every intermediate help which the necessities of unfriended youth, or the sickness or misfortunes of advancing manhood, may require. All that pity can suggest—that philanthropy can wish for—that open-handed beneficence can bestow,—all are in London, and all are supported freely, liberally, nobly: yet in London are found instances of intensity of distress—of anguish so overwhelming and so unmitigated, as, were the proofs not laid before us, it would be impossible for the tongue to tell of, or the heart to conceive.

There are many expressions in moral writers, comparing mankind, their pursuits, their avocations, to a colony of ants seen on a summer's day; as insignificant, as evanescent. It is difficult to realise this idea to the mind in a thinly populated country where a few people are lords of the soil, and sway the fortunes, and influence the actions of all within their (comparatively) not limited sphere. But in London the truth and reality of the comparison presents itself strongly to the mind. The enormous number of people which on any unusual occurrence is crowded into one small space, moving to and fro like the waves of the sea, forces, however unwillingly, the conviction that an *individual* is in himself indeed but an atom on the earth; nor is this conviction weakened by observing the common, usual, every-day routine of London life. Turn any way, to any quarter of this vast metropolis, and, with various superficial differences of style and costume, the view is still the same. Multitudes are ever hurrying to the one great goal of life; and, whether the immediate personal object be business or pleasure, the same unvarying haste of progression is everywhere visible. The great and unchangeable pursuit of real London life—of that life which has made London what it is—is business; and the mass of its votaries appear to undergo unvarying drudgery from early morning to late at night, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, from the cradle to the grave!

The facilities afforded here to the middle classes in those vulgar and every-day emergencies caused by the perpetually recurring inclination to eat, drink, and be comfortable, are much and justly celebrated. But even these facilities, combined with endless plea-

surable allurements, carry their own drawback with them, tending as they do to make domestic life in London less attractive than in the country, where varied conveniences and any attainable enjoyments emanate chiefly from one or other of the domestic circle; and the famed remark and boast that in London a person may live more retired than in the country is but a very negative advantage.

True it is that the extreme—the parental interest which any member of a retired village will take in any domestic incident occurring in anybody's household—is infinitely ludicrous, and often abundantly provoking; but the chilling sensation so common in London—of being solitary in a crowd—is one which in the country seldom or never finds its way to the breast.

There are few of British birth who are not intimately acquainted with the life and fortunes of Sir Richard Whittington, thrice "Lord Mayor of London." It was in the fourteenth century that he, "a poor orphan, came to London, expecting to find the streets all paved with gold." Have we not all in early youth travelled with him? rejoicing with him in the help afforded by the "good-natured waggoner;" and lamenting with him when, "hungry, tired, and disappointed at finding nothing but dirt instead of gold, he sat down at a door step, and fairly cried himself to sleep?" And how many since his time, and at more advanced ages, have trodden in his footsteps; not expecting, as the poor orphan did, literally to find gold under their feet, but certainly fain each one to hope that in his case the glittering treasure would not quite elude the sight, nor the golden apples be far beyond the grasp! London has ever been a sort of El Dorado to the mind of the provincial aspirant; and unnumbered and innumerable instances of the successful application of talent of all kinds, alien and local, have in the course of years combined to make a whole of unparalleled extent, excellence, power, and magnificence. Neither must it be forgotten that the London citizens have ever stood forward, honourably and manfully, as the guardians and defenders of their city's rights and privileges; that city which now appears in the eyes of the world, the emporium of everything wonderful in science, or curious in art. Its attractions are as varied as the tastes of its multitudinous visitants; and of its numerous edifices, religious, scientific, ornamental, and literary, no visitor could in a "glimpse" even see the names.

Connected as London has been—intimately and honourably connected—with the history of the country at large from the earliest period, the deepest and most profound antiquarian scholar may find in London, *in perpetuo*, unopened veins of lore on which to test his skill; while the mere superficial dabbler in such matters, who does but take a "glimpse" at olden times, can scarcely move many yards without meeting with some relic of ancient days, either "left alone in its glory," or so defaced by incongruous admixtures and additions as to put him into a very scientific passion. Such, among many which might be named, is the gate of the Temple Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, presenting on its aged front, in glorious contrast, amid crumbling stones and mouldering fragments, a bright emblazoned placard of "REID AND CO.'S ENTIRE."

Many of the modern antiquities (so to name them), immortalized by Scott, present even to a common eye indubitable marks

of the correctness of his delineations, and afford a fund of chit-chat amusement.

One elegant location, the *ALSATIA* of the "Fortunes of Nigel," may still (making allowance for the immense spread of civilization) be seen under circumstances which give no inapt idea of the den of infamy to which the friendly Lowestoffe conducted his aristocratic and unfortunate friend. The "circumstances" (and they are not imaginary) are—the evening of a dirty, drizzling, rainy day,—when the dusk is just closing in,—the work-people about returning home,—the street children in the gutters bawling their vesper melodies,—the women—"oh, the sex! the sex!"—making the alleys and lanes their drawing-room,—and a drunken coal-heaver, carried in a sort of triumphal procession on a plank, by others quite as black and almost as tipsy as himself, is shovelled off into a kennel with about the same degree of attention which they would bestow on a sack of coals,—men, women, dogs, and children yelling in one triumphant halloo! Had Duke Hildebrod been there, he would have gloried in his kingdom.

The historian, the scholar, the painter, the musician, the sculptor, may all find a location in London, and may aspire to a seat in her Temple of Fame. The race indeed is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but the numerous blanks in the lottery of London life are so utterly swallowed up in the blaze of the prizes which sparkle on its surface, that the ratio appears much more in favour of the aspirant than it really is; and he who has but rent a thread from the mantle of Genius, is fain to hope that in London he may be invested with the full garment. One thing is very certain, that if talent do not hastily soar aloft here, mediocrity will quickly sink to its own level.

In A.D. 61, London was "the chief residence of merchants," "the great mart of trade and commerce." From that time she has still progressed in greatness. Every attempted encroachment on her liberties has been not merely repelled, but converted into a means of further advancement: even these appear to have been succeeded by renewed strength, and vigour, and beauty.

Magnificent alike in the good she promotes, in the talent she fosters, in the mighty commerce she sustains, her energies seem to strengthen with advancing time. "She smiles on the arts, and they flourish; the sciences improve beneath her culture; the spirit of the merchant who extends his commerce, the skill of the farmer who enriches his lands, the ingenuity of the artist, the improvements of the scholar, all these she knows and rewards:—she planteth new colonies; she buildeth strong ships; she openeth rivers for convenience; she formeth harbours for safety: her people abound in riches: security and peace bless their dwellings, and glory and strength encircle her for ever."

ZEMIA.

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

"YOUR tale is of the longest," observed Monks, moving restlessly in his chair.

"It is a true tale of grief, and trial, and sorrow, young man," returned Mr. Brownlow, "and such tales usually are; if it were one of unmixed joy and happiness, it would be very brief. At length one of those rich relations, to strengthen whose interest and importance your father had been sacrificed, as others are often,—it is no uncommon case,—died, and to repair the misery he had been instrumental in occasioning, left him *his* panacea for all griefs—money. It was necessary that he should immediately repair to Rome, whither this man had sped for health, and where he had died, leaving his affairs in great confusion. He went, was seized with mortal illness there, was followed the moment the intelligence reached Paris by your mother, who carried you with her; he died the day after her arrival, leaving no will — *no will* — so that the whole property fell to her and you."

At this part of the recital Monks held his breath, and listened with a face of intense eagerness, though his eyes were not directed towards the speaker. As Mr. Brownlow paused he changed his position, with the air of one who has experienced a sudden relief, and wiped his hot face and hands.

"Before he went abroad, and as he passed through London on his way," said Mr. Brownlow slowly, and fixing his eyes upon the other's face, "he came to me."

"I never heard of that," interrupted Monks, in a tone intended to appear incredulous, but savouring more of disagreeable surprise.

"He came to me; and left with me, among some other things, a picture — a portrait painted by himself—a likeness of this poor girl—which he did not wish to leave behind, and could not carry forward on his hasty journey. He was worn by anxiety and remorse almost to a shadow; talked in a wild, distracted way of ruin and dishonour worked by him; confided to me his intention to convert his whole property, at any loss, into money, and, having settled on his wife and you a portion of his recent acquisition, to fly the country — I guessed too well he would not fly alone — and never see it more. Even from me, his old and early friend, whose strong attachment had taken

root in the earth that covered one most dear to both — even from me he withheld any more particular confession, promising to write, and tell me all, and after that to see me once again, for the last time on earth. Alas! *That* was the last time. I had no letter, and I never saw him more.

“I went,” said Mr. Brownlow after a short pause,—“I went when all was over to the scene of his — I will use the term the world would use, for harshness or favour are now alike to him — of his guilty love; resolved that, if my fears were realised, that erring child should find one heart and home open to shelter and compassionate her. The family had left that part a week before; they had called in such trifling debts as were outstanding, discharged them, and left the place by night. Why, or whither, none could tell.”

Monks drew his breath yet more freely, and looked round with a smile of triumph.

“When your brother,” said Mr. Brownlow, drawing nearer to the other’s chair, —“When your brother — a feeble, ragged, neglected child, — was cast in my way by a stronger hand than chance, and rescued by me from a life of vice and infamy—”

“What!” cried Monks, starting.

“By me,” said Mr. Brownlow. “I told you I should interest you before long. I say by me. I see that your cunning associate suppressed my name, although, for aught he knew, it would be quite strange to your ears. When he was rescued by me, then, and lay recovering from sickness in my house, his strong resemblance to this picture I have spoken of struck me with astonishment. Even when I first saw him, in all his dirt and misery, there was a lingering expression in his face that came upon me like a glimpse of some old friend flashing on one in a vivid dream. I need not tell you he was snared away before I knew his history—”

“Why not?” asked Monks hastily.

“Because you know it well.”

“I!”

“Denial to me is vain,” replied Mr. Brownlow. “I shall show you that I know more than that.”

“You—you—can’t prove anything against me,” stammered Monks. “I defy you to do it!”

“We shall see,” returned the old gentleman, with a searching glance. “I lost the boy, and no efforts of mine could recover him. Your mother being dead, I knew that you alone could solve the mystery if anybody could; and as, when I had last heard of you, you were on your own estate in the West Indies,—whither, as you well know, you retired upon your mother’s death, to escape the consequences of vicious courses here,—I made the voyage. You had left it months before, and were supposed to be in London, but no one could tell where. I re-

turned. Your agents had no clue to your residence. You came and went, they said, as strangely as you had ever done, sometimes for days together, and sometimes not for months, keeping to all appearance the same low haunts, and mingling with the same infamous herd who had been your associates when a fierce ungovernable boy. I wearied them with new applications. I paced the streets by night and day; but, until two hours ago, all my efforts were fruitless, and I never saw you for an instant."

"And now you do see me," said Monks, rising boldly, "what then? Fraud and robbery are high-sounding words—justified, you think, by a fancied resemblance in some young imp to an idle daub of a dead man's. Brother! You don't even know that a child was born of this maudlin pair; you don't even know that."

"I *did not*," replied Mr. Brownlow, rising too; "but within the last fortnight I have learnt it all. You have a brother; you know it, and him. There was a will, which your mother destroyed, leaving the secret and the gain to you at her own death. It contained a reference to some child likely to be the result of this sad connection; which child was born, and accidentally encountered by you, when your suspicions were first awakened by his resemblance to his father. You repaired to the place of his birth. There existed proofs—proofs long suppressed—of his birth and parentage. Those proofs were destroyed by you; and now, in your own words to your accomplice, the Jew, '*the only proofs of the boy's identity lie at the bottom of the river, and the old hag that received them from the mother is rotting in her coffin.*' Unworthy son, coward, liar,—you, who hold your councils with thieves and murderers in dark rooms at night,—you, whose plots and wiles have hurled a violent death upon the head of one worth millions such as you,—you, who from your cradle were gall and bitterness to your own father's heart, and in whom all evil passions, vice, and profligacy festered till they found a vent in a hideous disease which has made your face an index even to your mind,—you, Edward Leeford, do you brave me still!"

"No, no, no!" returned the coward, overwhelmed by these accumulated charges.

"Every word!" cried the old gentleman, "every word that has passed between you and this detested villain is known to me. Shadows on the wall have caught your whispers, and brought them to my ear; the sight of the persecuted child has turned vice itself, and given it the courage, and almost the attributes of virtue. Murder has been done, to which you were morally, if not really, a party."

"No, no," interposed Monks. "I—I—know nothing of that; I was going to inquire the truth of the story when you

overtook me. I didn't know the cause; I thought it was a common quarrel."

"It was the partial disclosure of your secrets," replied Mr. Brownlow. "Will you disclose the whole?"

"Yes, I will."

"Set your hand to a statement of truth and facts, and repeat it before witnesses?"

"That I promise too."

"Remain quietly here until such a document is drawn up, and proceed with me to such a place as I may deem most advisable, for the purpose of attesting it?"

"If you insist upon that, I'll do that also," replied Monks.

"You must do more than that," said Mr. Brownlow. "Make restitution to an innocent and unoffending child; for such he is, although the offspring of a guilty and most miserable love. You have not forgotten the provisions of the will. Carry them into execution so far as your brother is concerned, and then go where you please. In this world you need meet no more."

While Monks was pacing up and down, meditating with dark and evil looks on this proposal, and the possibilities of evading it,—torn by his fears on the one hand and his hatred on the other,—the door was hurriedly unlocked, and Mr. Losberne entered the room in violent agitation.

"The man will be taken," he cried. "He will be taken to-night."

"The murderer?" asked Mr. Brownlow.

"Yes, yes," replied the other. "His dog has been seen lurking about some old haunt, and there seems little doubt that his master either is, or will be, there, under cover of the darkness. Spies are hovering about in every direction; I have spoken to the men who are charged with his capture, and they tell me he can never escape. A reward of a hundred pounds is proclaimed by Government to-night."

"I will give fifty more," said Mr. Brownlow, "and proclaim it with my own lips upon the spot if I can reach it. Where is Mr. Maylie?"

"Harry—as soon as he had seen your friend here safe in a coach with you, he hurried off to where he heard this," replied the doctor, "and, mounting his horse, sallied forth to join the first party at some place in the outskirts agreed upon between them."

"The Jew"—said Mr. Brownlow; "what of him?"

"When I last heard, he had not been taken; but he will be, or is, by this time. They're sure of him."

"Have you made up your mind?" asked Mr. Brownlow, in a low voice, of Monks.

"Yes," he replied. "You—you—will be secret with me?"

"I will. Remain here till I return. It is your only hope of safety."

They left the room, and the door was again locked.

"What have you done?" asked the doctor in a whisper.

"All that I could hope to do, and even more. Coupling the poor girl's intelligence with my previous knowledge, and the result of our good friend's inquiries on the spot, I left him no loophole of escape, and laid bare the whole villany, which by these lights became plain as day. Write, and appoint the evening after to-morrow at seven, for the meeting. We shall be down there a few hours before, but shall require rest, and especially the young lady, who *may* have greater need of firmness than either you or I can quite foresee just now. But my blood boils to avenge this poor murdered creature. Which way have they taken?"

"Drive straight to the office, and you will be in time," replied Mr. Losberne. "I will remain here."

The two gentlemen hastily separated, each in a fever of excitement wholly uncontrollable.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

THE PURSUIT AND ESCAPE.

NEAR to that part of the Thames on which the church at Rotherhithe abuts, where the buildings on the banks are dirtiest and the vessels on the river blackest with the dust of colliers and the smoke of close-built low-roofed houses, there exists, at the present day, the filthiest, the strangest, the most extraordinary of the many localities that are hidden in London, wholly unknown, even by name, to the great mass of its inhabitants.

To reach this place, the visitor has to penetrate through a maze of close, narrow, and muddy streets, thronged by the roughest and poorest of water-side people, and devoted to the traffic they may be supposed to occasion. The cheapest and least delicate provisions are heaped in the shops; the coarsest and commonest articles of wearing apparel dangle at the salesman's door, and stream from the house-parapet and windows. Jostling with unemployed labourers of the lowest class, ballast-heavers, coal-whippers, brazen women, ragged children, and the very raff and refuse of the river, he makes his way with difficulty along, assailed by offensive sights and smells from the narrow alleys which branch off on the right and left, and deafened by the clash of ponderous waggons which bear great piles of merchandise from the stacks of warehouses that rise from every corner. Arriving at length in streets remoter and less frequented than those through which he has passed, he walks beneath tottering house-fronts projecting over the pavement, dismantled walls that seem to totter as he passes, chimneys half crushed, half hesitating to fall, windows guarded by rusty iron bars that time and dirt have almost eaten away, and every imaginable sign of desolation and neglect.

In such a neighbourhood, beyond Dockhead in the Borough of Southwark, stands Jacob's Island, surrounded by a muddy ditch, six or eight feet deep and fifteen or twenty wide when the tide is in, once called Mill Pond, but known in these days as Folly Ditch. It is a creek or inlet from the Thames, and can always be filled at high water by opening the sluices at the Lead Mills from which it took its old name. At such times, a stranger, looking from one of the wooden bridges thrown across it at Mill-lane, will see the inhabitants of the houses on either side lowering from their back doors and windows, buckets, pails, domestic utensils of all kinds, in which to haul the water up; and, when his eye is turned from these operations to the houses themselves, his utmost astonishment will be excited by the scene before him. Crazy wooden galleries common to the backs of half-a-dozen houses, with holes from which to look upon the slime beneath; windows broken and patched, with poles thrust out on which to dry the linen that is never there; rooms so small, so filthy, so confined, that the air would seem too tainted even for the dirt and squalor which they shelter; wooden chambers thrusting themselves out above the mud and threatening to fall into it—as some have done; dirt-besmeared walls and decaying foundations; every repulsive lineament of poverty, every loathsome indication of filth, rot, and garbage;—all these ornament the banks of Folly Ditch.

In Jacob's Island the warehouses are roofless and empty; the walls are crumbling down; the windows are windows no more; the doors are falling into the street; the chimneys are blackened, but they yield no smoke. Thirty or forty years ago, before losses and chancery suits came upon it, it was a thriving place; but now it is a desolate island indeed. The houses have no owners; they are broken open, and entered upon by those who have the courage, and there they live and there they die. They must have powerful motives for a secret residence, or be reduced to a destitute condition indeed, who seek a refuge in Jacob's Island.

In an upper room of one of these houses—a detached house of fair size, ruinous in other respects, but strongly defended at door and window,—of which the back commanded the ditch in manner already described, there were assembled three men, who, regarding each other every now and then with looks expressive of perplexity and expectation, sat for some time in profound and gloomy silence. One of these was Toby Crackit, another Mr. Chitling, and the third a robber of fifty years, whose nose had been almost beaten in, in some old scuffle, and whose face bore a frightful scar which might probably be traced to the same occasion. This man was a returned transport, and his name was Kags.

“I wish,” said Toby, turning to Mr. Chitling, “that you had

picked out some other crib when the two old ones got too warm, and not come here, my fine feller."

"Why didn't you, blunder-head?" said Kags.

"Well, I thought you'd have been a little more glad to see me than this," replied Mr. Chitling, with a melancholy air.

"Why look'e, young gentleman," said Toby, "when a man keeps himself so very exclusive as I have done, and by that means has a snug house over his head with nobody prying and smelling about it, it's rather a startling thing to have the honour of a visit from a young gentleman (however respectable and pleasant a person he may be to play cards with at convenience) circumstanced as you are."

"Especially when the exclusive young man has got a friend stopping with him that's arrived sooner than was expected from foreign parts, and is too modest to want to be presented to the Judges on his return," added Kags.

There was a short silence; after which Toby Crackit, seeming to abandon as hopeless any further effort to maintain his usual devil-may-care swagger, turned to Chitling and said—

"When was Fagin took then?"

"Just at dinner-time—two o'clock this afternoon," was the reply. "Charley and I made our lucky up the wash'us chimney; and Bolter got into the empty water-butt, head downwards, but his legs were so precious long that they stuck out at the top, and so they took him too."

"And Bet?"

"Poor Bet! She went to see the body, to speak to who it was," replied Chitling, his countenance falling more and more, "and went off mad, screaming and raving, and beating her head against the boards; so they put a strait weskut on her and took her to the hospital—and there she is."

"Wot's come of young Bates?" demanded Kags.

"He hung about, not to come over here afore dark; but he'll be here soon," replied Chitling. "There's nowhere else to go to now, for the people at the Cripples are all in custody, and the bar of the ken—I went up there and saw it with my own eyes—is filled with traps."

"This is a smash," observed Toby, biting his lips. "There's more than one will go with this."

"The sessions are on," said Kags: "if they get the inquest over; if Bolter turns King's evidence, as of course he will from what he's said already—and they can prove Fagin an accessory before the fact, and get the trial on on Friday, he'll swing in six days from this, by G—!"

"You should have heard the people groan," said Chitling; "the officers fought like devils, or they'd have torn him away. He was down once, but they made a ring round him, and fought their way along. You should have seen how he looked about

him, all muddy and bleeding, and clung to them as if they were his dearest friends. I can see 'em now, not able to stand upright with the pressing of the mob, and dragging him along amongst 'em; I can see the people jumping up, one behind another, and snarling with their teeth, and making at him like wild beasts; I can see the blood upon his hair and beard, and hear the dreadful cries with which the women worked themselves into the centre of the crowd at the street corner, and swore they'd tear his heart out!" The horror-stricken witness of this scene pressed his hands upon his ears, and with his eyes fast closed got up and paced violently to and fro like one distracted.

Whilst he was thus engaged, and the two men sat by in silence with their eyes fixed upon the floor, a pattering noise was heard upon the stairs, and Sikes's dog bounded into the room. They ran to the window, down stairs, and into the street. The dog had jumped in at an open window; he made no attempt to follow them, nor was his master to be seen.

"What 's the meaning of this!" said Toby, when they had returned. "He can't be coming here. I—I—hope not."

"If he was coming here, he'd have come with the dog," said Kags, stooping down to examine the animal, who lay panting on the floor. "Here; give us some water for him; he has run himself faint."

"He 's drunk it all up, every drop," said Kags, after watching the dog some time in silence. "Covered with mud—lame—half-blind—he must have come a long way."

"Where can he have come from!" exclaimed Toby. "He 's been to the other kens of course, and finding them filled with strangers come on here, where he 's been many a time and often. But where can he have come from first, and how comes he here alone, without the other!"

"He" (none of them called the murderer by his old name)—
"He can't have made away with himself. What do you think?" said Chitling.

Toby shook his head.

"If he had," said Kags, "the dog 'ud want to lead us away to where he did it. No. I think he 's got out of the country, and left the dog behind. He must have given him the slip somehow, or he wouldn't be so easy."

This solution appearing the most probable one was adopted as the right; and, the dog creeping under a chair, coiled himself up to sleep, without further notice from anybody.

It being now dark, the shutter was closed, and a candle lighted and placed upon the table. The terrible events of the two days had made a deep impression upon all three, increased by the danger and uncertainty of their own position. They drew their chairs closer together, starting at every sound. They spoke little, and that in whispers, and were as silent and awe-

stricken as if the remains of the murdered woman lay in the next room.

They had sat thus some time, when suddenly was heard a hurried knocking at the door below.

"Young Bates," said Kags, looking angrily round to check the fear he felt himself.

The knocking came again. No, it wasn't he. He never knocked like that.

Crackit went to the window, and, shaking all over, drew in his head. There was no need to tell them who it was; his pale face was enough. The dog too was on the alert in an instant, and ran whining to the door.

"We must let him in," he said, taking up the candle.

"Isn't there any help for it?" asked the other man in a hoarse voice.

"None. He *must* come in."

"Don't leave us in the dark," said Kags, taking down a candle from the chimney-piece, and lighting it with such a trembling hand that the knocking was twice repeated before he had finished.

Crackit went down to the door, and returned followed by a man with the lower part of his face buried in a handkerchief, and another tied over his head under his hat. He drew them slowly off—blanched face, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, beard of three days' growth, wasted flesh, short thick breath; it was the very ghost of Sikes.

He laid his hand upon a chair which stood in the middle of the room; but shuddering as he was about to drop into it, and seeming to glance over his shoulder, dragged it back close to the wall—as close as it would go—ground it against it—and sat down.

Not a word had been exchanged. He looked from one to another in silence. If an eye was furtively raised and met his, it was instantly averted. When his hollow voice broke silence, they all three started. They had never heard its tones before.

"How came that dog here?" he asked.

"Alone. Three hours ago."

"To-night's paper says that Fagin's taken. Is it true, or a lie?"

"Quite true."

They were silent again.

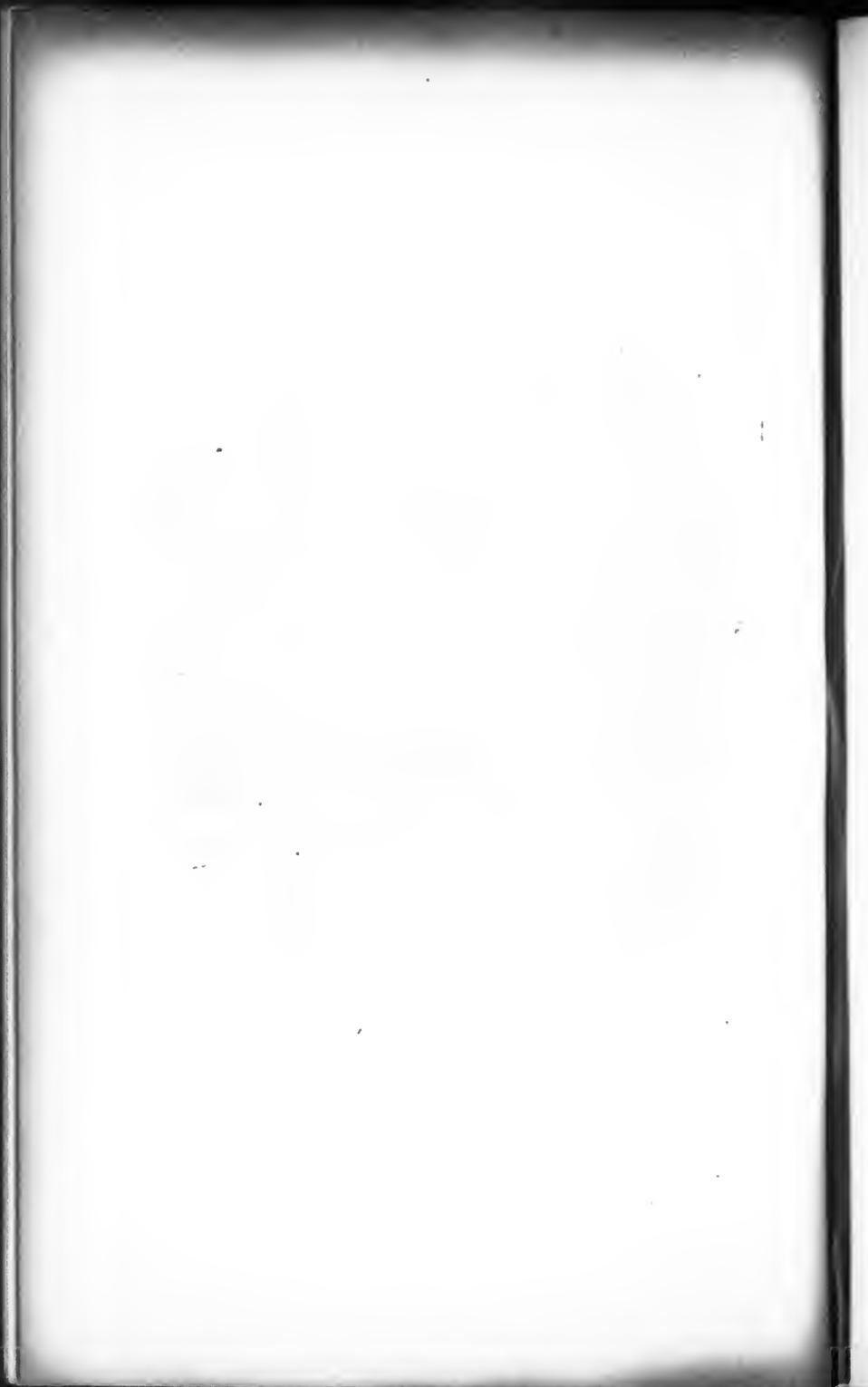
"Damn you all," said Sikes, passing his hand across his forehead. "Have you nothing to say to me?"

There was an uneasy movement among them, but nobody spoke.

"You that keep this house," said Sikes, turning his face to Crackit, "do you mean to sell me, or to let me lie here till this hunt is over?"



The Last Chance.



"You must stop here if you think it safe," returned the person addressed, after some hesitation.

Sikes carried his eyes slowly up the wall behind him, rather trying to turn his head than actually doing it, and said, "Is—it—the body—is it buried?"

They shook their heads.

"Why isn't it!" said the man with the same glance behind him. "Wot do they keep such ugly things as *that*, above the ground for?—Who's that knocking?"

Crackit intimated by a motion of his hand as he left the room that there was nothing to fear, and directly came back with Charley Bates behind him. Sikes sat opposite the door, so that the moment the boy entered the room he encountered his figure.

"Toby," said the boy, falling back as Sikes turned his eyes towards him, "why didn't you tell me this down stairs?"

There had been something so tremendous in the shrinking off of the three, that the wretched man was willing to propitiate even this lad. Accordingly he nodded, and made as though he would shake hands with him.

"Let me go into some other room," said the boy retreating still further.

"Why, Charley!" said Sikes stepping forward. "Don't you—don't you know me?"

"Don't come nearer me," answered the boy, still retreating and looking with horror in his eyes upon the murderer's face. "You monster!"

The man stopped half-way, and they looked at each other; but Sikes's eyes sunk gradually to the ground.

"Witness you three," cried the boy, shaking his clenched fist, and becoming more and more excited as he spoke. "Witness you three—I'm not afraid of him—if they come here after him, I'll give him up; I will. I tell you out at once; he may kill me for it if he likes, or if he dares, but if I'm here I'll give him up. I'd give him up if he was to be boiled alive. Murder! Help! If there's the pluck of a man among you three, you'll help me. Murder! Help! Down with him!"

Pouring out these cries, and accompanying them with violent gesticulation, the boy actually threw himself single-handed upon the strong man, and in the intensity of his energy and the suddenness of his surprise brought him heavily to the ground.

The three spectators seemed quite transfixed and stupefied. They offered no interference, and the boy and man rolled on the ground together, the former heedless of the blows that showered upon him, wrenching his hands tighter and tighter in the garments about the murderer's breast, and never ceasing to call for help with all his might.

The contest, however, was too unequal to last long. Sikes had him down and his knee was on his throat, when Crackit

pulled him back with a look of alarm and pointed to the window. There were lights gleaming below, voices in loud and earnest conversation, the tramp of hurried footsteps—endless they seemed in number—crossing the nearest wooden-bridge. One man on horseback seemed to be among the crowd, for there was the noise of hoofs rattling on the uneven pavement; the gleam of lights increased, the footsteps came more thickly and noisily on. Then came a loud knocking at the door, and then a hoarse murmur from such a multitude of angry voices as would have made the boldest quail.

“Help!” shrieked the boy in a voice that rent the air. “He’s here; he’s here! Break down the door.”

“In the King’s name,” cried voices without; and the hoarse cry arose again, but louder.

“Break down the door,” screamed the boy. “I tell you they’ll never open it. Run straight to the room where the light is. Break down the door.”

Strokes thick and heavy rattled upon the door and lower window-shutters as he ceased to speak, and a loud huzza burst from the crowd;—giving the listener for the first time some adequate idea of its immense extent.

“Open the door of some place where I can lock this screeching Hell-babe,” cried Sikes fiercely; running to and fro, and dragging the boy, now, as easily as if he were an empty sack. “That door. Quick!” He flung him in, bolted it, and turned the key. “Is the down-stairs door fast?”

“Double-locked and chained,” replied Crackit, who, with the other two men, still remained quite helpless and bewildered.

“The panels—are they strong?”

“Lined with sheet-iron.”

“And the windows too?”

“Yes, and the windows.”

“Damn you!” cried the desperate ruffian, throwing up the sash and menacing the crowd. “Do your worst; “I’ll cheat you yet!”

Of all the terrific yells that ever fell on mortal cars none could exceed the cry of that infuriated throng. Some shouted to those who were nearest to set the house on fire; others roared to the officers to shoot him dead. Among them all, none showed such fury as the man on horseback, who, throwing himself out of the saddle, and bursting through the crowd as if he were parting water, cried beneath the window, in a voice that rose above all others, “Twenty guineas to the man who brings a ladder!”

The nearest voices took up the cry, and hundreds echoed it. Some called for ladders, some for sledge-hammers; some ran with torches to and fro as if to seek them, and still came back and roared again; some spent their breath in impotent curses

and execrations; some pressed forward with the ecstasy of madmen, and thus impeded the progress of those below; some among the boldest attempted to climb up by the water-spout and crevices in the wall; and all waved to and fro in the darkness beneath like a field of corn moved by an angry wind, and joined from time to time in one loud furious roar.

"The tide," cried the murderer, as he staggered back into the room, and shut the faces out, "the tide was in as I came up. Give me a rope, a long rope! They're all in front. I may drop into the Folly Ditch, and clear off that way. Give me a rope, or I shall do three more murders and kill myself at last."

The panic-stricken men pointed to where such articles were kept; the murderer, hastily selecting the longest and strongest cord, hurried up to the house-top.

All the windows in the rear of the house had been long ago bricked up, except one small trap in the room where the boy was locked, and that was too small even for the passage of his body. But from this aperture he had never ceased to call on those without to guard the back, and thus when the murderer emerged at last on the house-top by the door in the roof, a loud shout proclaimed the fact to those in front, who immediately began to pour round, pressing upon each other in one unbroken stream.

He planted a board which he had carried up with him for the purpose so firmly against the door that it must be matter of great difficulty to open it from the inside, and creeping over the tiles, looked over the low parapet.

The water was out, and the ditch a bed of mud.

The crowd had been hushed during these few moments, watching his motions and doubtful of his purpose, but the instant they perceived it and knew it was defeated, they raised a cry of triumphant execration to which all their previous shouting had been whispers. Again and again it rose. Those who were at too great a distance to know its meaning, took up the sound; it echoed and re-echoed; it seemed as though the whole city had poured its population out to curse him.

On pressed the people from the front—on, on, on, in one strong struggling current of angry faces, with here and there a glaring torch to light them up and show them out in all their wrath and passion. The houses on the opposite side of the ditch had been entered by the mob; sashes were thrown up, or torn bodily out; there were tiers and tiers of faces in every window, and cluster upon cluster of people clinging to every house-top. Each little bridge (and there were three in sight) bent beneath the weight of the crowd upon it; and still the current poured on to find some nook or hole from which to vent their shouts, and only for an instant see the wretch.

"They have him now," cried a man on the nearest bridge. "Hurrah!"

The crowd grew light with uncovered heads, and again the shout arose.

"I promise fifty pounds," cried an old gentleman from the same quarter, "fifty pounds to the man who takes him alive. I will remain here till he comes to ask me for it."

There was another roar. At this moment the word was passed among the crowd that the door was forced at last, and that he who had first called for the ladder had mounted into the room. The stream abruptly turned as this intelligence ran from mouth to mouth, and the people at the windows, seeing those upon the bridges pouring back, quitted their stations, and, running into the street, joined the concourse that now thronged pell-mell to the spot they had left, each man crushing and striving with his neighbour, and all panting with impatience to get near the door and look upon the criminal as the officers brought him out. The cries and shrieks of those who were pressed almost to suffocation, or trampled down and trodden under foot in the confusion, were dreadful; the narrow ways were completely blocked up; and at this time, between the rush of some to regain the space in front of the house and the unavailing struggles of others to extricate themselves from the mass, the immediate attention was distracted from the murderer, although the universal eagerness for his capture was, if possible, increased.

The man had shrunk down, thoroughly quelled by the ferocity of the crowd and the impossibility of escape; but seeing this sudden change with no less rapidity than it occurred, he sprang upon his feet, determined to make one last effort for his life by dropping into the ditch, and, at the risk of being stifled, endeavouring to creep away in the darkness and confusion.

Roused into new strength and energy, and stimulated by the noise within the house, which announced that an entrance had really been effected, he set his foot against the stack of chimneys, fastened one end of the rope tightly and firmly round it, and with the other made a strong running noose by the aid of his hands and teeth almost in a second. He could let himself down by the cord to within a less distance of the ground than his own height, and had his knife ready in his hand to cut it then, and drop.

At the very instant that he brought the loop over his head, previous to slipping it beneath his arm-pits, and when the old gentleman before-mentioned (who had clung so tight to the railing of the bridge as to resist the force of the crowd and retain his position) earnestly warned those about him that the man was about to lower himself down—at that very instant the murderer, looking behind him on the roof, threw his arms above his head, and uttered a yell of terror.

"The eyes again!" he cried in an unearthly screech. Staggering as if struck by lightning, he lost his balance and tumbled

over the parapet; the noose was at his neck; it ran up with his weight tight as a bow-string, and swift as the arrow it speeds. He fell for five-and-thirty feet. There was a sudden jerk, a terrific convulsion of the limbs, and there he hung, with the open knife clenched in his stiffening hand.

The old chimney quivered with the shock, but stood it bravely. The murderer swung lifeless against the wall, and the boy, thrusting aside the dangling body which obscured his view, called to the people to come and take him out for God's sake.

A dog, which had lain concealed till now, ran backwards and forwards on the parapet with a dismal howl, and collecting himself for a spring, jumped for the dead man's shoulders. Missing his aim, he fell into the ditch, turning completely over as he went, and striking his head against a stone, dashed out his brains.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

AFFORDING AN EXPLANATION OF MORE MYSTERIES THAN ONE, AND COMPREHENDING A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE WITH NO WORD OF SETTLEMENT OR PIN-MONEY.

THE events narrated in the last chapter were yet but two days old, when Oliver found himself, at three o'clock in the afternoon, in a travelling-carriage rolling fast towards his native town. Mrs. Maylie and Rose and Mrs. Bedwin and the good doctor were with him; and Mr. Brownlow followed in a post-chaise, accompanied by one other person whose name had not been mentioned.

They had not talked much upon the way, for Oliver was in a flutter of agitation and uncertainty which deprived him of the power of collecting his thoughts, and almost of speech, and appeared to have scarcely less effect on his companions, who shared it in at least an equal degree. He and the two ladies had been very carefully made acquainted by Mr. Brownlow with the nature of the admissions which had been forced from Monks, and although they knew that the object of their present journey was to complete the work which had been so well begun, still the whole matter was enveloped in enough of doubt and mystery to leave them in endurance of the most intense suspense.

The same kind friend had, with Mr. Losberne's assistance, cautiously stopped all channels of communication through which they could receive intelligence of the dreadful occurrences that had so recently taken place. "It was quite true," he said, "that they must know them before long, but it might be at a better time than the present, and it could not be at a worse." So they travelled on in silence, each busied with reflections on the object which had brought them together, and no one disposed to give utterance to the thoughts which crowded upon all.

But if Oliver, under these influences, had remained silent

while they journeyed towards his birth-place by a road he had never seen, how the whole current of his recollections ran back to old times, and what a crowd of emotions were wakened up in his breast, when they turned into that which he had traversed on foot a poor houseless wandering boy, without a friend to help him or a roof to shelter his head!

"See there, there—" cried Oliver, eagerly clasping the hand of Rose, and pointing out at the carriage window,—“that 's the stile I came over, there are the hedges I crept behind for fear any one should overtake me and force me back, yonder is the path across the fields leading to the old house where I was a little child. Oh Dick, Dick, my dear old friend, if I could only see you now!”

“You will see him soon,” replied Rose, gently taking his folded hands between her own. “You shall tell him how happy you are, and how rich you are grown, and that in all your happiness you have none so great as the coming back to make him happy too.”

“Yes, yes,” said Oliver, “and we'll—we'll take him away from here, and have him clothed and taught, and send him to some quiet country place where he may grow strong and well,—shall we?”

Rose nodded “yes,” for the boy was smiling through such happy tears that she could not speak.

“You will be kind and good to him, for you are to every one,” said Oliver. “It will make you cry, I know, to hear what he can tell; but never mind, never mind, it will be all over, and you will smile again—I know that too—to think how changed he is; you did the same with me. He said ‘God bless you’ to me when I ran away,” cried the boy with a burst of affectionate emotion; “and I will say ‘God bless *you*’ now, and show him how I love him for it!”

As they approached the town and at length drove through its narrow streets, it became matter of no small difficulty to restrain the boy within reasonable bounds. There was Sowerberry, the undertaker's, just as it used to be, only smaller and less imposing in appearance than he remembered it—all the well-known shops and houses, with almost every one of which he had some slight incident connected—Gamfield's cart, the very cart he used to have, standing at the old public-house door—the workhouse, the dreary prison of his youthful days, with its dismal windows frowning on the street—the same lean porter standing at the gate, at sight of whom Oliver involuntarily shrunk back, and then laughed at himself for being so foolish,—then cried, then laughed again—scores of faces at the doors and windows that he knew quite well—nearly everything as if he had left it but yesterday and all his recent life had been but a happy dream.

But it was pure, earnest, joyful reality. They drove straight

to the door of the chief hotel (which Oliver used to stare up at with awe, and think a mighty palace, but which had somehow fallen off in grandeur and size); and here was Mr. Grimwig all ready to receive them, kissing the young lady, and the old one too, when they got out of the coach, as if he were the grandfather of the whole party, all smiles and kindness, and not offering to eat his head—no, not once; not even when he contradicted a very old postboy about the nearest road to London, and maintained he knew it best, though he had only come that way once, and that time fast asleep. There was dinner prepared, and there were bed-rooms ready, and everything was arranged as if by magic.

Notwithstanding all this, when the hurry of the first half hour was over, the same silence and constraint prevailed that had marked their journey down. Mr. Brownlow did not join them at dinner, but remained in a separate room. The two other gentlemen hurried in and out with anxious faces, and, during the short intervals that they were present, conversed apart. Once Mrs. Maylie was called away, and after being absent for nearly an hour, returned with eyes swollen with weeping. All these things made Rose and Oliver, who were not in any new secrets, nervous and uncomfortable. They sat wondering in silence, or, if they exchanged a few words, spoke in whispers, as if they were afraid to hear the sound of their own voices.

At length, when nine o'clock had come and they began to think they were to hear no more that night, Mr. Losberne and Mr. Grimwig entered the room, followed by Mr. Brownlow and a man whom Oliver almost shrieked with surprise to see; for they told him it was his brother, and it was the same man he had met at the market town and seen looking in with Fagin at the window of his little room. He cast a look of hate, which even then he could not dissemble, at the astonished boy, and sat down near the door. Mr. Brownlow who had papers in his hand, walked to a table near which Rose and Oliver were seated.

"This is a painful task," said he, "but these declarations, which have been signed in London before many gentlemen, must be in substance repeated here. I would have spared you the degradation, but we must hear them from your own lips before we part, and you know why."

"Go on," said the person addressed, turning away his face. "Quick! I have done enough. Don't keep me here."

"This child," said Mr. Brownlow, drawing Oliver to him, and laying his hand upon his head, "is your half-brother; the illegitimate son of your father and my dear friend Edwin Lee-ford, by poor young Agnes Fleming, who died in giving him birth."

HANDY ANDY. No. V.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

ANDY was in sad disgrace for some days with his mother ; but, like all mothers, she soon forgave the blunders of her son, —and indeed mothers are well off who have not more than blunders to forgive. Andy did all in his power to make himself useful at home, now that he was out of place and dependent on his mother, and got a day's work here and there when he could. Fortunately it was haymaking season, which afforded him more employment than winter months would have done ; and after most of the farmers had made up their hay, and Andy could find no mowing to be paid for, he set-to to cut the "scrap o' meadow," as he called it, on a small field of his mother's. Indeed, it was but a "scrap," for the place where it grew was one of those broken bits of ground so common in the vicinity of mountain ranges, where rocks, protruding through the soil, give the notion of a very fine crop of stones. Now this locality gave to Andy the opportunity of exercising a bit of his characteristic ingenuity ; for when the hay was ready for "cocking," he selected a good thumping rock as the foundation for his haystack, and the superstructure consequently cut a more respectable figure than one could have anticipated from the appearance of the little crop as it lay on the ground ; and as no vestige of the rock was visible, the widow, when she came out to see the work completed, wondered and rejoiced at the size of her haystack, and said, "God bless you, Andy, but you're the natest hand for puttin' up a bit o' hay I ever seen : throth, I didn't think there was the half of it in it !" Little did the widow know that the cock of hay was as great a cheat as a bottle of Champagne—more than half bottom. It was all very well for the widow to admire her hay ; but at last she came to sell it, and such sales are generally effected in Ireland by the purchaser buying "in the lump," as it is called, that is, calculating the value of the hay from the appearance of the stack, as it stands, and drawing it away upon his own cars. Now, as luck would have it, it was Andy's early acquaintance, Owney na Coppel, bought the hay ; and in consideration of the *lone woman*, gave her as good a price as he could afford, for Owney was an honest, open-hearted fellow, though he *was* a horse-dealer ; so he paid the widow the price of her hay on the spot, and said he would draw it away at his convenience.

In a few days Owney's cars and men were sent for this purpose ; but when they came to take the haystack to pieces, the solidity of its centre rather astonished them,—and instead of the cars going back loaded, two had their journey for nothing,

and went home empty. Previously to his men leaving the widow's field they spoke to her on the subject, and said,

"'Pon my conscience, ma'am, the centre o' your haystack was mighty heavy."

"Oh, indeed, it's powerful hay," said she.

"Maybe so," said they; "but there's not much nourishment in that part of it."

"Not finer hay in Ireland," said she.

"What's of it, ma'am," said they. "Faix, we think Mr. Doyle will be talkin' to you about it." And they were quite right, for Owny became indignant at being over-reached, as he thought, and lost no time in going to the widow to tell her so. When he arrived at her cabin, Andy happened to be in the house; and when the widow raised her voice through the storm of Owny's rage, in protestations that she knew nothing about it, but that "Andy, the darlin', put the cock up with his own hands," then did Owny's passion gather strength.

"Oh! it's you, you vagabone, is it?" said he, shaking his whip at Andy, with whom he never had had the honour of a conversation since the memorable day when his horse was nearly killed. "So this is more o' your purty work! Bad cess to you! warn't it enough for you to nighhand kill one o' my horses, without plottin' to chate the rest o' them?"

"Is it *me* chate them?" said Andy. "Throth, I wouldn't wrong a dumb baste for the world."

"Not he, indeed, Misther Doyle," said the widow.

"Arrah, woman, don't be talkin' your balderdash to me," said Doyle; "Sure, you took my good money for your hay?"

"And sure I gave all I had to you,—what more could I do?"

"Tare an ouny, woman! who ever heerd of sich a thing as coverin' up a rock wid hay, and sellin' it as the rale thing."

"'Twas Andy done it, Mr. Doyle; hand, act, or part, I hadn't in it."

"Why, then, arn't you ashamed o' yourself?" said Owny Doyle, addressing Andy.

"Why would I be ashamed?" said Andy.

"For chatin'—that's the word, sinse you provoke me."

"What I done is no chatin'," said Andy; "I had a blessed example for it."

"Oh! do you hear this?" shouted Owny, nearly provoked to take the worth of his money out of Andy's ribs.

"Yes, I say a blessed example," said Andy. "Sure, didn't the blessed Saint Pether build his church upon a rock, and why shouldn't I build my cock o' hay?"

Owny, with all his rage, could not help laughing at the ridiculous conceit. "By this and that, Andy," said he, "you're always sayin' or doin' the quarest things in the

country, bad cess to you!" So he laid his whip upon his little hack instead of Andy and galloped off.

Andy went over next day to the neighbouring town, where Owny Doyle kept a little inn and a couple of post-chaises (such as they were), and expressed much sorrow that Owny had been deceived by the appearance of the hay,—“But I'll pay you the differ out o' my wages, Misther Doyle,—in throth I will,—that is, whenever I have any wages to get, for the Squire turned me off, you see, and I'm out of place at this present.”

“Oh, never mind it,” said Owny. “Sure it was the widow woman got the money, and I don't begrudge it; and now that it's all past and gone, I forgive you. But tell me, Andy, what put sich a quare thing in your head?”

“Why, you see,” said Andy, “I didn't like the poor mother's pride should be let down in the eyes o' the neighbours; and so I made the weeshy bit o' hay look as dacent as I could,—but at the same time I wouldn't chate any one for the world, Misther Doyle.”

“Throth, I b'lieve you wouldn't, Andy; but, 'pon my sowl, the next time I go buy hay I'll take care that Saint Pether hasn't any hand in it.”

Owny turned on his heel, and was walking away with that air of satisfaction which men so commonly assume after fancying they have said a good thing, when Andy interrupted his retreat by an interjectional “Misther Doyle.”

“Well,” said Owny, looking over his shoulder.

“I was thinkin', sir,” said Andy.

“For the first time in your life, I b'lieve,” said Owny; “and what was it you wor thinkin'?”

“I was thinkin' o' dhrivin' a chay, sir,”

“And what's that to me?” said Owny.

“Sure, I might dhrive one o' your chaises.”

“And kill more o' my horses, Andy,—eh? No, no, faix; I'm afeerd o' you, Andy.”

“Not a boy in Ireland knows dhrivin' betther nor me, any way,” said Andy.

“Faix, it's any way and every way but the way you ought, you'd dhrive, sure enough, I b'lieve: but at all events, I don't want a post-boy, Andy,—I have Micky Doolin, and his brother Pether, and them's enough for me.”

“Maybe you'd be wantin' a helper in the stable, Misther Doyle?”

“No, Andy; but the first time I want to make hay to advantage I'll send for you,” said Owny, laughing as he entered his house and nodding at Andy, who returned a capacious grin to Owny's shrewd smile, like the exaggerated reflection of a concave mirror. But the grin soon subsided, for men seldom prolong the laugh that is raised at their expense, and the corners of Andy's mouth turned down as his hand turned up to the

back of his head, which he rubbed as he sauntered down the street from Owny Doyle's.

It was some miles to Andy's home, and night overtook him on the way. As he trudged along in the middle of the road, he was looking up at some few stars that twinkled through the gloom, absorbed in many sublime thoughts as to their existence, and wondering what they were made of, when his cogitations were cut short by tumbling over something that lay in the middle of the highway; and on scrambling to his legs again, and seeking to investigate the cause of his fall, he was rather surprised to find a man lying in a state of such insensibility that all Andy's efforts could not rouse him. While he was standing over him, undecided as to what he should do, the sound of approaching wheels, and the rapid steps of galloping horses, attracted his attention; and it became evident that unless the chaise and pair which he now saw in advance were brought to a pull up, the cares of the man in the middle of the road would be very soon over. Andy shouted lustily, but to every "Hallo there!" he gave, the crack of a whip replied, and accelerated speed instead of a halt was the consequence; at last, in desperation, Andy planted himself in the middle of the road, and, with outspread arms before the horses, succeeded in arresting their progress, while he shouted "Stop!" at the top of his voice.

A pistol shot from the chaise was the consequence of Andy's summons, for Adolphus Johnstone, Esquire, an English young gentleman travelling from the castle of Dublin, never dreamed that a humane purpose could produce the cry of "Stop" on a *horrid Irish* road; and as he was reared in the ridiculous belief that every man ran a great risk of his life who ventured outside the city of Dublin, he travelled with a brace of loaded pistols beside him; and as he had been anticipating murder and robbery ever since night-fall, he did not await the demand for his "money or his life" to defend both, but fired away the instant he heard the word "stop;" and fortunate it was for Andy that his hurry impaired his aim. Before he could discharge a second pistol, Andy had screened himself under the horses' heads, and recognizing in the postillion, Micky Doolin (Owny Doyle's driver), he shouted out, "Micky, jewel, don't let them be shootin' me!"

"Who are you at all?" said Mick.

"Andy Rooney sure."

"And what do you want?"

"To save the man's life."

The last words only caught the ear of the effeminate Adolphus, or, as his friends familiarly and appropriately called him "Dolly;" and as "his life" seemed a personal threat to himself, he grasped his second pistol, and swore a soft oath at the postillion that he would shoot him if he did not *dwive* on, for the

gentle "Dolly" abjured the use of that rough letter, R, which the Irish so much rejoice in.

"Dwive on, you wascal, dwive on!" exclaimed Mr. Johnstone.

"There's no fear o' you, sir," said Micky, "it's a friend o' my own."

Mr. Johnstone was not quite satisfied that he was therefore the safer.

"And what is it at all, Andy?" continued Mick.

"I tell you there's a man lying dead in the road there, and sure you 'll kill him if you dhrive over him: 'light, will you, and help me to rise him."

Mick dismounted and assisted Andy in lifting the prostrate man from the centre of the road to the slope of turf that bordered its side. That he was not dead, the warmth of the body testified; but that it should be only sleep seemed astonishing, considering the quantity of shaking and kicking that proved unavailing to dispel it.

"I b'lieve it's dhrunk he is," said Mick.

"He gave a grunt that time," said Andy,— "shake him again and he 'll spake."

To a fresh shaking the drunken man at last gave some tokens of returning consciousness by making several winding blows at his benefactors, and uttering some half intelligible maledictions.

"Bad luck to you, do you know where you are?" said Mick.

"Well!" was the drunken ejaculation.

"By this and that it's my brother Pether!" said Mick. "We wondhered what had kept him so late with the return shay, and this is the way is it; he tumbled off his horses dhrunk—and where's the shay, I wonder. Oh, murdher! What will Mистер Doyle say?"

"What's the weason you don't dwive on?" said Mr. Johnstone, putting his head out of the chaise.

"It's one on the road here, your honour, a'most killed."

"Was it wobbers?" asked Mr. Johnstone.

"Maybe you 'd take him into the shay wid you, sir?"

"What a wequest!—dwive on, sir."

"Sure I can't lave my brother on the road, sir."

"Your bwother!—and you pwesume to put your bwother to wide with me?"

"How do you mane too wide, sir,—there's room enough if he was as wide again."

"You 'll put me in the debdest wage if you don't dwive on."

"Faith, then, I won't dhrive on and lave my brother here on the road."

"You wascally wappawee!" exclaimed Mr. Johnstone.

"See, Andy," said Micky Doolin, "will you get up and dhrive him, while I stay with Pether?"

"To be sure I will," said Andy. "Where is he goin'?"

"To the Squire's," said Mick; "and when you lave him there, make haste back, and I'll dhrive Pether home."

Andy mounted into Mick's saddle; and although Mr. Johnstone "pwotested" against it, and threatened "pwoceedings" and "magistwates," Mick was unmoved in his brotherly love. As a last remonstrance, Johnstone exclaimed, "And pwehaps this fellow can't wide, and don't know the woad."

"Is it not know the road to the Squire's?—wow! wow!" said Andy. "It's I that'll rattle you there in no time, your honour."

"Well, wattle away then!" said the enraged Johnstone, as he threw himself back in the chaise, cursing all the postillions in Ireland.

Now it was to Squire O'Grady's that Mr. Johnstone wanted to go; but in the confusion of the moment the name of O'Grady never once was mentioned; and with the title of "Squire" Andy never associated another idea than that of his late master, Mr. Egan. Mr. Johnstone was, as we have stated, a young Englishman employed in the under Secretary's office, and was despatched on electioneering business to Mr. O'Grady, who had ratted from the patriotic side of politics, and had thrown himself into the ranks of the opposite party. To open some negotiations, therefore, between the government and the renegado Squire, was the mission upon which Mr. Johnstone, much against his will, visited the wilds of Ireland; and the accident which has been just recorded afforded to the peculiar genius of Handy Andy an opportunity of making a glorious confusion by driving the political enemy of the sitting member into his house, where, by a curious coincidence, a strange gentleman was expected every day on a short visit. After Andy had driven some time he turned round and spoke to Mr. Johnstone through the pane of glass with which the front window-frame of the chaise was *not* furnished.

"Faix you wor nigh shootin' me, your honour," said Andy.

"I should not wepwoach myself if I had," said Mr. Johnstone, when you quied stop on the woad: wobbers always qui stop, and I took you for a wobber."

"Faix, the robbers here, your honour, never axes you to stop at all, but they stop you without axin', or by your lave, or wid your lave. Sure I was only afeerd you'd dhrive over the man in the road."

"What was that man in the woad doing?"

"Nothin' at all, faith, for he wasn't able; he was dhrunk, sir."

"The postillion said he was his bwother."

"Yis, your honour, and he's a postillion himself—only he lost his horses and the shay—he got dhrunk and fell off."

"Those wascally postillions often get dwunk, I suppose."

"Oh, common enough, sir, particlar now about the 'lection time; for the gintlemin is dhrivin' over the counthry like mad,

right and left, and gives the boys money to dhrink their health, till they're killed a'most with the falls they get."

"Then postillions often fall on the woads here?"

"Throth the roads is covered with them sometimes when the 'lections comes an."

"What howwid immowality! I hope you're not dwunk?"

"Faix, I wish I was," said Andy. "It's a great while since I had a dhrop; but it won't be long so, when your honour gives me something to dhrink your health."

"Well, don't talk but dwive on. What bwidge is this?"

"It's the bridge that *separates* the counties, your honour."

"Glowyes bull that," thought Mr. Johnstone,— "a bwidge *separating*—I must wub up my memowoy about that to-mowwow, and put it in my memowandums."

All Andy's further endeavours to get "his honour" into conversation were unavailing; so he whipped on in silence till his arrival at the gate-house of Merryvale demanded his call for entrance.

"What are you shouting there for?" said the traveller; "cawn't you wing?"

"What wing, sir?" said Andy.

"Why wing the bell?"

"Oh, they understand the *shilloo* as well sir:" and in confirmation of Andy's assurance the bars of the entrance gate were withdrawn, and the post-chaise rattled up the avenue to the house.

Andy alighted and gave a thundering tantara-ra at the door. The servant who opened it was surprised at the sight of Andy, and could not repress a shout of wonder.

Here Dick Dawson came into the hall, and seeing Andy at the door gave a loud hallo, and clapped his hands in delight—for he had not seen him since the day of the chase—"An' is it there you are again, you unluckly vagabone?" said Dick; "and what the d—I brings you here?"

"I come with a jintleman to the masther, misther Dick."

"Where's the gentleman?"

"In the po'-shay without."

"Oh! it's the visitor I suppose," said Dick as he himself went out with that unceremonious readiness, so characteristic of the wild fellow he was, to open the door of the chaise for his brother-in-law's guest. "You're welcome," said Dick;—"come, step in,—the servants will look to your luggage. James, get in Mr. — I beg your pardon, but 'pon my soul I forget your name, though Moriarty told me."

"Johnstone," gently uttered Adolphus.

"Get in Mr. Johnstone's luggage, James. Come, sir, walk into the dinner-room; we haven't finished our wine yet." With these words Dick ushered in Johnstone to the apartment where Squire Egan sat, who rose as they entered.

"Mr. Johnstone, Ned," said Dick.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Johnstone," said the hearty squire, who shook Johnstone's hand in what Johnstone considered a most savage manner. "You seem fatigued."

"Vewy," was the languid reply of Johnstone, as he threw himself into a chair.

"Ring the bell for more claret, Dick," said Squire Egan.

"I neveh dwink," drawled out Johnstone.

Dick and the Squire both looked at him with amazement, for in the friend of Moriarty they expected to find a hearty fellow.

"A cool bottle wouldn't do a child any harm," said the Squire. "Ring, Dick. And now, Mr. Johnstone, tell us how you like the country."

"Not much, I pwotest; but I must p^remise I was not p^repared to like it."

"Fine hills here, are there not?"

"Don't like hills—p^rwef^r valleys."

"You can't have valleys without hills—eh?"

"Not p^rwecipices though."

"Oh, something more gentle—too abrupt for you. Well, what do you think of the people?"

"Oh, I don't know: you'll pawdon me, but—a—in short, there are so many wags."

"Oh, there are wags enough, I grant you; not funnier d—ls in the world."

"But I mean wags—d^rwess, I mean."

"Oh, rags. Oh, yes—why indeed they've not much clothes to spare."

"And yet these wetches are fweeholders, I'm told."

"Ay, and stout voters too."

"Well, that's all we require. By the by, how goes on the canvass, Squire?"

"Famously."

"Oh, wait till I explain to you our plan of opewations from head qwaters. You'll see how famously we shall wally at the hustings. These *Iwish* have no idea of tactics: we'll intwoduce the English mode—take them by supwise. We *must* unseat him."

"Unseat who?" said the Squire.

"That—a—Egan I think you call him."

The Squire opened his eyes; but Dick, with the ready devilment that was always about him, saw how the land lay in an instant, and making a signal to his brother-in-law, unperceived by Johnstone, chimed in with an immediate assent to his assertion, and swore that Egan would be unseated to a certainty. "Come, sir," added Dick, "fill one bumper at least to a toast I propose.—Here's 'confusion to Egan, and success to O'Grady."

“Success to O’Gwady,” faintly echoed Johnstone as he sipped his Claret. “These *Iwish* are so wild—so uncultivated,” continued he; “you’ll see how I’ll supwise them with some of my plans.”

“Oh, they’re poor ignorant brutes,” said Dick, “that know nothing: a man of the world like you would buy and sell them.”

“You see they’ve no finesse; they have a certain degwee of weadiness, but no depth—no weal finesse.”

“Not as much as would physic a snipe,” said Dick, who swallowed a glass of claret to conceal a smile that he could not repress at the exquisite absurdity of the Englishman’s fancied superiority in finesse.

“What’s that you say about snipes and physic?” said Johnstone; “what queer things you *Iwish* do say.”

“Oh, we’ve plenty o’ queer fellows here,” said Dick;—“but you are not taking your claret.”

“The twuth is I am fatigued—vewy—and if you’d allow me, Mr. O’Gwady, I should like to go to my woom; we’ll talk over business to-morrow.”

“Certainly,” said the Squire, who was glad to get rid of him, for the scene was becoming too much for his gravity. So Dick Dawson lighted Johnstone to his room, and after heaping civilities upon him left him to sleep in the camp of his enemies, while Dick returned to the dining-room to enjoy with the Squire the laugh they were so long obliged to repress, and to drink another bottle of claret on the strength of the joke.

“What shall we do with him, Dick?” said the Squire.

“Pump him as dry as a lime-kiln,” said Dick, “and then send him off to O’Grady—all’s fair in war.”

“To be sure,” said the Squire. “Unseat me, indeed! he was near it, sure enough, for I thought I’d have dropped off my chair with surprise when he said it.”

“And the conceit and impudence of the fellow,” said Dick. “The ignorant *Iwish*—oh! wait my buck—if I don’t astonish your weak mind, it’s no matter!”

“Faith he has brought his pigs to a pretty market here,” said the Squire; “but how *did* he come here? how was the mistake made?”

“The way every mistake in the country’s made,” said Dick. “Handy Andy drove him here.”

“More power to you, Andy,” said the Squire. “Come, Dick, we’ll drink Andy’s health—this is a mistake on the right side.”

And Andy’s health *was* drunk, as well as several other healths. In short the Squire and Dick the Devil were in high glee—the dining-room rang with laughter to a late hour; and the next morning a great many empty claret bottles were on the table—and a few on the floor.

A SONG FOR A STORMY NIGHT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE winds without,
In their midnight rout,
Howl through our key-hole drearily ;
But sweet is our mirth,
Round the social hearth,
When circles the wine-cup cheerily.

*With a heigh ho ! nonnie no !
And a heigh ho ! nonnie nee !*

Fill up the bowl,
And stir up the coal,
Let no hour languish wearily !
We've right good cheer,
And a welcome here,
And a big log crackling cheerily.

*With a heigh ho ! nonnie no !
And a heigh ho ! nonnie nee !*

Yet amid our glee
Perchance there be,
Hearts near us beating drearily ;
All nipp'd by the cold,
Some traveller old,
May be trudging through snow-drifts wearily.

*With a heigh ho ! nonnie no !
And a heigh ho ! nonnie nee !*

Show then a light
From our window to-night,
Let it gleam to guide him cheerily :
We've a chair and a jug,
And a corner snug,

When he comes to our door so wearily.

*With a heigh ho ! nonnie no !
And a heigh ho ! nonnie nee !*

There let it burn,
While each in turn,
As he raises his full cup cheerily ;
Drinks " Joy and zest,
" And a pleasant rest
" To all who wander wearily."

*With a heigh ho ! nonnie no !
And a heigh ho ! nonnie nee !*

Never shall it be said,
That we, well fed,
By our fire-side singing cheerily,
Could forget this night,
The bitter plight
Of the thousands pining wearily.

*With a heigh ho ! nonnie no !
And a heigh ho ! nonnie nee !*

Let us open the door
To the old and poor,
They shall all be welcome cheerily !
While there's bite or sup
On our board or cup,

They shall never pass by us wearily.

*With a heigh ho ! nonnie no !
And a heigh ho ! nonnie nee !*

MARIE DE VILLEMARE.

"AND we have a new governess!" exclaimed my young cousin Emma, ending a long list of novelties that had been added to the *agrémens* of St. Edmondsbury since the date of my former visit.

"Though last not the 'least' useful article in the catalogue," I observed.

"Ah! but she is not cross, is she, Frank?" appealing to an urchin who had, unknown to me, possessed himself of my Brequet, and with a mischievous *penchant* for mechanics was striving to ascertain how a watch would manage its business with an embargo on its wheel.

"No," he replied slowly; "no, not exactly cross, but very proud. Nurse says she has nothing to be proud of, for she is only an upper servant, after all."

And this is the opinion inculcated into the children of the better classes; with such sentiments are they taught to regard those who are destined to qualify them for the station to which they belong! But "after all," as my cousin Francis observed, "after all" it is hardly to be wondered at—for governesses are such amphibious animals, it is a difficult matter to determine what element is their native one. Like Mahomet's coffin suspended midway—not, however, between heaven and earth, but between the drawing-room and the servants'-hall—objects of envy to the menials—of contempt to those whose offspring must be indebted to their talents and principles for all that enhances wealth or dignifies poverty.

Dinner was announced before I had concluded my toilette. The family were at table.

The "new governess" was not present. The guests were few; chiefly men immersed all day in mercantile pursuits abroad, and all the evening in sensual enjoyments at home.

At length the cloth was removed, the wine and fruit placed on the table, and in a few minutes the sound of many voices proclaimed the vicinity of the young ones.

Soon every unoccupied chair was filled. There was Emma, who was *sobriqueted* "Fairy," for no other earthly reason but that she was as unlike her name as possible, being short, fat, and dumpy, with unmeaning blue eyes, and flaxen ringlets. Then came Frank, the ingenious watch spoiler, and Susan, and Tom, and others, whose appellatives and attributes (for, like heathen gods and goddesses on a small scale, each had some peculiar quality,) I have long since forgotten. But no governess swayed them.

"Where is Mademoiselle?" demanded my aunt with a portentous frown. "Why did she not come with you?"

"She had a head-ache," answered one of the children. "I believe she is gone to bed."

"Mamma," observed Sarah, "you ought to speak to her. I observe she never makes her appearance at dessert when we have any one dining here."

My smooth, snake-like cousin! How I hated her from that moment, and how I pitied the poor victim that was expected to

“ Come when they called,
Do as they bid,
Shut the door after her,
And ever get chid.”

The evening passed heavily enough. Sarah played on the piano, and accompanied it with her voice; but I am fastidious. I never could endure music, however correct, if uninspired by feeling; and my cousin's was uninspired, soulless, apathetic like herself.

The ensuing morning I was up with the dawn, and “out a-field,” as old Herrick hath it; for though a fine gentleman in town, I can really enjoy the rising of the sun in the country. It is very different to see his rich golden beams dispersing the pale amaranth clouds, and to see him half “hiding his diminished head” behind a mingled vapour of fog and smoke, and noxious exhalations. Yes, I really do like the sun when unadulterated!

I was strolling very leisurely through a tangled walk, which even Mrs. Vicars's prejudice for clipping and pruning had permitted to revel in native luxuriance, when I was attracted by the merry laughter of the children; so, gently putting aside the branches which obstructed my view of the meadow beyond, I observed at my leisure what was passing in front. On the ground, and resting against a gnarled oak that spread its thick branches far overhead, reclined one of the rarest creatures on whom eye ever rested. She seemed young—very young; but there was that in her face which told of “sorrows that had done the work of years.” A book rested on her knee, which, however, she was not suffered to peruse; for it was haymaking time, and the children in their joyous play were flinging over her showers of the fragrant grass. They had even despoiled her of her hat, and the wavy tresses of her long, glossy hair, dishevelled by the happy rioters, streamed down her shoulders in unconfined luxuriance.

I do not think I was intended for a “man of the world.” Nature originally designed me for some simple village swain, for I pitied this gentle stranger with a pity almost “akin to love.” Nothing, however, allied to the passion which my friends of the *beau monde* would dignify with the name: for mine was free from selfishness or desire of personal gratification.

With an instinctive feeling of delicacy for her situation, I forbore to make my presence known; and suffering the boughs to resume their former position I retraced my steps to the house.

In the evening, as Mr. Vicars had no guests, Mademoiselle de Villemare made her *entrée* with the children and the dessert. Not a word was addressed to her except by Mr. Vicars's eldest son, a young Oxonian, who endeavoured in execrable French to keep up a conversation with one who understood his native language far better than he understood hers. As for me, the common politeness of an introduction was disregarded; and I would not place her in an embarrassing position by pointedly addressing her; so Marie de Villemare set at the table of my *parvenu* relations as if she had been really a statue.

As my stay at St. Edmondsbury was prolonged, my knowledge of Mademoiselle ceased to be confined merely to tacit observation of her features at the dinner-table. One day I summoned courage, when

my aunt and Sarah were out visiting, to join my little cousins in a ramble, and thenceforward Marie and I were no longer strangers.

I found her to be a woman whose fortunes were unworthy her genius. A painter—a musician of no common order—and endowed in an extraordinary degree with poetic taste and feeling;—that she could waste her rare talents in a school-room afforded me frequent matter for surprise. But there was some mystery attached to her—a mystery that had faded her cheek, and stamped her noble brow with its impress.

From admiration and compassion the transition is rapid to love. I soon felt that, for me, life were henceforth a dreary blank unless illumined by her. Yet mine was no boyish passion. I was a man in age—a man, too, in feeling,—but I loved for the first time; and if it be with the heart as with the vegetable world, that the bud which is most tardy in developement produces the most lasting and exquisite flower, the inference is obvious, that my affection, the fruit of maturity, was more deep and enduring than if I had commenced running the gauntlet through the ranks of beauty years before.

But I received no testimony that the sentiment was reciprocated by Mademoiselle de Villemare; unless, indeed, I might construe her anxiety to escape from the vapid gallantry of Oxford John into a more decided preference for my quiet attentions. This vain fool, puffed up with arrogant notions of his vast consequence as eldest son of the wealthy Mr. Vicars, and as a companion of sundry unfledged lordlings who drank his Champagne, rode his hunters, and borrowed his money, even went so far as to make me the confidant of his intention to transplant his sisters' governess to some bachelor domicile of his own. How I avoided knocking him down I now wonder; but my anger was restrained by consideration for the fair object of my devotion, and I listened as calmly as I could to the history of his intentions in her favour. However, one morning he entered my room in a towering passion; and after numerous gentle expletives, he called on me to join with him in cursing the impudence of foreigners generally, and of Mademoiselle de Villemare in particular.

“What has she done?” I demanded.

“See!” he exclaimed, pulling forth some papers,—“see the d—d way in which she has served me!”

He then proceeded to explain, that he had on the previous evening, through the medium of the nursery-maid, conveyed her an epistle proposing the delicate arrangement at which he had hinted in former conversations with me. “And how do you suppose she answered me? Why, by returning my letter torn in pieces, and with it this impertinent note,” handing me one which I opened, and read as follows:

“SIR,

“Enclosed, you will receive my definitive reply to the proposal you have presumed to make me. It depends wholly on yourself whether it remain a secret—a hint even to Mr. John Vicars will suffice to ensure me from a repetition of the insult.”

I sought her that evening. The result of our interview was unmitigated disappointment to me, and sorrow to both. She gently

but decisively rejected the offer of my hand and fortune—told me there existed an insurmountable barrier to her union with any one; and told it in such a way as convinced me that, even were it removed, she could never be mine. I asked no explanation, for I felt it would be vain to hope for a change in her sentiments. I bade her a respectful farewell, and ere an hour had elapsed was far from the spot.

Three years had passed away, and I stood upon the deck of a Calais steamer which was about to convey me to my native shore after a protracted tour, and like all my countrymen I had managed, without intending it, to get involved in the political squabbles of every territory I visited. In Germany I had been almost compelled to confess myself *au fait* to the mysteries of the *Bürschenschaft*: in Italy narrowly avoided being made a peace-offering to Austrian justice, for commiserating the sufferings of Silvio Pellico; and in France just escaped with life from the events of “the three glorious days.”

As I leaned over the side of the vessel I was startled by a voice near me repeating, as if unconsciously, the first lines of Marie Stuart’s farewell.

“Adieu, plaisant pays de France !
O ma patrie la plus chérie,
Qui a nourrie ma jeune enfance !
Adieu, France ! adieu, mes beaux jours.”

I turned; the stranger raising his hat politely begged pardon for having intruded on me, and would have passed on; but there was in his air and address something that riveted my attention and induced me to enter into conversation with him.

I soon discovered that my new acquaintance possessed a mind of no common order. His views were extended—his ideas expressed with an eloquent originality that I never heard surpassed. He was evidently broken in fortunes, and depressed in spirit; but occasional flashes of commanding intellect told of mental power and energy, which though blighted, was not destroyed.

I found that he was poor and friendless; and, worse than all, suffering under a still unhealed wound which he had received in the struggle of July.

“But I shall soon be well; and if not, *il faut être content. On ne peut mourir qu’une fois!*”

At Dover I parted from my agreeable companion, for he was too much fatigued to continue his journey; and I was anxious to meet an only sister, from whom I had been separated many years. However, we exchanged cards, and he faithfully promised to call on me on his arrival in London.

“And you have returned the same Horace Trevor as ever,” exclaimed my sister, as we sat at breakfast on the following morning. “Still *garçon*—still living on the memories of the past;—*à propos de cela*, I know your Marie de Villemare.”

“You know Marie de Villemare!” I repeated.

“Even so,” she answered; “and if you can be patient you shall hear all about it. Last year, after those old women at the Admiralty had sent away my poor Hamilton, I found myself, as you may suppose, terribly sad and lonely here in town, and I was just

meditating an elopement to Scotland among the clan, when one day Mrs. Vicars paid me a visit, and pressed and worried me so to accompany her home to St. Edmondsbury, that to get rid of her importunity I consented. There I went—there I found that sweetest of creatures, Marie de Villemare,—and there I learned to love her hardly less enthusiastically than yourself. I saw that the feeble minds among whom her lot was cast could ill appreciate the tone of her character; and I was wicked enough to try to seduce her to myself. But I failed of success; she expressed her warmest thanks for my ‘kindness,’ as she termed my selfish attempt, but declined my proposal. Since then the feelings of the Vicarses have undergone a revolution towards her. By some chance they discovered that she had rejected the matrimonial overtures of their son and heir, now a lieutenant in the Blues, who, finding it useless to offer less, had tendered his hand and fortune for her acceptance. This raised her character in their opinion, and thenceforth she was treated with courtesy. But the triumph of Marie was not complete until last spring, when Mr. Vicars, from unexpected losses, was for some time on the verge of bankruptcy. With right and honest principle he avowed his difficulties to Mademoiselle de Villemare, and entreated her to seek a better situation than he could from that time afford her. But she refused; said she was so much attached to the children that she could not bear to leave them, and that she neither required nor would receive any salary for her future services.

“You may imagine,” continued Isabel, “what the feelings of my uncle were, at such disinterested conduct in one whom he had formerly regarded with contempt. I am happy to say his embarrassments were merely temporary, and our dear Marie is now as highly valued as her virtues deserve.” * * *

The night was stormy, and the rain descended in torrents as I alighted from my cab in an obscure quarter of Westminster.

My poor French friend De Clairac was ill—perhaps dying! For many months I had seen him almost daily; our casual meeting on board the steam-boat having ripened into intimacy. True, his manner and temper were at times moody; but I made allowance for a mind soured by calamity, and for a frame bowed beneath torturing disease,—for his wound had never closed, and though he would not condescend to complain, traces of his sufferings were too plainly visible in his attenuated frame and the faded lustre of his eye.

I had just turned the angle of a street, when I perceived, by the dim light of a solitary lamp, a female struggling in the grasp of a coarse fellow a few paces before me. It was but the impulse of a moment, and the drunken reprobate measured his length on the pavement, from whence he showed little disposition to rise, while the trembling woman proceeded on her way. I followed, and speedily overtook her, though she walked with a rapid step.

“Pardon me,” I said, perceiving by her attire that it was no common person I addressed,—“pardon me if I suggest the propriety of your suffering me to protect you until you emerge into a more frequented quarter.”

At the sound of my voice she turned round. Merciful heavens! Mademoiselle de Villemare! I was about to ask her the reason of

her mysterious presence in that neighbourhood, when she paused at the door of a humble dwelling. It was a corner house, and instinctively I cast up my eyes to seek the name of the street.

"Why, surely," I exclaimed, "this is the place to which De Clairac's note directed me."

"De Clairac!" repeated Marie with a faint cry; "De Clairac! do you know him?"

"I am here at his own request," and I raised my hand to the knocker, but she arrested it.

"Stay, do not disturb him; I can admit you;" and thus saying she produced a pass-key, and in another moment I found myself in a narrow passage dimly lighted by a miserable candle which rested on a painted slab. My guide, taking the light, led the way into a scantily-furnished parlour, where a few decaying embers in the grate alone gave evidence of habitation.

For a few seconds we were both silent, at a loss to commence the conversation. Mademoiselle de Villemare was the first to resume composure. "Do you wish to see my—to see the Count?" she asked.

Marie seemed to read the thoughts which were passing in my mind, for her brow contracted, and a bright flush flitted for an instant across her cheek, and then died away leaving it more pallid than I had ever seen it. She drew her slight figure proudly up, and calmly said, "Do not question me now; I will not be suspected. You will know all soon."

She left me, and I remained alone until a servant appeared, and conducted me to De Clairac's room.

He was alone, reclining on a sofa near the fire. His languid eye brightened on seeing me; and he stretched out his wasted hand to welcome me. As I gazed on his emaciated features, it required not the gift of prescience to perceive that nothing short of a miracle would ever restore poor De Clairac, or renew the lamp of life already flickering towards extinction. I told him of my absence from town, which had prevented me from receiving his note until that day; and I spoke of the returning spring as a restorative for his shattered constitution.

"No, no," he said, in a broken voice; "I shall never see that season: all is nearly over here," placing his hand on his heart, "and I do not regret it except for the sake of one to whom I would make reparation. Marie, *ma bonne amie!*" he cried; and at the summons the door of an inner apartment opened, and Mademoiselle de Villemare, having exchanged her wet garments for a loose white *robe de chambre*, entered.

"Marie, these cushions are not comfortable," said the invalid; "no one can arrange them as well as you;" and in another moment she was bending over the Count with the solicitude of one whose heart was in her avocation.

"Marie, this is Mr. Trevor, the friend of whom I have spoken to you. And this, Trevor," turning to me, "is Marie de Clairac, my own inestimable wife!"

I was hardly surprised, for I had expected some such disclosure; but to say that I did not experience a pang at the discovery would be assuming credit for self-denial which I did not deserve.

"I have known Mr. Trevor several years," said Marie.

"And why did you not tell me so?" demanded the sick man, turning fiercely towards her.

"Simply because, though you often talked of your friend, you never named him."

The quiet dignity of the reply convinced De Clairac that there had been no intentional concealment; and with a sudden revulsion of feeling he hastily demanded pardon of his lovely nurse. In reply she bent her lips to her husband's forehead, but I am certain I heard her sigh as she did so.

And in what a predicament was I placed! In the presence of a friend, to whose wife I had unwittingly paid my addresses, and whom I still adored with all the madness and hopelessness of passion! But Madame de Clairac, as if in pity for the awkwardness of my position, soon retired, and then came the long-desired explanation of the mystery which had so long puzzled me.

It was but the repetition of an often-told tale. De Clairac, attracted by the youthful charms of Marie de Villemare, and proud of bearing off a prize for which many a noble heart beside contended, burst the chains that bound him to the feet of the Marquise du D—, and wooed and won the fair object of his passion. After the first effervescence of romance had subsided, her rare genius and spotless purity might perhaps have secured the conquest her matchless beauty had gained, but that in an evil hour for both, the Count was chosen a member of the legislature; and thenceforward their happy home in the valleys of Touraine was exchanged for the bustle and dissipation of the capital. To be brief, De Clairac again yielded himself to the blandishments of his former enslaver; and poor Marie was neglected—still worse, was compelled by her infatuated husband to submit to the pollution of her rival's visits! Yet she murmured not, for she well knew that tears and upbraidings will not bring back truant love; and are, besides, the feeblest weapon an injured wife can have recourse to. Moreover, she still hoped to win him when the intoxication of passion should have given place to sober reflection.

But she was not suffered to enjoy her flattering delusion. While weeping beside the death-bed of her only child, the savage inhumanity of Madame du D— contrived that she should find, as if accidentally, a letter written by De Clairac to that lady, in which he utterly disclaimed ever having loved Marie, and offered to sacrifice her society at the bidding of his enchantress.

"My unhappy girl!" continued the penitent husband, while tears rolled in quick succession down his pale face,—"*my unhappy, injured wife!* this was the last bitter drop in the chalice,—and she drained it to the very dregs. When I arrived at the chateau, whither I hastened on the tidings of my Adalbert's danger, I found the household in confusion—my lovely boy was no more—and the Countess had mysteriously disappeared the night of his decease. Nor could all our inquiries obtain the least clue to her place of concealment—for I had at first refused to concur in the fears of those around me that in the desperation of her maternal anguish she had sought a grave in the waters of the Loire—and it was not until I found the fatal letter that I renounced all hope of finding her. Then I called to mind her purity of character—her gentleness—her

talents—and, above all, her enthusiastic attachment to me: and I trembled to think that in the anguish of finding herself so cruelly betrayed—so heartlessly forsaken, her over-wrought spirit might have tempted her to lay violent hands on her life. From the demon who had led to such dreadful results, I from that hour turned with loathing and abhorrence; and if to bear about a heart insensible to enjoyment—if to feel the never-dying worm of remorse preying on existence—if this be punishment, Marie, thou hast been amply avenged!

“But a few weeks ago, a new light broke on my darkened soul. An old servant, who had often nursed Marie de Villemare in his arms when she was an infant, being on his death-bed, confessed that at her earnest entreaty he had aided my wife to leave the chateau on the night of her child’s death, and had conducted her to a convent at some distance, of which a relative of her mother’s was abbess; that from thence she had proceeded to England, where, when last he had heard of her, she was employed as a governess. Some time elapsed, and I could decide on no plan to discover her abode: you were out of town, and I had no person with whom to advise. So at last I bethought me of inserting an advertisement in some of the leading journals—here it is,” and he handed me a paper, in which I read to this effect:

“Should this paper meet the eye of Marie de C——, who left the Chateau ——, near Tours, on the night of the 17th of June, 1826, she is entreated to evince her forgiveness by addressing Achille de C——, No. 27, N—— Street, Westminster.”

“And the result was——”

“Successful. In less than twenty-four hours I held Marie in my arms.”

* * * * *

It was about three weeks after this interview that early one morning I received a hurried scrawl from Marie, imploring my immediate presence in N—— Street, a sudden alteration in the invalid having much alarmed her. I hastened there, and found that during the few hours which had elapsed from my last visit an awful change had indeed taken place. It was but too evident that the sufferings of poor De Clairac were about to terminate.

I drew the physician aside. “Is there no hope?” I asked.

“None—he is even now dying—human skill can be of no farther avail.”

I understood the hint; the doctor pocketed his last fee and departed.

On re-entering the apartment I found Marie engaged in prayer beside her husband. Often in my visits had I seen her thus employed, and always with increasing reverence,—for, beautiful as woman is in all the gentle charities of life, never does she appear so eminently glorious, never so elevated above the things of time and sense, as when ministering to the spiritual wants of those most dear to her—especially those about to be removed for ever from her cares! The chamber of death is the scene of her greatest triumphs. There she is no longer a mere thing of human impulse or human prejudice. Her very step is instinct with sensibility; and even when breath

and hope have passed away, her heart still fondly lingers near the temple from whence the beloved and immortal tenant has for ever departed.

And the shadows of "the night that knows no morrow" were gradually settling over that beloved countenance on which the gaze of the heart-broken wife was riveted with all the passionate tenderness of one about to be severed from the last tie that bound her to earth. The intensity of her woe admitted not of tears or lamentations; and there she stood wiping away the clammy dew that hung in pearls upon his forehead, as unmoved and nearly as death-like as him she attended. The stony composure of her manner did not deceive me, for there was something in the fixed stare of her dark eye that made my soul shudder within me. I would have given worlds to see her weep—rave—do anything except remain thus rigid and motionless o'er those pallid lips.

They were silent for ever—the heart so lately sentient had ceased to exist, and Marie only clung to what had been her husband!

Madame de Clairac's reason never recovered the shock of her husband's death. He had been her first love; and in her bosom, which was filled with enthusiasm to overflowing, there was no room for secondary passion. Even her affection for her child had taken its colouring from her conjugal devotion; and from the moment that reunited her to De Clairac, her all of life condensed itself into the dream of restoring him to health, and retiring with him and the wreck of their fortune to some quiet retreat in their native land. But the frail bark in which she had embarked all her hopes foundered; and the dreamer was awakened, never to repose again in such an Eden! Her powerful mind was shattered by its very strength. Had she struggled less for the painful pre-eminence of concealing the barbed arrow within her bosom, all might have been well at last, and Madame de Clairac as happy in after years as her genius and virtues deserved. But it is in vain to fancy what might have been. God willed it otherwise, and I have learned the bitter but salutary lesson of submission.

She died—died in a fitting season for one so good, so gentle, and so fair! In the last days of autumn,—when the bright flowers and green leaves were fading,—when the summer-birds were winging their way to more propitious skies, Marie de Clairac passed to her eternal rest!

They lie side by side. Their lowly grave lies a little apart from the others which fill the enclosure, and is sheltered by a noble lime-tree;

"Nor storied urn, nor monumental bust"

is there. A simple headstone, with the inscription A— de C—, obiit 3rd April 1832, aged 33.—M— de C—, obiit 25th October 1832, aged 26," constitute the only memorial of the ill-fated pair.

"Peace to the broken-hearted dead!"

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

DRINK! drink! drink!
 Wine is the fountain of pleasure,—
 Long—long ago,
 As some histories show,
 Sages have lov'd a good measure!
 Old sayings are true,
 Or they ne'er had been old,
 Sons ne'er from their fathers had got 'em,—
 Says one, "Truth 's in wine,"—
 By another we 're told,
 "Truth lies in a well at the bottom!"
 Each saying is true,
 And from paradox free,
 As soon I shall prove and define, sirs!
 The well is our bowl,
 And truth ne'er can be
 In a well of more exquisite wine, sirs!
 So drink! drink! drink!
 Wine is the fountain of pleasure,—
 Long—long ago,
 As old histories show,
 Sages have lov'd a good measure!
 A river much fam'd,
 PACTOLUS of old,
 They tell us could cure ev'ry sorrow:
 Its waters were healthy,
 Its sands were of gold,—
 Let 's see what from this we can borrow:
 'Tis plain by the river
 Our forefathers meant,
 The tide that in goblets we fill, sirs!
 And as for the sands,
 They 're the sparks that are sent
 From the wine-cup that cures ev'ry ill, sirs!
 Then drink! drink! drink!
 Wine is the fountain of pleasure,—
 Long—long ago,
 As old histories show,
 Sages have lov'd a good measure!

J. A. WADE.

LOVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE PARNY.

"Almer, est un destin charmant."
 "Avoir aimé c'est ne plus vivre."

To love, is to be blest!
 On love's delicious breath
 All life's enjoyments rest!
 To cease to love is death.
 Alas! 'tis to have bought
 The most o'erwhelming truth,
 That e'er experience taught,
 To disenchant our youth.
 Vows spring not from the heart,—
 Love is not what we deem:
 Candour itself is art,—
 And happiness a dream.

M. T. H.

SKETCHES OF ANDALUCIA.—No. II.*

CORDOBA.

Detras de la cruz está el diablo.

The Devil lurks behind the cross.—*Proverb.*

Bœtis oliviferâ crinem redimite coronâ !—*Mart.*

Decus auriferæ Corduba terræ.—*Sil. Ital.*

It was with regret akin to that experienced on parting with an old and dear friend, that I watched the city of Seville sink from my sight behind a rising ground. I then turned to contemplate my fellow-travellers in the "interior" of the diligence. These were two commercial travellers, a gentleman returning to his estate near Andujar, and an elderly priest. This last worthy I had noticed in the inn at Seville, pacing to and fro from his room along the passage, mumbling a string of pater-nosters and ave-marias. He evidently wished to acquire a reputation for sanctity; but, notwithstanding his solemn and taciturn air, I had doubts of his sincerity, which were subsequently confirmed. I could have wished he had considered cleanliness as essential as godliness; for he stowed himself unshaved, "unkempt, unwashed," in the corner opposite me, who would gladly have avoided the proximity of his greasy robes, redolent of tobacco and garlic, and of the no less greasy flaps of his long shovel-shaped hat suspended by a band from the roof.

The plain which we were traversing was richly cultivated with olives, corn, and fruit,—hedges of prickly-pear and aloe bordering the road. On ascending a hill about two leagues from Seville, the ruined Moorish Castle of Alcalá de Guadaira came into view, crowning a long bare ridge at a little distance. A deep hollow intervened, through which flowed a stream, glittering in the sun like liquid silver, bordered by olive, fig, and orange trees, aloes, and rushes, and overhung by a lofty red cliff, which beautifully contrasted its hue with the various shades of green, blue, yellow, and brown of the foliage below.

The country continued open and undulating, and was particularly fertile as we approached Carmona, six leagues from Seville. A gentle ascent led us into the town, and we alighted at the *posada* with eager appetites, and as whitened with dust as though we had just emerged from flour-sacks.

No smiling landlord, officious waiter, or simpering barmaid here welcomed us, or offered to minister to our wants; we were left, according to Spanish custom, to shift for ourselves. A brush, however, was procured, and with its aid, and that of a metal basin of water, and a single towel, which served for the whole party, we were in a tolerable state of purification when the savoury fumes of the *puchero* summoned us to dinner. Here we were able to take a better view of one another; and, Spaniards having the French facility in making acquaintance, the viands as they were passed round were accompanied with many a jest and pun, and often with a sly hit, or witty sarcasm. The priest, as is usual now-a-days with his order, came in for a full share of this raillery. He was first

* No. I. appeared in the Miscellany for last month under the name of "A Pilgrimage to Seville Cathedral." In some advertisements of the Magazine the name of "Grattan" was *erroneously* attached to that article.

accused of tipping too freely,—and, to say the truth, the wine-bottle made frequent visits to his glass,—then of glancing too often and too wantonly at the plump cherry-cheeked damsel who sat opposite, and who showed herself disposed to aid the joke by crying out, declaring he was treading on her toes, and begging him to tuck up his vile legs beneath him.

In this merry humour dinner was despatched,—the *moza* received payment from each, together with a *gratificacioncita* for herself,—the priest and women were deposited in the diligence, not, however, without giving rise to many insinuations that it was “shutting up the cat with the pigeons;” and the rest of the passengers having lighted their *papelitos*, or paper cigars, started on foot to meet the vehicle without the walls.

Ascending a steep narrow street, we passed through a gateway in the Moorish wall, and found ourselves on the crest of a lofty hill, whose entire slope, with the broad valley, or rather plain, at its foot, was glowing with the harvest, to whose hue the rich olive tone of the neighbouring heights, and cool grey of the distant mountains, formed a beautiful contrast. This was the Vega of Carmona, celebrated even from the days of the Romans for its fertility in wheat.

This is not the wheat commonly grown in England, but a much taller species universal in the Peninsula, and which, with its long beard, somewhat resembles barley. A vast expanse, like the plain of Carmona, covered with ripe wheat reflecting the meridian sun of Andalucia, has, when at rest, all the fervid, torrid appearance of the Desert; and as the breezes sweep it into long undulations, disclosing the bright golden ears beneath the darker bristles, the effect is dazzling beyond conception.

At the foot of the hill we met the diligence, and pursued our journey across the plain of waving wheat, and then over an open heath, the favourite resort of highwaymen. * * * The conversation turned from robbers to that ever interesting topic, the ladies. The Spaniards were eloquent in the praise of their countrywomen, and asked my opinion of them as compared with my own. I readily acknowledged the equal beauty and much superior grace of the Andaluzas; but added that, in moral and mental culture, they were far behind the Inglesas. “*Vaya!*” cried the priest, who had sat silently enough in his corner during the former part of the day, but whose frigid reserve now began to thaw under the genial influence of the generous wine of Carmona,—“*Vaya! go to!*—to another dog with that bone! women are the same in all lands; what do your countrywomen know more than mine? and if they do, what good does it do them — *que provecho les hace?* But they can neither dance nor sing like Andaluzas; and as to chastity, English women are no better than ours,—women are all alike,—*un diablo se le parece á otro*,—one devil is just like another; besides, I know for certain that the daughters of all the clergy in England are prostitutes.”

It was vain attempting to undeceive the priest in this particular; he obstinately maintained the truth of his statement, adding that such must necessarily be the case in a country where clergymen had families, for as their pay ceased at their death, their sons would be forced to beg, and their daughters to go on the town in order to sustain their

existence. Besides, he had heard it from unquestionable authority,—from a friend who had resided many years in England. “And as to the boasted beauty of the English women, what is it? all that can be said is that they have fair skins. Snow?—yes, in coldness!—*pero de frias, aunque blancas, libreme Dios!*—but from cold women, however fair, God deliver me! And then their legs and feet! *Caramba!* they are as thick and clumsy as a picador’s or an elephant’s. They walk, too, just like geese; they have no shape—no air—no grace—no fire!—But the Andalucitas!—”

Here he launched forth into the praises of the Andaluzas, describing their features and persons in a manner by no means consistent with his cloth. His extravagance excited the hearty laughter of our party, and we unanimously agreed that such language was anything but suitable for a priest, and clearly proved he had not remembered his vows. The poor man seemed conscious of having said too much; but the laugh was turned against him, and he was fain to remain silent and hide his confusion in the friendly smoke of his *cigarillo*.

“The eyes of a saint and the teeth of a wolf!” cried one.

“The cross outside and the devil within!” exclaimed another, alluding, I suppose, to the sacerdotal vestments which are figured with crosses.

“*Por las obras, no por los vestidos,
Los hombres son conocidos!*”

Actions, not dress,
The character express”

added the cavalier of Andujar; “Priests are no better than other men. Thanks to God we are rid of the friars—*los picaros!* the villains!—would the *clerigos* were gone also! ‘they are all alike: one devil is just like another’ (using the padre’s own words). I’ll tell you, sirs, how one was served by a young man, son of Andujar. He was drawn as a conscript, and after his eight years’ service, he obtained his licence, and set off for his own land. On the road, having spent all his money, he grew very hungry, and stopped at a solitary house to beg charity; but the door was shut, and though he knocked many times, and shouted, ‘*Ave Maria Purissima!*’* till he was hoarse, no one returned an answer. Well, sirs, all he could see in the *patio*, through the iron-grated door, was a lamb; so having this said hunger of the devil, he called the lamb, and seizing it by the horns, tried to pull it through the gratings; but the bars were too close, and he could not succeed. *Conque Señores*, he arrived at length, lean as a greyhound, at his own house, where his father embraced him, and his mother wept with joy at his return. After some days, his mother said to him, ‘Son of my bowels, hast thou confessed lately?’—‘No, mother mine!’—‘*Pues*, there is Father Pablo my confessor, the best priest in the world; I will go and tell him thy wish to confess.’ In effect she went and asked the priest if he would confess her son. ‘Yes, my daughter,—*soy padre de almas*,—I am father of souls,—with all my heart, let him come to-morrow.’ *En fin*, the soldier goes, drops on his knees before the priest, beats his breast, cries *Pesame Dios! pesame Dios!* and all

* “Hail, Mary Most Pure!” is—or rather was, for it is going out of use—a very common mode of summoning the inhabitants of a house. To this is responded, “*Sin pecado concebida!*” (conceived without sin!) and admittance is at once granted.

that. 'How long, my son, is it since thou confessedst last?' — 'A whole year, father!' — 'Alas! then hast thou broken the first commandment. Hast thou sworn during that time?' — 'Yes, father, very often.' — 'What hast thou said?' — '*Por Dios*, or *por vida de Dios*! — By God, or by the life of God!' — 'Son, why didst thou swear thus? why didst thou not say by the life of God Bacchus, which is no oath? But to say *Por Dios*! is a great sin: thou hast broken the second commandment.* How often hast thou attended mass the past year — all the fête days?' — 'Not all, father.' — 'How many hast thou neglected?' — 'Four hundred, more or less.' — 'Alas, my son! thou oughtest to have attended mass every saint's day, to have holy-watered thyself, and thus preserved thee from the power of the demon. Thou hast broken the third commandment. Hast thou honoured thy father and mother?' — 'Yes, father, always.' — 'Good, my son: but he who has offended in one point has offended in all: thou hast broken also this commandment. Hast thou slain any one?' — 'Never, father, except in battle.' — 'Not even in thought? for the intention or wish is enough to condemn thee.' — 'Yes, I have slain in thought Don Ambrosio Gomez, my captain, when he struck me for disobedience.' — 'Then, my son, hast thou offended against the fifth commandment also. Hast thou broken the sixth? — hast thou gone astray after women, those wanton misleaders of souls? — hast thou a *queridita*?' — 'Yes, father, many: *vamos á ver*! — let us see! — one, two, three, at Toledo; two at Salamanca; five at Valencia; eight or nine at Madrid; I cannot reckon them all, father.' — 'Son, son, thou in truth needest absolution of thy manifold transgressions. Hast thou stolen aught?' — 'No, father, nothing, nothing!' — 'Not even in thought; for the intention alone suffices?' — 'Yes, I recollect to have sinned in thought; I wished to steal a lamb.' — 'What thinkest thou the value of the lamb?' — 'A matter of five dollars or so.' — 'Son, thou hast sinned much; thou hast stolen.' — 'No, father, I did not steal the lamb; I could not pull it through the gratings.' — '*No le hace, la intencion basta*, — that's no matter, the intention suffices. Bring me the five dollars for the worship of the Holy Virgin, and I will give thee absolution.'

"*Conque Señores*, — the soldier returned home very thoughtful. His mother asked him what ailed him; he told her he must pay Father Pablo five dollars before he could receive absolution. *Pues*, to end; his mother gives him the money, — he goes to the church and kneels at the confession-box. 'Ah, son of mine!' cries the priest, 'hast thou brought the five dollars?' — 'Yes, father.' — 'Give me them, then.' The soldier puts them to the grating of the box; but they are too large to pass through. 'Man!' cries the priest, 'why dost thou fumble with the grating? give me the money through the open door.' — 'No, no, *Señor padre*; I did not take the lamb through the open door, I could not pull it through the grating, and therefore did not rob its master; neither shalt thou rob me of the dollars, except *in thought* through the grating! "

We now stopped to change mules at the *Venta* of La Portuguesa, a solitary house ten miles from Carmona. After leaving the *Venta*,

* The reader will remember that the Catholic church separates the decalogue in a different manner from our own, blending what we call the First and Second Commandments, and dividing the Tenth.

we entered a thick forest of olives, extending on either hand in long regular lines of trunks as far as the eye could reach; and, when viewed from above, spreading out in one unbroken sheet of dull, bluish green. Nothing can be more uninteresting—nothing more cheerless and sad—than an olive wood; nothing more disappointing to the traveller who has associated with it ideas of beauty, except perhaps the vineyards of "*la France riante*."

Before reaching La Luisiana, our next post, I was surprised at the appearance of two wild horsemen, one on either side the diligence, in rough sheepskin jackets, with handkerchiefs streaming behind their heads, muskets hung on the cruppers, pistols at the saddle-bows, and sabres in their belts. These fellows were additional *escopeteros*, provided by the Diligence Company for our protection; the two heroes on the roof not being considered sufficient to meet the increasing perils of the road; for this northern part of Andalusia is generally more infested by robbers than any other part of Spain. We were approaching Ecija, the den of a band who, from time immemorial, have ravaged this district, and acquired the renown of *ladrones los mas finos que hay*,—the most finished rogues in the world. They are remarkable for always preserving the same number; is one shot, executed, carried off by accident or disease, his place is immediately filled up; there are never less and never more than seven, whence they have received the name of "The Seven Children of Ecija." Fortunately we did not fall amongst these *niños*, and entered Ecija in safety at ten o'clock at night.

Two rooms, each containing half-a-dozen low truckle beds, received the males of the party: but we had little time for repose; for in two hours we were roused by the deep voice of the mayoral, "*Arriba! arriba! ya se sale!*—Up! up! we are off!" In a few minutes the diligence rolled out of the court-yard, and, as the clock struck one, was crossing the bridge beyond the town. The river was the Xenil, famous in song and story. * * * As day broke, we entered Carlota, — a neat town with one long and broad street, lined with trees like a French boulevard. * * * Beyond Carlota the ground was broken and richly wooded, and the scenery exceedingly picturesque. Three leagues brought us to Mangonegro, where the prospects were more open, the country being very bare, with scarcely a tree in sight; the Sierra Morena, the Brown Mountains, whose memory has been immortalised by Cervantes, rose in the horizon before us.

Soon after leaving Mangonegro, some armed figures, on the summit of a low hill immediately on the left of the road, excited much alarm among the passengers, and scarcely less among the escort, who, nevertheless, looking to the priming of their pieces, boasted with many an oath of what they would do in case of an attack. Luckily for us their courage was not put to the test, and we drove on without being molested by these imaginary enemies.

On reaching the crest of a small hill, a splendid view opened upon us. A wide valley, rich in cultivation, extended across the centre of the scene, intersected throughout its length by the winding Guadalquivir; a long range of peaked mountains—the Sierra Morena—about two or three thousand feet in height, whose sides were clothed with verdure, and dotted with snow-white buildings, rose beyond,

forming the back-ground ; and beneath us, the road was seen winding down to a city nestling in the hollow amid luxuriant groves on the further bank of the river which washed its walls. This was Cordoba!

As we descended, the valley seemed to open on either hand, bounded on the right by bare hills, and stretching far away to the left, till it was narrowed in the horizon between the mountains that hemmed it in, and formed, as it were, a trough whose outline was broken only in the hollow by the conical, tower-crested hill of Almodóvar.

On a nearer approach to the city, it loses much of the beauty with which the imagination ever delights to invest it, and which it seems to possess in some degree when viewed from a distance. A confused assemblage of towers, spires, and houses, white, yellow, and grey, without regularity, and generally mean and ruinous ; a huge square mass of building—the Cathedral—rising in the centre ; and the whole enclosed by walls, here and there entire, but mostly in ruins, with broken towers, and time-worn ramparts ;—this is Cordoba of the present day ! How fallen from her former splendour ! She is no longer the city of Arabian palaces—the seat of monarchy—the capital of an empire ! Yet there is that in her antique and venerable air, in her very decay, which cannot fail at once to interest the traveller. In one thing, however, he must feel disappointment ; he looks in vain for a date-palm where the species was originally planted in Spain by the hands of the first Abdurrahman.

The descending road led us to the river, which we crossed by an ancient bridge, passing first by a Moorish tower which commands it. At the other end of the bridge, we rattled through a Roman gateway, and entered the city of Cordoba.

The primary object of interest at Cordoba, as at Seville, is the Cathedral ; while that of Seville, however, possesses attractions within itself,—in its vast size and sublime proportions—that of Cordoba, with no architectural grandeur, and little beauty, derives its chief interest from its unique character, and from the purpose to which it was originally applied. It was a mosque, and the third mosque in the world, inferior only to the Caaba at Mecca, and the Kibla of Moses at Jerusalem, though Abdurrahman I. who founded it A.D. 786, intended to make it superior to both. Externally it has no beauty. Walls of yellow stone about 35 feet high, with heavy buttresses, and notched battlements—which resemble in miniature the front of a Flemish house—form a parallelogram of 620 feet by 440. Here and there a horseshoe gateway determines the order of architecture.

I entered one of these gates, which led me into an immense open court full of orange-trees ; but passing on through another doorway, I found myself in a low dark building—the Mosque itself—amid a grove of slender columns which stretched far away in every direction, confusing the eye by their multitude and intricacy, or leading it through long narrow avenues to bright specks—the open doors—at the further extremity. The lowness of the edifice next struck me. Instead of the towering and vaulted roofs of Seville Cathedral, the ceiling here is flat, and only 35 feet from the pavement ; and this height being out of all proportion to the immense extent of the Mosque—440 feet by 410—a most singular effect is produced,

which is increased to grotesqueness by double tiers of horseshoe arches surmounting the low slender pillars. Altogether this cathedral has an air of great heaviness and weakness, unlike that of Seville, with its lofty and gigantic columns, which seem to say that though few in number they are equal to sustain such an extent of roof. A solemn gloom pervades the place, for light is admitted but at few intervals; and though the whitewashed walls and ceiling reflecting an Andalusian sun, do their utmost to make it day within, it is still only twilight; and were the climate less brilliant, it would be little brighter than in a subterranean vault.

Notwithstanding the disappointment that must be experienced by any who have anticipated grandeur, or even general beauty, the Mosque (for it still retains the name of Mezquita) is most interesting from its extreme singularity, and from being the only building of any extent, from which Christians, till very recently, could obtain an idea of the interior arrangements of Mohammedan places of worship. Its conversion, however, into a Catholic cathedral has greatly injured it as a relic of Arabian architecture, for numerous small chapels now surround it, and in the centre is a choir, which, though magnificent enough in itself, is out of place; and we cannot but lament the bad taste, or excess of religious zeal, which has thus, by breaking the vistas, disfigured the edifice, and destroyed its original character.

There are twenty-nine aisles, each 9 feet in breadth, running from east to west, and nineteen aisles of 17 feet broad, from north to south: these last originally opened upon the large orange-court before mentioned, but the archways are now blocked up by chapels. So numerous are the columns that they can be compared to nothing so aptly as to a plantation of young trees. I did not attempt to count them, but was assured by an old verger that there are still 834 remaining out of 1017, which are said to have existed in the time of the Moors, the rest having been displaced by the introduction of the chapels. They are generally about 10 feet high, and 18 inches in diameter, though in neither respect do they preserve uniformity. They are of jasper, porphyry, verd-antique, and the choicest marbles,—grey, red, green, blue, yellow or fawn-coloured, and white, most beautifully veined, streaked, ribboned, and watered,—most of them plain, all without bases, and crowned by Corinthian capitals of pure white marble. Many of these columns are supposed by Morales and Ruano, native chroniclers of Cordoba, to have formed part of the Roman temple of Janus Augustus which once occupied the same site, and they have, in fact, in size, proportions, and workmanship, much more of the Roman than Moorish character.

The only erection in the centre of the Mosque in its original state, was a pulpit, an apartment about 40 feet square. It still remains, but so blocked up by the modern choir as hardly to attract attention. The roof rises to the height of 50 feet, in an octagonal dome of dark wood, richly carved, painted, and inlaid; the walls are covered with exquisite tracery, interspersed with Arabic inscriptions; but their beauty has not preserved them from the barbarous intrusion of the paraphernalia of Catholic worship.

But the Zancarron, or Chapel of Mohammed, against the southern walls, surpasses in beauty every other part of the Mosque. There

are three enclosures (for chapels they are not, though so called) separated from the rest of the cathedral, and from each other, by columns of jasper and marble, supporting arches, in double tiers, of the most grotesque forms — of a style, in fact, not to be seen elsewhere in the Peninsula. The centre enclosure at once fixes the attention. In the wall is a horseshoe archway, leading into an inner room, and around it is a deep facing of arabesques of the most elegant patterns and brilliant colours,—red, black, and gold,—formed by a mosaic work of crystal of inimitable beauty. About this are long straight bands of Arabic inscriptions in large gold letters on a black ground, or *vice versâ*; and above, the wall rises, clothed with tracery in relief, to the roof, which is lofty, lantern-shaped, richly gilt, and lighted by small apertures, or windows without glass. The apartment within the arch is an octagon of 15 feet — its height the same; the walls ornamented with columns and arches in relief; and the roof of pure white marble in a single piece, carved in the form of a scallop-shell. This was the Maksudra, where was deposited the Coran; it is now called “The Library.”

The Christian additions to the Mosque cannot be viewed without indignation, and are scarcely worthy of description. They were effected in 1533, contrary to the wishes of the citizens to preserve the edifice in its original condition: the choir was then erected and chapels fitted up, no less than sixty in number. There are no works of modern art in the cathedral, which can atone in the slightest degree for this Vandalism.

In various parts of the building are tablets of wood with antique and almost illegible inscriptions in Gothic characters, bearing reference to the warriors who assisted St. Ferdinand in his conquest of the city from the Moors in 1236.

On one of the columns is rudely scratched a small cross, said to have been done many centuries since by the nail of a Christian who was enslaved by the Moors. It is protected by a small iron grating, and this inscription is annexed: “Este es el S^{to} Christo, que hizo el Cav^t Tibocon Lavña, — This is the Holy Christ made by the captive Tibocon Lauña.”

The Court of Orange-trees is much superior in size to that at Seville, being 440 feet long, and 210 wide. It is planted with orange and citron-trees, and a few cypresses, all very ancient, amid which several fountains cast up their glittering waters. It is environed by a Moorish colonnade, except on the south, where it is bounded by the Mosque itself; and on the northern side rises, to the height of nearly 300 feet, a square tower, partly of Moorish, partly of modern construction. A large horseshoe archway below, called the Gate of Pardon, was the principal entrance to the Mosque. On entering the court, the Mohammedans used to perform their ablutions at the fountains, being reminded of their duties by verses of the Coran inscribed on the walls; and then proceeded with bare feet to the sanctuary to offer their devotions. This court has preserved so much of its original character, that as I entered the Gate of Pardon, wandered among the orange-trees and splashing fountains, and onwards into the Mosque itself, with its innumerable columns and the fantastically beautiful Zancarron before me, I could scarcely bring myself to imagine that just six centuries had elapsed since the Moslem had worshipped in this temple.

Nothing beside the Mosque remains to indicate the splendour of which Cordoba boasted under the dominion of the Khalifs. The city is small; the streets narrow, tortuous, irregular, and execrably paved; and the houses low, mean, ruinous, and poverty-stricken, which air is increased by the general absence of glass. I remarked one long street in which not a pane was visible, the window-frames having been removed for the sake of coolness, and their places supplied by blinds of *esparto* matting. Yet there is much of the picturesque — gardens of orange, fig, and pomegranate trees are mingled with the buildings, and vines are seen on the very roofs, trained into rustic arbours, where the citizens may enjoy the fresh breezes from the mountains. There are a few very good houses in the western or higher part of the city, inhabited by some of the "bluest" or best blood in Spain; for several of the ancient nobility, wishing to avoid the expense of the court, and sympathizing, it may be, in her antiquity and fallen fortunes, have chosen Cordoba for their residence.

In spite of its mean appearance, its dulness and decay, Cordoba is an interesting city. First, because it is thoroughly Spanish. That intermixture of foreign fashions and customs, which is so striking at Cadiz, as sometimes to cause a feeling of disappointment to the Englishman who has expected to find everything new at so great a distance from his own country, and which, though in a lesser degree, is to be found in Seville, does not exist here. Cordoba is genuinely Spanish; notwithstanding its daily communication by diligence with both Cadiz and Madrid, where foreign fashions have sway, it preserves its purity unsullied. That monstrous usurper of taste, the French bonnet, does not show itself within Cordoba, and the *mantilla* reigns without a rival. The men, too, are all in the *majo* costume.

Cordoba is interesting also on account of its antiquity, its eventful history, its former magnificence, and especially on account of the substantial memorials of the past which it yet retains. And here it may not be amiss to touch on these several subjects.

The foundation of Cordoba has been variously ascribed to the Romans, to Phœnician or Persian colonists, to Hercules, and even to Tubal Cain. Without diving, however, into such depths of antiquity to determine the question, I will just remark that Cordoba, according to the learned Conde, is a corruption of the Phœnician "Karta Tuba" (important city); and though Strabo, on the other hand, says that the city was founded by M. Marcellus, A. U. C. 585, it is more generally supposed that it was merely rebuilt or enlarged by Marcellus, and some have even maintained that long before the Romans conquered the Peninsula, it was one of the chief cities of the Turdetani, or Turduli, the aborigines of Andalusia. It is, at least, certain that Corduba, afterwards called Colonia Patricia, became a city of great importance under the Romans, was the capital of Hispania Ulterior, celebrated for its schools and learned men, amongst whom the two Senecas and Lucan stand conspicuous. To

use the words of Martial,

"Duosque Senecas, unicumque Lucanum
Facunda loquitur Corduba."

After the invasion of the Arabs, Cordoba attained a still higher degree of importance, being the court of the Khalifs, and for cen-

turies the metropolis of Saracenic Spain. At this time—when the rest of Europe was buried in the deepest night of ignorance, barbarism, and superstition—Cordoba was the focus of all the genius, learning, arts, and sciences of the Arabians, the Bagdad of the West, the most enlightened city and polished court in Europe, shining perhaps with more than its real lustre from the contrast of the surrounding gloom.

The first Khalif of the West, Abdurrahman, who reigned in Cordoba in the middle of the eighth century, did much to advance the glory of the city; but under Abdurrahman the Third, and his immediate successors in the tenth century, it attained its highest pitch of greatness. The useful arts, especially agriculture, were carried to a degree of perfection before unknown; inventions were patronised; numerous colleges were established, in which the sciences—particularly astronomy, medicine, geometry, and geography—with poetry, music, architecture, languages and polite literature generally, were cultivated. The library of Alhakem, son of Abdurrahman the Third, is alone said to have contained 600,000 volumes—a prodigious number before the invention of printing. Cordoba was resorted to by the learned of all countries, and her own philosophers and literati were as renowned for their profundity and genius, as were her knights for their chivalrous valour and courtly bearing.

The commercial prosperity of Cordoba was at the same time at its height, and her manufactures of leather (cordovan), silk, gold and silver lace were long renowned throughout Europe. The revenue of the kingdom exceeded six millions sterling—an enormous sum for that early age.

The city was of vast extent: one Moorish writer relates that he travelled ten miles through an uninterrupted line of buildings; and from various others we learn that the city was fourteen miles in circumference, exclusive of the suburbs; that the houses of the whole amounted to more than 200,000, the mosques to 1600, the public baths to 900, and the population to nearly a million. Who could recognise in the present town the magnificent Cordoba of the Moors? Her population is now little more than 20,000; her commerce and manufactures are utterly dead, and a decaying wreck alone remains. The shrivelled decrepitude of age has succeeded the full muscular vigour of manhood.

The decline of Cordoba dates from the commencement of the eleventh century, when it ceased to be the metropolis, on the disruption of the ancient kingdom into many small states. When Ferdinand the Saint conquered the city in 1236, and expelled the Moorish inhabitants, Cordoba became a desert; and though she subsequently rallied a little, she never recovered more than a very inconsiderable share of her former prosperity, and has for ages been on the decline.

Roman antiquities abound in Cordoba; there is hardly a street which, if attentively examined, will be found without traces of the mighty empire. Here a noble gateway, with its time-worn columns and figures, meets the eye; there a fragment of pavement or a pillar, or a tablet, forming part of the wall of a modern house. The traveller on seeing a dark slab thus imbedded will be astonished on examination to find it bearing a Latin inscription, perhaps inverted; yet such is frequently the case. In fact, the streets, houses,

churches, convents, gates, and walls, abound in Roman fragments. Moorish remains are even more abundant. The city walls are partly of Roman, but chiefly of Moorish architecture with modern patches; and thus it is also within the city, where specimens of the Roman, Saracenic, Gothic, and modern Spanish orders are mixed and even blended in a most singular manner. The bridge is said to have been built by the Arabs in the eighth century upon a Roman foundation. The large archway at the northern end, which forms the entrance to the city, is of Roman construction. The doorposts are fragments of columns; one Roman of white marble fluted, the other apparently Moorish, of red stone and plain. Fit emblems of the past glories of Cordoba!—true chroniclers of her history!

On surveying the gateway from within the city, the thoughts are brought back to times less remote, by such inscriptions as these:—“The Virgin was conceived without original sin!”—“The immaculate conception!”—“Immaculate Mother, pray for us!” The feeling which dictated these sentences has now much diminished in Cordoba, if we may judge from the extreme paucity of worshippers at any time to be seen in the Cathedral, the removal of the images and pictures from many of the small chapels in the streets, and the mud cast upon others that remain. Yet a few are still universally respected, and amongst these, a small shrine beneath an archway adjoining a convent of nuns, demands the uncovered head of every passer by. No one can walk through Cordoba without being struck with the numerous evidences of the former piety of the citizens. Religious exhortations or notices meet the eye at every turn; here a begging-box fixed against the wall with “*Limosna para el culto del Señor*,—Alms for the worship of the Lord:” there, over a doorway, “*En esta casa se piden los santos sacramentos á todas horas*,—In this house the holy sacraments may be demanded at all hours,” reminding you of “Fire-ladders and buckets kept here in constant readiness.” Sometimes, as if plain prose were not sufficiently persuasive, the charms of verse are tried on the passenger. One instance of this is worthy of insertion.

“ Si no quieres que tu alegria
Se convierta en dolor,
No te pases, pecador,
Sin alabar á Maria !”

It may be thus rendered,

“ Of pleasure art thou chary?—
From sorrow wouldst thou fly?—
Then, sinner, pass not by,
Without a prayer to Mary !”

But the Virgin does not monopolise the devotion of the Cordobes; she has a formidable rival in the archangel Raphael, the patron saint of the city. In almost every square or open space there is a statue erected to his honour by Martino de Barcia, a quondam bishop of Cordoba, sometimes promising forty days' indulgence to whoever prays before the image. Hard by the Roman gateway, the saint is perched up on a lofty column, on whose base are these words:—“*Yo te juro por Jesu Cristo crucificado, que soy Rafael angel á quien Dios tiene puesto por guarda desta ciudad*,—I swear to thee by Jesus Christ crucified that I am Raphael the

angel, whom God has appointed guardian of this city." The saint, it is said, has approved himself of his charge, and at various periods has preserved this, his favourite city, from war, pestilence, and earthquakes; yet, strange to say, he is rather a drowsy guardian: he seems never to have been so wide awake at his post as to have averted these calamities till aroused to his duty by the prayers and processions of his citizens. The Cordobeses are now, alas! less grateful than formerly for his favours, and less disposed to beseech them; so that the city, it is to be feared, will some day be destroyed before its patron is roused to effect its rescue.

Cordoba, I have said, is a very dull city; it wants even the charms of the Prado. Not that this universal appendage to a Spanish town is here wanting; but it is rarely frequented, except on Sundays or fête days. At other times, you may take your solitary *paseo* on the Alameda—which is on a rising ground without the walls, to the West—undisturbed by the bustle of an ever-moving crowd, or by the chatter and fan-flutter of the always-to-be-noticed *Damas*. Here you will have a delightful view over the cultivated plain to the Sierra beyond, at the distance of more than a league, richly clothed with orchards and orange-groves, with here and there a convent or hermitage gleaming on its dark slope like a snowy sail in a sea of green. Should the wind happen to blow from this quarter, your senses will be almost intoxicated with delicious perfume. From this Alameda, following the line of low walls eastward, you will pass dense orchards of pomegranate-trees, in the month of June in full bloom, the bright crimson flowers sparkling amid the black foliage; corn-fields dotted with reapers will greet you on the right, with here and there horses treading out the grain in a circle—the ancient mode of threshing in the East—or priests in black cassocks, and grotesque fore-and-aft shovel-shaped hats, inspecting the process, and watching that the church is not defrauded. At intervals you will observe remnants of the walls which enclosed the city in ancient times, when it was of far greater extent than at present. You will then descend through the shady groves of the "Old Alameda" lying between the river and the city walls—which are here of yellow stone, lofty, and strengthened by massive square towers—and you will emerge on the bridge close to the Roman gateway.

The *posada* at Cordoba was tolerably comfortable; with a *patio*, whose walls were luxuriantly covered with jasmin and passion-flower, and apartments around carefully darkened in the middle of the day to keep out the sun. Here I found a young native of Havana, who had had been waiting several days for a vacant seat in the diligence to proceed to Madrid; and a newly-married couple who had taken up temporary quarters at Cordoba. The lady was of the neighbouring town of Montilla, and, according to report, had brought her husband, who was her inferior in rank, a princely fortune. In truth, their style was somewhat extraordinary for Spain; for they were travelling in their carriage—a lumbering and ugly vehicle certainly, which an English lady would be ashamed to enter—attended by a *galera* or light waggon for their luggage and servants. The stable of the *posada* was filled with their cattle—four superb horses, each worth £110 or £120 sterling, and several huge mules, shaved and trimmed in the first style of art, valued at £60 or £70 each.

The lady was young and beautiful, but of a soft and delicate beauty, rarely met with in Spain, with little of the fire and restless vivacity common to the Andaluzas. Such as they were, her charms seemed to have made a great impression on the heart of the young colonian, who lost no opportunity of paying court to her; and when asked in turn to sing, (as we sat together during the heat of the day with the host and his family in the darkened passage surrounding the *patio*,) with a prelude and accompaniment on his guitar, he struck up an amorous ditty, casting such glances all the time at the fair Montillana, and addressing himself to her in such a pointed way as would have roused the jealousy or wrath of any but a Spanish husband. He, poor man! instead of rising to chastise this insolence, sat as meek as a lamb, and seemed as much pleased as though all these sweet things had been addressed to himself instead of to his wife.

A tall, handsome fellow, in the gay *majo* costume, attended the young couple as a servant, and it was amusing to observe the great familiarity existing between him and his patrons. He took his seat with them, joined in their conversation, and gave his opinion unasked with the freedom of one who owned no superior. An extraordinary familiarity between master and servant is general in Spain; but I never saw it carried to greater lengths than in this instance.

Our party at the inn was increased in a day or two by a young Madrileño, just returned from the capital, where he had been spending a short time after an absence of many years. He was enthusiastic in praise of his native city, and "La Corte" was for ever on his lips.* He was amazed to hear that I was about to proceed to Granada when the high road to Madrid lay before me. Granada, he assured me, contained nothing whatever worth seeing; but La Corte! its splendours were beyond conception! its streets, palaces, mansions, *alamedas*, and gardens! and then the life, the gaiety of the place, the theatres, bull-fights, and the charming Madrileñas! He wound up a long harangue by declaring, "*No hay sino un Madrid en el mundo! Despues de muerto, hay una ventana en el cielo por mirar Madrid!*"—There is but one Madrid in the world! After death, there is a window in heaven on purpose to look at Madrid!" His eloquence was, however, thrown away upon me; and when I told him that I still preferred "the dull, stupid city of Granada," he shrugged his shoulders in silence, and walked contemptuously away, doubtless concluding me to be bereft of reason. Madrid I knew to be one of the dullest capitals in Europe, entirely of modern construction, and overflowed with foreign fashions, and therefore not so interesting in my eyes as even the ruined city of Cordoba, with its romantic associations, its remains of the olden time, and its unalloyed Spanish manners.

* La Corte, the Court, is the name by which Madrid is known throughout the kingdom. I remembered to have seen an old chronicle entitled, "*Madrid solo es Corte!*"—Madrid is the only Court!"

PARISIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

Le Portier, le Concierge, and le Suisse.

THESE are only species of the same genus: they represent physically the motto of the Knights of St. Patrick "Tria juncta in uno,"—they form one and yet are separate,—they represent the order to which they respectively belong: the nobility, the gentry, and the people: by this latter I do not mean *le peuple*, for now-a-days this word has either an exalted or a low meaning;—for instance, *le peuple souverain*, which is nothing more or less than the nation taken as a whole,—*un homme du peuple*, that is, one of *la canaille*. I take the people, then, in the sense of Dr. Johnson, "the commonalty, not the princes or nobles." I say, then, that the *suisse*, the *concierge*, and the *portier* are, as it were, representatives of the three classes above mentioned.

A *flâneur* at Paris (one of the most delightful states of existence, and of which I may give a sketch at a future period) may have observed the distinction in this way. Should his eyes have chanced to meet a large, old, dilapidated house, let in *appartements* to individuals in but middling circumstances in life, on going in at the door, he will see written on a low kind of shed, "*Parlez au portier.*" This self-same house is sold, and the new landlord has it repaired,—the former tenants ejected,—new ones accepted: it assumes a genteel exterior; then at the entrance he reads, "*Parlez au concierge.*"

A banker—a company of some sort or other—an ambassador or a minister—purchases the said building, and converts it to a more dignified use; then on a lodge, which has been erected right or left, or *au fond de la cour*, are exhibited those three words, "*Parlez au suisse,*" which, with a sort of awe-inspiring something, apprises him that it is the residence of *quelqu'un comme il faut!* These are the *gradins* of aristocratic door-keeping. Beware, then, of mistaking one for the other. You may call a *portier*, *concierge*, or even *suisse*; but never suffer your *savoir vivre* to be so much at fault as to give to the two last the appellation of the first. This established, let me proceed to place each of them before your eyes.

Formerly, and especially in the *ancien regime*, a *suisse* was generally a *Suisse*; but now a *Parisian*, an *Auvergnat*, or a *Savoyard*, often replaces the sons of Helvetia. Being an official person, and, of course, very consequential, he sits in his lodge, and does not like to be disturbed, especially by pedestrians; he has the same innate antipathy to persons of modest or retired habits, that a country house-dog has to tattered people, or the same animals in Paris to a class of beings called "*chiffonniers*" and "*tondeurs de chiens.*"

The *suisse* is a being something of the same nature as the porter at a nobleman's house in London, who measures the importance of the visitor by the loudness of the knock he gives at the door. As a consequence of a life of comparative indolence, the *suisse* is fat, sleek, and important: his answers are short, and his movements measured. You see at once in him that his is a life of ease, a sort of insecure: he is what a *chanoine* is in the church, or a *pair* in the eminently useful house of that name. Superior to the *concierge*, and

infinitely above the *portier*, there is yet another affinity between them besides that of opening and shutting door,—that is spying: thank Heaven, it is but little known in London, and only since the establishment of Sir Robert Peel's new police! But the *suissé's* opportunities are but seldom and long between: if you frequent his domain, he must endeavour to find out who you are, what you are doing, where you came from and are going to: but all this he must discover his own way: he cannot annoy you: there he is, the least noxious of the three species of animals of the genus.

The *juste milieu* has prevailed in France since it has been discovered that Charles the Tenth was the greatest Jesuit that ever lived, his present majesty, Louis Philippe the First, *toujours excepté*. The *concierge* is its prototype: unable to soar to the upper regions of the *suissé*, and looking down with contumely on the *portier*, he seems to say, caricaturing Louis XIV, "*Le gardien de l'état, c'est moi!*" His duties are multifarious: to him is intrusted by his master and patron, the landlord, a general and strict *surveillance* over each and every family who inhabits the dwelling, nay, over every member of it. What is their mode of living?—who visits them, and whom do they visit?—the extent of their expenditure?—are they punctual in their payments to those they employ?—do they keep good hours? During the reign of *Robespierre*, there was a law that on each house-door there should be stuck up a list or statement of every inmate, his name, surname, age, occupation, &c. The *concierge* is that *placard*. He knows everything, like D'Arlaincourt's *Solitaire*,—" *il sait tout — il voit tout — il entend tout.*" The pretty little opera dancer who lives *au quatrième, au dessus de l'entresol*, and pays six hundred francs, is as much in his power as the *rentier* or *agent de change*, who occupies the first and second *étage* at the rate of three thousand francs a-year. The *valet de chambre*, the *laquais*, the *coachman*, the *tailor*, the *modiste*, the *couturière*, the *bonne*, the *femme de chambre*, the *cuisinière*, are all in his confidence. His wife—for he generally has one—and his children, who mostly exceed that number—are as many inquisitive delegates which he sends forth as *ballons perdus*, to ascertain which way the wind blows. If he be a *garde national*, and goes on duty,—if past that happy privilege, he goes to the *estaminet* to meet his *compers* at the scientific game of *dominos*,—he leaves positive orders to have a strict watch kept; and the words "*cordon! s'il vous plait,*" are never called but a nose is cocked up accompanied with a pair of eyes to see who goes there.

Ten to one but that the *concierge* is an *ancien militaire*; but for the *trahison* at Waterloo, he might have gained *des épauettes*; become an *officier supérieur*,—a *maréchal*. Who knows, and *pourquoi pas?* Many others have had that luck: he therefore is not a man *tout-à-fait du commun*; and although his principal duty is to attend to his door, yet he feels that he is not a *portier*.

In addition to all these, his many duties, he has his little *agence de police*; he is waited upon occasionally by a *mouchard* who comes to gather his quantum of *espionage*; and *Monsieur le Prefet* becomes as well acquainted with what passes in the house as if he were himself *Monsieur le concierge*. He is, therefore, as I have said, a *juste milieu* man, being perchance the representative of an *appointé* by government. In the midst of all these elements, his nuisance is un-

felt, unperceived, just about as that of one third of *la Chambre des Députés*.

There is an old French proverb which says, *au pauvre, la besace*; and the poor *portier* exemplifies it. His is a sort of servant of all work routine. Up by daylight, he has to see that the *cour*, passages, and stairs are clean,—*autant que faire se peut*. He has probably bargained for a trifle to *faire le ménage* of a few of the inmates of that kind of Noah's ark, a French house: he has answers to give to all who go out, and the same duty to perform to every one who wishes to come in: he must probably trot half-a-dozen times all over Paris with messages, notes, letters, &c.: he is required, no doubt, to *frotter l'appartement de madame*, and *scier du bois pour mademoiselle*: it is very true he could get some one to do most of these things for him; but as the *portier* has no wages, and his emoluments consist in what he gets, besides *la bûche et les étrennes*,* he shrinks from no labour imposed on him.

He is probably besides a tailor or a shoemaker,—that is, he *rac-comode* the clothes or boots of the occupiers of the upper tenements of the building confided to his care: most likely he is blessed with a wife and a few brats, the females of whom may some day play great parts;† appendages to a man's expenditure, and requiring some little additional exertion. True it is that the *portière* does not offer a small assistance in the drawing along the heavy wagon of matrimony: she bustles about and contrives to alleviate her *cher mari's fardeau* by adding to the annoyance of every inmate in the house. She assumes the right of prying into every one's affairs and exercises it *au superlatif*; according to her quality of woman, and especially of a Frenchwoman, *son fort* is to endeavour to become as mixed with every tittle tattle of the neighbourhood; but if, in addition to this, she should happen perchance to be a *Parisienne*, then indeed the *portière* becomes an awful being to all whom she knows, and consequently whom she persecutes,—*chez la portière*, simply implies that it is a place where common-place information may be obtained, but in proportion to the extent of *bavardage* and *commerage* of the female cerberus, it acquires a greater or lesser influence. The *Pavillon de Flore*, and that of *Marson*, on the return of the Bourbons, divided the Tuileries. Here all sorts of great political intrigues were carried on. The *chez la portière* is its imitation, *en petit*; every homely subject is there discussed, from the *pot au feu* to another sort of *pot*. Woe be to the he or she who slights *la portière*! There is little of politics in her inquisitiveness: she has soon ascertained whether her male inmates are *légitemistes* or *républicains*, *Louis-Philipistes* or *Napoléonistes*; but that's nothing. The great inquiry is, are they religious, free thinkers, Saint Simonians, or nothing at all? are the women correct or otherwise? but principally, are they all generous, and do they slip, many a time and oft, the beloved five francs piece, whether it bears the effigy of *Louis XVI*, *Restaurateur de la liberté*; the goddess of the republics;

* When any occupier of an apartment lays in a stock of wood, the *portier* is entitled to choose the largest *bûche* as his perquisite. On New Year's day every person resident in the house gives something to the *portier*, as indeed do most visitors, to whom he takes good care to *souhaiter la bonne année, les amis de nos amis sont nos amis*.

† It is rather singular that many *filles de portières*, have become celebrated actresses or dancers.

that of Bonaparte, *premier consul* ; or *Napoléon Empereur* ; or the profiles of *Louis XVIII*, *Charles X*, or *Louis-Philippe*,—no matter which,—*c'est tout un*. That settles the point. Two young women live about the same fifth floor. One is loose ; but she is affable, simpers, chats, and occasionally *se souvient de la portière*. The other is correct—pays exactly, but cannot afford any extras. The first *est une charmante personne* : the last, *une salope d'hypocrite* ! So goes the *monde petit peuple* in Paris. *La portière* is a sort of living characterometer. Suppose any one calls and asks : *Madame* (always say *madame* to the *portière*) — *Mademoiselle Stephanie demeure-t-elle ici* ? in the *Oui, monsieur*, which follows, the degree of estimation may be formed of the person inquired after. It is either *Oui, monsieur*, gruff, and which implies as much as “Well, what do you want with her, and be d—d to you ?” otherwise, *Oui, monsieur*, with a soft voice, meaning something like and “What is it you wish, my dear ?”

The *facteur*, when he comes, offers an epitome of the *portière's savoir faire*. “Three letters,” he calls out : “*Mademoiselle Mélanie* one franc,—*Monsieur Duval* another franc,—*Mademoiselle Henry* two francs, letter from England.” The *portière* hesitates. “*Mademoiselle Mélanie*, why she owes me four francs fifty centimes already. What business has she to receive letters so often ? — *Monsieur Duval*, too, he has not paid his *blanchisseuse*, his three weeks' washing, amounting to *trente cinq sous* !—as for the letter from England for *Mademoiselle Henry*,—oh ! that 's quite another thing, only she expected three ; she has so many *milords Anglais* calling on her, and they so frequently slip *une pièce de trente sous* in my hand. Finally, all is settled with the *facteur*, the *portière* reserving to herself the right of making most of her arguments with the *he* and *she's*.

The *portier* is the *représentant de ce peuple turbulent, braillard*, always on the *alerte* for mischief or fun, and especially of that portion of it who, on *grand jours de fêtes*, scramble in the *champs Elisées* for stale loaves, tough fowls, and sour wine.

RELATIVE POSITIONS,

BY A REGISTRAR OF BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.

A LEGAL QUESTION.

“DON'T cry for a slap, if she's angry withdraw,
 “You know, my *dear child*, she's your mother-in-law.”
 “Yes, papa, that I know,” little Emily said ;
 “But, dear papa, why was that law ever made ?”

A MATERNAL UNCLE'S COMFORT.

“SHARP is spoiling his son ; he'll repent it one day :
 “No boy *can* go right who just has his own way.”
 “Sharp's a rogue, my dear sir, and his son I would rather
 “Should have his own way, than the way of his father.”

THE MATRIMONIAL DIFFERENCE.

SAID PRY, “It is plain, she is breaking your *heart*”
 (When between man and wife mischief-making).
 “That's no odds,” cried poor Sneak, with his hand to the part,
 “'Tis my *head* she is constantly breaking.”

ANECDOTES OF MILITARY SERVICE.

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL CADELL.

A VISIT TO THE TURK.

THE brig now made her way to the neighbouring Turkish fortress of Modon. The captain had received intelligence that an Ionian vessel had been captured by order of the bey, and of course it became his duty to inquire into the circumstance of the seizure of a vessel under the protection of the British flag. We arrived there in the morning, and entering the harbour as usual, fired a gun and hoisted our British colours. On reconnoitring the landing-place with our glasses, we beheld to our astonishment one of our Ionian legislators in his full costume of office. No sooner were we within reach than the distressed functionary was alongside. Never was legislator so delighted as our bedecked friend: he could hardly find words to express himself, so great was his joy that a British man-of-war should arrive so miraculously to his assistance. At length we discovered that he was the member for Cerigo, and was on his passage to Corfu on board this small Ionian vessel, carrying with him 10,000 dollars in specie. The vessel was stopped by order of the bey and searched, and finding so large a sum of money, they quickly brought her into the harbour under the pretence that one of the sailors had been engaged in the affair at Navarino; and they had actually taken the man out of the vessel and ordered him for execution. In the mean time they had secured the money, which they affected to consider a lawful prize. The story was no sooner told than the spirit and energy of the British sailor stood forward. The legislator was immediately despatched with a message to the bey that Captain Anderson claimed the man he had taken as an Ionian subject, and that he must be answerable for the man's safety at his own peril; and further, that he demanded an audience on the *Glacis* in an hour's time. Captain Anderson would have sent an officer with this peremptory message; but the quarantine laws were in strict force against this quarter, and he was obliged to make use of the Ionian functionary as his ambassador, who had himself not been allowed on board, but had told his story from the boat alongside.

The captain received an immediate answer that his request was granted, and we could perceive that preparations on a grand scale were making for our reception. When we were all attired, the captain's staff was not a little imposing. We had not waited long before the bey made his appearance on the *Glacis*, when immediately the captain with his *suite* left the brig in the boats.

It was a pleasant sight to see the sparkling pavilion of the bey; and the thousands of spectators lining the shores; and then our own jolly tars with their clean white jackets and trousers, blue shirts and straw-hats, and their steady man-of-war's stroke cleaving the water with scarcely a ripple following their oars. As we approached the shore, an immense crowd began to gather at our landing-place, eager to get a nearer view of the British officers. We now rested on our oars, and the captain made it known that he could not land without a clear passage being effected for him by the military, as any personal contact would subject the vessel to the quarantine laws. This was speedily effected, and the captain with his staff marched up to the pavilion where his excellency, the bey,

was reclining on a splendid cushion of velvet, embroidered with gold, and worked with jewels; and the floor of the tent was covered with a costly carpet. The dignitary was surrounded by his officers, all attired very gorgeously. He was an elderly man, of a very dignified appearance; and he received us with great apparent cordiality. We approached as near to his excellency as circumstances allowed, having the dread of quarantine before us; and the captain commenced a conversation through the medium of an interpreter. Anderson pointed out to the bey the breach of faith he had committed against our nation in detaining a vessel belonging to the Ionian Islands, under the immediate protection of the flag of Great Britain, and demanded imperatively that the crew and the money taken out of the vessel should be instantly delivered up. The bey seemed very high and determined: he spoke most warmly of the recent catastrophe on the island, and said that out of so many hundred human beings, only three had succeeded in escaping by prodigious efforts in swimming. "Do you not consider that the perpetrators of such a crime deserve punishment?" asked the bey, warmly.

Anderson answered,—“That he regretted to say such atrocities were not confined to the Greeks alone; and that if individual punishment were to follow such crimes, the Turks would themselves be the greatest sufferers; and that in this case of the Greek sailor, he claimed him as a British subject, and trusted, moreover, that the bey would have too much magnanimity to retaliate upon an individual the acts of a community.”

“Massallah!” exclaimed the bey, lifting up both hands; “you English have an odd way of making war! you take your enemies only for the pleasure of letting them go again: we make surer work with ours—they don’t fight against us again. But,” continued the bey, “I respect the English, and would serve them willingly. Do you see this?” he said, pointing to his eye,—we perceived he had lost the sight of one eye,—“I lost that fighting side by side with your brave men at the defence of Acre!”

By one of those curious coincidences which occur but rarely, Anderson was enabled to close our negotiation by a friendly and happy hit. Stepping back a pace, he unbuttoned one of the straps of his loose white trousers, and putting them up over one leg, showed a deep scar, extending from the knee to the ankle-joint,—“And there,” said the gallant fellow, as the bey ceased speaking; “this wound I received on the very same spot on the walls of Acre, fighting side by side with the brave Mussulmans, when a midshipman in the brave Sir Sidney’s frigate *Tigré*!”

All diplomacy was now at an end. At a sign from the bey, the money was taken possession of by the enraptured legislator. The Greek sailor was set at liberty with a handsome present, the vessel was declared free, and the bey declared his readiness to recompense the master for his loss of time, which, however, Anderson would not permit. Anderson had the greatest difficulty in preventing his newly-found friend from loading him with presents; but the bey was informed of the regulation which Anderson had made with regard to himself and the belligerents during the whole time he had been upon the coast, a regulation which he would on no account break through. To this argument the generous bey was reluctantly obliged to yield, and took leave of his old comrade with many pro-

testations of regard. On our return to the brig we weighed anchor, and, taking the Ionian vessel in tow, we left her in safety at Zante, and proceeded to Corfu.

CAPTURE OF THE PASHA'S HAREM.

IN 1823, the Greeks, in one of their marauding expeditions, captured the entire Harem of the celebrated Cherchid pasha. The instant this affair was made known to Sir Frederick Adam, he sent to negotiate with the captors for their prize, and ransomed them for 10,000 dollars. With the kindest and most delicate attention, Sir Frederick had a house fitted up expressly for the reception of these fair infidels, and had them conveyed to Corfu and landed in the night unseen by the curious inhabitants. During their residence, the strictest privacy was observed with regard to them: not an individual in the island was allowed to see them except Lady Adam, and a very few of the ladies of the garrison.

Sir Frederick lost no time in communicating with the pasha, and informed him of all he had done, and the scrupulous care which had been observed respecting the privacy of the ladies of his Harem. The pasha returned the most profuse acknowledgments to Sir Frederick for his kindness and attention, stating the satisfaction he should have in repaying the ransom, and requesting Sir Frederick to oblige him by sending them to Lepanto as speedily as possible. Sir Frederick Adam engaged the first merchant brig he was able, and had her fitted up for the reception of its fair freight with such care, that none of the people on board could, by any possibility, catch a glimpse of their passengers. Many of these interesting creatures had ingratiated themselves wonderfully with the ladies, who were allowed to visit them, by their entire artlessness and unsophisticated notions of the world and its ways. One was the favourite of the pasha, and was said to possess great influence over him. She was a native of Circassia, and was called Fatima, and possessed a greater profusion of ornament and rich clothing than the others. Lady Adam described her as the most decidedly beautiful creature she had ever beheld. She had large dark eyes with a peculiarly soft and pleasing expression, which could not fail to interest any one who looked upon her: her eyelashes were very long and black: her complexion was of the purest white, and her teeth like ivory. She was not more than eighteen years of age, and Lady Adam could not refrain from tears at parting with one so young and so beautiful, about to be secluded for ever from a world which she might, under happier circumstances, have adorned.

When the brig was ready for their reception, they were put on board without having been seen by a single individual, excepting the ladies already mentioned. Captain Anderson, in the Redpole, acted as convoy, and Captain Gilbert, A.D.C. was sent from Sir Frederick Adam with despatches for the pasha, and to receive the ransom money. I had been cruising for some time with Anderson and therefore accompanied him.

We had a most delightful trip from Corfu up the Gulf of Lepanto, where we had orders to deliver up our interesting charge. Some of the Turkish authorities, charged with the orders of his highness, the pasha, were there to receive them. They reiterated the pasha's acknowledgments for the kindness and care with which the ladies had

been treated ; and the ransom money was told into buckets of water to prevent contagion. The beautiful Fatima, at parting, left two handsome shawls as a remembrance, one for Captain Anderson; and the other for Captain Gilbert. They were conveyed from the brig so closely enveloped, that not even a figure was discernible; and on their landing were surrounded by a troop of blacks, or guards of the Harem, and conveyed in closed litters to the town.

The Redpole then sailed for Zante, whither Sir Frederick and Lady Adam had gone, to whom the captain gave an account of his mission, and truly delighted they were to hear that their *protégées* had been so kindly received. On our return to Corfu, the following most distressing intelligence awaited us. Scarcely had the two vessels sailed from the Gulf of Lepanto than the ruthless monster of a pasha, placing no faith in the honour of British officers, and deaf to all remonstrance, caused the whole of these unfortunate creatures, the beautiful and interesting Fatima amongst the rest, to be tied in sacks and drowned in the waters of the Gulph! The horror and indignation with which this shocking intelligence was received at Corfu can hardly be described. Not a man but would have gladly volunteered to have burnt Lepanto to the ground, and have hung the dog of a pasha by his own beard. But we were powerless: we had no right to interfere, and were to smother our indignation as we best could. There was many a wet eye in Corfu for the fate of poor Fatima and her luckless companions. But judgment speedily overtook the perpetrator of this most wanton deed of butchery, though it is strange how noble were the last moments of this man of blood!

By some means Cherchid pasha had incurred the suspicion of the Porte. There is but one way amongst the Turks of explaining these matters. A Tartar shortly arrived at the head-quarters of the pasha, bearing the imperial firman and the fatal bowstring. The pasha no sooner read the fatal scroll than he kissed it, and bowed his forehead to the earth in token of reverence and submission.

“Do your instructions forbid me to use poison instead of submitting to the bowstring?” calmly asked the pasha of the Tartar.

“His highness may use his own pleasure,” answered the Tartar. “I have with me a potent mixture which, with his highness’s permission, I will prepare.”

The pasha then called together all his officers and his household. He was attired in his most splendid robes, and received them in his state divan, as though in the plenitude of his power. The fatal messenger stood by his side. In one hand he held a golden goblet all enriched with precious stones, and in the other he held the imperial firman! “I have sent for you,” he said, addressing them in a firm voice,—“I have sent for you all, to show you by my example that it is the duty of a Mussulman to die at the command of his superior as well as to live for his service and honour. The sultan, our master, has no further occasion for his servant, and has sent him this firman. It remains for me only to obey. I might, it is true; resist, surrounded as I am by guards and friends. But no: I respect the will of God and our blessed prophet through the word of his successor. I value not life in comparison with duty; and I pray you all to profit by my example.” With a firm and unflinching hand he carried the poisoned goblet to his lips and drank it to the

dregs, then shaking his head as one who has had a nauseous draught, he handed the cup to the Tartar and said,—“ Keep it ; your potion is bitter indeed : present my duty to our master, and say that his servant died as he lived, faithful and true. And you,” he added, turning to those who stood dismayed around him, “ if ever it should arrive that any of you should have to undergo—the same—trial,” his voice faltered, and his face became deadly pale : “ remember—Cherchid pasha!—Allah—Acbar!—God’s will be——” but before he could finish the sentence, his head fell upon his breast, and he fell back upon the cushions of his divan and expired.

The Tartar took a bag from his girdle, and with a knife separated the head from the body : the blood staining the jewelled velvets. The head he deposited carefully in the bag, tied it round his waist, and in a few minutes was on his fleet steed on the road to Constantinople.

We had this account from an eye witness.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

WRITTEN IN MAY.

THERE ’s many a dark cloud hurrying by,
 Yet thy bright radiance breaks between,
 And steals from yonder troubled sky,
 To rest upon this peaceful scene.

Beautiful star! all calm and bright,
 With mystic charm art thou endued ;
 For who, beneath thy hallow’d light,
 Could let one erring thought intrude ?

Thy pure and gentle ray was given
 Amid soft twilight’s shadowy sky,
 To draw the mourner’s glance to Heaven,
 And court the lover’s pensive sigh.

No fierce repinings can arise
 At this most blest and soothing hour ;
 The dewy earth, the darkening skies
 Have each a tranquillizing power.

And I, when wearied and oppress’d
 By life’s conflicting cares and woes,
 Can turn to Nature’s balmy breast,
 And there find quiet and repose.

She, gentle nurse ! the fount of love
 Of her fair bosom still unveils ;
 And my insatiate thirst may prove
 How sweet that source that never fails !

Bright lamp of eve ! thy light gives birth
 To many a feeling—that must be,
 Like incense rising from this earth
 In prayer to Heaven—and love to thee !

M. T. H.

THE ODD FELLOW.

A COLLEGE SKETCH.

"Now be merciful, my dear Charles, they were all very gentlemanly fellows, and though things certainly do look a little dissipated, scarcely anything has been drunk, I assure you."

Thus replied, in a deprecating tone, Henry St. John Phipps, Esq. e Coll. * * *, to certain admonitions from his friend Mr. Waller, a staid and sober A.B. A seniority of some three or four years, together with a perfect acquaintance with all the phases of an Oxford life, gave considerable weight to any advice the latter might bestow; and really, to judge from appearances, that advice did not seem altogether uncalled for on the present occasion, for, as Mr. Phipps had just remarked, things certainly did look "a little dissipated."

The room in which they were sitting had evidently been but lately occupied by what is termed a "rowing" party. Sofas, couches, and easy chairs, on various recondite and improved principles, were scattered around in most admired disorder: in one corner was heaped a pile of books partially concealed by an academic cap and gown; in another stood a pair of top-boots, "got up" in first-rate style, and in readiness for the morrow's "meet;" a third, usually the peaceful retreat of an aged coal-scuttle, was now filled with foils, fishing-rods, single-sticks, (which, by the bye, are always seen in pairs,) and a respectable collection of empty champagne bottles; the floor was strewn with the corks of said bottles, together with diminutive cakes, bits of toast, tea-spoons, and broken glass; but the tables exhibited, perhaps, the strangest medley,—there, half-emptied decanters appeared amid plates and muffins, wine-glasses and tankards, cups and saucers, the latter, for the most part, containing an agreeable mixture of coffee and cigar-ashes, while the cigars themselves—which Mr. Gattie had pronounced on his honour to be the sole half pound remaining from George the Fourth's private collection—were rolling in a combined lake of milk and "bishop." The candle—for but one remained alight, two having died a natural death, and a third being rendered *hors de combat* by a superincumbent square of buttered toast—glimmered amidst the clouds of tobacco-smoke that still rolled through the apartment; in short, it was, as Mr. St. John Phipps himself described it, a scene "rather calculated to disgust one's intended."

"And now," said his friend, "throw open the windows, and come over to my rooms, for I cannot endure this atmosphere any longer." Mr. Phipps ceased playing with half a poker, which had been broken across somebody's arm for the edification of an incredulous freshman,—picked up his cap, and followed the Bachelor down a dirty, ill-lighted staircase. He would have paused, as he crossed the quadrangle with uneven steps, to admire the unusual loveliness of the night, but a "What the devil are you staring at?" reminded him that the air was chill, and his friend impatient; the pair accordingly pursued their way up half a dozen stone steps, then turning abruptly to the right, proceeded to climb a staircase still narrower, darker, and dirtier, than the one they had just descended. A latch-key admitted them into a remarkably small and irregularly-shaped room; the fire was nearly out; and while the host sedulously employed himself in reviving the dying embers, Mr. St. John Phipps stood at the open window: it commanded a view of the greater portion of Oxford. On the

right rose Merton tower, massive and gloomy, from above which a full moon poured her flood of pale calm light on the venerable piles of Queen's, University, and St. Mary's; while o'er the intervening roofs, and far in the background, the Berkshire hills were dimly visible, distinguished only by a deeper shade from the clear blue sky above. Not a sound was audible save the creaking of the weather-cocks on the dark and frowning Tower, and the occasional tread of some convivial Under-graduate, anxious to "knock in" ere Tom should proclaim the hour of twelve. The fire had now assumed a very comfortable appearance, and Mr. Phipps, closing the window, seated himself by the side of the diminutive grate. "These are queer rooms of yours," he exclaimed, after a pause of some minutes, during which time he had been engaged in brewing a tumbler of negus, "devilish queer rooms; and this is just the hour to tell me the story that you say is in some manner connected with them."—"Well," replied the Bachelor, after a little demur, "promise not to quiz, and you shall hear the circumstances which, interesting or not, have at least the merit of being true." Then drawing from his desk a roll of papers, he commenced partly to relate, and partly to read, certain passages in the life of one whom he called "The Odd Fellow."

"At a quarter past six on a fine evening in October 18—, two gentlemen, stepping from a hackney-coach, entered a handsome mansion in — Square; they were both above the middle height; one was of slight make, and appeared of somewhat nervous temperament, while his companion added to a frame of great power a manner of perfect ease and confidence. 'For shame! for shame!' whispered the latter, his friend's hesitation evidently gaining ground as they ascended the stair: 'who would credit that the gay Montagu Neville of —, could be so bashful at encountering a pretty girl, and such a grave old ass as—'

"'Mr. Lethbridge and Mr. Neville!' proclaimed the servant, and the two gentlemen entered the drawing-room.

"Dissatisfaction was clearly depicted on the faces of the three individuals who rose to receive them; an involuntary glance at the clock, the hands of which were pointing to twenty minutes past six, and a nervous twitching of his watch-chain, plainly declared that want of punctuality was with Sir Oliver Stiffbury a high crime and misdemeanour; while an anxiety of manner, and one of those rapid and peculiar glances which, being interpreted, mean, "Bring up dinner *directly*," showed that the delay had occasioned the lady of the house sundry forebodings touching the appearance the said dinner was likely to make: as to the young lady, her ill-humour (indicated by the half-closing a pair of lustrous black eyes, and the pouting of two very pretty lips) was partial and discriminating; to Mr. Lethbridge she was all smiles and amiability, so that the diffident Neville came in for a double share of frowns, pouts, &c.; all which, considering that Miss Stiffbury's engagement to the latter gentleman had been but that very morning ratified by papa and mamma, may appear to some simple-minded people, strange and unaccountable.

"'And pray, sir,' said the offended fair, as her devoted was conducting her to the dining-room, 'what may have made you so late? you know how particular papa is, and if there was no other inducement, surely — here, as Miss Stiffbury made a slight pause, Neville seized the opportunity of murmuring forth his explanations; showing, first how very long Lethbridge was at his toilet; secondly, how he had persisted that no people ever *were* punctual; and thirdly, how he would stop

the coach to witness a fight in the streets, which he declared to be "most especial fun:" and Mr. Tom Lethbridge's partiality for "fun" was proverbial.

"Their entrance into the dining-room put a stop to all further discussion between the lovers; a slight pressure of the hand had, however, renewed the most cordial understanding between them; and, indeed, with hearts united as theirs were, a touch, however light, would in an instant have smoothed a far more ruffled brow.

"The dinner passed off heavily enough; Sir Oliver looked majestic, Lady Stiffbury at her plate, the lovers at each other, and then looked absent; Mr. Lethbridge looked as if he sincerely wished he were so too.

"The ladies at length retired, and the baronet having taken a few glasses of wine, to the very evident improvement of his humour, began to unbend by degrees, becoming, as the evening advanced, exceedingly condescending and chatty. Sir Oliver had been at Oxford himself a great many years ago, and although his stay there had been short, and his departure rather abrupt, he was nevertheless particularly fond of recurring to the circumstance. On the present occasion he actually recounted divers jocose anecdotes; then wondered if the Radcliffe looked as it used to look, and supposed that Brushwell the "Tonsor" had grown quite an old man; which, as Mr. Brushwell was turned of thirty at the time of Sir Oliver's matriculation, was not altogether improbable; then having inquired if the wine was as bad as ever, and lamented with a self-satisfied contrition the excesses young men used to commit in his day, at once consoled himself, and conveyed a very delicate hint to his audience, by remarking that he was happy to say the habit had entirely gone out, and that for a man to be seen drunk in "quad" now-a-days was as rare as it was disgraceful. Mr. Lethbridge hastily swallowed a glass of sherry, and the servant at that moment announcing coffee, proceeded to join the ladies, leaving Neville and his father-in-law elect alone together.

"'And now, sir,' commenced the baronet, after he had poked the fire for three minutes with great care and attention, 'as you leave town to-morrow, allow me to remind you of our mutual contract; I have, as you are aware, yielded to the wishes of my only daughter, and let me find that her choice is not an unworthy one;—I repeat, that if you acquit yourself with credit and honour at the University, I will prove no longer a bar to your happiness, as far as the possession of Ellen can secure it; and should your views continue to be directed to the Church, I have no doubt but Mr. Mole, who is nearly sixty, might be induced to resign the living of Washton Tubbs, to which I could then present yourself.' Neville was, of course, profuse in his thanks and protestations, and the baronet soon after observing, 'You'll take a little more wine,' which at that time in the evening means,—"I am sure you won't do any such thing,"—they retired to the drawing-room. A quiet rubber of long whist always delighted Sir Oliver: now a quiet rubber of any description Mr. Lethbridge held in especial abomination; an imploring glance, however, from his friend settled the matter in a moment; he sat down with the baronet for his partner, and all went on very prosperously. Sir Oliver held capital hands, and Lethbridge was wonderfully attentive. 'Yet I think,' said the former, 'if you had *happened* to lead the knave, we should have got another trick.'

"'Very likely. That's a very pretty drawing,' responded his partner, successfully stifling a yawn.

“ ‘It’s the Stiffbury coat,’ said the baronet, slowly dealing,—‘Or, three leopards’ heads gules; the crest—’

“ ‘Ah, I see, a goose in a basket,’ almost unconsciously interrupted Lethbridge.

“ ‘A what, sir?’ gasped his partner, with opened eyes and mouth, and suddenly pausing in his distribution of the cards.

“ ‘I really beg pardon,’ apologised the facetious gentleman; ‘but the light, and the distance, and the—’

“ ‘It’s a swan *issuant* from a mural crown,’ said Sir Oliver, with suppressed emotion, and for the first time within the memory of man lost deal.

“ ‘Farewell, sir,’ said the still incensed baronet, as he grasped the hand of his future son-in-law at parting; ‘you have our best wishes; and,’ added he in a lower tone, ‘take my advice,—get rid of your jocular friend, or you may one day have bitter cause to lament his acquaintance.’”

Here Waller paused a little in his narration; but as he found his auditor was not quite asleep, he snuffed the candles, took a moderate sip of wine and water, and resumed his story.

“It must be full thirty years ago,” he continued, “that Montagu Neville first took up his abode in these very rooms;—in these very rooms did he study night after night, until the old bell that swings above us began to toll for morning chapel; then, when all around were rising refreshed and cheerful, did he seek in a few hours of feverish sleep, strength for the continuance of his labours. Weeks passed on in the same monotonous and unvarying round, and rapidly did Neville’s constitution, never a strong one, sink under the united effects of confinement, want of rest, and anxiety; at times he even feared that his mind was failing, and as this horrible idea prevailed it drove him into fits of deep despondency, closely bordering on delirium itself. One night—’twas a night like this, as bright, as beautiful—Tom Lethbridge entered his apartment. Neville was sitting by his books as usual; but his eye rested not on them, his forehead was supported by his left hand, which appeared to grasp convulsively the long and matted hair that overshadowed it; his right, tightly clenched, was stretched out on the table before him. He neither looked up on the opening of the door, nor exhibited any consciousness of the entrance of his friend, till the latter, advancing, placed his hand affectionately on his shoulder, then, indeed, he raised his face, and though Lethbridge had with the keenest sorrow marked the gradual emaciation of the student, he absolutely started in surprise and alarm, so haggard, so ghastly was the countenance that now presented itself; the usual hectic spot had left the cheek, the eyes appeared dilated to a more than natural size, and the lips were fearfully livid. ‘What, in Heaven’s name,’ exclaimed his astonished visitor, ‘can be the matter with you, Montagu? This infernal reading will be your death.’

“Neville shuddered at the word, and seizing his friend’s hand, said gloomily, ‘Heaven grant that *She* may not be dead already; or worse, lost—lost to me for ever!’

“ ‘Why this is mere midsummer madness!’

“ ‘Hold! hold!’ hastily interrupted Neville, ‘and hear me—believe me. Not five minutes since,’ he added, after a moment’s pause, and looking almost sternly at his friend, ‘did I see Ellen’s form before me, and as distinctly as I now see yours. You smile; but listen: the unusual beauty of the night had attracted me from my books to the

open window, when, after some minutes, turning my eyes to the right, I beheld in the deep shadow thrown by yon turret on the chapel roof, my beloved Ellen; she was leaning against the parapet, her eyes intently fixed on me with a look of unutterable despair; she appeared to have been gazing on me for some time, while I, unconscious of her presence, had been admiring the moonlight scene. To approach her was impossible; in vain I spoke to her, or rather *it*, and with prayers and entreaties begged for a reply—a single word. The figure mournfully shook its head, and then with fearful wildness tossed its arms in air, and disappeared behind the tower.

“When Neville had concluded his narration, Lethbridge looked at him for some minutes without speaking; then quietly shutting the volumes that lay upon the table, he took him by the arm, and entreated him, by all he held dear, to curtail his studies, and devote some time to rest and relaxation. ‘Your brain,’ said he, ‘is worn by constant work, and a heated imagination has conjured up this phantasy.’ By this, and similar explanations, did he fruitlessly endeavour to raise the downcast spirits of his friend. ‘Come,’ said he, ‘a few days, and your fate will be decided: man yourself for the trial. “Faint heart”—but *possibly* you may have heard the proverb, so now listen to my disasters, which are of somewhat later date. A solemn council has been convened to-day to take into consideration the peculiar merits of your humble servant, and the Seniority have come to the determination of no longer depriving my disconsolate family of my society; in short, they have rusticated me for the three terms next ensuing, upon the strength of which I have taken my name off the college books altogether.’

“Such, in truth, was the case: the fact was, that Mr. Lethbridge had long felt seriously inconvenienced by the restraint of University discipline, and frequent impositions were the result of non-attendances at chapel and the lecture-room. On the present occasion, the Rev. Matthew Marrowfatte, his tutor, had remonstrated with him on a little want of punctuality in sending in certain chapters of Paley’s Evidences ‘to be rendered into Latin prose.’ ‘Dear me,’ exclaimed the pupil, with a gesture of astonishment, ‘and hasn’t that rascal Figgins sent them in? I must really and positively employ somebody else to manage my impositions: he assured me, sir, that you should have this one by nine this morning.’ The Rev. Matthew Marrowfatte looked astounded, and remained for some moments in a state of bewilderment; soon, however, his capacious mind was enabled to comprehend the enormity of the offence, and with a powerful effort it hit upon a mode of treatment at once sagacious and severe. ‘You will consider yourself, Mr. Lethbridge,’ replied the offended dignitary, raising himself to his full height, five feet one, ‘confined to college for the space of fourteen days; and that, sir,’ he added with a dignified smile of triumph, ‘is a penance not to be so readily performed by proxy.’ Mr. Lethbridge bowed and retired; but conceive the dismay of scouts and tutors, fellows and deans, at beholding on the following morning, that gentleman booted and spurred, performing the rather arduous task of cantering a fine horse round the quadrangle. This it was that had drawn down the awful edict already mentioned. In vain the culprit urged that his physician had pronounced horse-exercise absolutely essential to his health, and that, unable to enjoy it without the walls, he had no alternative but to practise it within; in vain did he assure them that the animal was the quietest in the world,—nay, he even offered, if the College deemed cantering too dangerous, to confine him-

self for the future to a sober trot; the 'Seniority' was merciless, and was pleased to consider his apologies impertinence, and banishment inevitable.

"The days passed swiftly on, and more than one letter had assured Neville that his beloved was in excellent health, and was looking forward with confidence to a quick and happy re-union. In one, indeed, she had alluded to some ill-omened dream, but that only in a light and jesting way, and all save that were full of bright hopes and encouragement. Meanwhile the examinations having commenced, all were surprised at the sudden change in Neville's manner; he appeared cheerful, and even gay, and although severe study had left his body still weak, his mind had recovered its wonted vigour, and success seemed certain. The day of trial arrived at length, and the final examination commenced; crowds were present to witness its result: clearly, and without effort, was each difficulty solved, readily each explanation given, and when amidst a murmur of approbation Neville left the Schools, friends had rushed off in every direction to proclaim his triumph, for such indeed it was, while he himself, insensible to the congratulations that poured in, fell fainting into the arms of Lethbridge. Nature had been taxed to the utmost; but excitement, like a noble steed, had borne him safe and victorious through every peril, nor sunk exhausted till the stake was won.

"A tall thin physician, and a short fat apothecary, managed to squeeze themselves into the closet, by courtesy denominated Mr. Neville's "room." Rest and quiet were all that were necessary for the patient's recovery; but for the sake of appearances, and other considerations, which it would be impertinent to scrutinize, a detachment of phials was sent in, containing some very pretty-looking pink draughts, all which were with great regularity "well shaken" and thrown out of window every four hours. Removal, however, at present was out of the question; so Lethbridge insisted on conveying in person the joyful intelligence to the Stiffburys. Down stairs he rushed, crossed the Quad. like a rocket, knocked two aged bedmakers into their respective slop-pails, and demolished in his course a corpulent Scout with a brace of wild ducks and an apple pie, the intended luncheon of the Rev. Matthew Marrowfatte. In a quarter of an hour he was on horseback, and on his road to London; such being the exhilaration of his spirits, that in his confusion he positively paid the turnpike at the foot of Magdalen bridge. Three horses did he leave with evident symptoms of fatigue and depression; the fourth, all steaming and covered with mud and foam, brought him to the door of Sir Oliver Stiffbury.

"Somebody has said that there are no such things as trifles in this world, and oftentimes, indeed, circumstances unnoticed and insignificant, are the pivots upon which turn the most momentous events of human life. Had Lethbridge arrived but three minutes sooner, Mr. Robert Sims, the footman, would not have doffed his livery coat, and entered upon his ablutions; had he been three minutes later, that functionary's fingers would have been clarified; the coat, glittering in its embroidery of parsley and butter, resumed, and the door opened, ere the vibrations of its knocker had faded from the ear; as it was, however, the impatient Lethbridge knocked and rang, and rang and knocked, at first alternately, and at last both together. 'D—n it,' he muttered, as after a delay of some minutes he was admitted, 'I'll tease them for this.'

"Sir Oliver stared not a little at the extraordinary appearance of

his visitor, and slightly departing from the perpendicular, for the caricaturist of his ancient coat deserved no warmer welcome, coldly remarked, 'You bring us news from Oxford, I presume, Mr. Lethbridge?'

" 'I do, sir,' gravely responded that gentleman, confirmed by the hauteur of the baronet in his resolve of having "a little fun;" then throwing as much extemporaneous melancholy as possible into his countenance, he added in a most lugubrious tone, 'And I grieve to say that intense study has so shattered the constitution of our poor friend, that nature was unable to sustain him longer; he fainted when the very crisis of his fate—'

"He was interrupted by a loud and appalling scream, and Ellen Stiffbury, tearing her long black tresses, rushed from the adjoining apartment.

" '—Was happily passed,' exclaimed Lethbridge in alarm.

"It was too late. 'The dream! the dream!' she shrieked, and fell senseless at his feet.

* * * * *

"When Montagu Neville returned to town he found his betrothed a maniac, and his friend a voluntary exile; it was Tom Lethbridge's *joke*, and the baronet was right."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. St. John Phipps.

"It is but too true," replied the Bachelor, folding up the papers he had been referring to; "and," added he, "when my father brought me down for matriculation, I accompanied him to these very rooms, and here we found an elderly gentleman; what little remained of his hair was perfectly white; his cheeks were sunken, and his form bent; his eye, however, retained its brilliancy, but its restless fire told that all was not well within. He at once recognized my father, and they conversed some time upon old college recollections. The mild sad tone of that old man's voice will dwell in my memory for many a long year. As I afterwards became more at home in the University, I found that my father's friend was well known here by the *sobriquet* of 'The Odd Fellow.' His habits were inoffensive, but eccentric; he never entered the Common-room, visited none, and received no guests himself; he had 'passed' several valuable livings that had fallen to his option, and had not left Oxford for many years, but alike during term-time and vacation inhabited this old belfry tower.

"About three years ago my father unexpectedly entered my apartment; he had been summoned to the death-bed of his old friend. He arrived just in time to witness the last struggle, and Montagu Neville expired in his arms."

"Do you mean to say that he actually died here?" hastily inquired the undergraduate.

"In that very bed," was the reply.

"Thank you: good night!" said Mr. Henry St. John Phipps, and snatching up his cap and gown, he descended the stairs three at a time, and rushed to his own rooms.

At his friend's *déjeuner* next morning the freshman was returned "non est inventus," a small three-cornered note occupied his place, and contained his apology. "Mr. Jubber's muffins were excruciatingly good, but he could not eat them under the very nose of the ghost of that *demned*

"ODD FELLOW."

"DALTON."

BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

MARCH, 1839.

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TO OUR READERS.

Mr. Ainsworth will commence a new story, in our next number, under the title of GUY FAWKES, which will be, like "Oliver Twist" and "Jack Sheppard," illustrated by George Cruikshank.

Jack Sheppard, by the same Author, will be continued from month to month until it be completed in our pages.

Among other attractions to be given to the future numbers of this periodical work, the Rev. Mr. Gleig, the celebrated Author of the "Subaltern," will constantly contribute to its pages.

A new story will be commenced in our next number from the pen of a popular Author, under the signature of "Mask." It will be called "COLIN CLINT," and will be illustrated by George Cruikshank.

Articles will also appear forthwith by the following popular writers: Mrs. Trollope, Samuel Lover, Esq., Dr. Maginn, J. A. Wade, Esq., Tyrone Power, Esq., Haynes Bayly, Esq., George Hogarth, Esq., Captain Medwin, Charles Whitehead, Esq., Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., Mrs. Gore, M. Le Gros, "Father Prout," Henry Mayhew, Esq., "The Old Sailor," G. Dance, Esq., Mrs. Torre Holme, J. Hamilton Reynolds, Esq., Richard Johns, Esq., "Joyce Jocund."

In our present number will be found a contribution from the pen of a distinguished Author, whose productions even without the signature of T. M. would be immediately recognised.

THOMAS INGOLDSBY, who has so powerfully aided us from the commencement by his unrivalled "Legends," promises to give us in future numbers more of his productions, which are always so popular.

In the present number will be found the commencement of a story by "Quip," called "Vincent Eden, or the Oxonian," which will in future be illustrated by George Cruikshank. "The Isis," with which the Author of this story was connected, will for the future be incorporated with our Miscellany.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN consequence of the increasing number of articles sent to the Editor, the enumeration of which would occupy considerable space, it has been found necessary for the future to adopt the following arrangement: All articles forwarded before the 10th of the current month, and which are accepted, will be announced in our following publication.

Rejected Articles may be obtained on application at our Publisher's.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM A PARENT
TO A CHILD,

AGED TWO YEARS AND TWO MONTHS.

MY CHILD,

To recount with what trouble I have brought you up,—with what an anxious eye I have regarded your progress, — how late and how often I have sat up at night working for you,—and how many thousand letters I have received from, and written to your various relations and friends, many of whom have been of a querulous and irritable turn,—to dwell on the anxiety and tenderness with which I have (as far as I possessed the power) inspected and chosen your food; rejecting the indigestible and heavy matter which some injudicious but well-meaning old ladies would have had you swallow, and retaining only those light and pleasant articles which I deemed calculated to keep you free from all gross humours, and to render you an agreeable child, and one who might be popular with society in general, — to dilate on the steadiness with which I have prevented your annoying any company by talking politics, — always assuring you that you would thank me for it yourself some day when you grew older, — to expatiate, in short, upon my own assiduity as a parent, is beside my present purpose, though I cannot but contemplate your fair appearance — your robust health, and unimpeded circulation (which I take to be the great secret of your good looks) without the liveliest satisfaction and delight.

It is a trite observation, and one which, young as you are, I have no doubt you have often heard repeated, that we have fallen upon strange times, and live in days of constant shiftings and changes. I had a melancholy instance of this only a week or two since. I was returning from Manchester to London by the Mail Train when I suddenly fell into another train — a mixed train — of reflection, occasioned by the dejected and disconsolate demeanour of the Post-office Guard. We were stopping at some station where they take in water, when he dismounted slowly from the little box in which he sits in ghastly mockery of his old condition with pistol and blunderbuss beside him, ready to shoot the first highwayman (or railwayman) who shall attempt to stop the horses, which now travel (when they travel at all) *inside* and in a portable stable invented for the purpose,—he dismounted, I say, slowly and sadly, from his post, and looking mournfully about him as if in dismal recollection of the old road-side public-house—the blazing fire—the glass of foaming ale—the buxom hand-maid and admiring hangers-on of tap-room and stable, all honoured by his notice; and, retiring a little apart, stood leaning against a signal-post, surveying the engine with a look of combined affliction and disgust which no words can describe. His scarlet-coat and golden lace were tarnished with ignoble smoke; flakes of soot had

fallen on his bright green shawl—his pride in days of yore—the steam condensed in the tunnel from which we had just emerged, shone upon his hat like rain. His eye betokened that he was thinking of the coachman; and as it wandered to his own seat and his own fast-fading garb, it was plain to see that he felt his office and himself had alike no business there, and were nothing but an elaborate practical joke.

As we whirled away, I was led insensibly into an anticipation of those days to-come when mail-coach guards shall no longer be judges of horse-flesh—when a mail-coach guard shall never even have seen a horse—when stations shall have superseded stables, and corn shall have given place to coke. “In those dawning times,” thought I, “exhibition-rooms shall teem with portraits of Her Majesty’s favourite engine, with boilers after Nature by future Landseers. Some Amburgh, yet unborn, shall break wild horses by his magic power; and in the dress of a mail-coach guard exhibit his TRAINED ANIMALS in a mock mail-coach. Then, shall wondering crowds observe how that, with the exception of his whip, it is all his eye; and crowned heads shall see them fed on oats, and stand alone unmoved and undismayed, while courtiers flee affrighted when the coursers neigh!”

Such, my child, were the reflections from which I was only awakened then, as I am now, by the necessity of attending to matters of present though minor importance. I offer no apology to you for the digression, for it brings me very naturally to the subject of change, which is the very subject of which I desire to treat.

In fact, then, my child, you have changed hands. Henceforth, I resign you to the guardianship and protection of one of my most intimate and valued friends, MR. AINSWORTH, with whom, and with you, my best wishes and warmest feelings will ever remain. I reap no gain or profit by parting from you. Nor will any conveyance of your property be required, for, in this respect, you have always been literally “Bentley’s” Miscellany, and never mine.

Unlike the driver of the old Manchester mail, I regard this altered state of things with feelings of unmingled pleasure and satisfaction. Unlike the guard of the new Manchester mail, *your* guard is at home in his new place, and has roystering highwaymen and gallant desperadoes ever within call. And if I might compare you, my child, to an engine; (not a Tory engine, nor a Whig engine, but a brisk and rapid locomotive;) your friends and patrons to passengers; and he who now stands towards you *in loco parentis* as the skilful engineer and supervisor of the whole, I would humbly crave leave to postpone the departure of the train on its new and auspicious course for one brief instant, while, with hat in hand, I approach side by side with the friend who travelled with me on the old road, and presume to solicit favour and kindness in behalf of him and his new charge, both for their sakes and that of the old coachman,

BOZ.

JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD" AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE SECOND.—1715.

CHAPTER I.

THE IDLE APPRENTICE.

TWELVE YEARS! How many events have occurred during that long interval! how many changes have taken place! The whole aspect of things is altered. The child has sprung into a youth; the youth has become a man; the man has already begun to feel the advances of age. Beauty has bloomed and faded. Fresh flowers of loveliness have budded, expanded, died. The fashions of the day have become antiquated. New customs have prevailed over the old. Parties, politics, and popular opinions have changed. The crown has passed from the brow of one monarch to that of another. Habits and tastes are no longer the same. We, ourselves, are scarcely the same we were twelve years ago.

Twelve years ago! It is an awful retrospect. Dare we look back upon the darkened vista, and, in imagination, retrace the path we have trod? With how many vain hopes is it shaded! with how many good resolutions, never fulfilled, is it paved! Where are the dreams of ambition in which, twelve years ago, we indulged? Where are the aspirations that fired us—the passions that consumed us then? Has our success in life been commensurate with our own desires—with the anticipations formed of us by others? Or, are we not blighted in heart, as in ambition? Has not the loved one been estranged by doubt, or snatched from us by the cold hand of death? Is not the goal, towards which we pressed, further off than ever—the prospect before us cheerless as the blank behind?—Enough of this. Let us proceed with our tale.

Twelve years, then, have elapsed since the date of the occurrences detailed in the preceding division of this history. At that time, we were beneath the sway of Anne: we are now at the commencement of the reign of George the First. Passing at a glance over the whole of the intervening period; leaving, in the words of the poet,

————— The growth untried
Of that wide gap—

we shall resume our narrative at the beginning of June, 1715.

One Friday afternoon, in this pleasant month, it chanced that Mr. Wood, who had been absent on business during

the greater part of the day, returned (perhaps not altogether undesignedly) at an earlier hour than was expected, to his dwelling in Wych Street, Drury Lane; and was about to enter his workshop, when, not hearing any sound of labour issue from within, he began to suspect that an apprentice, of whose habits of industry he entertained some doubt, was neglecting his employment. Impressed with this idea, he paused for a moment to listen. But finding all continue silent, he cautiously lifted the latch, and crept into the room, resolved to punish the offender in case his suspicions should prove correct.

The chamber, into which he stole, like all carpenter's workshops, was crowded with the implements and materials of that ancient and honourable art. Saws, hammers, planes, axes, augers, adzes, chisels, gimblets, and an endless variety of tools were ranged, like a stand of martial weapons at an armoury, in racks against the walls. Over these hung levels, bevells, squares, and other instruments of measurement. Amid a litter of nails without heads, screws without worms, and locks without wards, lay a glue-pot and an oilstone, two articles which their owner was wont to term "his right hand and his left." On a shelf was placed a row of paint-jars; the contents of which had been daubed in rainbow streaks upon the adjacent closet and window sill. Divers plans and figures were chalked upon the walls; and the spaces between them were filled up with an almanack for the year; a godly ballad, adorned with a rude wood-cut, purporting to be "*The History of Chaste Susannah*;" an old print of the Seven Golden Candlesticks; an abstract of the various Acts of Parliament against drinking, swearing, and all manner of profaneness; and a view of the interior of Doctor Daniel Burgess's Presbyterian meeting-house in Russell Court, with portraits of the reverend gentleman and the principal members of his flock. The floor was thickly strewn with sawdust and shavings; and across the room ran a long and wide bench, furnished at one end with a powerful vice; next to which three nails driven into the boards served, it would appear from the lump of unconsumed tallow left in their custody, as a substitute for a candlestick. On the bench was set a quartern measure of gin, a crust of bread, and a slice of cheese. Attracted by the odour of the latter dainty, a hungry cat had contrived to scratch open the paper in which it was wrapped, displaying the following words in large characters:—"THE HISTORY OF THE FOUR KINGS, OR CHILD'S BEST GUIDE TO THE GALLOWS." And, as if to make the moral more obvious, a dirty pack of cards was scattered, underneath, upon the sawdust. Near the door stood a pile of deal planks, behind which the carpenter ensconced himself, in order to reconnoitre, unobserved, the proceedings of his idle apprentice.

Standing on tiptoe, on a joint-stool, placed upon the bench,

with his back to the door, and a clasp-knife in his hand, this youngster, instead of executing his appointed task, was occupied in carving his name upon a beam, overhead. Boys, at the time of which we write, were attired like men of their own day, or certain charity-children of ours; and the stripling in question was dressed in black plush breeches, and a grey drugged waistcoat, with immoderately long pockets, both of which were evidently the cast-off clothes of some one considerably his senior. Coat, on the present occasion, he had none, it being more convenient, as well as agreeable to him, to pursue his avocations in his shirt-sleeves; but, when fully equipped, he wore a large cuffed, long-skirted garment, which had once been the property of his master.

In concealing himself behind the timber, Mr. Wood could not avoid making a slight shuffling sound. The noise startled the apprentice, who instantly suspended his labour, and gazed anxiously in the direction whence he supposed it proceeded. His face was that of a quick, intelligent-looking boy, with fine hazel eyes, and a clear olive complexion. His figure was uncommonly slim even for his age, which could not be more than thirteen; and the looseness of his garb made him appear thinner than he was in reality. But if his frame was immature, his looks were not so. He seemed to possess a penetration and cunning beyond his years—to hide a man's judgment under a boy's mask. The glance, which he threw at the door, was singularly expressive of his character: it was a mixture of alarm, effrontery, and resolution. In the end, resolution triumphed, as it was sure to do, over the weaker emotions, and he laughed at his fears. The only part of his otherwise-interesting countenance, to which one could decidedly object, was the mouth; a feature that, more than any other, is conceived to betray the animal propensities of the possessor. If this is true, it must be owned that the boy's mouth showed a strong tendency on his part to coarse indulgence. The eyes, too, though large and bright, and shaded by long lashes, seemed to betoken, as hazel eyes generally do in men, a faithless and uncertain disposition. The cheek-bones were prominent; the nose slightly depressed, with rather wide nostrils; the chin narrow, but well-formed; the forehead broad and lofty; and he possessed such an extraordinary flexibility of muscle in this region, that he could elevate his eye-brows at pleasure up to the very verge of his sleek and shining black hair, which, being closely cropped, to admit of his occasionally wearing a wig, gave a singular bullet-shape to his head. Taken altogether, his physiognomy resembled one of those vagabond heads which Murillo delighted to paint, and for which Guzman d'Alfarache, Lazarillo de Tormes, or Estevanillo Gonzalez, might have sat:—faces that almost make one in love with roguery, they seem so full of vivacity and enjoyment. There was all the knavery, and

more than all the drollery of a Spanish picaroon in the laughing eyes of the English apprentice; and, with a little more warmth and sunniness of skin on the side of the latter, the resemblance between them would have been complete.

Satisfied, as he thought, that he had nothing to apprehend, the boy resumed his task, chanting, as he plied his knife with redoubled assiduity, the following—not inappropiate strains:—

THE NEWGATE STONE.

WHEN CLAUDE DU VAL was in Newgate thrown,
He carved his name on the dungeon stone;
Quoth a dubsman, who gazed on the shattered wall,
"You have carved your epitaph, CLAUDE DU VAL,
With your chisel so fine, tra la!"

"This S wants a little deepening," mused the apprentice, retouching the letter in question; "ay, that's better.

DU VAL was hang'd, and the next who came
On the selfsame stone inscribed his name:
"Aha!" quoth the dubsman, with devilish glee,
"TOM WATERS, your doom is the triple tree!
With your chisel so fine, tra la!"

"Tut, tut, tut," he cried, "what a fool I am to be sure! I ought to have cut John, not Jack. However, it don't signify. Nobody ever called me John, that I recollect. So I dare say I was christened Jack. Deuce take it! I was very near spelling my name with one P.

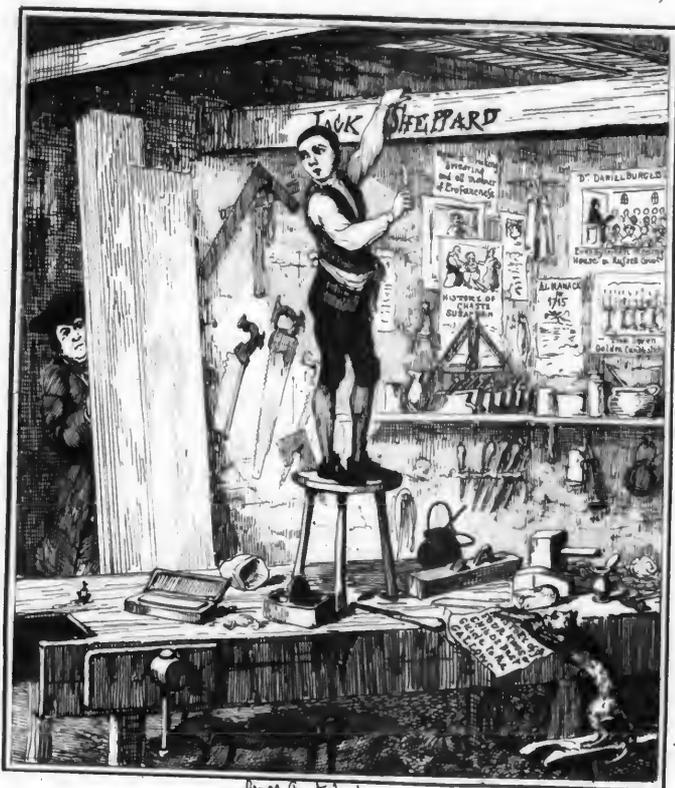
Within that dungeon lay CAPTAIN BEW,
RUMBOLD and WHITNEY—a jolly crew!
All carved their names on the stone, and all
Share the fate of the brave DU VAL!
With their chisels so fine, tra la!

"Save us!" continued the apprentice, "I hope this beam doesn't resemble the Newgate stone; or I may chance, like the great men the song speaks of, to swing on the Tyburn tree for my pains. No fear o' that!—Though if my name should become as famous as theirs, it wouldn't much matter. The prospect of the gallows would never deter me from taking to the road, if I were so inclined.

Full twenty highwaymen blithe and bold,
Rattled their chains in that dungeon old;
Of all that number there 'scaped not one,
Who carved his name on the Newgate Stone,
With his chisel so fine, tra la!

"There!" cried the boy, leaping from the stool, and drawing back a few paces on the bench to examine his performance,— "that 'll do. Claude du Val, himself, couldn't have carved it better—ha! ha!"





George Gruetshank

The name on the beam

From *Illustrations by Maxfield Parrish*

The name inscribed upon the beam (of which, as it has been carefully preserved by the subsequent owners of Mr. Wood's habitation in Wych Street, we are luckily enabled to furnish a fac-simile,) was

JACK SHEPPARD

"I've half a mind to give old Wood the slip, and turn highwayman," cried Jack, as he closed the knife, and put it in his pocket.

"The devil you have!" thundered a voice from behind, that filled the apprentice with dismay. "Come down, sirrah, and I'll teach you how to deface my walls in future. Come down, I say, instantly, or I'll make you." Upon which, Mr. Wood caught hold of Jack's leg, and dragged him off the bench.

"And so you'll turn highwayman, will you, you young dog?" continued the carpenter, cuffing him soundly,—“rob the mails, like Jack Hall, I suppose.”

"Yes, I will," replied Jack sullenly, "if you beat me in that way."

Amazed at the boy's assurance, Wood left off boxing his ears for a moment, and, looking at him steadfastly, said in a grave tone, "Jack, Jack, you'll come to be hanged!"

"Better be hanged than henpecked," retorted the lad with a malicious grin.

"What do you mean by that, sirrah?" cried Wood, reddening with anger. "Do you dare to insinuate that Mrs. Wood governs me?"

"It's plain you can't govern yourself, at all events," replied Jack coolly; "but, be that as it may, I won't be struck for nothing."

"Nothing!" echoed Wood furiously. "Do you call neglecting your work, and singing flash songs nothing? Is your recent idle discourse, and your present unblushing insolence nothing? Zounds! you incorrigible rascal, many a master would have taken you before a magistrate, and prayed for your solitary confinement in Bridewell for the least of these offences. But I'll be more lenient, and content myself with merely chastising you, on condition—"

"You may do as you please, master," interrupted Jaek, thrusting his hand into his pocket, as if in search of the knife; "but I wouldn't advise you to lay hands on me again."

Mr. Wood glanced at the hardy offender, and not liking the expression of his countenance, thought it advisable to postpone the execution of his threats to a more favourable opportunity. So, by way of gaining time, he resolved to question him further.

"Where did you learn the song I heard just now?" he demanded, in an authoritative tone.

"At the Black Lion in our street," replied Jaek, without hesitation.

"The worst house in the neighbourhood—the constant haunt of reprobates and thieves," groaned Wood. "And who taught it you—the landlord, Joe Hind?"

"No; one Blueskin, a fellow who frequents the Lion," answered Jaek, with a degree of candour that astonished his master nearly as much as his confidence. "It was that song that put it into my head to cut my name on the beam."

"A white wall is a fool's paper, Jack,—remember that," rejoined Wood. "Pretty company for an apprentice to keep!—pretty houses for an apprentice to frequent! Why, the rascal you mention is a notorious housebreaker. He was tried at the last Old Bailey sessions; and only escaped the gallows by impeaching his accomplices. Jonathan Wild brought him off."

"Do you happen to know Jonathan Wild, master?" inquired Jaek, altering his tone, and assuming a more respectful demeanour.

"I've seen him some years ago, I believe," answered Wood; "and, though he must be much changed by this time, I dare say I should know him again."

"A short man, isn't he, about your height, sir,—with a yellow beard, and a face as sly as a fox's?"

"Hem!" replied Wood, coughing slightly to conceal a smile; "the description's not amiss. But why do you ask?"

"Because—" stammered the boy.

"Speak out—don't be alarmed," said Wood, in a kind and encouraging tone. "If you've done wrong, confess it, and I'll forgive you!"

"I don't deserve to be forgiven!" returned Jaek, bursting into tears; "for I'm afraid I've done very wrong. Do you know this, sir?" he added, taking a key from his pocket.

"Where did you find it?" asked Wood.

"It was given me by a man who was drinking t'other night with Blueskin at the Lion; and who, though he slouched his hat over his eyes, and muffled his chin in a handkerchief, must have been Jonathan Wild.

"Where did *he* get it?" inquired Wood, in surprise.

"That I can't say. But he promised to give me a couple of guineas if I'd ascertain whether it fitted your locks."

"Zounds!" exclaimed Wood; "it's my old master-key. This key," he added, taking it from the boy, "was purloined from me by your father, Jack. What he intended to do with it is of little consequence now. But, before he suffered at Tyburn, he charged your mother to restore it. She lost it in the Mint. Jonathan Wild must have stolen it from her."

"He must," exclaimed Jack, hastily; "but only let me have it till to-morrow, and if I don't entrap him in a snare from which, with all his cunning, he shall find it difficult to escape, my name's not Jack Sheppard."

"I see through your design, Jack," returned the carpenter, gravely; "but I don't like under-hand work. Even when you've a knave to deal with, let your actions be plain, and above-board. That's my maxim; and it's the maxim of every honest man. It would be a great matter, I must own, to bring Jonathan Wild to justice. But I can't consent to the course you would pursue—at least, not till I've given it due consideration. In regard to yourself, you've had a very narrow escape. Wild's intention, doubtless, was to use you as far as he found necessary, and then to sell you. Let this be a caution to you in future—with whom, and about what you deal. We're told, that 'Whoso is partner with a thief hateth his own soul.' Avoid taverns and bad company, and you may yet do well. You promise to become a first-rate workman. But you want one quality, without which all others are valueless. You want industry—you want steadiness. Idleness is the key of beggary, Jack. If you don't conquer this disgraceful propensity in time, you'll soon come to want; and then nothing can save you. Be warned by your father's fate. As you brew, so must you drink. I've engaged to watch over you as a son, and I *will* do so as far as I'm able; but, if you neglect my advice, what chance have I of benefiting you? On one point I've made up my mind. You shall either obey me, or leave me. Please yourself. Here are your indentures, if you choose to seek another master."

"I *will* obey you, master,—indeed I will!" implored Jack, seriously alarmed at the carpenter's calm displeasure.

"We shall see. Good words, without deeds, are rushes and reeds. And now take away those cards, and never let me see them again. Drive away the cat; throw that measure of gin through the window; and tell me why you've not so much as touched the packing-case for Lady Trafford, which I particularly desired you to complete against my return. It must be sent home this evening. She leaves town to-morrow."

"It shall be ready in two hours," answered Jack, seizing a piece of wood and a plane; "it isn't more than four o'clock. I'll engage to get the job done by six. I didn't expect you home before that hour, sir."

"Ah, Jack," said Wood, shaking his head, "where there's a will, there's a way. You can do anything you please. I wish I could get you to imitate Thames Darrell."

"I'm sure I understand the business of a carpenter much better than he does," replied Jack, adroitly adjusting the board, using the plane with the greatest rapidity.

"Perhaps," replied Wood, doubtfully.

"Thames was always your favourite," observed Jack, as he fastened another piece of wood on the teeth of the iron stopper.

"I've made no distinction between you, hitherto," answered Wood; "nor shall I do so, unless I'm compelled."

"I've had the hard work to do, at all events," rejoined Jack. "But I won't complain. I'd do anything for Thames Darrell."

"And Thames Darrell would do anything for you, Jack," replied a blithe voice. "What's the matter, father?" continued the new-comer, addressing Wood. "Has Jack displeased you? If so, overlook his fault this once. I'm sure he'll do his best to content you. Won't you, Jack?"

"That I will," answered Sheppard, eagerly.

"When it thunders, the thief becomes honest," muttered Wood.

"Can I help you, Jack?" asked Thames, taking up a plane.

"No, no, let him alone," interposed Wood. "He has undertaken to finish this job by six o'clock, and I wish to see whether he'll be as good as his word."

"He'll have hard work to do it by that time, father," remonstrated Thames; "you'd better let me help him."

"On no account," rejoined Wood peremptorily. "A little extra-exertion will teach him the advantage of diligence at the proper season. Lost ground must be regained. I need scarcely ask whether you've executed your appointed task, my dear? You're never behindhand."

Thames turned away at the question, which he felt might be construed into a reproach. But Sheppard answered for him.

"Darrell's job was done early this morning," he said; "and if I'd attended to his advice, the packing-case would have been finished at the same time."

"You trusted too much to your own skill, Jack," rejoined Thames. "If I could work as fast as you, I might afford to be as idle. See, how he gets on, father," he added, appealing to Wood: "the box seems to grow under his hands."

"You're a noble-hearted little fellow, Thames," rejoined Wood, casting a look of pride and affection at his adopted son, whose head he gently patted; "and give promise of a glorious manhood."

Thames Darrell was, indeed, a youth of whom a person of far greater worldly consequence than the worthy carpenter

might have been justly proud. Though a few months younger than his companion Jack Sheppard, he was half a head taller, and much more robustly formed. The two friends contrasted strikingly with each other. In Darrell's open features, frankness and honour were written in legible characters; while, in Jack's physiognomy, cunning and knavery were as strongly imprinted. In all other respects, they differed as materially. Jack could hardly be accounted good-looking: Thames, on the contrary, was one of the handsomest boys possible. Jack's complexion was that of a gipsy; Darrell's as fresh and bright as a rose. Jack's mouth was coarse and large; Darrell's small and exquisitely carved, with the short, proud upper lip, which belongs to the highest order of beauty. Jack's nose was broad and flat; Darrell's straight and fine as that of Antinous. The expression pervading the countenance of the one was vulgarity; of the other, that which is rarely found, except in persons of high birth. Darrell's eyes were of that clear grey which it is difficult to distinguish from blue by day, and black at night; and his rich brown hair, which he could not consent to part with, even on the promise of a new and modish peruke from his adoptive father, fell in thick glossy ringlets upon his shoulders; whereas Jack's close black crop imparted the peculiar bullet-shape, we have noticed, to his head.

While Thames modestly expressed a hope that he might not belie the carpenter's favourable prediction, Jack Sheppard thought fit to mount a small ladder placed against the wall, and, springing with the agility of an ape upon a sort of frame, contrived to sustain short spars and blocks of timber, began to search about for a piece of wood required in the work on which he was engaged. Being in a great hurry, he took little heed where he set his feet; and a board giving way, he must have fallen, if he had not grasped a large plank laid upon the transverse beam immediately over his head.

"Take care, Jack," shouted Thames, who witnessed the occurrence; "that plank isn't properly balanced. You'll have it down."

But the caution came too late. Sheppard's weight had destroyed the equilibrium of the plank: it swerved, and slowly descended. Losing his presence of mind, Jack quitted his hold, and dropped upon the frame. The plank hung over his head. A moment more, and he would have been crushed beneath the ponderous board, when a slight but strong arm arrested its descent.

"Get from under it, Jack!" vociferated Thames. "I can't hold it much longer—it'll break my wrist. Down we come!" he exclaimed, letting go the plank, which fell with a crash, and leaping after Sheppard, who had rolled off the frame.

All this was the work of a minute.

"No bones broken, I hope," said Thames, laughing at Jack,

who limped towards the bench, rubbing his shins as he went.

"All right," replied Sheppard, with affected indifference.

"It's a mercy you both escaped!" ejaculated Wood, only just finding his tongue. "I declare I'm all in a cold sweat. How came you, sir," he continued, addressing Sheppard, "to venture upon that frame. I always told you some accident would happen."

"Don't scold him, father," interposed Thames; "he's been frightened enough already."

"Well, well, since you desire it, I'll say no more," returned Wood. "You haven't hurt your arm, I trust, my dear?" he added, anxiously.

"Only sprained it a little, that's all," answered Thames; "the pain will go off presently."

"Then you *are* hurt," cried the carpenter in alarm. "Come down stairs directly, and let your mother look at your wrist. She has an excellent remedy for a sprain. And do you, Jack, attend to your work, and mind you don't get into further mischief."

"Hadn't Jack better go with us?" said Thames. "His shin may need rubbing."

"By no means," rejoined Wood, hastily. "A little suffering will do him good. I meant to give him a drubbing. That bruise will answer the same purpose."

"Thames," said Sheppard in a low voice, as he threw a vindictive glance at the carpenter, "I shan't forget this. You've saved my life."

"Pshaw! you'd do as much for me any day, and think no more about it. It'll be your turn to save mine next."

"True, and I shan't be easy till my turn arrives."

"I tell you what, Jack," whispered Thames, who had noticed Sheppard's menacing glance, and dreaded some further indiscretion on his part, "if you really wish to oblige me, you'll get that packing-case finished by six o'clock. You *can* do it, if you will."

"And I *will*, if I can, depend upon it," answered Sheppard, with a laugh.

So saying, he manfully resumed his work; while Wood and Thames quitted the room, and went down stairs.

CHAPTER II.

THAMES DARRELL.

THAMES DARRELL'S arm having been submitted to the scrutiny of Mrs. Wood, was pronounced by that lady to be very much sprained; and she, forthwith, proceeded to bathe it with a reddish-coloured lotion. During this operation, the carpenter underwent a severe catechism as to the cause of the accident;

and, on learning that the mischief originated with Jack Sheppard, the indignation of his helpmate knew no bounds; and she was with difficulty prevented from flying to the workshop to inflict summary punishment on the offender.

"I knew how it would be," she cried, in the shrill voice peculiar to a shrew, "when you brought that worthless hussy's worthless brat into the house. I told you no good would come of it. And every day's experience proves that I was right. But, like all your overbearing sex, you must have your own way. You'll never be guided by me—never!"

"Indeed, my love, you're entirely mistaken," returned the carpenter, endeavouring to deprecate his wife's rising resentment by the softest looks, and the meekest deportment.

So far, however, was this submission from producing the desired effect, that it seemed only to lend additional fuel to her displeasure. Forgetting her occupation in her anger, she left off bathing Darrell's wrist; and, squeezing his arm so tightly that the boy winced with pain, she clapped her right hand upon her hip, and turned, with flashing eyes and an inflamed countenance, towards her crest-fallen spouse.

"What!" she exclaimed, almost choked with passion,—
"I advised you to burthen yourself with that idle and good-for-nothing pauper, whom you ought rather to send to the workhouse than maintain at your own expense, did I? I advised you to take him as an apprentice, and, so far from getting the regular fee with him, to give him a salary? I advised you to feed him, and clothe him, and treat him like his betters; to put up with his insolence, and wink at his faults? I counselled all this, I suppose. You'll tell me next, I dare say, that I recommended you to go and visit his mother so frequently under the plea of charity; to give her wine, and provisions, and money; to remove her from the only fit quarters for such people—the Mint; and to place her in a cottage at Willesden, of which you must needs pay the rent? Marry, come up! charity should begin at home. A discreet husband would leave the dispensation of his bounty, where women are concerned, to his wife. And for my part, if I were inclined to exercise my benevolence at all, it should be in favour of some more deserving object than that whining, hypocritical Magdalene."

"It was the knowledge of this feeling on your part, my love, that made me act without your express sanction. I did all for the best, I'm sure. Mrs. Sheppard is—"

"I know what Mrs. Sheppard is, without your information, sir. I haven't forgotten her previous history. You've your own reasons, no doubt, for bringing up her son—perhaps, I ought rather to say *your* son, Mr. Wood."

"Really, my love, these accusations are most groundless—this violence is most unnecessary."

"I can't endure the odious baggage. I hope I may never come near her."

"I hope you never may, my love," humbly acquiesced the carpenter.

"Is my house to be made a receptacle for all your natural children, sir? Answer me that."

"Winny," said Thames, whose glowing cheek attested the effect produced upon him by the insinuation; "Winny," said he, addressing a pretty little damsel of some twelve years of age, who stood by his side holding the bottle of embrocation, "help me on with my coat, please. This is no place for me."

"Sit down, my dear, sit down," interposed Mrs. Wood, softening her asperity. "What I said about natural children doesn't apply to *you*. Don't suppose," she added, with a scornful glance at her helpmate, "that I would pay him the compliment of thinking he could possibly be the father of such a boy as you."

Mr. Wood lifted up his hands in mute despair.

"Owen, Owen," pursued Mrs. Wood, sinking into a chair, and fanning herself violently,—“what a fluster you have put me into with your violence, to be sure! And at the very time, too, when you know I'm expecting a visit from Mr. Kneebone, on his return from Manchester. I wouldn't have him see me in this state for the world. He'd never forgive you."

"Poh, poh, my dear! Mr. Kneebone invariably takes part with me, when any trifling misunderstanding arises between us. I only wish he was not a Papist and a Jacobite."

"Jacobite!" echoed Mrs. Wood. "Marry, come up! Mightn't he just as reasonably complain of your being a Hanoverian and a Presbyterian? It's all matter of opinion. And now, my love," she added, with a relenting look, "I'm content to make up our quarrel. But you must promise me not to go near that abandoned hussy at Willesden. One can't help being jealous, you know, even of an unworthy object."

Glad to make peace on any terms, Mr. Wood gave the required promise, though he could not help thinking that if either of them had cause to be jealous he was the party.

And here, we may be permitted to offer an observation upon the peculiar and unaccountable influence which ladies of a shrewish turn so frequently exercise over—we can scarcely, in this case, say—their lords and masters; an influence which seems not merely to extend to the will of the husband, but even to his inclinations. We do not remember to have met with a single individual, reported to be under petticoat government, who was not content with his lot,—nay, who so far from repining, did not exult in his servitude; and we see no way of accounting for this apparently inexplicable conduct—for which, among other phenomena of married life, various reasons have





George Grosz

*"May I be cursed, with all such 'God-pard'
'if ever I try to be honest again!"*

been assigned, though none entirely satisfactory to us—except upon the ground that these domineering dames possess some charm sufficiently strong to counteract the irritating effect of their tempers; some secret and attractive quality of which the world at large is in ignorance, and with which their husbands alone can be supposed to be acquainted. An influence of this description appeared to be exerted on the present occasion. The worthy carpenter was restored to instant good humour by a glance from his helpmate; and, notwithstanding the infliction he had just endured, he would have quarrelled with any one who had endeavoured to persuade him that he was not the happiest of men, and Mrs. Wood the best of wives.

“Women must have their wills while they live, since they can make none when they die,” observed Wood, as he imprinted a kiss of reconciliation on the plump hand of his consort:—a sentiment to the correctness of which the party chiefly interested graciously vouchsafed her assent.

Lest the carpenter should be taxed with too much uxoriousness, it behoves us to ascertain whether the personal attractions of his helpmate would, in any degree, justify the devotion he displayed. In the first place, Mrs. Wood had the advantage of her husband in point of years, being on the sunny side of forty,—a period pronounced by competent judges to be the most fascinating, and, at the same time, most critical epoch of woman’s existence,—whereas, he was on the shady side of fifty,—a term of life not generally conceived to have any special recommendation in female eyes. In the next place, she really had some pretensions to beauty. Accounted extremely pretty in her youth, her features and person expanded as she grew older, without much detriment to their original comeliness. Hers was beauty on a large scale no doubt; but it was beauty, nevertheless: and the carpenter thought her eyes as bright, her complexion as blooming, and her figure (if a little more buxom) quite as captivating as when he led her to the altar some twenty years ago.

On the present occasion, in anticipation of Mr. Kneebone’s visit, Mrs. Wood was dressed with more than ordinary care, and in more than ordinary finery. A dove-coloured kincob gown, embroidered with large trees, and made very low in front, displayed to the greatest possible advantage, the rounded proportions of her figure; while a high-heeled, red-leather shoe did not detract from the symmetry of a very neat ankle, and a very small foot. A stomacher, fastened by imitation-diamond buckles, girded that part of her person, which should have been a waist; a coral necklace encircled her throat, and a few black patches, or mouches, as they were termed, served as a foil to the bloom of her cheek and chin. Upon a table, where they had been hastily deposited, on the intelligence of Darrell’s accident, lay a pair of pink kid gloves, bordered with lace, and an

enormous fan; the latter, when opened, represented the metamorphosis and death of Actæon. From her stomacher, to which it was attached by a multitude of glittering steel chains, depended an immense turnip-shaped watch, in a pinchbeck case. Her hair was gathered up behind, in a sort of pad, according to the then-prevailing mode; and she wore a muslin cap, and pinners, with crow-foot edging. A black silk furbelowed scarf covered her shoulders; and over the kincob gown hung a yellow satin apron, trimmed with white Persian.

But, in spite of her attractions, we shall address ourselves to the younger, and more interesting couple.

"I could almost find in my heart to quarrel with Jack Sheppard for occasioning you so much pain," observed little Winifred Wood, as, having completed her ministration to the best of her ability, she helped Thames on with his coat.

"I don't think you could find in your heart to quarrel with any one, Winny; much less with a person whom I like so much as Jack Sheppard. My arm's nearly well again. And I've already told you the accident was not Jack's fault. So, let's think no more about it."

"It's strange you should like Jack so much, dear Thames. He doesn't resemble you at all."

"The very reason why I like him, Winny. If he *did* resemble me, I shouldn't care about him. And, whatever you may think, I assure you, Jack's a downright goodnatured fellow."

Goodnatured fellows are always especial favourites with boys. And, in applying the term to his friend, Thames meant to pay him a high compliment. And so Winifred understood him.

"Well," she said, in reply, "I may have done Jack an injustice. I'll try to think better of him in future."

"And, if you want an additional inducement to do so, I can tell you there's no one—not even his mother—whom he loves so well as you."

"Loves!" echoed Winifred, slightly colouring.

"Yes, loves, Winny. Poor fellow! he sometimes indulges the hope of marrying you, when he grows old enough."

"Thames!"

"Have I said anything to offend you?"

"Oh! no. But if you wouldn't have me positively dislike Jack Sheppard, you'll never mention such a subject again. Besides," she added, blushing yet more deeply, "it isn't a proper one to talk upon."

"Well then, to change it," replied Thames, gravely, "suppose I should be obliged to leave you."

Winifred looked as if she could not indulge such a supposition for a single moment.

"Surely," she said, after a pause, "you don't attach any importance to what my mother has just said. *She* has already forgotten it."

"But I never can forget it, Winny. I will no longer be a burthen to those upon whom I have no claim, but compassion."

As he said this, in a low and mournful, but firm voice, the tears gathered thickly in Winifred's dark eyelashes.

"If you are in earnest, Thames," she replied, with a look of gentle reproach, "you are very foolish; and, if in jest, very cruel. My mother, I'm sure, didn't intend to hurt your feelings. She loves you too well for that. And I'll answer for it, she'll never say a syllable to annoy you again."

Thames tried to answer her, but his voice failed him.

"Come! I see the storm has blown over," cried Winifred, brightening up.

"You're mistaken, Winny. Nothing can alter my determination. I shall quit this roof to-morrow."

The little girl's countenance fell.

"Do nothing without consulting my father—*your* father, Thames," she implored. "Promise me that!"

"Willingly. And what's more, I promise to abide by his decision."

"Then, I'm quite easy," cried Winifred, joyfully.

"I'm sure he won't attempt to prevent me," rejoined Thames.

The slight smile that played upon Winifred's lips seemed to say that *she* was not quite so sure. But she made no answer.

"In case he should consent—"

"He never will," interrupted Winifred.

"In case he *should*, I say," continued Thames, "will *you* promise to let Jack Sheppard take my place in your affections, Winny?"

"Never!" replied the little damsel. "I can never love any one so much as you."

"Excepting your father."

Winifred was going to say "No," but she checked herself; and, with cheeks mantling with blushes, murmured, "I wish you wouldn't tease me about Jack Sheppard."

The foregoing conversation, having been conducted through-out in a low tone, and apart, had not reached the ears of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, who were, furthermore, engaged in a little conjugal *tête-à-tête* of their own. The last observation, however, caught the attention of the carpenter's wife.

"What's that you're saying about Jack Sheppard?" she cried.

"Thames was just observing—"

"Thames!" echoed Mrs. Wood, glancing angrily at her husband. "There's another instance of your wilfulness and want of taste. Who but *you* would have dreamed of giving the boy such a name? Why, it's the name of a river not a Christian. No gentleman was ever called Thames, and Darrell is a gentle-

man, unless the whole story of his being found in the river is a fabrication !”

“ My dear, you forget—”

“ No, Mr. Wood, I forget nothing. I’ve an excellent memory, thank God ! And I perfectly remember that every body was drowned upon that occasion—except yourself and the child !”

“ My love, you’re beside yourself—”

“ I *was* beside myself to take charge of your—”

“ Mother !” interposed Winifred.

“ It’s of no use,” observed Thames quietly, but with a look that chilled the little damsel’s heart ;—“ my resolution is taken.”

“ You, at least, appear to forget that Mr. Kneebone is coming, my dear,” ventured Mr. Wood.

“ Good gracious ! so I do,” exclaimed his amiable consort. “ But you *do* agitate me so much. Come into the parlour, Winifred, and dry your eyes directly, or I’ll send you to bed. Mr. Wood, I desire you’ll put on your best things, and join us as soon as possible. Thames, you needn’t tidy yourself, as you’ve hurt your arm. Mr. Kneebone will excuse you. Dear me ! if there isn’t his knock. Oh ! I’m in such a fluster !”

Upon which, she snatched up her fan, cast a look into the glass, smoothed down her scarf, threw a soft expression into her features, and led the way into the next room, whither she was followed by her daughter and Thames Darrell.

CHAPTER III.

THE JACOBITE.

MR. WILLIAM KNEEBONE was a woollen-draper of “ credit and renown,” whose place of business was held at the sign of the Angel (for, in those days, every shop had its sign), opposite Saint Clement’s church in the Strand. A native of Manchester, he was the son of Kenelm Kneebone, a staunch catholic, and a sergeant of dragoons, who lost his legs and his life while fighting for James the Second at the battle of the Boyne, and who had little to bequeath his son except his laurels and his loyalty to the house of Stuart.

The gallant woollen-draper was now in his thirty-sixth year. He had a handsome, jolly-looking face ; stood six feet two in his stockings ; and measured more than a cloth-yard shaft across the shoulders—athletic proportions derived from his father the dragoon. And, if it had not been for a taste for plotting, which was continually getting him into scrapes, he might have been accounted a respectable member of society.

Of late, however, his plotting had assumed a more dark and dangerous complexion. The times were such that, with the opinions he entertained, he could not remain idle. The

spirit of disaffection was busy throughout the kingdom. It was on the eve of that memorable rebellion which broke forth, two months later, in Scotland. Since the accession of George the First to the throne in the preceding year, every effort had been made by the partisans of the Stuarts to shake the credit of the existing government, and to gain supporters to their cause. Disappointed in their hopes of the restoration of the fallen dynasty after the death of Anne, the adherents of the Chevalier de Saint George endeavoured, by sowing the seeds of dissension far and wide, to produce a general insurrection in his favour. No means were neglected to accomplish this end. Agents were dispersed in all directions—offers the most tempting held out to induce the wavering to join the Chevalier's standard. Plots were hatched in the provinces, where many of the old and wealthy Catholic families resided, whose zeal for the martyr of their religion (as the Chevalier was esteemed), sharpened by the persecutions they themselves endured, rendered them hearty and efficient allies. Arms, horses, and accoutrements were secretly purchased and distributed; and it is not improbable that, if the unfortunate prince, in whose behalf these exertions were made, and who was not deficient in courage, as he proved at the battle of Malplaquet, had boldly placed himself at the head of his party at an earlier period, he might have regained the crown of his ancestors. But the indecision, which had been fatal to his race, was fatal to him. He delayed the blow till the fortunate conjuncture was past. And when, at length, it was struck, he wanted energy to pursue his advantages.

But we must not anticipate the course of events. At the precise period of this history, the Jacobite party was full of hope and confidence. Louis the Fourteenth yet lived, and expectations were, therefore, indulged of assistance from France. The disgrace of the leaders of the late Tory administration had strengthened, rather than injured, their cause. Mobs were gathered together on the slightest possible pretext; and these tumultuous assemblages, while committing the most outrageous excesses, loudly proclaimed their hatred to the house of Hanover, and their determination to cut off the Protestant succession. The proceedings of this faction were narrowly watched by a vigilant and sagacious administration. The government was not deceived (indeed, every opportunity was sought by the Jacobites of parading their numbers,) as to the force of its enemies; and precautionary measures were taken to defeat their designs. On the very day of which we write, namely, the 10th of June 1715, Bolingbroke and Oxford were impeached of high treason. The Committee of Secrecy—that English Council of Ten—were sitting, with Walpole at their head; and the most extraordinary discoveries were reported to be made. On the same day, moreover, which, by a curious coin-

vidence, was the birthday of the Chevalier de Saint George; mobs were collected together in the streets, and the health of that prince was publicly drunk under the title of James the Third; while, in many country towns, the bells were rung, and rejoicings held, as if for a reigning monarch:—the cry of the populace almost universally being, “No King George, but a Stuart!”

The adherents of the Chevalier de Saint George, we have said, were lavish in promises to their proselytes. Posts were offered to all who chose to accept them. Blank commissions, signed by the prince, to be filled up by the name of the person, who could raise a troop for his service, were liberally bestowed. Amongst others, Mr. Kneebone, whose interest was not inconsiderable with the leaders of his faction, obtained an appointment as captain of a regiment of infantry, on the conditions above specified. With a view to raise recruits for his corps, the warlike woollen-draper started for Lancashire, under the colour of a journey on business. He was pretty successful in Manchester,—a town which may be said to have been the head-quarters of the disaffected. On his return to London, he found that applications had been made from a somewhat doubtful quarter by two individuals, for the posts of subordinate officers in his troop. Mr. Kneebone, or, as he would have preferred being styled, Captain Kneebone, was not perfectly satisfied with the recommendations forwarded by the applicants. But this was not a season in which to be needlessly scrupulous. He resolved to judge for himself. Accordingly, he was introduced to the two military aspirants at the Cross Shovels in the Mint, by our old acquaintance, Baptist Kettleby. The Master of the Mint, with whom the Jacobite captain had often had transactions before, vouched for their being men of honour and loyalty; and Kneebone was so well satisfied with his representations, that he at once closed the matter by administering to the applicants the oath of allegiance and fidelity to King James the Third, and several other oaths besides, all of which those gentlemen took with as little hesitation as the sum of money, afterwards tendered, to make the compact binding. The party, then, sat down to a bowl of punch; and, at its conclusion, Captain Kneebone regretted that an engagement to spend the evening with Mrs. Wood, would preclude the possibility of his remaining with his new friends as long as his inclinations prompted. At this piece of information, the two subordinate officers were observed to exchange glances; and, after a little agreeable raillery on their captain's gallantry, they begged permission to accompany him in his visit. Kneebone, who had drained his glass to the restoration of the house of Stuart, and the downfall of the house of Hanover, more frequently than was consistent with prudence, consented; and the trio set out for Wych Street, where they arrived in the jolliest humour possible.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CARPENTER'S WIFE.

Mrs. WOOD was scarcely seated before Mr. Kneebone made his appearance. To her great surprise and mortification he was not alone; but brought with him a couple of friends, whom he begged to introduce as Mr. Jeremiah Jackson, and Mr. Solomon Smith, chapmen, (or what in modern vulgar parlance would be termed bagmen) travelling to procure orders for the house of an eminent cloth manufacturer in Manchester. Neither the manners, the looks, nor the attire of these gentlemen prepossessed Mrs. Wood in their favour. Accordingly, on their presentation, Mr. Jeremiah Jackson and Mr. Solomon Smith received something very like a rebuff. Luckily, they were not easily discomposed. Two persons possessing a more comfortable stock of assurance could not be readily found. Imitating the example of Mr. Kneebone, who did not appear in the slightest degree disconcerted by his cool reception, each sank carelessly into a chair, and made himself at home in a moment. Both had very singular faces; very odd wigs, very much pulled over their brows; and very large cravats, very much raised above their chins. Besides this, each had a large black patch over his right eye, and a very queer twist at the left side of his mouth, so that if their object had been disguise, they could not have adopted better precautions. Mrs. Wood thought them both remarkably plain, but Mr. Smith decidedly the plainest of the two. His complexion was as blue as a sailor's jacket, and though Mr. Jackson had one of the ugliest countenances imaginable, he had a very fine set of teeth. That was something in his favour. One peculiarity she did not fail to notice. They were both dressed in every respect alike. In fact, Mr. Solomon Smith seemed to be Mr. Jeremiah Jackson's double. He talked in the same style, and pretty nearly in the same language; laughed in the same manner, and coughed, or sneezed at the same time. If Mr. Jackson took an accurate survey of the room with his one eye, Mr. Smith's solitary orb followed in the same direction. When Jeremiah admired the Compasses in the arms of the Carpenter's Company over the chimney-piece, or the portraits of the two eminent masters of the rule and plane, William Portington, and John Scott, Esquires, on either side of it, Solomon was lost in wonder. When Mr. Jackson noticed a fine service of old blue china in an open japan closet, Mr. Smith had never seen anything like it. And finally, when Jeremiah, having bestowed upon Mrs. Wood a very free-and-easy sort of stare, winked at Mr. Kneebone, his impertinence was copied to the letter by Solomon. All three, then, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. Mrs. Wood's astonishment and displeasure momen-

tarily increased. Such freedoms from such people were not to be endured. Her patience was waning fast. Still, in spite of her glances and gestures, Mr. Kneebone made no effort to check the unreasonable merriment of his companions, but rather seemed to encourage it. So Mrs. Wood went on fuming, and the trio went on laughing for some minutes, nobody knew why or wherefore, until the party was increased by Mr. Wood, in his Sunday habiliments and Sunday buckle. Without stopping to inquire into the cause of their mirth, or even to ask the names of his guests, the worthy carpenter shook hands with the one-eyed chapmen, slapped Mr. Kneebone cordially on the shoulder, and began to laugh as heartily as any of them.

Mrs. Wood could stand it no longer.

"I think you're all bewitched," she cried.

"So we are, ma'am, by your charms," returned Mr. Jackson, gallantly.

"Quite captivated, ma'am," added Mr. Smith, placing his hand on his breast.

Mr. Kneebone and Mr. Wood laughed louder than ever.

"Mr. Wood," said the lady, bridling up, "my request may, perhaps, have some weight with *you*. I desire, sir, you'll recollect yourself. Mr. Kneebone," she added, with a glance at that gentleman, which was meant to speak daggers, "will do as he pleases."

Here the chapmen set up another boisterous peal.

"No offence, I hope, my dear Mrs. W." said Mr. Kneebone in a conciliatory tone. "My friends, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Smith, may have rather odd ways with them; but—"

"They *have* very odd ways," interrupted Mrs. Wood, disdainfully.

"Our worthy friend was going to observe, ma'am, that we never fail in our devotion to the fair sex," said Mr. Jackson.

"Never, ma'am!" echoed Mr. Smith, "upon my conscience."

"My dear," said the hospitable carpenter, "I dare say Mr. Kneebone and his friends would be glad of a little refreshment."

"They shall have it, then," replied his better half, rising. "You base ingrate," she added, in a whisper, as she flounced past Mr. Kneebone on her way to the door, "how could you bring such creatures with you, especially on an occasion like this, when we haven't met for a fortnight!"

"Couldn't help it, my life," returned the gentleman addressed, in the same tone; "but you little know who those individuals are."

"Lord bless us! you alarm me. Who are they?"

Mr. Kneebone assumed a mysterious air; and bringing his lips close to Mrs. Wood's ear, whispered, "Secret agents from France—you understand—friends to the good cause—hem!"

"I see,—persons of rank?"

Mr. Kneebone nodded.

"Noblemen?"

Mr. Kneebone smiled assent.

"Mercy on us! Well, I thought their manners quite out o' the common. And so, the invasion really is to take place after all; and the Chevalier de Saint George is to land at the Tower with fifty thousand Frenchmen; and the Hanoverian usurper's to be beheaded; and Doctor Sacheverel's to be made a bishop, and we're all to be—eh?"

"All in good time," returned Kneebone, putting his finger to his lips; "don't let your imagination run away with you, my charmer. That boy," he added, looking at Thames, "has his eye upon us."

Mrs. Wood, however, was too much excited to attend to the caution.

"O, lud!" she cried; "French noblemen in disguise! And so rude as I was! I shall never recover it!"

"A good supper will set all to rights," insinuated Kneebone. "But be prudent, my angel."

"Never fear," replied the lady. "I'm prudence personified. You might trust me with the Chevalier himself,—I'd never betray him. But why didn't you let me know they were coming. I'd have got something nice. As it is, we've only a couple of ducks—and they were intended for you. Winny, my love, come with me. I shall want you.—Sorry to quit your lord—worships, I mean,—I don't know what I mean," she added, a little confused, and dropping a profound curtsy to the disguised noblemen, each of whom replied by a bow worthy, in her opinion, of a prince of the blood at the least,—"but I've a few necessary orders to give below."

"Don't mind us, ma'am," said Mr. Jackson: "ha! ha!"

"Not in the least, ma'am," echoed Mr. Smith: "ho! ho!"

"How condescending!" thought Mrs. Wood. "Not proud in the least, I declare. Well, I'd no idea," she continued, pursuing her ruminations as she left the room, "that people of quality laughed so. But it's French manners, I suppose."

CHAPTER V.

HAWK AND BUZZARD.

Mrs. Wood's anxiety to please her distinguished guests speedily displayed itself in a very plentiful, if not very dainty repast. To the ducklings, peas, and other delicacies, intended for Mr. Kneebone's special consumption, she added a few impromptu dishes, tossed off in her best style; such as lamb chops, broiled kidneys, fried ham and eggs, and toasted cheese. Side by side with the cheese, (its never-failing accompaniment, in all seasons, at the carpenter's board) came a tankard of swig,

and a toast. Beside these, there was a warm gooseberry-tart, and a cold pigeon-pie—the latter capacious enough, even allowing for its due complement of steak, to contain the whole produce of a dovecot; a couple of lobsters, and the best part of a salmon swimming in a sea of vinegar, and shaded by a forest of fennel. While the cloth was laid, the host and Thames descended to the cellar, whence they returned, laden with a number of flasks of the same form, and apparently destined to the same use as those depicted in Hogarth's delectable print—the *Midnight Modern Conversation*.

Mrs. Wood now re-appeared with a very red face; and, followed by Winifred, took her seat at the table. Operations then commenced. Mr. Wood carved the ducks; Mr. Kneebone helped to the pigeon-pie; while Thames unwired and uncorked a bottle of stout Carnarvonshire ale. The woollen-drapeer was no despicable trencherman in a general way; but his feats with the knife and fork were child's sport compared with those of Mr. Smith. The leg and wing of a duck were disposed of by this gentleman in a twinkling; a brace of pigeons and a pound of steak followed with equal celerity; and he had just begun to make a fierce assault upon the eggs and ham. His appetite was perfectly Gargantuan. Nor, must it be imagined, that while he thus exercised his teeth, he neglected the flagon. On the contrary, his glass was never idle, and finding it not filled quite so frequently as he desired, he applied himself, notwithstanding the expressive looks and muttered remonstrances of Mr. Jackson, to the swig. The latter gentleman did full justice to the good things before him; but he drank sparingly, and was visibly annoyed by his companion's intemperance. As to Mr. Kneebone, what with flirting with Mrs. Wood, carving for his friends, and pledging the carpenter, he had his hands full. At this juncture, and just as a cuckoo-clock in the corner struck six, Jack Sheppard walked into the room, with the packing-case under his arm.

"I was in the right, you see, father," observed Thames, smiling; "Jack *has* done his task."

"So I perceive," replied Wood.

"Where am I to take it to?" asked Sheppard.

"I told you that before," rejoined Wood, testily. "You must take it to Sir Rowland Trenchard's in Southampton-Fields. And, mind, it's for his sister, Lady Trafford."

"Very well, sir," replied Sheppard.

"Wet your whistle before you start, Jack," said Kneebone, pouring out a glass of ale. "What's that you're taking to Sir Rowland Trenchard's?"

"Only a box, sir," answered Sheppard, emptying the glass.

"It's an odd-shaped one," rejoined Kneebone, examining it attentively. "But I can guess what it's for. Sir Rowland is one of *us*," he added, winking at his companions; "and

so was his brother-in-law, Sir Cecil Trafford. Old Lancashire families both. Strict Catholics, and loyal to the backbone. Fine woman, Lady Trafford—a little on the wane though."

"Ah! you're so very particular," sighed Mrs. Wood.

"Not in the least," returned Kneebone, slyly; "not in the least. Another glass, Jack."

"Thank'ee, sir," grinned Sheppard.

"Off with it to the health of King James the Third, and confusion to his enemies!"

"Hold!" interposed Wood; "that's treason. I'll have no such toast drunk at my table!"

"It's the king's birthday," urged the woollen-draper.

"Not *my* king's," returned Wood. "I quarrel with no man's political opinions, but I will have my own respected!"

"Eh day!" exclaimed Mrs. Wood; "here's a pretty-to-do about nothing. Marry, come up! I'll see who's to be obeyed. Drink the toast, Jack."

"At your peril, sirrah!" cried Wood.

"He was hanged that left his drink behind, you know, master," rejoined Sheppard. "Here's King James the Third, and confusion to his enemies!"

"Very well," said the carpenter, sitting down amid the laughter of the company.

"Jack!" cried Thames, in a loud voice, "you deserve to be hanged for a rebel as you are to your lawful king and your lawful master. But since we must have toasts," he added, snatching up a glass, "listen to mine:—Here's King George the First! a long reign to him! and confusion to the Popish Pretender and his adherents!"

"Bravely done!" said Wood, with tears in his eyes.

"That's the kinchen as was to try the dub for us, ain't it?" muttered Smith to his companion as he stole a glance at Jack Sheppard.

"Silence!" returned Jackson, in a deep whisper; "and don't muddle your brains with any more of that Pharaoh. You'll need all your strength to grab him."

"What's the matter?" remarked Kneebone, addressing Sheppard, who, as he caught the single but piercing eye of Jackson fixed upon him, started and trembled.

"What's the matter?" repeated Mrs. Wood, in a sharp tone.

"Ay, what's the matter, boy?" reiterated Jackson, sternly. "Did you never see two gentlemen with only a couple of peepers between them before?"

"Never, I'll be sworn!" said Smith, taking the opportunity of filling his glass while his comrade's back was turned; "we're a nat'ral curiosity."

"Can I have a word with you, master?" said Sheppard, approaching Wood.

"Not a syllable!" answered the carpenter, angrily. "Get about your business!"

"Thames!" cried Jack, beckoning to his friend.

But Darrell averted his head.

"Mistress!" said the apprentice, making a final appeal to Mrs. Wood.

"Leave the room instantly, sirrah!" rejoined the lady, bouncing up, and giving him a slap on the cheek that made his eyes flash fire.

"May I be cursed," muttered Sheppard, as he slunk away with (as the woollen-draper pleasantly observed) 'a couple of boxes in charge,' "if ever I try to be honest again!"

"Take a little toasted cheese with the swig, Mr. Smith," observed Wood. "That's an incorrigible rascal," he added, as Sheppard closed the door; "it's only to-day that I discovered——"

"What?" asked Jackson, pricking up his ears.

"Don't speak ill of him behind his back, father," interposed Thames.

"If *I* were your father, young gentleman," returned Jackson, enraged at the interruption, "I'd teach *you* not to speak till you were spoken to."

Thames was about to reply, but a glance from Wood checked him.

"The rebuke is just," said the carpenter; "at the same time, I'm not sorry to find you're a friend to fair play, which, as you seem to know, is a jewel. Open that bottle with the blue seal, my dear. Gentlemen! a glass of brandy will be no bad finish to our meal."

This proposal giving general satisfaction, the bottle circulated swiftly; and Smith found the liquor so much to his taste, that he made it pay double toll on its passage.

"Your son is a lad of spirit, Mr. Wood," observed Jackson, in a slightly-sarcastic tone.

"He's not my son," rejoined the carpenter.

"How, sir?"

"Except by adoption. Thames Darrell is——"

"My husband nicknames him Thames," interrupted Mrs. Wood, "because he found him in the river!—ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha!" echoed Smith, taking another bumper of brandy; "he'll set the Thames on fire one of these days, I'll warrant him!"

"That's more than you'll ever do, you drunken fool!" growled Jackson, in an under tone: "be cautious, or you'll spoil all!"

"Suppose we send for a bowl of punch," said Kneebone.

"With all my heart!" replied Wood. And, turning to his daughter, he gave the necessary directions in a low tone.

Winifred, accordingly, left the room, and a servant being

despatched to the nearest tavern, soon afterwards returned with a crown bowl of the ambrosian fluid. The tables were then cleared. Bottles and glasses usurped the place of dishes and plates. Pipes were lighted; and Mr. Kneebone began to dispense the fragrant fluid; begging Mrs. Wood, in a whisper, as he filled a rummer to the brim, not to forget the health of the Chevalier de Saint George—a proposition to which the lady immediately responded by drinking the toast aloud.

“The Chevalier shall hear of this,” whispered the woollen-draper.

“You don’t say so!” replied Mrs. Wood, delighted at the idea.

Mr. Kneebone assured her that he *did* say so; and, as a further proof of his sincerity, squeezed her hand very warmly under the table.

Mr. Smith, now, being more than half-seas over, became very uproarious, and, claiming the attention of the table, volunteered the following

DRINKING SONG.

I.

Jolly nose! the bright rubies that garnish thy tip
Are dug from the mines of canary;
And to keep up their lustre I moisten my lip
With hogsheads of claret and sherry.

II.

Jolly nose! he who sees thee across a broad glass
Beholds thee in all thy perfection;
And to the pale snout of a temperate ass
Entertains the profoundest objection.

III.

For a big-bellied glass is the palette I use,
And the choicest of wine is my colour;
And I find that my nose takes the mellowest hues
The fuller I fill it—the fuller!

IV.

Jolly nose! there are fools who say drink hurts the sight;
Such dullards know nothing about it.
'Tis better, with wine, to extinguish the light,
Than live always, in darkness, without it!

“How long may it be since that boy was found in the way Mrs. Wood mentions?” inquired Jackson, as soon as the clatter that succeeded Mr. Smith’s melody had subsided.

“Let me see,” replied Wood; “exactly twelve years ago last November.”

“Why, that must be about the time of the Great Storm,” rejoined Jackson.

“Egad!” exclaimed Wood, “you’ve hit the right nail on

the head, anyhow. *It was* on the night of the Great Storm that I found him."

"I should like to hear all particulars of the affair," said Jackson, "if it wouldn't be troubling you too much."

Mr. Wood required little pressing. He took a sip of punch and commenced his relation. Though meant to produce a totally different effect, the narrative seemed to excite the risible propensities rather than the commiseration of his auditor; and when Mr. Wood wound it up by a description of the drenching he had undergone at the Mint pump, the other could hold out no longer, but, leaning back in his chair, gave free scope to his merriment.

"I beg your pardon," he cried; "but really—ha! ha!—you must excuse me!—that is so uncommonly diverting—ha! ha! Do let me hear it again?—ha! ha! ha!"

"Upon my word," rejoined Wood, "you seem vastly entertained by my misfortunes."

"To be sure! Nothing entertains me so much. People always rejoice at the misfortunes of others—never at their own! The droll dogs! how *they* must have enjoyed it!—ha! ha!"

"I dare say they did. But *I* found it no laughing matter, I can assure you. And, though it's a long time ago, I feel as sore on the subject as ever."

"Quite natural! Never forgive an injury!—*I* never do!—ha! ha!"

"Really, Mr. Jackson, I could almost fancy we had met before. Your laugh reminds me of—of——"

"Whose, sir?" demanded Jackson, becoming suddenly grave.

"You'll not be offended, I hope," returned Wood, drily, "if I say that your voice, your manner, and, above all, your very extraordinary way of laughing, put me strangely in mind of one of the 'droll dogs,' (as you term them,) who helped to perpetrate the outrage I've just described."

"Whom do you mean?" demanded Jackson.

"I allude to an individual, who has since acquired an infamous notoriety as a thief-taker; but who, in those days, was himself the associate of thieves."

"Well, sir, his name?"

"Jonathan Wild."

"'Sblood!" cried Jackson, rising, "I can't sit still and hear Mr. Wild, whom I believe to be as honest a gentleman as any in the kingdom, calumniated!"

"Fire and fury!" exclaimed Smith, getting up with the brandy-bottle in his grasp; "no man shall abuse Mr. Wild in my presence! He's the right-hand of the community! We could do nothing without him!"

"*We!*" repeated Wood, significantly.

"Every honest man, sir! He helps us to our own again."

"Humph!" ejaculated the carpenter.;

"Surely," observed Thames, laughing, "to one who entertains so high an opinion of Jonathan Wild, as Mr. Jackson appears to do, it can't be very offensive to be told, that he's like him."

"I don't object to the likeness, if any such exists, young sir," returned Jackson, darting an angry glance at Thames; "indeed, I'm rather flattered by being thought to resemble a gentleman of Mr. Wild's figure. But I can't submit to hear the well-earned reputation of my friend termed an 'infamous notoriety.'"

"No, we can't stand that," hiccupped Smith, scarcely able to keep his legs.

"Well, gentlemen," rejoined Wood, mildly; "since Mr. Wild is a friend of yours, I'm sorry for what I said. I've no doubt he's as honest as either of you."

"Enough," returned Jackson, extending his hand; "and if I've expressed myself warmly, I'm sorry for it likewise. But you must allow me to observe, my good sir, that you're wholly in the wrong respecting my friend. Mr. Wild never was the associate of thieves."

"Never," echoed Smith, emphatically, "upon my honour."

"I'm satisfied with your assurance," replied the carpenter, drily.

"It's more than I am," muttered Thames.

"I was not aware that Jonathan Wild was an acquaintance of yours, Mr. Jackson," said Kneebone, whose assiduity to Mrs. Wood had prevented him from paying much attention to the previous scene.

"I've known him all my life," replied the other.

"The devil you have! Then, perhaps, you can tell me when he intends to put his threat into execution?"

"What threat?" asked Jackson.

"Why, of hanging the fellow who acts as his jackall; one Blake, or Blueskin, I think he's called."

"You've been misinformed, sir," interposed Smith. "Mr. Wild is incapable of such baseness."

"Bah!" returned the woollen-draper. "I see you don't know him as well as you pretend. Jonathan is capable of anything. He has hanged twelve of his associates already. The moment they cease to be serviceable, or become dangerous, he lodges an information, and the matter's settled. He has always plenty of evidence in reserve. Blueskin is booked. As sure as you're sitting there, Mr. Smith, he'll swing after next Old Bailey sessions. I wouldn't be in his skin for a trifle!"

"But he may peach," said Smith, casting an oblique glance at Jackson.

"It would avail him little if he did," replied Kneebone.

"Jonathan does what he pleases in the courts."

"Very true," chuckled Jackson; "very true."

"Blueskin's only chance would be to carry *his* threat into effect," pursued the woollen-draper.

"Aha!" exclaimed Jackson. "*He* threatens, does he?"

"More than that," replied Kneebone; "I understand he drew a knife upon Jonathan, in a quarrel between them lately. And, since then, he has openly avowed his determination of cutting his master's throat on the slightest inkling of treachery. But, perhaps Mr. Smith will tell you I'm misinformed, also, on that point."

"On the contrary," rejoined Smith, looking askance at his companion, "I happen to *know* you're in the right."

"Well, sir, I'm obliged to you," said Jackson; "I shall take care to put Mr. Wild on his guard against an assassin."

"And I shall put Blueskin on the alert against the designs of a traitor," rejoined Smith, in a tone that sounded like a menace.

"In my opinion," remarked Kneebone, "it doesn't matter how soon society is rid of two such scoundrels; and if Blueskin dies by the rope, and Jonathan by the hand of violence, they'll meet the fate they merit. Wild was formerly an agent to the Jacobite party, but, on the offer of a bribe from the opposite faction, he unhesitatingly deserted and betrayed his old employers. Of late, he has become the instrument of Walpole, and does all the dirty work for the Secret Committee. Several arrests of importance have been intrusted to him; but, forewarned, forearmed, we have constantly baffled his schemes;—ha! ha! Jonathan's a devilish clever fellow. But he can't have his eyes always about him, or he'd have been with us this morning at the Mint, eh, Mr. Jackson!"

"So he would," replied the latter; "so he would."

"With all his cunning, he may meet with his match," continued Kneebone, laughing. "I've set a trap for him."

"Take care you don't fall into it yourself," returned Jackson, with a slight sneer.

"Were I in your place," said Smith, "I should be apprehensive of Wild, because he's a declared enemy."

"And were I in *yours*," rejoined the woollen-draper, "I should be doubly apprehensive, because he's a professed friend. But we're neglecting the punch all this time. A bumper round, gentlemen. Success to our enterprise!"

"Success to our enterprise!" echoed the others, significantly.

"May I ask whether you made any further inquiries into the mysterious affair about which we were speaking just now?" observed Jackson, turning to the carpenter.

"I can't say I did," replied Wood, somewhat reluctantly; "what with the confusion incident to the storm, and the subsequent press of business, I put it off till it was too late. I've often regretted that I didn't investigate the matter. However, it doesn't much signify. All concerned in the dark transaction must have perished."

"Are you sure of that?" inquired Jackson.

"As sure as one reasonably can be. I saw their boat swept away, and heard the roar of the fall beneath the bridge; and no one, who was present, could doubt the result. If the principal instigator of the crime, whom I afterwards encountered on the platform, and who was dashed into the raging flood by the shower of bricks, escaped, his preservation must have been indeed miraculous."

"Your own was equally so," said Jackson ironically.

"What if he *did* escape?"

"My utmost efforts should be used to bring him to justice."

"Hum!"

"Have you any reason to suppose he survived the accident?" inquired Thames, eagerly.

Jackson smiled, and put on the air of a man who knows more than he cares to tell.

"I merely asked the question," he said, after he had enjoyed the boy's suspense for a moment.

The hope that had been suddenly kindled in the youth's bosom was as suddenly extinguished.

"If I thought he lived——" observed Wood.

"*If*," interrupted Jackson, changing his tone: "he *does* live. And it has been well for you that he imagines the child was drowned."

"Who is he?" asked Thames, impatiently.

"You're inquisitive, young gentleman," replied Jackson, coldly. "When you're older, you'll know that secrets of importance are not disclosed gratuitously. Your adoptive father understands mankind better."

"I'd give half I'm worth to hang the villain, and restore this boy to his rights," said Mr. Wood.

"How do you know he *has* any rights to be restored to?" returned Jackson, with a grin. "Judging from what you tell me, I've no doubt he's the illegitimate offspring of some handsome, but lowborn profligate; in which case, he'll neither have name, nor wealth for his inheritance. The assassination, as you call it, was, obviously, the vengeance of a kinsman of the injured lady, who, no doubt, was of good family, upon her seducer. The less said, therefore, on this point the better; because, as nothing is to be gained by it, it would only be trouble thrown away. But, if you have any particular fancy for hanging the gentleman, who chose to take the law into his own hands—and I think your motive extremely disinterested and praiseworthy—why, it's just possible, if you make it worth my while, that your desires may be gratified."

"I don't see how this is to be effected, unless you yourself were present at the time," said Wood, glancing suspiciously at the speaker.

"I had no hand in the affair," replied Jackson, bluntly;

"but I know those who had; and could bring forward evidence, if you require it."

"The best evidence would be afforded by an accomplice of the assassin," rejoined Thames, who was greatly offended by the insinuation as to his parentage.

"Perhaps you could point out such a party, Mr. Jackson?" said Wood, significantly.

"I could," replied Thames.

"Then you need no further information from me," rejoined Jackson, sternly.

"Stay!" cried Wood, "this is a most perplexing business—if you really are privy to the affair——"

"We'll talk of it to-morrow, sir," returned Jackson, cutting him short. "In the mean time, with your permission, I'll just make a few minutes of our conversation."

"As many as you please," replied Wood, walking towards the chimney-piece, and taking down a constable's staff, which hung upon a nail.

Jackson, mean time, produced a pocket-book; and, after deliberately sharpening the point of a pencil, began to write on a blank leaf. While he was thus occupied, Thames, prompted by an unaccountable feeling of curiosity, took up the penknife which the other had just used, and examined the haft. What he there noticed occasioned a marked change in his demeanour. He laid down the knife, and fixed a searching and distrustful gaze upon the writer, who continued his task, unconscious of anything having happened.

"There," cried Jackson, closing the book and rising, "that'll do. To-morrow at twelve I'll be with you, Mr. Wood. Make up your mind as to the terms, and I'll engage to find the man."

"Hold!" exclaimed the carpenter, in an authoritative voice: "we can't part thus. Thames, lock the door." (An order which was promptly obeyed.) "Now, sir, I must insist upon a full explanation of your mysterious hints, or, as I'm head-borough of the district, I shall at once take you into custody."

Jackson treated this menace with a loud laugh of derision.

"What ho!" he cried, slapping Smith, who had fallen asleep with the brandy-bottle in his grasp, upon the shoulder. "It is time!"

"For what?" grumbled the latter, rubbing his eyes.

"For the caption!" replied Jackson, coolly drawing a brace of pistols from his pockets.

"Ready!" answered Smith, shaking himself, and producing a similar pair of weapons.

"In heaven's name! what's all this?" cried Wood.

"Be still, and you'll receive no injury," returned Jackson. "We're merely about to discharge our duty by apprehending a rebel. Captain Kneebone! we must trouble you to accompany us."

"I've no intention of stirring," replied the woollen-draper, who was thus unceremoniously disturbed; "and I beg you'll sit down, Mr. Jackson."

"Come, sir!" thundered the latter, "no trifling! Perhaps," he added, opening a warrant, "you'll obey this mandate?"

"A warrant!" ejaculated Kneebone, starting to his feet.

"Ay, sir, from the Secretary of State, for your arrest! You're charged with high-treason!"

"By those who've conspired with me?"

"No! by those who've entrapped you! You've long eluded our vigilance; but we've caught you at last!"

"Damnation!" exclaimed the woollen-draper; "that I should be the dupe of such a miserable artifice!"

"It's no use lamenting now, Captain! You ought rather to be obliged to us for allowing you to pay this visit. We could have secured you when you left the Mint. But we wished to ascertain whether Mrs. Wood's charms equalled your description."

"Wretches!" screamed the lady; "don't dare to breathe your vile insinuations against me! Oh! Mr. Kneebone, are these your French noblemen!"

"Don't upbraid me!" rejoined the woollen-draper.

"Bring him along, Joe!" said Jackson, in a whisper to his comrade.

Smith obeyed. But he had scarcely advanced a step, when he was felled to the ground by a blow from the powerful arm of Kneebone, who, instantly possessing himself of a pistol, levelled it at Jackson's head.

"Begone! or I fire!" he cried.

"Mr. Wood," returned Jackson, with the utmost composure; "you're a headborough, and a loyal subject of King George. I call upon you to assist me in the apprehension of this person. You'll be answerable for his escape."

"Mr. Wood, I command you not to stir," vociferated the carpenter's better-half; "recollect! you'll be answerable to me."

"I declare I don't know what to do," said Wood, torn by conflicting emotions. "Mr. Kneebone! you would greatly oblige me by surrendering yourself."

"Never!" replied the woollen-draper; "and if that treacherous rascal, by your side, doesn't make himself scarce quickly, I'll send a bullet through his brain."

"My death will lie at your door," remarked Jackson to the carpenter.

"Show me your warrant!" said Wood, almost driven to his wit's-end; "perhaps it isn't regular?"

"Ask him who he is?" suggested Thames.

"A good idea!" exclaimed the carpenter. "May I beg to know whom I've the pleasure of addressing? Jackson, I conclude, is merely an assumed name."

"What does it signify?" returned the latter, angrily.

"A great deal!" replied Thames. "If you won't disclose your name, I will for you! You are Jonathan Wild!"

"Further concealment is needless," answered the other, pulling off his wig and black patch, and resuming his natural tone of voice; "I *am* Jonathan Wild!"

"Say you so!" rejoined Kneebone; "then be this your passport to eternity!"

Upon which he drew the trigger of the pistol, which, luckily for the individual against whom it was aimed, flashed in the pan.

"I might now send you on a similar journey!" replied Jonathan, with a bitter smile, and preserving the unmoved demeanour he had maintained throughout; "but I prefer conveying you, in the first instance, to Newgate. The Jacobite daws want a scarecrow."

So saying, he sprang, with a bound like that of a tiger-cat, against the throat of the woollen-draper. And so sudden and well-directed was the assault, that he completely overthrew his gigantic antagonist.

"Lend a hand with the ruffles, Blueskin!" he shouted, as that personage, who had just recovered from the stunning effects of the blow, contrived to pick himself up. "Look quick, d—n you, or we shall never master him!"

"Murder!" shrieked Mrs. Wood, at the top of her voice.

"Here's a pistol!" cried Thames, darting towards the undischarged weapon dropped by Blueskin in the scuffle, and pointing it at Jonathan. "Shall I shoot him?"

"Yes! yes! put it to his ear!" cried Mrs. Wood; "that's the surest way!"

"No! no! give it me!" vociferated Wood, snatching the pistol, and rushing to the door, against which he placed his back. "I'll soon settle this business. Jonathan Wild!" he added, in a loud voice, "I command you to release your prisoner."

"So I will," replied Jonathan, who, with Blueskin's aid, had succeeded in slipping a pair of handcuffs over the woollen-draper's wrists, "when I've Mr. Walpole's order to that effect—but not before."

"You'll take the consequences, then?"

"Willingly."

"In that case I arrest you, and your confederate, Joseph Blake, alias Blueskin, on a charge of felony," returned Wood, brandishing his staff; "resist my authority if you dare."

"A clever device," replied Jonathan; "but it won't serve your turn. Let us pass, sir. Strike the gag, Blueskin."

"You shall not stir a footstep. Open the window, Thames, and call for assistance."

"Stop!" cried Jonathan, who did not care to push matters too far, "let me have a word with you, Mr. Wood."

"I'll have no explanations whatever," replied the carpenter, disdainfully, "except before a magistrate."

"At least state your charge. It is a serious accusation."

"It is," answered Wood. "Do you recollect this key? Do you recollect to whom you gave it, and for what purpose? or shall I refresh your memory?"

Wild appeared confounded.

"Release your prisoner," continued Wood, "or the window is opened."

"Mr. Wood," said Jonathan, advancing towards him, and speaking in a low tone, "the secret of your adopted son's birth is known to me. The name of his father's murderer is also known to me. I can help you to both,—nay, I *will* help you to both, if you do not interfere with my plans. The arrest of this person is of consequence to me. Do not oppose it, and I will serve you. Thwart me, and I become your mortal enemy. I have but to give a hint of that boy's existence in the proper quarter, and his life will not be worth a day's purchase."

"Don't listen to him, father," cried Thames, unconscious of what was passing; "there are plenty of people outside."

"Make your choice," said Jonathan.

"If you don't decide quickly, I'll scream," cried Mrs. Wood, popping her head through the window.

"Set your prisoner free!" returned Wood.

"Take off the ruffles, Blueskin," rejoined Wild. "You know my fixed determination," he added in a low tone, as he passed the carpenter. "Before to-morrow night that boy shall join his father."

So saying, he unlocked the door, and strode out of the room.

"Here are some letters, which will let you see what a snake you've cherished in your bosom, you uxorious old dotard," said Blueskin, tossing a packet of papers to Wood, as he followed his leader.

"'Odd's-my-life! what's this?" exclaimed the carpenter, looking at the superscription of one of them. "Why, this is your writing, Dolly, and addressed to Mr. Kneebone."

"My writing! no such thing!" ejaculated the lady, casting a look of alarm at the woollen-draper.

"Confusion! the rascal must have picked my pocket of your letters," whispered Kneebone. "What's to be done?"

"What's to be done! Why, I'm undone! How imprudent in you not to burn them. But men *are* so careless, there's no trusting anything to them! However, I must try to brazen it out.—Give me the letters, my love," she added aloud, and in her most winning accents; "they're some wicked forgeries."

"Excuse me, madam," replied the carpenter, turning his back upon her, and sinking into a chair: "Thames, my love, bring me my spectacles. My heart misgives me. Fool that I was to marry for beauty! I ought to have remembered, that a fair woman and a slashed gown always find some nail in the way."

SARDANAPALUS.

SARDANAPALUS was Nineveh's king ;
 And, if all be quite true that the chroniclers sing,
 Loved his song and his glass,
 And was given, alas !
 Not only to bigamy,
 Nor even to trigamy,
 But (I shudder to think on't) to rankest polygamy :
 For his sweethearts and wives were so vast in amount,
 They'd take you a week or two *only* to count !

One morning his Majesty jump'd out of bed,
 And hitting his valet a rap on the head,
 By way of a joke, "Salamenes," he said,
 "Go, proclaim to the court,
 'Tis our will to resort,
 By way of a lark,
 To our palace and park
 "On the banks of Euphrates, and there, with our wives,
 "Sing, dance, and get fuddled, for once in our lives ;
 "So, bid our state-rulers and nobles, d'ye see,
 "Hie all to our banquet not later than three,
 "And prepare for a long night of jollity."—
 "Very good," said the valet ; then eager and hot
 On his errand, ducked thrice, and was off like a shot.

When the court heard these orders, with rapture elate,
 They adjourn'd all the business of church and of state,
 And hurried off, drest
 Each man in his best ;
 While the women, sweet souls,
 Went with them by shoals,
 Some in gigs, some in cabs, some on horseback so gay,
 And some in an omnibus hired for the day.—
 (If busses in those days were not to be seen,
 All I can say is, they *ought* to have been.)—
 Like a torrent, the throng
 Roll'd briskly along,
 Cheering the way with jest, laughter, and song,
 To the Banqueting Hall, where the last of the group
 Arrived, by good luck, just in time for the soup.

The guests set to work in superlative style,
 And his Majesty, equally busy the while,
 Encouraged their efforts with many a smile.
 The High Priest was the first,
 Who seemed ready to burst ;
 (For the ladies so shy,
 They swigged on the sly !)
 But, proud of his prowess, he scorn'd to give o'er,
 'Till at length with a hiccup he fell on the floor,
 Shouting out, 'mid his qualms,
 That verse in the Psalms,
 Which saith (but it surely can't mean a whole can !)
 That "Wine maketh merry the heart of a man."

While thus they sate tipping, peers, prelates, and all,
 And music's sweet voice echoed light through the Hall;
 His Majesty rose,
 Blew his eloquent nose,
 And exclaiming, by way of exordium, "Here goes!"
 Made a speech which produced a prodigious sensation,
 Greatly, of course, to the King's delectation:
 One courtier, o'erpower'd by its humour and wit,
 Held both his fat sides, as if fearing a fit;
 While another kept crying, "Oh, God, I shall split!"
 (So when a great Publisher cracks a small joke,
 His authors at table are ready to choke.)
 And all, with the lungs of a hurricane, swore
 They had ne'er heard so droll an oration before,
 With the single exception of one silly fellow,
 Who not being, doubtless, sufficiently mellow,
 Refused to applaud, or to join in the laughter,
 And was hang'd for a traitor just ten minutes after.

By this time Dan Phœbus in ocean had sunk,
 And the guests were all getting exceedingly drunk,
 When, behold! at the door
 There was heard a loud roar,
 And in rush'd a messenger covered with gore,
 Who bawl'd out, addressing the Head of the State,
 "If your Majesty pleases, the Foe's at the gate,
 "And threaten to kick up the Devil's own din,
 "If you do not surrender, and bid them come in;
 "The mob, too, has risen,
 "And let out of prison,
 "With the jailor's own keys (but it's no fault of his'n),
 "Some hundreds of burglars, and fences, and prigs,
 "Who are playing all sorts of queer antics and rigs;
 "Already they've fir'd up one church for a beacon,—
 "Hocussed a bishop, and burked an archdeacon,
 "And swear, if you don't give them plenty of grog,
 "They'll all become Chartists, and go the whole hog!"

Scarce had he ended, when hark! with a squall,
 A second grim herald pops into the Hall,
 And, "Woe upon woe!
 "The desperate foe,"
 Quoth he, "I have forced open the gates of the town,
 "And are knocking by scores the rich citizens down;
 "As I pass'd with bent brow,
 "By the Law Courts just now,
 "Lo, sixty attorneys lay smash'd in a row,
 "Having just taken wing for the regions below,
 "(When lawyers are dead, none can doubt where they go),
 "'Mid the cheers of each snob, who sung out, as he past,
 "'So, the scamps have gone home to their father at last!"

Oh! long grew the face of each guest at this tale,
 The men they turn'd red, and the women turn'd pale;
 But redder and paler they turn'd when they heard
 The more terrible tidings of herald the third!—
 In he bounced with a visage as black as a crow's,
 And a mulberry tinge on the tip of his nose;
 He'd a rent in his breeches,
 A tergo, the which is

(As Smollett has taught us long since to believe *)
 Not the pleasantest sight for the daughters of Eve ;
 And he shook like a leaf, as thus hoarsely he spake
 In the gruff and cacophonous tones of a drake,—

“ The town ’s all on fire,
 “ Hut, palace, and spire
 “ Are blazing as fast as the foe can desire :
 “ Such crashing and smashing,
 “ And sparkling and darkling !
 “ Such squalling, and bawling, and sprawling,
 “ And jobbing, and robbing, and mobbing !
 “ Such kicking and licking, and racing and chasing,
 “ Blood-spilling and killing, and slaughtering and quartering !
 “ You ’d swear that old Nick, with Belphegor his clerk,
 “ And Moloch his cad, were abroad on a lark !”

“ Here ’s a go !” said the King, staring wild like a bogle
 At these tidings, and wiping his eyes with his fogle ;

“ ’Tis vain now to run for
 “ Our lives, for we ’re done for ;
 “ So, away with base thoughts of submission or flight,
 “ Let ’s all, my brave boys, die like heroes to-night ;
 “ Raise high in this Hall a grand funeral pile,
 “ Then fire it, and meet our death-doom with a smile !”
 He ceased, when a courtier replied in low tone,
 “ If your Majesty pleases, I ’d rather live on ;
 “ For, although you may think me as dull as a post,
 “ Yet I can’t say I ’ve any great taste for a roast ;
 “ ’Tis apt to disorder one’s system ; and so,
 “ Good night to your Majesty—D. I. O. !”
 So saying, he made for the door and rush’d out,
 While quick at his heels rush’d the rest of the rout,
 Leaving all alone,
 The King on his throne,
 With a torch in one hand which he waved all abroad,
 And a glass in the other, as drunk as a Lord !

That night, from the Hall, late so joyous, there broke,
 Spreading wide in ’mid air, a vast column of smoke ;

While, higher and higher,
 Blazed up the red fire,
 As it blazed from Queen Dido’s funeral pyre !—
 Hark to the crash, as roof, pillar, and wall
 Bend—rock—and down in thunder fall !
 Hark to the roar of the flames, as they show
 Heaven and earth alike in a glow !
 The hollow wind sobs through the ruins, as though
 ’Twere hymning his dirge who, an hour ago,
 Was a King in all a King’s array ;
 But now lies, a blackened clod of clay,
 In that Hall whose splendours have past away,
 Save in old tradition, for ever and aye !

* Vide Miss Tabitha Bramble, in Smollett’s “ Humphrey Clinker.”

THE ARMENIANS AT VENICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PARISIAN SABBATH."

"WILL Signore visit the Armenians this morning?" inquired my cicerone, as I settled myself down into the velvet cushion of a gondola. Armenian was a word associated in my memory with the "Ghost Seer" of Schiller. It was a masked Armenian that dogged the ill-fated Prince through the Piazza of St. Mark, and through the gambling houses of Venice. I seemed to hear his sepulchral voice mysteriously announcing, "Um neun Uhr ist er gestorben." "Is it far?" asked I.—"A short way only from the Lido," was the reply. My gondola left the stairs of the White Lion, and sailing by the Foscarei Palace, soon left the Grand Canal, and rapidly approached the island of St. Lazarus.

It was a calm, clear, sweet morning. The little island, surrounded by a brick wall, above which were visible clusters of irregular buildings, themselves surrounded by gardens and orange-trees, soon rose before us, all silent as death, and to me clothed in not a little mystery. We disembarked at some steps leading up to a gate. A bell was rung, and instantly a person appeared, inviting us with a smile to walk in, and begging that we would excuse him for a moment, while he ran to give notice of our arrival to his superior. We were interrupted in our momentary examination of the little court in which we stood, by the approach of a venerable man arrayed in black like a monk, with a bunch of keys dangling from the girdle around him, a sable beard hanging down over his breast, his countenance pale, his eyes intensely black, his forehead expansive, his mouth rather intellectual, and his voice thorough-bred, clear, and vivacious. "Bless me!" said he, taking each of us by the hand: "bless me!" and it was the first English which I had heard at Venice; "you are Englishmen. I am very happy to have a visit from you:" and then he laughed heartily. "Many of your countrymen come to visit us; yes, they wish to see where Lord Byron studied and wrote, and to see me, his instructor in Armenian;" and then he very faintly tried to conceal a little chuckle of innocent vanity. "We have had here Lord D.—pray, do you know him?—and the Duke of P., and Sir John R. I hope you are acquainted with them. They are noblemen indeed. Bless me! I am glad to have this attention from you; and now, if you please, we will walk a little about the convent." The excellent man's good nature took captive our friendship immediately. He seemed to receive us at once into his inmost confidence. He told us what he was formerly, what he now is, and what he soon expected to be. He gave us a brief history of the convent, of its founder, of its objects, and its present condition. He told us much about Byron; how ungovernable was his temper, how unhappy he seemed to be, and what were some of his tastes and habits while residing in this vicinity. Nothing was concealed which could gratify our curiosity; and I need hardly add, that two agreeable hours swiftly swept away like so many moments. The mystery about the Armenian's name totally vanished. I was among plain-spoken, benevolent, open-hearted men; learned and pious Armenians,

here apparently isolated from all the world, yet preserving pure their language, their customs, and their literature, and associated together for the accomplishment of many noble, scientific, and religious ends.

The convent is about one hundred and twenty years old. It owes its existence to the enthusiastic and benevolent zeal of an Armenian, by the name of Mechitar. This man was born in 1676. In his youth he manifested very strong intellectual powers, and so unremitting and intense were their application, that before the age of twenty he had made himself complete master of all the theology, and philosophy, and literature of Armenia. To these high active powers of mind, were joined some noble qualities of the heart. Looking abroad over his country, he perceived that the glory, for which in past times it had been distinguished, existed no more. Violent religious convulsions, originating mainly in differences of opinion with respect to the divinity of Christ, had shattered the fabric of its social and political prosperity. Suddenly, and as if heaven-inspired, he was penetrated with a wish to do something for the regeneration of that country. His education had been chiefly religious. Its object was to prepare him for the service of the church. His experience of the monastic institutions established in Armenia was unfavourable to them. They were not on a sufficiently broad, enlightened, and enterprising scale. "I will found a religious order myself," said he. "The object of that order shall be to spread knowledge, spiritual, scientific, and literary, throughout my nation." This was a solitary thought, born in the solitary meditations of his cell. He had no money, no public friends, no public feeling aroused and tending towards the point before him. He had only a benevolent and comprehensive mind, vast intellectual acquisitions, and a zeal which nothing could quench. I need not record how often his labours at proselytism were baffled; how few of even the most enlightened among his countrymen were able or willing to embrace his large design; how, in the year 1709, he arrived at Constantinople with but three disciples, which city some suspicious enemies soon compelled him to leave; how, with a small accession to his numbers, he then established himself in the Morea; thence, after a few years, compelled to take flight in consequence of a war between the Turks and the Venetians, how he laid before the senate of this latter people, a plan of his enterprise, and therefrom solicited protection and aid. Venice, jealous of societies existing within the city, gave to him, in 1717, this little island of St. Lazarus:—an island which, in the twelfth century, contained an hospital for lepers, and which, until lately, had long served as an asylum for the poor. Here now, out of funds bestowed by wealthy Armenian merchants, these walls were erected. The few men, whom kindred zeal had united to Mechitar, commenced their labours. Their system of operations was established,—a system under which young men of talents were to be educated for missionaries into Armenia; under which, not only were suitable works in foreign languages to be translated into the Armenian, but likewise original works on science, philosophy, and religion, to be composed, and all to be distributed among their unprovided countrymen. Their founder died in 1749. The society continued to pursue its worthy labours. At this time, its condition is flourishing. It numbers in its little circle fifty devoted minds. It has translated many works into the Armenian from various languages: the *Iliad* of Homer, the works of Cicero, the *Telemachus* of Fenelon; and amongst those from the English, I noticed a beautiful edi-

tion of *Paradise Lost*, and another of *Young's Night Thoughts*. It has given birth to an admirable dictionary of the Armenian tongue, and to a very comprehensive history of the nation. Among its other original productions, are a *Universal Biography*, and a complete *Treatise on Mathematics*. Even *Father Aucher*, who was now waiting upon us through the cloisters, had well translated portions of the text of *Eusebius*, enriching them with copious illustrative notes: and at this time he is engaged upon a kind of *Conversations-Lexicon*, which will help to supply a desideratum in Armenian literature.

We had now made the circuit of the cells, and arrived at the dining-hall. Over its door is written in Armenian, "Silence should be preserved while the Scriptures are read." The members of the society were at their simple repast, and during that time they speak nothing, listening to one of their order, who reads a chapter from the Bible. I have never seen a finer collection of heads, or of intellectual and benevolent countenances, than were these before me. I looked upon them with a feeling quite different from that with which I had so often regarded the lazy monks that crowd many Italian monasteries. Before me were men of action, not of idleness; men inspired with noble and comprehensive wishes, not narrowed down to the narrow cells in which they lived. After dinner they enjoy, by their strictly-followed regulations, two hours of recreation, which they generally spend in walking among the gardens, conversing with each other or the boys under their charge. Seven hours are given to sleep, seven to active intellectual labour, and what remains after that employed in bodily exercise, is given to God.

We now visited the printing-office. The press is very finely constructed, and from it have proceeded pages of great beauty and delicacy. I purchased a little gilt-bound volume, containing, in twenty-four different languages, the prayers of *Niersis Clajensis*, an Armenian patriarch. From the printing-office, we passed to the studio of *Father Aucher*,—who, I may here say, is secretary of the society. It realized all that I had ever conceived of the studio of an orientalist. It is small, and its walls are quite concealed by surrounding books and manuscripts. Many of these were in wire-protected cases, in binding most strange, and type quite incomprehensible. Here were some translations from the Greek, whose originals were lost. We were likewise shown several works in Sanscrit, in the Chinese character, and in other symbols that looked more outlandish than either. *Father Aucher* seemed to be delighted at handling them, translated a little for our edification, and then put them under lock and key again. He now pointed to a quaintly-fashioned chair, standing by a window that looked out upon the quiet waters, and desired each of us to favour him by inserting our names in a book for that purpose, which lay on an adjacent table. After this ceremony, he in a little triumph turned to the name of *Byron*, written by his own hand, under the date of *November 27th, 1816*. He related to us, that on the first arrival of the poet at the convent, quite unaware of his title, he addressed him no otherwise than as *Mr. Byron*. The nobleman asked him if he had a dictionary of English proper names, and if so, to look out the word *Byron*. The hint of the lord was not misunderstood, and no further occasion for offence was given. After a visit to the chapel, we entered the library. "And now," said *Father Aucher*, walking towards a table, "I am going to shew the spot where I was accustomed to give *Lord Byron*

lessons in the Armenian language. He did not make very rapid progress. He was often very pettish, and complained a good deal of the hardships he experienced in trying to learn it.—“And is this the very desk?” asked I.—“Why, bless me, it is the very same,” said the monk.

It was to this island that the poet was wont, each morning, to row himself alone in his gondola, from the palace of the Merchant of Venice, with whom he then lived. And why, in this solitary spot, did he begin to study the Armenian tongue? “I found that my mind,”—these are his own words,—“wanted something craggy to break upon, and this, as the most difficult thing I could discover here for an amusement, I have chosen to torture me into attention.” It was hither that he came, heart-riven and yet erect in pride, after his exile from his native land. The bridge between that land and him, had not only been passed, but broken down. He had left behind him many spots blackening his fame, but not yet had he plunged into those dark paths of Venetian vice, which tainted not merely his body but his soul. He had not yet familiarized himself with those elements,—worse indeed than worthless,—which afterwards his imagination wrought up into the scenes and associations of *Don Juan*. Happier he, and better for some thousands who still enthusiastically admire him, if, while intermingling with these venerable men, and receiving their language into his mind, he likewise had engrafted within his heart some of the worthy habits and principles, full of purity and benevolence, which characterized their life. It was here that he assisted in the framing of an English and Armenian grammar, for the use of the Armenians, and for promoting whose publication he advanced a thousand francs. It was here that he translated two epistles,—a correspondence between the Corinthians and St. Paul,—not found in ours, but received into the Armenian version. Byron said, *he* considered them orthodox, and therefore did them, for the first time, into scriptural prose English.

We now accompanied our excellent guide to a little portico in the garden which, overlooking the wall, embraced a prospect of the sea, and rising therefrom the towers and palaces of Venice. In this charming spot had Byron often written. And what was here his inspiration? It is embodied in his *Manfred*. That was the composition to which his powers were devoted in the early months of 1817. I have ever held this drama, which he pronounced “mad as *Nat Lee’s Bedlam Tragedy*,” to be one of his sublimest productions. I now almost imagined that I beheld its noble author, here meditating and alone, working up his own remembrances, emotions, and aspirations into the passionate creation of *Manfred*, and deriving from the heavens, and seas, and melancholy scenes about him, some of the images which adorn that extraordinary poem.

“Good or Evil, life,
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
Have been to me as rain unto the sands.”

And well, at this forlorn period of his career, might he seem to hear a spirit addressing him in these prophetic strains;—

“And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse.
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare.”

In the wind there is a voice
 Shall forbid thee to rejoice.
 And to thee shall night deny
 All the quiet of her sky.
 And the day shall have a sun,
 Which shall make thee wish it done."

I remembered the passage in which Manfred addresses the witch of the Alps, beginning—

"From my youth upwards
 My spirit walked not with the souls of men."

What a portraiture does it not furnish of Byron's own character and career up to this time! That career, alas! was not to grow more bright—rather gloomier, clouding his heaven more thickly than ever, and closing at last in darkness and storms. I also fancied that, in the Father Aucher before me, I could discover the prototype of the Abbot of St. Maurice.

"*Abbot.*—Peace be with Count Manfred.

Manfred.—Thanks, holy father. Welcome to these walls.
 Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those
 Who dwell within them."

And in the dialogue which follows this salutation, I half thought that I heard Byron and the monk, the latter saying,

"Rumours strange,
 And of unholy nature, are abroad
 And busy with thy name, a noble name
 For centuries—"

And he is answered,

"Whate'er
 I may have been, or am, doth rest between
 Heaven and myself. I shall not choose a mortal
 To be my mediator."

And truly might that awful spirit,

"On whose brow
 The thunder scars were graven, from whose eye
 Glared forth the immortality of hell—"

that spirit which Manfred had summoned to destroy him, be but a mournful image of the *will*, stern and resistless, which, always impetuous, now began to hurry poor Byron downwards more rapidly than ever to his doom. These, however, are mere idle fancies and recollections, awakened while I stand on one of the solitary resting-places of the poet. Nor was this the only poem which Byron here conceived. The impressions contained in the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, were now beginning to unfold themselves;—impressions which, during the ensuing summer, he embodied at La Mira, in a form which can never perish. Embarking from this little portico in his gondola, the poet was often accustomed to row over to the Lido,—a strip of beach, several miles along the Adriatic,—and mounting one of the horses which he there kept in a dismantled fortification, take his exhilarating exercise upon the strand to Malamocco, at the other end of the island.

Our attendant was never weary in speaking of his pupil, and he showed us a written testimonial from the bard, quite laudatory of the institution, and wherein he says the virtues of the brethren are well

fitted to strike the man of the world with the conviction that there is another and a better life even here. The moment now arrived for taking leave of our kind friend. We did it with some regret. His own amiable manners ; the modest civility of his brethren ; their calm, intellectual expressions ; the sweet serenity of the spot ; the oriental associations about it, and the good ends which its possessors are striving to accomplish, all seemed like cords mysteriously and suddenly put round our hearts to bind us here. We at length shook our friend by the hand, and bidding him good-b'ye, promised, and that with sincerity too, that if ever we studied the Armenian tongue, it should be under the superintending eye of Padre Pascal Aucher.

Our gondola bore us to the Lido ; and afterwards, having visited some works of art in various palaces and churches, we landed at St. Mark's Place, just as the twilight shadows had settled down around it. The Florian, where we are accustomed to take our coffee, was crowded with Austrians and Germans ; with Turks, Albanians, and "Ebrew Jews." The Venetian ladies and gentlemen,—husbands and *cavalieri serventi*,—soon began to promenade beneath the arcades, only now and then pausing to take coffee or an ice ; and what with their melodious voices, and graceful forms, and transparent complexions, and fathomless eyes, presented a scene altogether brilliant and impressive, such as can only be beheld on a pleasant evening of spring in St. Mark's Piazza at Venice. It was near eleven o'clock before we reached our apartments at the White Lion, and at this late hour do I sit down to record the impressions of this most interesting day.

A TURN-OUT, BUT NO STRIKE.

BY JOYCE JOCUND.

OLD FELIX TAPPS, kept one of those queer shops,
 Called "Beer shops,"
 In a monstrous thirsty neighbourhood,
 And a situation very *dry*,
 So that toppers never could pass by
 Without a tumbler of his prime home-brewed ;
 And when a customer for drink was bawling,
 Tapps "followed his—calling !"
 Thus Felix throve, and drew for many a year,
 A famous run of business, and of—beer !
 Gold, too, he earned,
 Until his fortune, like his ale, was—*turned !*
 His stout grew thin—the porter weak,—and all
 His stock of strong beer, drank so very *small* ;
 In fine,
 'Twas clear, that Tapps's beer
 Wanted CONSUMPTION, not what it had—DECLINE !

So runs the tale, and much, I grieve to say,
 Things badly went,
 For soon the Landlord came, with Lady-day,
 Asking—for rent !—

No beer *he* quaffed,
 But urged poor Tapps—to pay—
 “He wouldn’t take his word for ’t, nor his *draught* ;
 The whole he wanted, without diminution !”—
 Tapps, thus haranged,
 Bade him “be hanged !”
 The Landlord said, he’d have—an “EXECUTION !”
 Tapps would have gladly drunk up all his ale, if
 “Taking to drinking,” would have floored the bailiff ;
 But conscience whispered, to his great regret,
 That course would never “liquid-ate the debt.”
 So, Felix vowed,
 He wished his debts were paid ;
 Or else, that like his maid,
 The Sheriff had—“no followers allowed !”

That night, a broker darkened Tapps’s door ;
 (No doubt,
 The Porter wanted strength, to keep him out ;)
 There, for three hours, or more,
 The man was waiting ;
 Tankards he emptied—pipes full half a score,
 Yet went on smoking, in a snug arm-chair,
 And ruminating,
 And building castles in the air !
 Railroads, with steam-boats, may have filled his dreams,
 As puffing on, his reverie grew riper ;—
 Brokers are not the only men, whose schemes,
 Beyond a joke,
 Begin and end—in *smoke* ;
 Yet, will not “pay the PIPE-R !”

Doubtless the fellow would have stayed to puff,
 But Tapps looked at the clock, and then
 Said, “Friend, I always go to bed at ten ;
 You’ve been here long enough,
 And so,
 Most like,
 You would not wish the clock should *strike*
 Before—you go ?”
 The broker, winking, said, “Good Tapps, I’m thinking
 I’ve got the law upon my side
 Here to abide,
 For I agrees,
 With ‘Licensed to be *drunk* upon the premises.’
 Now, I’ll bet
 A crown, that I’m not *half* drunk yet !”—
 Cried Tapps, “I’ll clearly show th’ intent,
 Of that same ‘Act of Parliament.’
 It is not meet,
 That folks should stay here after ten o’clock :—
 Within doors, as your argument, you’ve tried,
 Take your position—*on the other side.*”
 Then, with sudden shock,
 Tapps sent the broker staggering to the street,
 And locked his door—
 The fellow swore
 He should have proved his case beyond a doubt,
 But Tapps’s *interruption*—PUT HIM OUT !

SKETCHES OF ANDALUCIA.—No. III.

GRANADA.

<i>Pues eres Granada ilustre !</i>	Granada, thou famous in story !
<i>Granada de personages !</i>	Granada, thou birthplace of glory !
<i>Granada de serafines !</i>	Granada, thy women are fairest !
<i>Granada de antigüedades !</i>	Granada, thy relics are rarest !

Gongora.

THE ALHAMBRA.

THE word "Alhambra" conveys to the minds of many who have not visited Granada, the idea of a magnificent palace. The Alhambra, however, is not, strictly speaking, a palace, but a fortress of great extent, whose walls stretch round the summit of a hill, half a mile or more in length, and a few hundred feet in breadth. The far-famed palace, which contains the Court of the Lions, the Hall of the Abencerrages, &c. occupies comparatively but little ground—not one-twentieth, nor perhaps one-fiftieth part of the space thus enclosed. Besides this, there is within the fortress the great palace of Charles V. scarcely less extensive, with quite a village of houses, a large parish church, a convent, orchards, gardens, and even corn-fields, and that never-failing appendage to the smallest village—an alameda.

THE MOORISH PALACE.

The entrance to the Casa Arabe, or Arabian House, as the renowned Moorish palace is called by the Granadinos, is almost concealed by a projecting angle of the Palace of Charles V. Unlike the habitations of modern European royalty, there is nothing in the exterior of the Arabian House which could lead a stranger to anticipate the glories within. A plain wooden door in a high naked wall resembles the entrance to a cemetery rather than to magnificent courts and saloons.

On entering I found myself in a court of oblong form, with a large pool or reservoir of water in the centre, which gives it the name of Patio del Alberca, or Court of the Pool. On the left, at its further extremity, the court is bounded by an arcade, with elegant Moorish columns of white marble, high above whose roof the huge Tower of Comares rears its red battlemented head. The opposite end of the court is crossed by a similar arcade, surmounted by another, abutting against the wall of the Palace of Charles V. Beds of myrtles and roses border the pool on either hand, and serve to relieve with their green the sunny brightness of the white walls and arcades around.

Through a low doorway opposite me on entering, I had caught a glimpse of a second court, with the sparkling jets of a fountain in the centre. Passing through this doorway, I found myself beneath a colonnade, and looked, through a wood of light pillars spanned by arches of delicate fretwork, to the celebrated Fountain of the Lions, which shot up its glittering waters in the midst of a garden of flowering shrubs, enclosed by long arcades, similar to that under which I was standing. It is impossible to describe the feelings of astonishment and delight experienced on entering this Patio.

Apart from the romantic associations connected with the spot, the slender and elegant columns, the dazzling brilliancy of the sun-lit arcades, the vivid colours of the shrubs and flowers, and the murmuring jets of the fountain, give the court inexpressible charms;—you can scarcely believe it to be real,—it has an enchanted, an unearthly beauty, and resembles only what your imagination may have pictured of a palace in fairy lands.

The attention is at first so absorbed in contemplating the general beauties of the Patio, that it is long before the eye can descend to notice its minuter features. It is nearly one hundred feet long by fifty broad. A square portico projects into it at either end, supported by twenty columns, with arches of the most elegant forms, whose outlines are marked by fretted work of stucco, resembling stalactites. This delicate grotto-work is carried also within the portico as high as the ceiling, which is a cupola of wood beautifully carved, and elevated nearly thirty feet from the ground. The general hue of the fretting is a light stone, touched here and there with vermilion, azure, and gold, which have lost none of their original brightness after an exposure of centuries to the weather.

The total number of columns in the court is one hundred and sixty-four; they are arranged sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs, and in a cluster of four at each of the corners. From base to capital they are about eight feet high; and the shafts are eight or ten inches in diameter. The capitals are ornamented with minute Arabic inscriptions, and from them rise vertically, on the front of the arcade, broad bands of the same in large letters, crossed by a horizontal band above. Open tracery-work of the most elegant description fills the intermediate spaces above the arches; these are of the horse-shoe form, but in general long and narrow, which adds to the lightness and elegance of the columns.

The fountain which stands in the centre of the court is supported by twelve lions, sculptured in stone, and about three feet high. They exhibit but a small advancement in the art, for they resemble cats rather than lions; their manes are scanty; their legs mere stumps of stone without feet; and their tails are twisted in a droll manner upon their flanks. It is in vain that they try to look fierce; the end of a water-pipe stuck like a whistle in their mouths is a poor substitute for open jaws and bristling teeth. The basin of the fountain is flat, very shallow, and a dodecagon of six feet in diameter. From it rises an elegant pedestal supporting a smaller and bowl-shaped basin; and above this is a short pillar. The water is forced up through this pillar high into the air, and is caught in the upper basin, which it overflows, and descends in a brilliant shower into the larger one beneath, whence it is conveyed through the feet of the basin into the bodies of the lions, and issues in slender streams from their mouths.

The character of the entire Patio is that of the most finished elegance and beauty. Nothing of grandeur—nothing majestic—no imposing sublimity is here visible. This is not characteristic of the architecture of the Arabians. But, on the other hand, they aimed at everything that might captivate the senses,—that might soften, rather than excite, the feelings; they sought to charm the eye with a thousand graces, to lull the ear with the music of falling waters, to induce the most delicious coolness,—the greatest luxury of their

climate,—and to make their abodes on this earth bear a near resemblance to their imaginary paradise above.

A large open archway in the middle of the southern corridor of the court leads into the Hall of the Abencerrages; a magnificent apartment, richly adorned with arabesques. The fountain famed in legendary story is in the centre, and shoots up its waters merrily as in the olden time, whilst the splashing shower re-echoes through the apartment. My guide, stirring up the thin coat of mud, pointed out a reddish mark on the marble bottom, — the veritable stains, he assured me, of the blood of the thirty-six noble victims who were here barbarously slaughtered by Boabdil.

“Do you believe that to be really the stain of their blood?” I inquired.

“*Decir y creer son dos*—to say and believe are two,” was the quaint reply.

The hall is lined to the height of five feet with glazed tiling of various colours, disposed in elegant mosaic patterns; above, the walls are covered to a considerable height with arabesques and bands of inscriptions in relief, and then fretted in the same manner as the ceiling. This is a cupola, adorned with an exquisite grotto-work of stalactites in white stucco, relieved by touches of vermilion, blue, green, and gold, just enough to impart a richness of colour without destroying its delicacy and airiness. The whole is seen by a soft voluptuous light admitted through long narrow openings in the wall beneath the roof. A calm beauty and elegance pervade the apartment, little in unison with the tragic scenes which tradition has assigned to the spot.

On the opposite side of the Court of Lions is the Hall of the Two Sisters. I inquired who were these damsels, expecting to hear some interesting legend of Moorish days. Great was my disappointment, when my guide, pointing to two large flagstones in the pavement, replied, “*Ahi estan*—there they are!”

This hall is larger than that of the Abencerrages; in shape and decorations, however, it is very similar, but is still more richly ornamented. The tiling of the walls, and the arabesques above, are of more tasteful and elegant patterns; the ceiling is more exquisitely fretted, and more delicately and brilliantly touched with colour and gold,—in fact, it is the most beautiful in the palace; it is a master-piece, and would exhaust a mine of epithets to recount its charms. Over the archway at either end of the hall is a window with latticed blinds, through which the beauties of the Harem were enabled to gratify their curiosity by gazing into the hall, though they were prevented the indulgence of a stronger female passion, being themselves invisible. But all that has long passed away;—no joyous laugh is now heard along the dark passages, no whisperings or suppressed titter at the latticed windows,—all is now silent and still as the grave.

Beyond the Hall of the Two Sisters is a long and narrow anti-chamber, and beyond this a most delightful little apartment, whose dimensions are but ten feet by twelve. Its roof is light and airy; its walls adorned with the most delicate arabesques, and pierced with four small horseshoe windows, looking upon the flowery garden of Lindaraxa. It is called “*El Gabinete de la Reyna*,” or “The Queen’s Cabinet.” An air of such elegance and taste per-

vades this little chamber, that you fancy yourself in the abode of a fairy, and start at the sound of a footstep, as if expecting to see her, or some sylph-like female, approaching to rebuke your intrusion.

We must not now retrace our steps to visit the Hall of Justice at the eastern end of the Court of Lions, nor to study the curious Moorish paintings on its ceiling. From the Gabinete we will turn to the left, and a narrow passage will lead us into a suite of apartments, of more modern construction than the rest of the palace. They are in the European style, and were fitted up by Charles V. for the royal apartments. Round the cornice of one room runs the proud inscription, "Imper. Augustus pius felix invictissimus;" and again, "Imper. Cæsar Karolus V. Hispaniarum rex semper."

"*Rex semper!*" it seems as though the author of the inscription had caught the Eastern spirit of the spot, "Oh king, live for ever!" How deeply events lie concealed in the mists of futurity! Little was it imagined when this was inscribed, that the time would come when this "most invincible" monarch would live without a kingdom, or that he would—

"Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell."

On another ceiling, his favourite motto, "*PLUS OULTRE*," is many times repeated in the panelled compartments,—a motto peculiarly appropriate to a sovereign of so ambitious a character; and a motto by whose spirit his grandparents were actuated to despatch Columbus in search of new worlds.

Were I now to proceed to describe the other magnificent Moorish apartments on the same floor, or the courts and halls, baths and gardens below, I should fatigue the reader. Let him be assured, that whether in the grand Hall of the Ambassadors I saw in imagination all the splendours of an Oriental court,—whether I wandered through the dimly-lighted apartments once sacred to the mysteries of the Harem, or reclined in some alcove where the sultanas were wont after bathing to lie lulled to forgetfulness by the soft murmurings of fountains below, and by the music from the orchestras above,—whether I mounted to the airy tower of the Queen's Toilet, and, seated on the parapet, surveyed with dreamy eyes the city at my feet,—or from the roof of Comares' Tower looked abroad on a panorama where the richest glories of nature combined to captivate the senses, and a thousand romantic associations to delight the mind—I was ever ready to exclaim,

"Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this — it is this!"

Every day of my sojourn in the Alhambra, during those hours of intense heat, which in any other city would have been devoted to slumber, I used to linger through these airy courts and halls, and each visit would disclose new charms. My favourite haunts were the Court of the Lions, with its surrounding halls, especially that of the Two Sisters. Here, in one direction, the eye passes through a series of beautifully fretted arches to the exquisite little Gabinete, and catches through its open windows a glimpse of the fountain-jets of Lindaraxa, the splash of whose waters is heard echoing through the orange-garden below; on the other hand, it rests on the elegant colonnades of the Court of the Lions, or on the gushing waters fall-

ing in a shower of gold beneath the rays of the sun, which light up the alabaster of the fountain, and make it glitter like snow amid the vivid hues of the surrounding foliage. The brightness of the scene without—which, were it possible to transfer it to canvass, would in England be declared unnatural—contrasts forcibly with the subdued light within the hall, through the open, fretted doorway of which it is seen like a brilliant picture in its frame.

For hours daily would I sit in this or the adjacent halls, lost in the contemplation of the surrounding splendours, or engaged in sketching. My privacy was seldom intruded upon; now and then the *encargado*, or guardian of the palace, would take his round, very rarely accompanied by a party of Spaniards, who would saunter carelessly through, gaze around with looks of indifference, and walk away perfectly satisfied with a transient survey. At other times there was nothing to disturb the magical serenity of the spot, unless it were the warbling of birds in the neighbouring groves; but these hushed their song when the sun was at the meridian, and then nothing was to be heard but the echoing splash of the fountains, with the rippling of the waters in the subterranean channels, or the rustling of lizards among the foliage. At this sultry hour, when even these halls were almost too warm for my northern blood, I was wont to descend to the cooler region of the baths, to while away the time in delightful day-dreams, fostered by the gloom and mysterious air of the vaults, and by the loneliness and legendary character of the spot.

THE "CHILDREN OF THE ALHAMBRA."

As I sat one morning in the Hall of the Two Sisters, carrying my thoughts back to the days of Moslem splendour, and trying with half-shut eyes to re-people the palace with its ancient inhabitants, the gentle notes of a guitar, accompanied with a silvery voice, stole upon my ear. It did not disturb my reverie, for fancy pictured it as the soft strains from the adjacent Harem, and not till it had ceased was I fully assured of its reality, and bethought me to look for the invisible performer. Stepping into the Court of Lions, in which the echo seemed still to linger, I discovered the fair songstress at an open Moorish window over the entrance to the Hall of the Abencerrages. My first thought was that of surprise—how she came there; the next was to address her, and beg her to continue her song. The wonder was easily explained. She lived in an adjoining cottage which communicated with the upper floor of the palace, with a number of chambers which are not accessible from the halls below. To my request she replied by a coquettish shake of her head, and a furl of her fan, which she had resumed on laying aside her guitar. She had soft, languishing hazel eyes, pretty features, and an interesting expression, and, being fairer than the generality of her countrywomen, laid claim to the title of *rubia*, though in England she would have been considered a brunette.

Another damsel now appeared at the window, the elder sister of the songstress, but not so engaging, and of much darker complexion, though she would only allow herself to be a *castaña*, or chestnut, a shade deeper than the *rubia*. On my repeating my request for a song, the younger modestly said that her sister could sing much better than herself. This the other denied, affirming

that "Augustita sang so charmingly that it gave her a thousand pleasures to hear her — *canta si primorosamente que me da mil gustos el oirla.*" I confirmed this, and Augustita in compliance commenced the following song, accompanying it with her guitar and speaking eyes.

" *Es cierto que vivo,
En casa soltera ;
No tengo disgustos,
Ni nada me altera.*

*Pero un buen marido mejor me estará—
Sí, un esposo mi amor pide ya !*

" *Es cierto que en casa
Yo soy la senora ;
Mi papa me quiere,
Mi mama me adora,*

*Pero un buen marido mejor me estará—
Sí, un esposo mi amor pide ya !*

" 'Tis true that I 'm living
In maidenly leisure,
With nothing to vex me,
Or cross in my pleasure.

But oh ! a good husband much better would be !
A nice little husband 's the treasure for me !

" 'Tis true that I 'm mistress
Of house and of stores ;
Papa loves me dearly,
Mamma quite adores :

But oh ! a nice husband far better would be !
A sweet little spouse ! — what a treasure for me !"

And who were this pretty pair with whom I had made acquaintance in such a spot? They were—oh, what a damper to every feeling of romance!—the daughters of the overseer of the galley-slaves employed in the fortress! Here they would often sit during the heat of the day, busied with their frames of embroidery, relieving the silence occasionally with a song, or conversing with me as I sat sketching in the court below.

When established within the Alhambra, I was anxious to see all the personages already introduced to the English public by Washington Irving. "La Reyna Coquina—the Cockle Queen," one of the sources whence the author of "The Alhambra" derived his legends, is since dead. Dolores, "the plump little Dolores," is now married to the identical cousin who was then seeking her hand. As she still dwells in the fortress, though not within the walls of the palace as formerly, I soon paid her a visit, in company with my host,—who, by the by, happened to be her own brother,—and found her surrounded by two or three chubby little children, with eyes as large, black, and roughish as their mother's. I was rather surprised to see, instead of the youthful matron I had expected, a comely dame verging towards "a certain age," for she was fat, fair, (not in complexion, but as all pretty women are said to be,) and of forty years "save one;" so that Geoffrey Crayon has availed himself of the usual licence of portrait painters to flatter the ladies in point of age. She is accustomed to come out and exhibit herself to strangers, and seems almost as proud as Mateo of being one of the lions of the place.

The memory of the "*Señor Americano*"—they fancied him a "lord!"—is still cherished as of an "*hombre muy guapo*," for many partook of his bounty; and Mateo in particular received clothing and other favours at his hands. The contents of his book are well known in the Alhambra; and Mateo does not seem very well satisfied with the part he is made to perform. He takes offence, I imagine, at certain expressions referring to himself as a "simple-minded" creature: now, if there is one thing more than another on which he prides himself, it is his intellect and stock of information; and twenty times a day he will say "*Mateo sabe todo*—Mateo knows everything: why ask such and such a man when Mateo knows best?" His friends give him credit for the same acquirements. "*Mateo sabe mucho Latin*," said one of them to me—"Knows much Latin!" I exclaimed with astonishment, not at first comprehending his meaning; "where did he learn Latin,—of the friars of San Francisco?"—"No, no!" cried he, laughing, "he does not speak the Latin tongue, but he knows much—very much! and every one knows him too, he is better known than garlic."

He is by trade a silk-weaver, but leaves the loom to his children, of whom he has several, now men and women; while he himself gains more honour as well as profit by acting the cicerone. In truth, he is no longer the "meagre varlet" of former days, but is always neatly dressed, and comparatively in such comfortable circumstances, that, to use an expression I heard applied to him, "he now lies between cotton—*ora se queda entre algodones*."

THE CITY.

Granada preserves almost throughout its ancient character. Many Moorish houses are still remaining; even where these have been destroyed, others have arisen on their sites built almost in the same style; so that it is not easy to determine, at a glance, which are of Moslem construction and which not. The architects have preferred the ancient style probably as best suited to the climate, or because, by following the models before them, they were spared the trouble of contriving new plans—no slight consideration to Spaniards. The identity of sites accounts for the narrow and tortuous character of the streets,—the style of building adopted by the Moors as most conducive to coolness. So narrow are they in some instances, that a person may actually touch the houses on either side with his elbows. In its general aspect, Granada resembles both Seville and Cordoba, but has not the poverty-stricken appearance of the latter city, and has an air of greater antiquity, with more of the ruinous and picturesque than the former. Some few of the houses have pictured fronts, so common in the cities of Portugal, or are painted a bright yellow; but the general hue is white dimmed by age. Here and there the fronts are ornamented with rude paintings of the Virgin and Child, sometimes high up on the wall of the building. The roofs project very much, often as far as four or five feet, and in the narrower streets they frequently overlap; the eaves are supported by oblique props, and bristle with waterspouts. Miradores, or kiosks, abound, and their place is sometimes supplied by open terraces beneath the elevated roofs of the houses, where the citizens may "take the cool" of the evening, and have the pleasure of overlooking their neighbours. There are flat terraces, too, upon the

roofs, planted with shrubs and flowers, forming aerial gardens, which, seen either from above or below, have a very charming effect; and it is no uncommon thing, in passing through the narrower streets, to find yourself canopied by an awning of vines extending across from roof to roof, and excluding the fierce rays of the sun. The picturesque character of the houses is much increased by the balcony below, and little tiled roof projecting above, every window, and by large blinds of blue-striped linen, or of dark rush matting, rolled up under these roofs, or hanging over the railing of the balcony. Here generally sits some fair Granadina in the midst of a hanging garden of flowers, her back to the blind, her feet, if ugly—but what Granadina has an ugly foot?—within the threshold, or, if otherwise, carelessly placed so as to be admired by the promenaders below, her hands busily occupied with her frame of embroidery, and her eyes no less busily engaged in scanning the figures in the streets; while ever and anon, as she recognizes some acquaintance or admirer, she neglects her work for a passing salute, a chat, or an interchange of tender glances and smiles.

The outer doors of the houses are in general kept open, and the inner being often of grated iron, afford peeps into delicious *patios* encircled by marble colonnades, and with fountains in the centre playing up in the midst of flowers and orange-plants.

One great charm in Granada is its thoroughly Spanish character. No admixture of foreign fashions or customs is here to be seen. Its situation among the mountains, cut off as it is by almost impassable tracks from the surrounding cities, and its little intercourse with the capital, tend to keep it pure in character. If Cordoba, on the high-road from Cadiz to Madrid, has hitherto preserved its originality, it is not probable that Granada, though much superior in size and population, will soon be spoiled by foreign innovations. But, should Spain at length become tranquil,—if she ever will, God only knows!—should she acquire a strong government, and an efficient police,—should her banditti be all *garroted*, her roads levelled, and decent inns take the place of the now comfortless *ventas*,—farewell to the genuine national character of these old cities. The tide of travellers, which is eternally ebbing and flowing on the classic plains of Italy, and has made every corner of that land as familiar to us as Brighton or Bath,—the march of intellect and civilization, ever on the heels of an improved political condition, which has established French cafés and omnibuses in Algiers, has hackneyed Grand Cairo and Constantinople, and is about to run steam-carriages beneath the Pyramids,—will then extend to Granada! Oh, the glorious effects of bad government!—oh, the delightful terrors of the bandit's *trabuco*!—oh, the sweet miseries of the *ventas*! When these are gone—gone, alas! will be the splendours of Granada;—its Alhambra will be torn to pieces by travellers,—English and French villas will rise on the banks of the Xenil and Darro,—bonnets will usurp the place of *mantillas*,—a book will supersede the fan,—the mackintosh will expel the *capa parda*,—and the bull-ring will be converted into a chapel! The sun of Granada's glory will have set for ever!

THE LOCKSMITH OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY PEREGRINE.

IN the sober-looking city of Philadelphia there dwelt, some years ago, an ingenious and clever mechanic named AMOS SPARKS, by trade a locksmith. Nature had blessed him with a peculiar turn for the branch of business to which he had been bred. Not only was he skilled in the manufacture and repair of the various articles that in America are usually regarded as "in the locksmith line;" but, prompted by a desire to master the more abstruse intricacies of the business, he had studied it so attentively, and with such distinguished success, that his proficiency was the theme of admiration, not only with his customers and the neighbourhood, but all who took an interest in mechanical contrivances in the adjoining towns. His counter was generally strewed with various kinds of fastenings for doors, trunks, and desks, which nobody but himself could open; and no lock was ever presented to Amos that he could not pick in a very short time. Like many men of talent in other departments, Amos Sparks was poor. Though a very industrious and prudent man, with a small and frugal family, he merely eked out a comfortable existence, but never seemed to accumulate property. Whether it was that he was not of the race of money-grubs, whose instinctive desire of accumulation forces them to earn and hoard without a thought beyond the mere means of acquisition, or whether the time occupied by the prosecution of new inquiries into still undiscovered regions of his favourite pursuit, and in conversation with those who came to inspect and admire the fruits of his ingenuity, were the cause of his poverty, we cannot undertake to determine; but, perhaps, various causes combined to keep his finances low, and it was quite as notorious in the city that Amos Sparks was a poor man, as that he was an ingenious and decent mechanic. But his business was sufficient for the supply of his wants, and those of his family, so he studied and worked on, and was content.

It happened that in the autumn of 18—, a merchant in the city, whose business was rather extensive, and who had been bustling about the Quay and on board his vessels all the morning, returned to his counting-house to lodge several thousand dollars in the Philadelphia bank, to retire some paper falling due that day, when, to his surprise, he found that he had either lost or mislaid the key of his iron chest. After diligent search, with no success, he was led to conclude that, in drawing out his handkerchief, he had dropped the key in the street, or perhaps into the dock. What was to be done?—it was one o'clock,—the bank closed at three, and there was no time to advertise the key or to muster so large a sum as that required. In his perplexity the merchant thought of the poor locksmith: he had often heard of Amos Sparks; the case seemed one peculiarly adapted to a trial of his powers, and being a desperate one, if he could not furnish a remedy, where else was there reasonable expectation of succour? A clerk was hurried off for Amos, and having explained the difficulty, speedily reappeared, followed by the locksmith, with his implements in his hand. A few minutes

sufficed to open the chest, and the astonished merchant glanced from the rolls of bank-notes and piles of coin strewed along the bottom, to the clock in the corner of the office, which told him that he had still three-quarters of an hour, with a feeling of delight and exultation, like one who had escaped from an unexpected dilemma by a lucky thought, and who felt that his credit was secure even from a momentary breath of suspicion. He fancied he felt generous as well as glad, and determined that it should be a cash transaction.

"How much is to pay, Amos?" said he, thrusting his hand into his pocket.

"Five dollars, sir," said Sparks.

"Five dollars! why, you are mad, man: you have not been five minutes doing the job. Come," (the genuine spirit of traffic overcoming the better feelings which had momentary possession of his bosom,) "I'll give you five shillings."

"It is true," replied the locksmith, "that much time has not been employed; but remember how many long years I have been learning to do such a job in five minutes, or even to do it at all. A doctor's visit may last but one minute,—the service he renders may be but doubtful when all is done,—and yet his fee would be as great if not greater than mine. You should be willing to purchase my skill, humble as it may be, as you would purchase any other commodity in the market, by what it is worth to you."

"Worth to me," said the merchant, with a sneer; "well, I think it was worth five shillings; I could have got a new key made for that, or perhaps might have found the old one."

"But could you have got the one made, or found the other, in time to retire your notes at the bank? Had I been disposed to wrong you, taking advantage of your haste and perplexity, I might have bargained for a much larger sum, and as there is not another man in the city who could have opened the chest, you would gladly have given me double the amount I now claim."

"Double the amount! why, the man's a fool! Here are the five shillings," said the merchant, holding them in his hand, with the air of a rich man taking advantage of a poor one who could not help himself; "and if you do not choose to take them, why, you may sue as soon as you please, for my time is too precious just now to spend in a matter so trifling."

"I never sued a man in my life," said Sparks; "and I have lost much by my forbearance. But," added he, the trodden worm of a meek spirit beginning to recoil, "you are rich—are able to pay; and although I will not sue you, pay you shall."

The words were scarcely spoken, when he dashed down the lid of the chest, and in a moment the strong staples were firmly clasped by the bolts below, and the gold and bank-notes were hidden as effectually as though they had vanished like the ill-gotten hoards in the fairy-tale.

The merchant stood aghast. He looked at Amos, and then darted a glance at the clock; the hand was within twenty minutes of three, and seemed posting over the figures with the speed of light. What was to be done? At first he tried to bully, but it would not do. Amos told him if he had sustained any injury, "he might sue as soon as he pleased, for that his time was too precious just now to be

wasted in trifling affairs," and with a face of unruffled composure, he turned on his heel and was leaving the office.

The merchant called him back: he had no alternative,—his credit was at stake,—half the city would swear that he had lost the key to gain time, and because there was no money in the chest: he was humbled by the necessity of the case, and, handing forth the five dollars, "There, Sparks," said he, "take your money, and let us have no more words."

"I must have ten dollars now," replied the locksmith: "you would have taken advantage of a poor man; and, besides opening your strong box there, I have a lesson to give you which is well worth a trifling sum. You would not only have deprived me of what had been fairly earned, but have tempted me into a lawsuit which would have ruined my family. You will never in future presume upon your wealth in your dealings with the poor without thinking of the locksmith, and these five dollars may save you much sin and much repentance."

This homily, besides being preached in a tone of calm deliberation which left no room to hope for any abatement, had exhausted another minute or two of the time already so precious; for the minutes, like the Sibyl's books, increased in value as they diminished in number. The merchant hurriedly counted out the ten dollars, which Amos deliberately inspected, to see that they belonged to no broken bank, and then deposited in his breeches pocket.

"For Heaven's sake, be quick, man! I would not have the bank close before this money is paid for fifty dollars!" exclaimed the merchant.

"I thought so," was the locksmith's grave reply; but not being a malicious or vindictive man, and satisfied with the punishment already inflicted, he delayed no longer, but opened the chest, giving its owner time to seize the cash and reach the bank, after a rapid flight, a few minutes before it closed.

About a month after this affair, the Philadelphia bank was robbed of coin and notes to the amount of fifty thousand dollars. The bars of a window had been cut, and the vault entered so ingeniously, that it was evident that the burglar had possessed, besides daring courage, a good deal of mechanical skill. The police scoured the city and country round about, but no clue to the discovery of the robbery could be traced. Everybody who had anything to lose, felt that daring and ingenious felons were abroad who might probably pay them a visit, all were therefore interested in their discovery and conviction. Suspicion at length began to settle upon Sparks. But yet his poverty and known integrity seemed to give them the lie. The story of the iron chest, which the merchant had hitherto been ashamed and Amos too forgiving to tell, for the latter did not care to set the town laughing even at the man who had wronged him, now began to be noised abroad. The merchant, influenced by a vindictive spirit, had whispered it to the directors of the bank, with sundry shrugs and innuendoes, and, of course, it soon spread far and wide, with all sorts of exaggerated variations and additions. Amos thought for several days that some of his neighbours looked and acted rather oddly, and he missed one or two who used to drop in and chat almost every afternoon; but, not suspecting for a moment that there was any cause for altered behaviour, these matters made

but a slight impression on his mind. In all such cases the person most interested is the last to hear disagreeable news; and the first hint that the locksmith got of the universal suspicion, was from the officer of the police, who came with a party of constables to search his premises. Astonishment and grief were, of course, the portion of Amos and his family for that day. The first shock to a household who had derived, even amidst their humble poverty, much satisfaction from the possession of a good name—a property they had been taught to value above all earthly treasures—may be easily conceived. To have defrauded a neighbour of sixpence would have been a meanness no one of them would have been guilty of,—but fifty thousand dollars! the immensity of the sum seemed to clothe the suspicion with a weight of terror that nearly pressed them to the earth. They clung to each other, with bruised and fluttered spirits, while the search was proceeding, and it was not until it was completed, and the officer declared himself satisfied that there was none of the missing property on the premises, that they began to rally and look calmly at the circumstances which seemed, for the moment, to menace the peace and security they had hitherto enjoyed.

“Cheer up, my darlings!” said Amos, who was the first to recover the sobriety of thought that usually characterized him,—“cheer up! all will yet be well; it is impossible that this unjust suspicion can long hover about us. A life of honesty and fair dealing will not be without its reward: there was perhaps something in my trade, and the skill which long practice had given me in it, that naturally enough led the credulous, the thoughtless, and perhaps the mischievous, if any such there be connected with this inquiry, to look towards us. But the real authors of this outrage will probably be discovered soon; for a fraud so extensive will make all parties vigilant, and if not, why then, when our neighbours see us toiling at our usual occupations, with no evidences of increased wealth or lavish expenditure on our persons or at our board, and remember how many years we were so occupied, and so attired, without a suspicion of wrong doing, even in small matters, attaching to us, there will be good sense and good feeling enough in the city to do us justice.”

There were sound sense and much consolation in this reasoning; the obvious probabilities of the case were in favour of the fulfilment of the locksmith's expectations. But a scene of trial and excitement, of prolonged agony and hope deferred, lay before him, the extent of which it would have been difficult if not impossible for him then to have foreseen. Foiled in the search, the directors of the bank sent one of their body to negotiate with Amos; to offer him a large sum of money, and a guarantee from further molestation, if he would confess, restore the property, and give up his accomplices, if any there were. It was in vain that he protested his innocence, and avowed his abhorrence of the crime; the banker rallied him on his assumed composure, and threatened him with consequences, until the locksmith, who had been unaccustomed to dialogues, founded on the presumption that he was a villain, ordered his tormentor out of his shop, with the spirit of a man who, though poor, was resolved to preserve his self-respect, and protect the sanctity of his dwelling from impertinent and insulting intrusion.

The banker retired, baffled, and threatening vengeance. A con-

sultation was held, and it was finally determined to arrest Sparks, and commit him to prison, in the hope that by shutting him up, and separating him from his family and accomplices, he would be less upon his guard against the collection of evidence necessary to a conviction, and perhaps be frightened into terms, or induced to make a full confession. This was a severe blow to the family. They could have borne much together, for mutual counsel and sympathy can soothe many of the ills of life: but to be divided—to have the strongest mind, around which the feebler ones had been accustomed to cling, carried away captive to brood in solitary confinement on an unjust accusation, was almost too much, when coupled with the cloud of suspicion that seemed to gather around their home, and infect the very air they breathed. The privations forced upon them by the want of the locksmith's earnings were borne without a murmur; and out of the little that could be mustered, a portion was always reserved to buy some trifling but unexpected comfort or luxury to carry to the prison.

Some months having passed without Sparks having made any confession, or the discovery of any new fact whereby his guilt might be established, his persecutors found themselves reluctantly compelled to bring him to trial. They had not a tittle of evidence, except some strange locks and implements found in the shop, and which proved the talent, but not the guilt, of the mechanic. Yet these were so various, and executed with such elaborate art, and such an evident expenditure of labour, that but few either of the judges, jury, or spectators, could be persuaded that a man so poor would have devoted himself so sedulously to such an employment unless he had some other object in view than mere instruction or amusement. His friends and neighbours gave him an excellent character; but, on their cross-examination, all admitted his entire devotion to his favourite pursuit. The counsel for the bank exerted himself with consummate ability: calculating in some degree on the state of the public mind, and the influence which vague rumours, coupled with the evidences of the mechanic's handicraft exhibited in court, might have on the mind of the jury, he dwelt upon every ward and winding, on the story of the iron chest, on the evident poverty of the locksmith, and yet his apparent waste of time, if all this work were not intended to ensure success in some vast design. He believed that a verdict would be immediately followed by a confession, for he thought Amos guilty; and he succeeded in making the belief pretty general among his audience. Some of the jury were half inclined to speculate on the probabilities of a confession; and, swept away by the current of suspicion, were not indisposed to convict without evidence, in order that the result might do credit to their penetration. But this was impossible, even in an American court of justice in the good old times of which we write. Hanging persons on suspicion, and acquitting felons because the mob think murder no crime, are modern inventions. The charge of the judge was clear and decisive: he admitted that there were grounds of suspicion—that there were circumstances connected with the prisoner's peculiar mode of life that were not reconcilable with the lowness of his finances; but yet, of direct testimony, there was not a vestige, and of circumstantial evidence there were not only links wanting in the chain, but in fact there was

not a single link extending beyond the locksmith's dwelling. Sparks was accordingly acquitted; but as no other clue was found to direct suspicion, it still lay upon him like a cloud. The vindictive merchant and the dissatisfied bankers did not hesitate to declare that, although the charge could not be legally brought home, they had no doubt whatever of his guilt. This opinion was taken up and reiterated, until thousands, who were too careless to investigate the story, were satisfied that Amos was a rogue. How should the character of a poor man hold out against the deliberate slanders of so many rich ones?

Amos rejoiced in his acquittal as one who felt that the jury had performed a solemn duty faithfully, and who was glad to find that his personal experience had strengthened, rather than impaired, his reliance on the tribunals of his country. He embraced his family, as one snatched from great responsibility and peril, and his heart overflowed with thankfulness when at night they were all once more assembled round the fireside, the scene of so much happiness and unity in other days. But yet Amos felt that, though acquitted by the jury, he was not by the town. He saw that in the faces of some of the jury, and most of the audience, which he was too shrewd an observer to misunderstand. He wished it were otherwise; but he was contented to take his chance of some subsequent revelation, and if it came not, of living down the foul suspicion which Providence had permitted, for some wise purpose, to hover for a time around his name.

But Amos had never thought of how he was to live. The cold looks, averted faces, and rude scandal of the neighbourhood, could be borne, because really there was some excuse to be found in the circumstances, and because he hoped that there would be a joyful ending of it all at some future day. But the loss of custom first opened his eyes to his real situation. No work came to his shop; he made articles, but could not sell them; and, as the little money he had saved was necessarily exhausted in the unavoidable expenses of the trial, the family found it impossible, with the utmost exertion and economy, to meet their current outlay; one article of furniture after another was reluctantly sacrificed, or some little comfort abridged, until, at the end of months of degradation and absolute distress, their bare board was spread within bare walls, and it became necessary to beg, to starve, or to remove. The latter expedient had often been suggested in family consultations, and it is one that in America is the common remedy for all great calamities. If a man fails in a city on the seaboard, he removes to Ohio; if a clergyman offers violence to a fair parishioner, he removes to Albany, where he soon becomes "very much respected;" if a man in Michigan whips a bowie-knife between a neighbour's ribs, he removes to Missouri. So that, in fact, a removal is "the sovereign'st thing on earth" for all great and otherwise overwhelming evils. The Sparks would have removed, but they still clung to the hope that the real perpetrator would be discovered, and the mystery cleared up; and besides, they thought it would be an acknowledgment of the justice of the general suspicion, if they turned their backs and fled. They lived upon the expectation of the renewed confidence and companionship of old friends and neighbours, when Providence should deem it right to draw the veil aside. But to live longer

in Philadelphia was impossible, and the whole family prepared to depart; their effects were easily transported, and, as they had had no credit since the arrest, there was nobody to prevent them from seeking a livelihood elsewhere.

Embarking in one of the river boats, they passed up the Schuylkill, and settled at Norristown. The whole family being industrious and obliging, they soon began to gather comforts around them; and as these were not embittered by the cold looks and insulting sneers of the vicinage, they were comparatively happy for a time. But even here there was for them no permanent place of rest. A merchant passing through Norristown, on his way from the capital to the Blue Mountains, recognised Sparks, and told somebody he knew that he wished the community joy of having added to the number of its inhabitants the notorious locksmith of Philadelphia. The news soon spread; the family found that they were shunned as they had formerly been by those who had known them longer than the good people of Norristown, and had a fair prospect of starvation opening before them. They removed again. This time there was no inducement to linger, for they had no local attachments to detain them. They crossed the mountains, and descending into the vale of the Susquehanna, pitched their tent at Sunbury. Here the same temporary success excited the same hopes, only to be blighted in the bud by the breath of slander, which seemed so widely circulated as to leave them hardly any asylum within the limits of the State. We need not enumerate the different towns and villages in which they essayed to gain a livelihood, were suspected, shunned, and foiled. They had nearly crossed the State in its whole length; been driven from Pittsburgh, and were slowly wending their way further west, and were standing on the high ground overlooking Middleton, as though doubtful if there was to be rest for the soles of their feet even there; they hesitated to try a new experiment. Sparks seated himself on a stone beneath a spreading sycamore—his family clustered around him on the grass—they had travelled far, and were weary; and without speaking a word, as their eyes met, and they thought of their prolonged sufferings and slender hopes, they burst into a flood of tears, in which Sparks, burying his face in the golden locks of the sweet girl who bowed her head upon his knee, joined audibly.

At length, wiping away his tears, and checking the rising sobs that shook his manly bosom, "God's will be done, my children," said the locksmith, "we cannot help weeping, but let us not murmur. Our Heavenly Father has tried and is trying us, doubtless for some wise purpose; and if we are still to be wanderers and outcasts on the earth, let us never lose sight of his promise, which assures us of an eternal refuge in a place where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. I was perhaps too proud of that skill of mine; too apt to plume myself upon it above others whose gifts had been less abundant; to take all the credit, and give none to Him by whom the human brain is wrought into mysterious adaptation to particular sciences and pursuits. My error has been that of wiser and greater men, who have been made to feel that what we cherish as the richest of earthly blessings sometimes turns out a curse."

To dissipate the gloom which hung over the whole party, and beguile the half-hour that they intended to rest in that sweet spot,

Mrs. Sparks drew out a Philadelphia newspaper, which somebody had given her upon the road, and called their attention to the deaths and marriages, that they might see what changes were taking place in a city that still interested them, though they were banished for ever from its borders. She had hardly opened the paper when her eye glanced at an article which she was too much excited to read. Amos, wondering at the emotion displayed, gently disengaged the paper, and read, "*Bank robber—Sparks not the man.*" His own feelings were as powerfully affected as his wife's, but his nerves were stronger, and he read out to an audience, whose ears devoured every syllable of the glad tidings, an account of the conviction and execution of a wretch in Albany, and who had confessed, among other daring and heinous crimes, the robbery of the Philadelphia bank; accounting for the dissipation of the property, and entirely exonerating Sparks, whose face he had never seen. These were "glad tidings of great joy" to the weary wayfarers beneath the yacamore, whose hearts overflowed with thankfulness to the Father of Mercies, who had given them strength to bear the burden of affliction, and had lifted it from their spirits ere they had been crushed beneath the weight. Their resolution to return to their native city was formed at once: and before a week had passed they were slowly journeying towards the capital of the State.

Meanwhile an extraordinary revulsion of feeling had taken place at Philadelphia. Newspapers, and other periodicals, which had formerly been loud in condemnation of the locksmith, now blazoned abroad the robber's confession, wondered how any man could even have been for a moment suspected upon such evidence as was adduced upon the trial; drew pictures of the domestic felicity once enjoyed by the Sparkes, and then painted—partly from what was known of the reality, and partly from imagination, their sufferings, privations, and wrongs, in the pilgrimage they had performed in fleeing from an unjust, but damnatory accusation. The whole city rang with the story; old friends and neighbours, who had been the first to cut them, now became the loud and vehement partisans of the family. Everybody was anxious to know where they were. Some reported that they had perished in the woods; others that they had been burnt in a prairie; while not a few believed that the locksmith, driven to desperation, had first destroyed his family, and then himself. All these stories of course created as much excitement as the robbery of the bank had done before, only that this time the tide set the other way; and, by the time the poor locksmith and his family, who had been driven like vagabonds from the city, approached its suburbs, they were met, congratulated, and followed by thousands, to whom, from the strange vicissitudes of their lot, they had become objects of interest. In fact, theirs was almost a triumphal entry; and, as the public always like to have a victim, they were advised on all hands to bring an action against the directors of the bank; large damages would, it was affirmed, be given, and the bank deserved to suffer for the causeless ruin brought on a poor but industrious family.

Sparks was reluctant to engage in any such proceedings; his character was vindicated, his business restored—he occupied his own shop, and his family were comfortable and content. But the current of public opinion was too strong for him. All Philadelphia had determined that the bankers should pay. An eminent lawyer vo-

lunteered to conduct his suit, and make no charge, if a liberal verdict were not obtained. The locksmith pondered the matter well; his own wrongs he freely forgave; but he thought that there had been a readiness to secure the interests of a wealthy corporation, by blasting the prospects of a humble mechanic, which, for the good of society, ought not to pass unrebuked; he felt that the moral effect of such a prosecution would be salutary, teaching the rich not to presume too far upon their affluence, and cheering the hearts of the poor while suffering unmerited persecution. The suit was commenced, and urged to trial, notwithstanding several attempts at compromise on the part of the bank. The pleadings on both sides were able and ingenious; but the counsel for the defendant had a theme worthy of the fine powers he possessed; and, at the close of a pathetic and eloquent declamation, the audience, which had formerly condemned Amos in their hearts without evidence, were melted to tears by the recital of his sufferings: and, when the jury returned with a verdict of ten thousand dollars damages against the bank, the locksmith was honoured by a ride home on their shoulders, amidst a hurricane of cheers.

 BADEN REMINISCENCES.

BY MOTLEY.

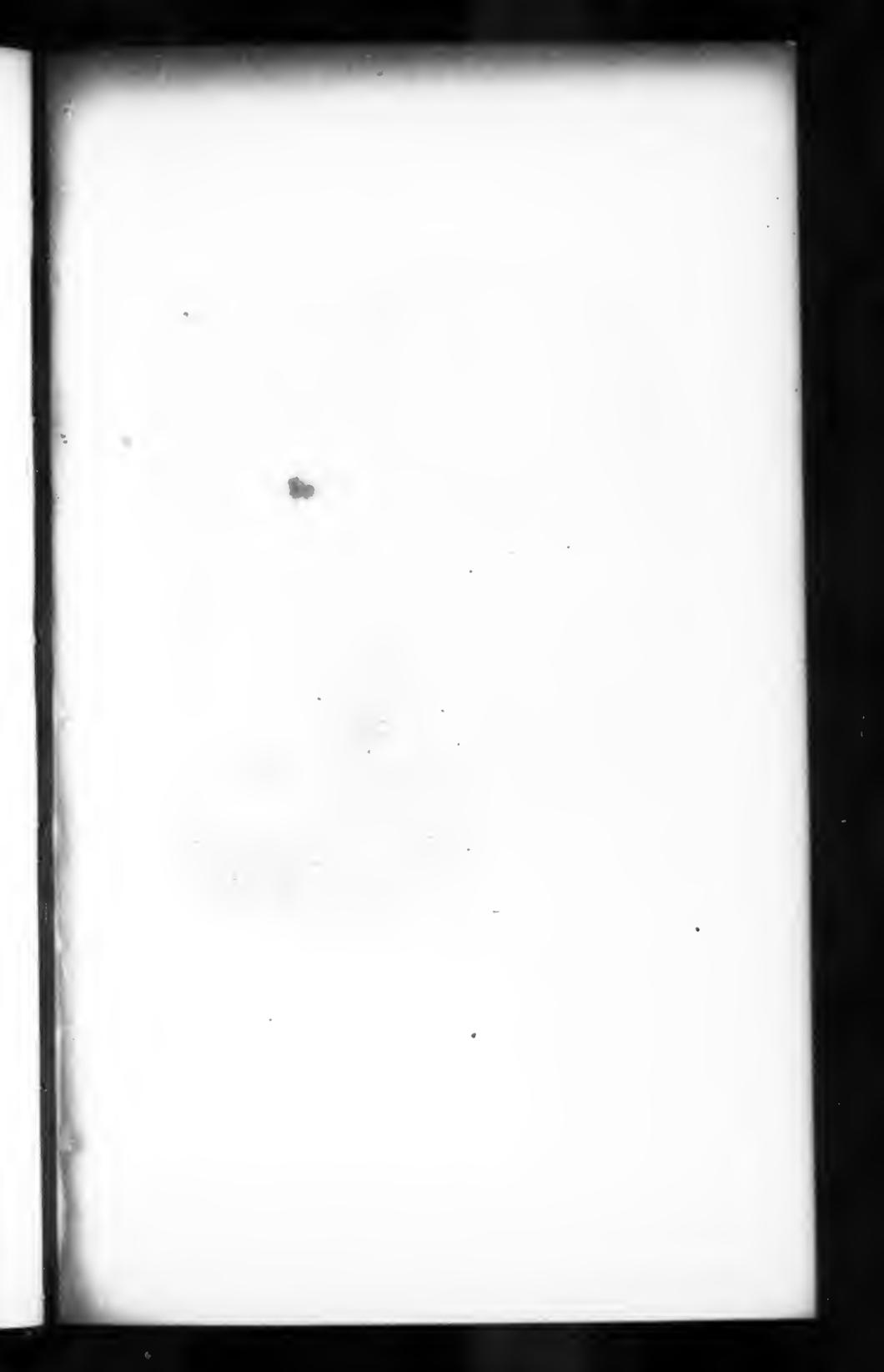
Dear George, don't be wroth, but I must beg your pardon,
 You can't mean to say that you never saw Baden,
 The Spa of all others in fashion just now,—
 Indeed, I have heard many young ladies vow,
 That, search ev'ry part of this world though you may,
 You 'll ne'er find a *séjour* so lively and gay:
 I'm hard to convince in such matters, you know,
 But in this case, I own, 'tis a place "ccomme il faut :"
 Though here, as elsewhere, there are drawbacks a few,
 Of which I can give an example or two:

The climate is frightful,
 The valleys delightful,
 The promenades charming,
 The dampness alarming,

And then the excursions:—the castle an old one:
 The Schloss Eberstein, too, the drive is a cold one;
 La Favorite, famous for Madame Sibylla,
 Who prized her own beauty, and ne'er wore the willow:—
 But, bless me! the ball-room,—I'd nearly forgot
 To speak of its glories: its atmosphere hot;

Its counts promenading,
 Its Poles galopading,
 Its debutantes pretty,
 Its London beaux witty,
 Its waltz—its quadrille,
 Crème à la Vanille,
 Its matchmaking mothers,
 Its poor younger brothers,
 Its rouge-et-noir table,
 Where all who are able
 Get rid of their cash,
 For the sake of a dash,

And when they at length find that playing is ruin,
 They've one consolation, 'twas all their own doing.





Man in the condemned cell

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

"YES," said Monks, scowling at the trembling boy, the beating of whose heart he might have heard. "That is their bastard child."

"The term you use," said Mr. Brownlow sternly, "is a reproach to those who long since passed beyond the feeble censure of this world. It reflects true disgrace on no one living, except you who use it. Let that pass. He was born in this town?"

"In the workhouse of this town," was the sullen reply. "You have the story there." He pointed impatiently to the papers as he spoke.

"I must have it here too," said Mr. Brownlow, looking round upon the listeners.

"Listen then," returned Monks. "His father being taken ill at Rome, as you know, was joined by his wife, my mother, from whom he had been long separated, who went from Paris and took me with her — to look after his property, for what I know, for she had no great affection for him, nor he for her. He knew nothing of us, for his senses were gone, and he slumbered on till next day, when he died. Among the papers in his desk were two, dated on the night his illness first came on, directed to yourself, and enclosed in a few short lines to you, with an intimation on the cover of the package that it was not to be forwarded till after he was dead. One of these papers was a letter to this girl Agnes, and the other a will."

"What of the letter?" asked Mr. Brownlow.

"The letter? — A sheet of paper crossed and crossed again, with a penitent confession, and prayers to God to help her. He had palmed a tale on the girl that some secret mystery — to be explained one day — prevented his marrying her just then, and so she had gone on trusting patiently to him until she trusted too far, and lost what none could ever give her back. She was at that time within a few months of her confinement. He told her all he had meant to do to hide her shame, if he had lived, and prayed her, if he died, not to curse his memory or think the consequences of their sin would be visited on her or their young child; for all the guilt was his. He reminded her of the day he had given her the little locket and the ring with her christian name engraved upon it, and a blank left for that which he hoped one day to have bestowed upon her — prayed her yet to keep it, and wear it next her heart, as she had done before —

and then ran on wildly in the same words, over and over again, as if he had gone distracted—as I believe he had.”

“The will,” said Mr. Brownlow, as Oliver’s tears fell fast.

“I will go on to that.”

“The will was in the same spirit as that letter. He talked of miseries which his wife had brought upon him, of the rebellious disposition, vice, malice, and premature bad passions of you, his only son, who had been trained to hate him; and left you and your mother each an annuity of eight hundred pounds. The bulk of his property he divided into two equal portions—one for Agnes Fleming; and the other for their child, if it should be born alive and ever come of age. If it was a girl, it was to come into the money unconditionally; but if a boy, only on the stipulation that in his minority he should never have stained his name with any public act of dishonour, meanness, cowardice, or wrong. He did this, he said, to mark his confidence in the mother, and his conviction—only strengthened by approaching death—that the child would share her gentle heart and noble nature. If he was disappointed in this expectation, then the money was to come to you; for then, and not till then, when both children were equal, would he recognize your prior claim upon his purse, who had none upon his heart, but had from an infant repulsed him with coldness and aversion.”

“My mother,” said Monks in a louder tone, “did what a woman should have done—she burnt this will. The letter never reached its destination, but that and other proofs she kept, in case they ever tried to lie away the blot. The girl’s father had the truth from her with every aggravation that her violent hate—I love her for it now—could add. Goaded by shame and dishonour, he fled with his children into a remote corner of Wales, changing his very name that his friends might never know of his retreat; and here, no great while afterwards, he was found dead in his bed. The girl had left her home in secret some weeks before; he had searched for her on foot in every town and village near, and it was on the night that he returned home, assured that she had destroyed herself to hide her shame and his, that his old heart broke.”

There was a short silence here, until Mr. Brownlow took up the thread of the narrative.

“Years after this,” he said, “this man’s—Edward Leeford’s—mother came to me. He had left her when only eighteen, robbed her of jewels and money, gambled, squandered, forged, and fled to London, where for two years he had associated with the lowest outcasts. She was sinking under a painful and incurable disease, and wished to recover him before she died. Inquiries were set on foot; strict searches made, unavailing for a long time, but ultimately successful; and he went back with her to France.”

"There she died," said Monks, "after a lingering illness; and on her death-bed she bequeathed these secrets to me, together with her unquenchable and deadly hatred of all whom they involved, though she need not have left me that, for I had inherited it long before. She would not believe that the girl had destroyed herself and the child too, but was filled with the impression that a male child had been born, and was alive. I swore to her if ever it crossed my path to hunt it down, never to let it rest, to pursue it with the bitterest and most unrelenting animosity, to vent upon it the hatred that I deeply felt, and to spit upon the empty vaunt of that insulting will by dragging it, if could, to the very gallows-foot. She was right. He came in my way at last; I began well, and but for babbling drabs I would have finished as I began; I would, I would!"

As the villain folded his arms tight together, and muttered curses on himself in the impotence of baffled malice, Mr. Brownlow turned to the terrified group beside him, and explained that the Jew, who had been his old accomplice and confidant, had a large reward for keeping Oliver ensnared, of which some part was to be given up in the event of his being rescued, and that a dispute on this head had led to their visit to the country house for the purpose of identifying him.

"The locket and ring?" said Mr. Brownlow, turning to Monks.

"I bought them from the man and woman I told you of, who stole them from the nurse, who stole them from the corpse," answered Monks without raising his eyes. "You know what became of them."

Mr. Brownlow merely nodded to Mr. Grimwig, who, disappearing with great alacrity, shortly returned, pushing in Mrs. Bumble, and dragging her unwilling consort after him.

"Do my hi's deceive me!" cried Mr. Bumble with ill-feigned enthusiasm, "or is that little Oliver? Oh O-li-ver, if you know'd how I've been a-grieving for you—!"

"Hold your tongue, fool," murmured Mrs. Bumble.

"Isn't natur, natur, Mrs. Bumble!" remonstrated the workhouse master. "Can't I be supposed to feel—I as brought him up porochially—when I see him a-setting here among ladies and gentlemen of the very affablest description! I always loved that boy as if he'd been my—my—my own grandfather," said Mr. Bumble, halting for an appropriate comparison. "Master Oliver, my dear, you remember the blessed gentleman in the white waistcoat? Ah! he went to heaven last week in a oak coffin with plated handles, Oliver."

"Come, sir," said Mr. Grimwig tartly, "suppress your feelings."

"I will do my endeavours, sir," replied Mr. Bumble. "How do you do, sir? I hope you are very well."

This salutation was addressed to Mr. Brownlow, who had

stepped up to within a short distance of the respectable couple, and who inquired, as he pointed to Monks,—

“Do you know that person?”

“No,” replied Mrs. Bumble flatly.

“Perhaps *you* don’t?” said Mr. Brownlow, addressing her spouse.

“I never saw him in all my life,” said Mr. Bumble.

“Nor sold him anything, perhaps?”

“No,” replied Mrs. Bumble.

“You never had, perhaps, a certain gold locket and ring?” said Mr. Brownlow.

“Certainly not,” replied the matron. “What are we brought here to answer to such nonsense as this for?”

Again Mr. Brownlow nodded to Mr. Grimwig, and again that gentleman limped away with extraordinary readiness. But not again did he return with a stout man and wife, for this time he led in two palsied women, who shook and tottered as they walked.

“You shut the door the night old Sally died,” said the foremost one, raising her shrivelled hand, “but you couldn’t shut out the sound nor stop the chinks.”

“No, no,” said the other, looking round her and wagging her toothless jaws. “No, no, no.”

“We heard her try to tell you what she’d done, and saw you take a paper from her hand, and watched you too, next day, to the pawnbroker’s shop,” said the first.

“Yes,” added the second, “and it was ‘a locket and gold ring.’ We found out that, and saw it given you. We were by. Oh! we were by.”

“And we know more than that,” resumed the first, “for she told us often, long ago, that the young mother had told her that, feeling she should never get over it, she was on her way, at the time that she was taken ill, to die near the grave of the father of the child.”

“Would you like to see the pawnbroker himself?” asked Mr. Grimwig with a motion towards the door.

“No,” replied the woman; “if he”—she pointed to Monks—“has been coward enough to confess, as I see he has, and you have sounded all these hags till you found the right ones, I have nothing more to say. I *did* sell them, and they’re where you’ll never get them. What then?”

“Nothing,” replied Mr. Brownlow, “except that it remains for us to take care that you are neither of you employed in a situation of trust again. You may leave the room.”

“I hope,” said Mr. Bumble, looking about him with great ruefulness as Mr. Grimwig disappeared with the two old women, “I hope that this unfortunate little circumstance will not deprive me of my parochial office?”

“Indeed it will,” replied Mr. Brownlow; “you must

make up your mind to that, and think yourself well off besides."

"It was all Mrs. Bumble — she *would* do it—" urged Mr. Bumble; first looking round to ascertain that his partner had left the room.

"That is no excuse," returned Mr. Brownlow. "You were present on the occasion of the destruction of these trinkets, and, indeed, are the more guilty of the two in the eye of the law, for the law supposes that your wife acts under your direction."

"If the law supposes that," said Mr. Bumble, squeezing his hat emphatically in both hands, "the law is a ass—a idiot. If that is the eye of the law, the law's a bachelor, and the worst I wish the law is, that his eye may be opened by experience—by experience."

Laying great stress on the repetition of these two words, Mr. Bumble fixed his hat on very tight, and putting his hands in his pockets followed his helpmate down stairs.

"Young lady," said Mr. Brownlow, turning to Rose, "give me your hand. Do not tremble; you need not fear to hear the few remaining words we have to say."

"If they have—I do not know how they can, but if they have—any reference to me," said Rose, "pray let me hear them at some other time. I have not strength or spirits now."

"Nay," returned the old gentleman, drawing her arm through his; "you have more fortitude than this, I am sure. Do you know this young lady, sir?"

"Yes," replied Monks

"I never saw you before," said Rose faintly.

"I have seen you often," returned Monks.

"The father of the unhappy Agnes had *two* daughters," said Mr. Brownlow. "What was the fate of the other—the child?"

"The child," replied Monks, "when her father died in a strange place, in a strange name, without a letter, book, or scrap of paper that yielded the faintest clue by which his friends or relatives could be traced—the child was taken by some wretched cottagers, who reared it as their own."

"Go on," said Mr. Brownlow, signing to Mrs. Maylie to approach. "Go on!"

"You couldn't find the spot to which these people had repaired," said Monks, "but where friendship fails, hatred will often force a way. My mother found it after a year of cunning search—ay, and found the child."

"See took it, did she?"

"No. The people were poor, and began to sicken—at least the man did—of their fine humanity; so she left it with them, giving them a small present of money which would not last long, and promising more, which she never meant to send. She

didn't quite rely, however, on their discontent and poverty for the child's unhappiness, but told the history of the sister's shame with such alterations as suited her, bade them take good heed of the child, for she came of bad blood, and told them she was illegitimate, and sure to go wrong one time or other. The circumstances countenanced all this; the people believed it; and there the child dragged on an existence miserable enough even to satisfy us, until a widow lady, residing then at Chester, saw the girl by chance, pitied her, and took her home. There was some cursed spell against us, for in spite of all our efforts she remained there and was happy: I lost sight of her two or three years ago, and saw her no more until a few months back."

"Do you see her now?"

"Yes—leaning on your arm."

"But not the less my niece," cried Mrs. Maylie, folding the fainting girl in her arms,—"not the less my dearest child. I would not lose her now for all the treasures of the world. My sweet companion, my own dear girl—"

"The only friend I ever had," cried Rose, clinging to her,—
"the kindest, best of friends. My heart will burst. I cannot—cannot—bear all this."

"You have borne more, and been through all the best and gentlest creature that ever shed happiness on every one she knew," said Mrs. Maylie, embracing her tenderly. "Come, come, my love, remember who this is who waits to clasp you in his arms, poor child,—see here—look, look, my dear!"

"Not aunt," cried Oliver, throwing his arms about her neck: "I'll never call her aunt—sister, my own dear sister, that something taught my heart to love so dearly from the first—Rose, dear, darling Rose."

Let the tears which fell, and the broken words which were exchanged in the long close embrace between the orphans, be sacred. A father, sister, and mother, were gained and lost in that one moment. Joy and grief were mingled in the cup, but there were no bitter tears, for even grief itself arose so softened, and clothed in such sweet and tender recollections, that it became a solemn pleasure, and lost all character of pain.

They were a long, long time alone. A soft tap at the door at length announced that some one was without. Oliver opened it, glided away, and gave place to Harry Maylie.

"I know it all," he said, taking a seat beside the lovely girl.

"Dear Rose, I know it all."

"I am not here by accident," he added after a lengthened silence; "nor have I heard all this to-night, for I knew it yesterday—only yesterday. Do you guess that I have come to remind you of a promise?"

"Stay," said Rose,—*"you do know all?"*

"All. You gave me leave, at any time within a year, to renew the subject of our last discourse."

"I did."

"Not to press you to alter your determination," pursued the young man, "but to hear you repeat it, if you would. I was to lay whatever of station or fortune I might possess at your feet, and if you still adhered to your former determination, I pledged myself by no word or act to seek to change it."

"The same reasons which influenced me then will influence me now," said Rose firmly. "If I ever owed a strict and rigid duty to her, whose goodness saved me from a life of indigence and suffering, when should I ever feel it as I should to-night? It is a struggle," said Rose, "but one I am proud to make; it is a pang, but one my heart shall bear."

"The disclosure of to-night—" Harry began.

"The disclosure of to-night," replied Rose softly, "leaves me in the same position, with reference to you, as that in which I stood before."

"You harden your heart against me, Rose," urged her lover.

"Oh, Harry, Harry," said the young lady, bursting into tears, "I wish I could, and spare myself this pain."

"Then why inflict it on yourself?" said Harry, taking her hand. "Think, dear Rose, think what you have heard to-night."

"And what have I heard! what have I heard!" cried Rose. "That a sense of his deep disgrace so worked upon my own father that he shunned all—there, we have said enough, Harry, we have said enough."

"Not yet, not yet," said the young man, detaining her as she rose. "My hopes, my wishes, prospects, feelings—every thought in life except my love for you—have undergone a change. I offer you, now, no distinction among a bustling crowd, no mingling with a world of malice and detraction, where the blood is called into honest cheeks by aught but real disgrace and shame; but a home—a heart and home—yes, dearest Rose, and those, and those alone, are all I have to offer."

"What does this mean?" faltered the young lady.

"It means but this—that when I left you last, I left you with the firm determination to level all fancied barriers between yourself and me; resolved that if my world could not be yours, I would make yours mine; that no pride of birth should curl the lip at you, for I would turn from it. This I have done. Those who have shrunk from me because of this, have shrunk from you, and proved you so far right. Such power and patronage—such relatives of influence and rank—as smiled upon me then, look coldly now; but there are smiling fields and waving trees in England's richest county, and by one village church—mine, Rose, my own—there stands a rustic dwelling which you can make me prouder of than all the hopes I have renounced, measured a thousandfold. This is *my* rank and station now, and here I lay it down."

* * * * *

"It's a trying thing waiting supper for lovers," said Mr. Grimwig, waking up, and pulling his pocket-handkerchief from over his head.

Truth to tell, the supper had been waiting a most unreasonable time. Neither Mrs. Maylie, nor Harry, nor Rose (who all came in together), could offer a word in extenuation.

"I had serious thoughts of eating my head to-night," said Mr. Grimwig, "for I began to think I should get nothing else. I'll take the liberty, if you'll allow me, of saluting the bride that is to be."

Mr. Grimwig lost no time in carrying this notice into effect upon the blushing girl; and the example being contagious, was followed both by the doctor and Mr. Brownlow. Some people affirm that Harry Maylie had been observed to set it originally in a dark room adjoining; but the best authorities consider this downright scandal, he being young and a clergyman.

"Oliver, my child," said Mrs. Maylie, "where have you been, and why do you look so sad? There are tears stealing down your face at this moment. What is the matter?"

It is a world of disappointment — often to the hopes we most cherish, and hopes that do our nature the greatest honour.

Poor Dick was dead!

THE LOVER'S LEAP.*

OH! have you not heard of that dark woody glen,
 Where the oak-leaves are richest and rarest—
 Where CONNAL, the chief and the foremost of men,
 Lov'd EILY, of maidens the fairest?
 She plighted her faith, but as quickly withdrew,
 At a story that slander'd her lover:—
 She left him in wrath, but how little she knew
 That her peace at their parting was over!
 He met her in vale, and he met her in grove,—
 At midnight he roam'd by her dwelling;
 But he said not a word of the truth of his love,
 For his cheek the sad story was telling!
 He found her one eve by the rock in the Glen,
 Where she once vow'd to love him for ever,—
 He gaz'd, till she murmur'd "Dear Connal," and then
 He leap'd from the rock to the river!
 The summer pass'd on, and the chief was forgot,—
 But one night when the oak-leaves were dying,
 There came a sad form to that desolate spot,—
 'Neath which the brave Connal was lying.
 She gaz'd on the brown swelling stream 'mid the rocks,
 As she lean'd the wild precipice over:—
 She look'd a farewell to the Glen of the oaks,
 And Eily was soon with her lover!

J. A. WADE.

* A romantic spot in the Dargle, Co. Wicklow, so named from numerous traditions resembling the present.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND. — No. II.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

A LAY OF ST. GENGULPHUS.

“ Non multò post, Gengulphus, in domo suà dormiens, occisus est à quodam clerico qui cum uxore suà adulterare solebat. Cujus corpus dum in feretro in sepulturam portaretur, multi infirmi de tactu sanati sunt.” * * * * *

“ Cum hoc illius uxori referretur ab ancillà suà, scilicet dominum suum tanquam martyrem sanctum miracula facere, irridens illa, et subsurrans, ait “ Ita Gengulphus miracula facit ut pulvinarium meum cantat,” &c. &c.

WOLFFI MEMORAB:

GENGULPHUS comes from the Holy Land,
With his scrip, and his bottle, and sandal shoon ;
Full many a day has he been away,
Yet his Lady deems him return'd full soon.

Full many a day has he been away,
Yet scarce had he crossed ayont the sea,
Ere a spruce young spark of a Learned Clerk
Had called on his Lady and stopp'd to tea.

This spruce young guest, so trimly drest,
Staid with that Lady, her revels to crown ;
They laugh'd ; and they ate, and they drank of the best,
And they turn'd the old Castle quite upside down.

They would walk in the park, that spruce young Clerk,
With that frolicsome Lady so frank and free,
Trying balls and plays, and all mannner of ways,
To get rid of what French people call *Ennui*.

* * * * *

Now the festive board, with viands is stored,
Savoury dishes be there, I ween,
Rich puddings and big, and a barbecu'd pig,
And oxtail soup in a China tureen.

There 's a flaggon of ale as large as a pail —
When, cockle on hat, and staff in hand,
While on nought they are thinking save eating and drinking,
Gengulphus walks in from the Holy Land !

“ You must be pretty deep to catch weazels asleep,”
Says the proverb ; that is, “ take the Fair unawares ;”
A maid, o'er the bannisters chancing to peep,
Whispers, “ Ma'am, here 's Gengulphus a-coming up-stairs.”

Pig, pudding, and soup, the electrified group,
With the flaggon, pop under the sofa in haste,
And contrive to deposit the Clerk in the closet,
As the dish least of all to Gengulphus's taste.

Then oh ! what rapture, what joy was exprest,
 When "poor dear Gengulphus" at last appeared !
 She kiss'd, and she press'd "the dear man" to her breast,
 In spite of his great, long, frizzly beard.

Such hugging and squeezing ! 'twas almost unpleasing,
 A smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye ;*
 She was so very glad, that she seemed half mad,
 And did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

Then she calls up the maid, and the tablecloth 's laid,
 And she sends for a pint of the best Brown Stout ;
 On the fire, too, she pops some nice mutton chops,
 And she mixes a stiff glass of "Cold Without."

Then again she began at the "poor dear" man ;
 She press'd him to drink, and she press'd him to eat,
 And she brought a foot-pan with hot water and bran,
 To comfort his "poor dear" travel-worn feet.

"Nor night nor day since he 'd been away,
 Had she had any rest" she "vowed and declared."
 She "never could eat one morsel of meat,
 For thinking how 'poor dear' Gengulphus fared."

She "really did think she had not slept a wink
 Since he left her, although he 'd been absent so long."
 He here shook his head,—right little he said ;
 But he thought she was "coming it rather too strong."

Now his palate she tickles with the chops and the pickles,
 'Till, so great the effect of that stiff gin grog,
 His weakened body, subdued by the toddy,
 Falls out of the chair, and he lies like a log.

Then out comes the Clerk from his secret lair ;
 He lifts up the legs, and she raises the head,
 And between them, this most reprehensible pair
 Undress poor Gengulphus, and put him to bed.

Then the bolster they place athwart his face,
 And his night-cap into his mouth they cram ;
 And she pinches his nose underneath the clothes,
 Till the "poor dear soul" went off like a lamb.

* * * * *

And now they tried the deed to hide ;
 For a little bird whisper'd, "Perchance you may swing ;
 Here 's a corpse in the case with a sad swell'd face,
 And a 'Crowners Quest' is a queer sort of thing !"

So the Clerk and the Wife, they each took a knife,
 And the nippers that nipp'd the loaf-sugar for tea ;
 With the edges and points they sever'd the joints
 At the clavicle, elbow, hip, ankle, and knee.

* *Ενι δακρυσι γελασασα.*—Hom:

Thus, limb from limb, they dismember'd him
 So entirely, that e'en when they came to his wrists,
 With those great sugar nippers they nipp'd off his "flippers,"
 As the Clerk, very flippantly, term'd his fists.

When they 'd cut off his head, entertaining a dread
 Lest folks should remember Gengulphus's face,
 They determin'd to throw it, where no one could know it,
 Down the well, and the limbs in some different place.

But first the long beard from the chin they shear'd,
 And managed to stuff that sanctified hair,
 With a good deal of pushing, all into the cushion,
 That filled up the seat of a large arm-chair.

They contrived to pack up the trunk in a sack,
 Which they hid in an osier-bed outside the town,
 The Clerk bearing arms, legs, and all on his back,
 As the late Mr. Greenacre served Mrs. Brown.

But to see now how strangely things sometimes turn out,
 And that in a manner the least expected !
 Who could surmise a man ever could rise
 Who 'd been thus carbonado'd, cut up, and dissected ?

No doubt 'twould surprise the pupils at Guy's ;
 I am no unbeliever—no man can say that o' me—
 But St. Thomas himself would scarce trust his own eyes,
 If he saw such a thing in his School of Anatomy.

You may deal as you please with Hindoos or Chinese,
 Or a Mussulman making his heathen salaam, or
 A Jew or a Turk, but it 's other guess work
 When a man has to do with a Pilgrim or Palmer.

* * * * *

By chance the Prince Bishop, a Royal Divine,
 Sends his cards round the neighbourhood next day, and urges his
 Wish to receive a snug party to dine
 Of the resident clergy, the gentry, and burgesses.

At a quarter past five they are all alive
 At the palace, for coaches are fast rolling in ;
 And to every guest his card had expressed
 "Half past" as the hour for "a greasy chin."

Some thirty are seated, and handsomely treated
 With the choicest Rhine wines in his Highness's stock ;
 When a Count of the Empire, who felt himself heated,
 Requested some water to mix with his Hock.

The Butler, who saw it, sent a maid out to draw it,
 But scarce had she given the windlass a twirl,
 Ere Gengulphus's head from the well's bottom said
 In mild accents, "Do help us out, that 's a good girl!"

Only fancy her dread when she saw a great head
 In her bucket ; with fright she was ready to drop :
 Conceive, if you can, how she roared and she ran,
 With the head rolling after her bawling out " Stop !"

She ran and she roar'd till she came to the board
 Where the Prince Bishop sat with his party around,
 When Gengulphus's poll, which continued to roll
 At her heels, on the table bounc'd up with a bound.

Never touching the cates, or the dishes or plates,
 The decanters or glasses, the sweetmeats or fruits,
 The head smiles, and begs them to bring him his legs,
 As a well-spoken gentleman asks for his boots.

Kicking open the casement, to each one's amazement,
 Straight a right Leg steps in, all impediment scorns,
 And near the head stopping, a left follows hopping
 Behind, for the left Leg was troubled with corns.

Next, before the beholders, two great brawny shoulders,
 And arms on their bent elbows dance through the throng,
 While two hands assist, though nipped off at the wrist,
 The said shoulders in bearing a body along.

They march up to the head, not one syllable said,
 For the thirty guests all stare in wonder and doubt,
 As the limbs in their sight arrange and unite,
 Till Gengulphus, though dead, looks as sound as a trout.

I will venture to say, from that hour to this day,
 Ne'er did such an assembly behold such a scene ;
 Or a table divide fifteen guests of a side
 With a dead body placed in the centre between.

Yes, they stared—well they might at so novel a sight :
 No one uttered a whisper, a sneeze, or a hem,
 But sat all bolt upright, and pale with affright ;
 And they gazed at the dead man, the dead man at them.

The Prince Bishop's Jester, on punning intent,
 As he view'd the whole thirty, in jocular terms
 Said, " They put him in mind of a Council of *Trente*
 Engaged in reviewing the Diet of Worms."

But what should they do ?—Oh ! nobody knew
 What was best to be done, either stranger or resident.
 The Chancellor's self read his Puffendorf through
 In vain, for his books could not furnish a precedent.

The Prince Bishop muttered a curse and a prayer,
 Which his double capacity hit to a nicety ;
 His Princely, or Lay half induced him to swear,
 His Episcopal moiety said "*Benedicite !*"

The Coroner sat on the body that night,
 And the jury agreed,—not a doubt could they harbour,—
 “That the chin of the corpse—the sole thing brought to light—
 Had been recently shaved by a very bad barber.”

They sent out Von Täünsend, Von Bürnie, Von Roe,
 Von Maine, and Von Rowantz—through chalets and chateaux,
 Towns, villages, hamlets, they told them to go,
 And they stuck up placards on the walls of the Stadthaus.

“MURDER ! !”

“WHEREAS, a dead Gentleman, surname unknown,
 Has been recently found at his Highness’s banquet,
 Rather shabbily drest in an Amice, or gown
 In appearance resembling a second-hand blanket ;

“And WHEREAS, there’s great reason indeed to suspect
 That some ill-dispos’d person or persons, with malice
 Aforethought, have kill’d and begun to dissect
 The said Gentleman, not very far from the palace ;

“THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE !—Whoever shall seize,
 And such person or persons to justice surrender,
 Shall receive—such REWARD as his Highness shall please—
 On conviction of him, the aforesaid offender.

“And, in order the matter more clearly to trace
 To the bottom, his Highness, the Prince Bishop, further,
 Of his clemency, offers free PARDON and Grace
 To all such as have *not* been concern’d in the murther.

“Done this day, at our palace,—July twenty-five,—
 By Command,

(Signed)

Johann Von Rüssel.

N.B.

Deceas’d rather in years—had a squint when alive ;
 And smells slightly of gin—linen mark’d with a G.”

The Newspapers, too, made no little ado,
 Though a different version each managed to dish up ;
 Some said “the Prince Bishop had run a man through,”
 Others said “an assassin had kill’d the Prince Bishop.”

The “Ghent Herald” fell foul of the “Bruxelles Gazette,”
 The “Bruxelles Gazette,” with much sneering ironical,
 Scorn’d to remain in the “Ghent Herald’s” debt,
 And the “Amsterdam Times” quizzed the “Nuremberg Chronicle.”

In one thing, indeed, all the journals agreed,
 Spite of “politics,” “bias,” or “party collision ;”
 Viz : to “give,” when they’d “further accounts” of the deed,
 “Full particulars” soon, in “a later Edition.”

But now, while on all sides they rode and they ran,
 Trying all sorts of means to discover the caitiffs,
 Losing patience, the holy Gengulphus began
 To think it high time to "astonish the natives."

First, a Rittmeister's Frau, who was weak in both eyes,
 And suppos'd the most short-sighted woman in Holland,
 Found greater relief, to her joy and surprize,
 From one glimpse of his "squint" than from glasses by Dollond.

By the slightest approach to the tip of his Nose
 Meagrimms, head-ache, and vapours were put to the rout;
 And one single touch of his precious Great Toes
 Was a certain specific for chilblains and gout.

Rheumatics, sciatica, tic-douloureux !
 Apply to his shin-bones — not one of them lingers ;—
 All bilious complaints in an instant withdrew,
 If the patient was tickled with one of his fingers.

Much virtue was found to reside in his Thumbs ;
 When applied to the chest, they cured scantness of breathing,
 Sea-sickness, and colick ; or, rubbed on the gums,
 Were remarkably soothing to infants in teething.

Whoever saluted the nape of his Neck,
 Where the mark remained visible still of the knife,
 However east winds perspiration might check,
 Was safe from sore-throat for the rest of his life.

Thus, while each acute, and each chronic complaint,
 Giving way, proved an influence clearly divine,
 They perceived the dead Gentleman must be a Saint,
 So they locked him up, body and bones, in a shrine.

Through country and town his new Saintship's renown,
 As a first rate physician, kept daily increasing,
 Till, as Alderman Curtis told Alderman Brown,
 It seemed as if "wonders had never *done ceasing*."

The Three Kings of Cologne began, it was known,
 A sad falling off in their off'rings to find ;
 His feats were so many—still the greatest of any,—
 In every sense of the word,—was behind ;

For the German Police were beginning to cease
 From exertions which each day more fruitless appear'd,
 When Gengulphus himself, his fame still to increase,
 Unravell'd the whole by the help of his beard !"

If you look back you'll see the aforesaid *barbe gris*,
 When divorced from the chin of its murder'd proprietor,
 Had been stuffed in the seat of a kind of settee,
 Or double-armed chair, to keep the thing quieter.

It may seem rather strange, that it did not arrange
 Itself in its place when the limbs joined together ;
 P'rhaps it could not get out, for the cushion was stout,
 And constructed of good, strong, maroon-coloured leather.

Or, what is more likely, Gengulphus might choose,
 For Saints, e'en when dead, still retain their volition,
 It should rest there to aid some particular views,
 Produced by his very peculiar position.

Be that as it may, the very first day
 That the widow Gengulphus sat down on that settee,
 What occur'd almost frightened her senses away,
 Besides scaring her hand-maidens, Gertrude and Betty.

They were telling their mistress the wonderful deeds
 Of the new Saint to whom all the Town said their orisons ;
 And especially how, as regards invalids,
 His miraculous cures far outrivall'd Von Morison's.

"The cripples," said they, "fling their crutches away,
 And people born blind now can easily see us!"—
 But she, we presume, a disciple of Hume,
 Shook her head, and said angrily, "*Credat Judeus!*"

"Those rascally liars, the Monks and the Friars,
 To bring grist to their mill, these devices have hit on.
 He work miracles! pooh! I'd believe it of you
 Just as soon, you great Geese, or the Chair that I sit on!"

The Chair!—at that word—it seems really absurd,
 But the truth must be told,—what contortions and grins
 Distorted her face!—She sprang up from the place
 Just as though she'd been sitting on needles and pins!

For, as if the Saint's beard the rash challenge had heard
 Which she utter'd of what was beneath her forgetful,
 Each particular hair stood on end in the chair,
 Like a porcupine's quills when the animal's fretful.

That stout maroon leather, they pierc'd all together,
 Like tenter-hooks holding when clenched from within,
 And the maids cried "Good gracious! how very tenacious!"—
 They as well might endeavour to pull off her skin!

She shriek'd with the pain, but all efforts were vain;
 In vain did they strain every sinew and muscle,—
 The cushion stuck fast!—From that hour to her last
 She could never get rid of that comfortless "Bustle!"

And e'en as Macbeth, when devising the death
 Of his King, heard "the very stones prate of his whereabouts;"
 So this shocking bad wife heard a voice all her life
 Crying "Murder!" resound from the cushion, or thereabouts.

With regard to the Clerk, we are left in the dark,
 As to what his fate was ; but I cannot imagine he
 Got off scot-free, though unnoticed it be
 Both by Ribadaneira and Jaques de Voragine ;

For cut-throats, we 're sure, can be never secure,
 And "History's Muse" still to prove it her pen holds,
 As you 'll see, if you look, in a rather scarce book,
 "*God's Revenge against Murder*," by one Mr. Reynolds.

Now, you grave married Pilgrims, who wander away,
 Like Ulysses of old,* (*vide* Homer and Naso,)
 Don't lengthen your stay to three years and a day.
 And when you *are* coming home, just write and say so !

And you, learned Clerks, who 're *not* given to roam,
 Stick close to your books, nor lose sight of decorum ;
 Don't visit a house when the master 's from home,
 Shun drinking, and study the "*Vite Sanctorum*."

Above all, you gay Ladies, who fancy neglect
 In your spouses, allow not your patience to fail ;
 But remember Gengulphus's wife ! and reflect
 On the moral enforc'd by her terrible tale.

* Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

A POET'S DREAM.

BY MOTLEY.

ONCE in heavenly musings deep,
 Culling Fancy's choicest flowers,
 Young Alphonso sank to sleep,
 Dreaming of sweet Paphiau bowers.

Visions of rare beauty charm'd him,
 Fleeting shadows glitter'd round ;
 Nought dismay'd him, nought alarm'd him.
 Fast in Morphean fetters bound.

Lo ! a form of dazzling brightness
 Softly flitted through the air ;
 Deck'd in robes of purest whiteness,
 Blue her eyes, and gold her hair.

While Alphonso lies enchanted,
 Hark ! the nymph celestial cries,—
 "Mr. Smith ! get up, you're wanted ;
 You han't paid for them mutton pics."

TO MY OLD COAT.

BY ALEX. M'DOUGALL, ESQ. OF NOVA SCOTIA.

An me! how oft my fancy plays
 Round the bright flame of other days,
 Ere poverty I knew,
 When, ere the light of hope was gone,
 "In pride of place" I put thee on,
 My Sunday-coat of blue!

'Twere vain to tell what fears arose,
 How I anticipated woes,
 When first thy shape I tried;
 But doubts dispell'd, what joy was mine!
 I gazed upon thy superfine,
 And scorn'd all coats beside.

Can I forget that jovial night,
 When thy gilt buttons in the light
 Of matchless beauty shone;
 When, cheer'd by many a witching glance,
 I in the figure of the dance
 Exhibited my own?

These days of pride like meteors pass'd—
 Alas! they were too good to last,
 And dismal hours have come.
 Now, my poor coat! thy haggard air
 Speaks volumes to me, while despair
 Has almost struck me dumb.

My other upper parts of dress,
 Though ancient, are exceptionless;—
 With patching here and there
 My nether garments still retain
 Cohesive power; but all in vain
 Thy breaches I repair.

Thy collar, which so lightly press'd
 In graceful sweep my swelling chest,
 Now makes my choler swell.
 The soap, perspiring through each stitch
 So tar-like, urges me to pitch
 Thee to the tailor's hell.*

Thy edges now are all unhemm'd,
 Thy guiltless buttons, too, condemn'd,
 Hang in lack-lustre rows;
 Thy sleeves have faded from their prime,
 Thy cuffs, which met the storms of Time,
 Have sunk beneath its blows.

Thy seams, which look'd so smooth before,
 ("Talk not to me of seems,") no more
 In evenness excel;
 While, shrinking from thy wearer's make,
 Thou, Wolsey-like, art forced to take
 Of greatness a farewell.

* The artist's repository for old rags, &c.

THE LAMENT OF THE CHEROKEE.

I dare not trust thy texture now—
 “A thing of shreds and patches,”—thou
 Art woful to behold.
 Thy waist has fallen to waste at last;
 Thy skirts, whose threads are failing fast,
 A sad, sad tale unfold !
 As on thy alter'd form I gaze,
 I mourn the joys of other days,
 Ere poverty I knew,
 When, ere the light of hope had gone,
 “In pride of place” I put thee on,
 My Sunday-coat of blue !

THE LAMENT OF THE CHEROKEE.

O soft falls the dew, in the twilight descending,
 And tall grows the shadowy hill on the plain ;
 And night o'er the far distant forest is bending,
 Like the storm-spirit, dark, o'er the tremulous main ;
 But midnight enshrouds my lone heart in its dwelling,
 A tumult of woe in my bosom is swelling,
 And a tear, unbecfiting the warrior, is telling
 That Hope has abandoned the brave Cherokee !

Can a tree that is torn from its root by the fountain,
 The pride of the valley, green-spreading and fair ;
 Can it flourish, removed to the rock of the mountain,
 Unwarmed by the sun, and unwatered by care ?
 Though Vesper be kind her sweet dews in bestowing,
 No life-giving brook in its shadow is flowing,
 And when the chill winds of the desert are blowing,
 So droops the transplanted and lone Cherokee !

Love'd graves of my sires ! have I left you for ever ?
 How melted my heart, when I bade you adieu !
 Shall joy light the face of the Indian ?—ah, never !
 While memory sad has the power to renew.
 As flies the fleet deer when the blood-hound is started,
 So fled winged Hope from the poor broken-hearted ;
 O, could she have turned, ere for ever departed,
 And beckoned with smiles to her sad Cherokee !

Is it the low wind through the wet willows rushing,
 That fills with wild numbers my listening ear ?
 Or is some hermit-rill, in the solitude gushing,
 The strange-playing minstrel, whose music I hear ?
 'Tis the voice of my father, slow, solemnly stealing,
 I see his dim form, by you meteor, kneeling,
 To the God of the white man, the CHRISTIAN, appealing,
 He prays for the foe of the dark Cherokee !

Great Spirit of Good, whose abode is the heaven,
 Whose wampum of peace is the bow in the sky ;
 Wilt thou give to the wants of the clamorous raven,
 Yet turn a deaf ear to my piteous cry ?
 O'er the ruins of home, o'er my heart's desolation,
 No more shalt thou hear my unblest lamentation ;
 For death's dark encounter I make preparation,—
 He hears the last groan of the wild Cherokee !

HANDY ANDY. No. VI.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the deep potations of the Squire and Dick Dawson the night before, both were too much excited by the arrival of Johnstone to permit them to be laggards in the morning; they were up and in consultation at an early hour, for the purpose of carrying on prosperously the mystification so well begun on the young Englishman,—and they set their wits to work that intention might follow up with spirit the occurrence that accident originated.

“Now, first of all, Dick,” said the Squire, “is it fair, do you think?”

“Fair!” said Dick, opening his eyes in astonishment. “Why, who ever heard of any one questioning anything being fair in love, war, or electioneering;—to be sure it’s fair—and more particularly when the conceited coxcomb has been telling us how he’ll astonish with his plans the poor ignorant Irish, whom he holds in such contempt. Now let me alone, and I’ll get all his plans out of him—turn him inside out like a glove, pump him as dry as a pond in the summer, squeeze him like a lemon.”

“An orange, you mean, Dick,” said the Squire, with a wink.

“By my sowl he’s too *green* to be orange,” said Dick. “But whatever he is, we’ll get the inside out of him, and let him see whether the poor ignorant *Iwish*, as he softly calls us, are not an overmatch for him at the finesse upon which he seems so much to pride himself.”

“Egad! I believe you’re right, Dick,” said the Squire, whose qualms were quite overcome by the argument last advanced; for if there was one thing more than another that provoked him, it was the impertinent self-conceit of presuming and shallow strangers, who fancied that their hackneyed and cut-and-dry knowledge of the common places of the world gave them a mental elevation above an intelligent people of primitive habits, whose simplicity of life is so often set down to stupidity, whose contentment under privation is so often attributed to laziness, and whose poverty is so often coupled with the epithet “ignorant.” “A *poor* ignorant creature,” indeed is a common term of reproach, as if poverty and ignorance must be inseparable. If a census could be taken of the *rich* ignorant people, it would be no flattering document to stick on the door of the temple of Mammon.

“Well, Ned,” said Dick, “as you agree to *do* the Englishman, Murphy will be a grand help to us,—it is the very thing he will have his heart in. Murtough will be worth his weight in gold to us: I will ride over to him and bring him back with

me to spend the day here: and you in the mean time can put every one about the house on their guard not to spoil the fun by letting the cat out of the bag too soon; we'll *shake her* ourselves in good time, and maybe we won't have fun in the hunt!"

"You're right, Dick. Murphy is the very man for our money. Do you be off for him, and I will take care that all shall be right at home here."

In ten minutes more Dick was in his saddle, and riding hard for Murtough Murphy's. A good horse and a sharp pair of spurs were not long in placing him *vis-à-vis* with the merry attorney, whom he found in his stable-yard up to his eyes in business with some ragged country fellows, the majority of whom were loud in vociferating their praises of certain dogs; while Murtough drew from one of them, from time to time, a solemn assurance, given with many significant shakes of the head, and uplifting of hands and eyes, "that it was the finest badger in the world!" Murtough turned his head on hearing the rattle of the horse's feet, as Dick the Divil dashed into the stable-yard, and with a view-halloo welcomed him.

"You're just in time, Dick. By the powers we'll have the finest day's sport you've seen for some time."

"I think we will," said Dick, "if you will come with me."

"No; but you come with me," said Murtough. "The grandest badger fight, sir."

"Pooh!" returned Dick; "I've a bull-bait for you."

"A bull-bait? Tare an' owns that's great! Where?"

"At home."

"What! is the Squire going to turn out old Hell-fire for us—that's great—Boys," said he to the country fellows, "will any of your dogs fight a bull?"

A loud assurance in the affirmative followed the question.

"Then we'll put off the badger fight, and bait the bull."

"It's not with dogs we must bait him though," said Dick.

"Is it with cats?" said Murtough.

"Whisper," said Dick,—"it's a *John Bull* we're going to bait."

"A *John Bull*!—what do you mean?"

"Come here," said Dick; and nodding Murtough away from the group of peasants, he told him of the accident that conveyed their political enemy into their toils. "And the beauty of it is," said Dick, "that he has not the remotest suspicion of the condition he's in, and fancies himself able to buy and sell all Ireland—horsedealers and attorneys included."

"That's elegant," said Murphy.

"He's come to enlighten us, Murtough," said Dick.

"And maybe we won't return the compliment," said Murtough: "just let me get on my boots. Hilloa, you Larry! saddle the grey. Don't cut the pup's ears till I come home; and if Mr.

Ferguson sends over for the draft of the lease, tell him it won't be ready till to-morrow. Molly! Molly!—where are you, you old divil? Sew on that button for me,—I forgot to tell you yesterday,—make haste! I won't delay you a moment, Dick. Stop a minute, though. I say, Lanty Houligan,—mind, on your peril, you old vagabone, don't let them fight that badger without me. Now, Dick, I'll be with you in the twinkling of a bedpost, and *do* the Englishman, and that smart! Bad luck to their conceit!—they think we can do nothing regular in Ireland."

Murtough ran into the house, and the boots and the button, and the grey and himself, were ready sooner than might be expected from the random nature of his orders and his movements, and he and Dick Dawson were soon moving at a slapping pace towards Merryvale. Murtough Murphy, from his rollicking gleeful nature, was in a perfect agony of delight in anticipating the fun they should have in mystifying Johnstone. Dick's intention had been to take Johnstone along with them on their canvass, and openly engage him in all their electioneering movements; but to this Murphy objected, as running too great a risk of discovery. He recommended rather to engage the Englishman in amusements of one sort or other, that would detain him from O'Grady and his party, and gain time for their side; to get out of him all the electioneering plot of the other party, *indirectly*; but to have as little *real* electioneering business as possible. "If you do, Dick," said Murphy, "take my word we shall betray ourselves somehow or other—he could not be so soft as not to see it; but let us be content with kidnapping him—amuse him with all sorts of absurd stories of Ireland and the Irish—tell him magnificent lies—astonish him with grand materials for a note book, and work him up to publish—that's the plan, sir!"

On their arrival at Merryvale, they found the family party had just sat down to breakfast. Dick, in his own jolly way hoped Johnstone had slept well.

"Vewy," said Johnstone, as he sipped his tea with an air of peculiar *nonchalance* which was meant to fascinate Fanny Dawson, Dick's sister, a pretty and clever girl, and in her own way nearly as great a devil as Dick himself,—for instance, when Johnstone uttered his first silly commonplace to her with his peculiar *non*-pronunciation of the letter R, Fanny established a lisp directly, and it was as much as her sister Mrs. Egan could do to keep her countenance as Fanny went on slaughtering S's as fast as Johnstone ruined R's.

"I'll twouble you for a little mo' queam," said Johnstone, holding forth his cup and saucer with an affected air.

"Perhaps you'd like thum more thcugar," lisped Fanny lifting the sugar-tongs with an exquisite curl of her little finger.

"I'm glad to hear you slept well," said Dick to Johnstone.

"To be sure he slept well," said Murphy; "this is the sleepest air in the world."

"The sleepest air?" returned Johnstone somewhat surprised. "That's vewy odd."

"Not at all, sir," said Murphy,— "well known fact. When I first came to this part of the country, I used to sleep for two days together sometimes. Whenever I wanted to rise early, I was always obliged to get up the night before."

This was said by the brazen attorney, from his seat at a side table which was amply provided with a large dish of boiled potatoes, capacious jugs of milk, a quantity of cold meat, and game. Murphy had his mouth half filled with potatoes as he spoke and swallowed a large draught of milk as the Englishman swallowed Murphy's lie.

"You don't eat potatoes, I perceive, sir," said Murphy.

"Not for bweakfast," said Johnstone.

"Do you for thupper?" lisped Fanny.

"Never in England," said Johnstone.

"Finest things in the world, sir, for the intellect," said Murphy. "I attribute the natural intelligence of the Irish entirely to their eating potatoes."

"That's a singular theowy," said Johnstone; "for I have genewally seen it attwibuted to the potato, that it detewiowates the wace of man. Cobbett said that any nation feeding exclusively on the potato, must inevitably be fools in thwee genewations."

"By the powers, sir!" said Murphy, "they'd be fools if they *didn't* eat them in Ireland; for they've nothing else to eat; and as to their being fools by the means of eating them, it is unfortunate for Mr. Cobbett's theory that a more intelligent people don't exist on the face of the earth."

"But Cobbett, you know, was thought a vewy clever man—by a certain set."

"Thought clever?" rejoined the Squire; "but he *was* clever, sir—a first-rate fellow, sir." The Squire forgot that he was to be Squire O'Grady instead of Squire Egan.

"You supwise me," said Johnstone.

"Didn't he write the political register?" asked the Squire with energy.

"He might as well have written about register stoves," said Murphy, "for all he knew about potatoes. Why, sir, the very pigs that we feed on potatoes are as superior——"

"I beg your pawdon," smiled Johnstone; "daiwy-fed po'ke is vewy superior."

"Oh, as far as the eating of it goes, I grant you!" said Murphy; "but I'm talking of the intelligence of the animal. Now, I have seen them in England killing your dairy-fed pork,

as you call it, and to see the simplicity—the sucking simplicity, I will call it—of your milk-fed pigs, — sir, the fellow lets himself be killed with the greatest ease, — whereas, look to the potato-fed pig. Sir, he makes a struggle for his life, — he is sensible of the blessings of existence and potatoes !”

This was said by Murphy with a certain degree of energy and oratorical style that made Johnstone stare: he turned to Dick Dawson and said, in an under tone, “How vewy odd your fwiend is.”

“Very,” said Dick; “but that’s only on the surface: he’s a prodigiously clever fellow: you’ll be delighted with him when you know more of him, — he’s our solicitor, and as an electioneering agent his talent is tremendous, as you’ll find out when you come to talk with him about business.”

“Well, I should neve’ ha’ thought it,” said Johnstone; “I’m glad you told me.”

“Are you fond of sporting, Mr. Johnstone?” said the Squire.

“Vewy,” said Johnstone.

“I’ll give you some capital hunting.”

“I pwefer fishing,” said Johnstone.

“Oh !” returned the Squire, rather contemptuously.

“Have you good twout stweams here?” asked Johnstone.

“Yeth,” said Fanny; “and *thuch* a thamon fithshery !”

“Indeed !”

“Finest salmon in the world, sir,” said Murphy. “I’ll show you some sport, if you like.”

“I’ve seen some famous spo’t in Scotland,” said Johnstone.

“Nothing to what we can show you here,” said Murphy.

“Why, sir, I remember once at the mouth of our river here, when the salmon were coming up one morning before the tide was in, there was such a crowd of them, that they were obliged to wait till there was water enough to cross the bar, and an English sloop that had not a pilot aboard, and did not know the peculiar nature of the river, struck on the bank of salmon and went down.”

“You don’t mean to say,” said Johnstone, in astonishment, “that—a——”

“I mean to say, sir,” said Murphy, with an unruffled countenance, “that the river was so thick with salmon, that the vessel was wrecked upon them. By the by, she was loaded with salt, and several of the salmon were pickled in consequence and saved by the poor people for the next winter. But I’ll show you such fishing !” said Murphy,—“you’ll say you never saw the like.”

“Well, that *is* the *wichest* thing I’ve heard for some time,” said Johnstone, confidentially to Dick.

“I assure you,” said Dick with great gravity, “that Murphy swears he saw it himself. But here’s the post,—let’s see what’s the news.”

The post-bag was opened, and letters and newspapers delivered. "Here 's one for you, Fan," said Dick, throwing the letter across the table to his sister.

"I thee by the theal ith from my Couthin Thophy," said Fanny, who invented the entire sentence, cousinship and all, for the sake of the lisp.

"None fo' me?" asked Johnstone.

"Not one," said Dick.

"I welied on weceiving some ffrom the Ca-astle."

"Oh! they are thometimes tho thleepy at the Cathtle," said Fanny.

"Weally," said Johnstone, with the utmost simplicity.

"Fanny is very provoking, Mr. Johnstone," said Mrs. Egan, who was obliged to say something with a smile, to avoid the laugh that continued silence would have forced upon her.

"Oh no!" said Johnstone; "only vewy agweable,—fond of a little wepa'tee."

"They call me thatirical here," said Fanny, — "only fanthy;" and she cast down her eyes with an exquisite affectation of innocence.

"By the by, when does your post awwive here — the mail I mean?" said Johnstone.

"About nine in the morning," said the Squire.

"And when does it go out?"

"About one in the afternoon."

"And how far is the post-town ffrom your house?"

"About eight or nine miles."

"Then you can answer your letters by wetu'n of post," said Johnstone.

"Oh dear, no!" said the Squire; "the boy takes any letters that may be for the post the following morning, as he goes to the town to look for letters."

"But you lose a post by that," said Johnstone.

"And what matter?" said the Squire.

The Englishman's notions of regularity were somewhat startled by the Squire's answer; so he pushed him with a few more questions. In reply to one of the last, the Squire represented that the post-boy was saved going twice a-day by the present arrangement.

"Ay, but you lose a post, my dear sir," said Johnstone, who still clung with pertinacity to the fitness of saving a post. "Don't you see that you might weceive your letter at half-past ten; well, then you 'll have a full hour to wite you' wanswer; that's quite enough time, I should think, for you' wetu'ning an answer."

"But, my dear sir," said Murrough Murphy, whose patience was worn out by this long post-office discussion. "My dear sir, our grand object in Ireland is *not* to answer letters."

"Oh!—ah!—hum!—indeed!—well, that's odd;—how *wevy* odd you I wish are!"

"Sure that's what makes us such pleasant fellows," said Murtough. "If we were like the rest of the world, there would be nothing remarkable about us; and who'd care for us?"

"Well, Mr. Muffy, you say such queer things—welly."

"Ay, and I *do* queer things sometimes,—don't I, Squire?"

"There's no denying it, Murphy."

"Now, Mr. O'Gwady," said Johnstone, "had we not better talk over our election business?"

"Oh! hang business to-day," said Murphy; "let's have some fishing: I'll show you such salmon fishing as you never saw in your life."

"What do *you* say, Mr. O'Gwady," said Johnstone.

"Faith, I think we might as well amuse ourselves."

"But the election is welly of such consequence; I should think it would be a wema'kibly close contest, and we have no time to lose—I should think—with submission—"

"My dear sir," said Murphy, "we'll beat them hollow; our canvass has been most prosperous; there's only one thing I'm afraid of—"

"What is that?" said Johnstone.

"That Egan has money; and I'm afraid he'll bribe high."

"As for bwibewy, neve' mind that," said Johnstone, with a very wise nod of his head and a sagacious wink. "*We'll spend money too.* We're pwepared for that; plenty of money will be advanced, for the gov'nment is welly anxious that Mr. Scatte'bwain should come in."

"Oh, then, all's right!" said Murphy. "But—whisper,—Mr. Johnstone—be cautious how you mention *money*, for there are sharp fellows about here, and there's no knowing how the wind of the word might put the other party on their guard, and maybe help to unseat our man upon a petition."

"Oh, let me alone," said Johnstone, "I know a twick too many for that: let them catch me betwaying a secwet! No, no—*wather* too sharp for that."

"Oh! don't suppose, my dear sir," said Murphy, "that I doubt your caution for a moment. I see, sir, in the twinkling of an eye, a man's character—always did—always could, since I was the height o' that,"—and Murphy stooped down and extended his hand about two feet above the floor while he looked up in the face of the man he was humbugging, with the most unblushing impudence,—“since I was the height o' that, sir, I had a natural quickness for discerning character; and I see you're a young gentleman of superior acuteness and discretion; but at the same time, don't be angry with me for just hinting to you that some of these Irish chaps are d—d rogues. I beg

your pardon, Mrs. O'Grady, for saying d—n before a lady,"—and he made a low bow to Mrs. Egan, who was obliged to leave the room to hide her laughter.

"Now," said Johnstone, "suppose befo'e the opening of the poll we should pwopose, as it were, with a view to save time, that the bwibewy oath should not be administe'd on either side."

"That's an eligant idea," said Murphy. "By the wig o' the chief justice—and that's a big oath—you're a janius, Misther Johnstone, and I admire you. Sir, you're worth your weight in gold to us!"

"Oh, you flatte' me!—weally," said Johnstone, with affected modesty, while he ran his fingers through his Macassar-oiled ringlets.

"Well, now for a start to the river, and won't we have sport! You Englishmen have only one fault on the face of the earth,—you're too fond of business,—you make yourselves slaves to propriety,—there's no fun in you."

"I beg pawdon—there," said Johnstone, "we like fun in good time."

"Ay; but there's where we beat you," said Murphy triumphantly; "we make time for the fun sooner than anything else,—we take our own way and live the longer."

"Ah! you lose your time—though—excuse me,—you lose your time indeed."

"Well, divil may care—as Punch said when he lost mass—there's more churches nor one,' says he, and that's the way with us," said Murphy. "Come, Dick, get the fishing-lines ready,—heigh! for the salmon fishery! You must know, Misther Johnstone, we fish for salmon with line here."

"I don't see how you could fish any other way," said Johnstone, smiling at Murphy as if he had caught him in saying something absurd.

"Ah, you rogue!" said Murphy, affecting to be hit; "you're too sharp for us poor Irish fellows; but you know the old saying, 'an Irishman has leave to speak twice;' and after all, it's no great mistake I've made; for, when I say we fish for salmon with a line, I mean we don't use a rod, but a leaded line, the same as in sea-fishing."

"How vewy extwaordinawy! why, I should think that impossible."

"And why should it be impossible?" said Murphy, with the most unabashed impudence. "Have not all nations habits and customs peculiar to themselves? Don't the Indians catch their fish by striking them under water with a long rough stick and a little curwhibble of a bone at the end of it?"

"Spawing them, you mean," said Johnstone.

"Ay, you know the right name, of course: but isn't that quite as odd, or more so, than our way here?"

"That's vewy twue indeed; but your sea line-fishing in a wiver, and for salmon, stwikes me as vewy singular."

"Well, sir, the older we grow the more we learn. You'll see what fine sport it is; but don't lose any more time; let us be off to the river at once."

"I'll make a slight change in my dress, if you please, — I'll be down immediately," and Johnstone left the room.

During his absence, the Squire, Dick, and Murphy enjoyed a hearty laugh, and ran over the future proceedings of the day.

"But what do you mean by this salmon-fishing, Murphy?" said Dick; "you know there never was a salmon in the river."

"But there will be to-day," said Murphy; "and a magnificent Gudgeon shall see him caught. What a spoon that fellow is! we've got the bribery out of him already."

"You did that well, Murphy," said the Squire.

"Be at him again when he comes down," said Dick.

"No, no," said Murphy, "let him alone; he is so conceited about his talent for business, that he will be talking of it without our pushing him: just give him rope enough, and he'll hang himself; we'll have the whole plan of their campaign out before the day's over."

"But about the salmon, Murphy," said Dick.

"You must help me there," said Murtough. "You'll see it all time enough. You have got two little boats on the river: now you, Dick, must get into one with the Englishman; and I, and one of the gossoons about the house, will occupy the other: remember, always keep your boat about thirty yards away from me, that our friend may not perceive the trick."

"But what *is* this trick? that what's I want to know."

"Well, since you must have it, I'll tell you. I know there's a salmon in the house, for I sent one over this morning a present to Mrs. Egan; and that salmon I must have in the boat with me unknown to the Englishman. After being afloat sometime, I'll hook this salmon on one of my lines, and drop it over the side of the boat that's not visible to our dear friend, and the line can be slyly passed round to the visible side; when I will make a great outcry, swear I have a noble bite, and haul up my fish with an enormous splash, and after affecting to kill him in the boat, hold up my dead salmon in triumph."

"It's a capital notion, Murphy, if he doesn't smoke the trick."

"He'll smoke the salmon sooner. Never mind, if I don't hoax him: I'll bet you what you like he's done."

"I hear him coming down stairs," said the Squire.

"Then send off the salmon in a basket by one of the boys, Dick," said Murphy; "and you, Squire, may go about your canvass, and leave us in care of the enemy."

All was done as Murphy proposed, and in something less than an hour Johnstone and Dick in one boat, and Murphy and his attendant *gossoon* in another, were afloat on the river, to initiate the Englishman into the mysteries of this new mode of salmon fishing.

The sport at first was slack, and no wonder; and Johnstone began to grow tired, when Murphy hooked on his salmon, and gently brought it round under the water within range of his victim's observation.

"This is wather dull work," said Johnstone.

"Wait awhile, my dear sir; they are never lively in biting so early as this—they're not set about feeding in earnest yet. Hilloa! by the Hokey I have him!" shouted Murphy. Johnstone looked on with great anxiety as Murphy made a well-feigned struggle with a heavy fish.

"By this and that he's a whopper!" cried Murphy in ecstasy. "He's kicking like a two year old. I have him, though, as fast as the rock o' Dunamase. Come up, you thief!" cried he, with an exulting shout, as he pulled up the salmon with all the splash he could produce; and suddenly whipping the fish over the side into the boat, he began flopping it about as if it were plunging in the death struggle. As soon as he had affected to kill it, he held it up in triumph before Johnstone, who was quite taken in by the feint, and protested his surprise loudly.

"Oh! that's nothing to what we'll do yet. If the day got a little more overcast, we'd have a splendid sport, sir."

"Well, I could not have believed it, if I hadn't seen it," said Johnstone.

"Oh! you'll see more than that, my boy, before we've done with them."

"But I haven't got even a bite yet," said Johnstone.

"Nor I either," said Dick: "you're not worse off than I am."

"But how extraordinary it is that I have not seen a fish rise since I have been on the wiver."

"That's because they see us watching them," said Dick.

"The d—l such cunning brutes I ever met with as the fish in this river: now, if you were at a distance from the bank you'd see them jumping as lively as grasshoppers. Whisht! I think I had a nibble."

"You don't seem to have good sport there," shouted Murphy.

"Vewy poo' indeed," said Johnstone dolefully.

"Play your line a little," said Murphy; "keep the bait lively—you're not up to the way of fascinating them yet."

"Why no; it's rather *noo* to me."

"Faith!" said Murphy to himself, "it's new to all of us. It's a bran new invention in the fishing line. Billy," said he

to the *gossoon*, who was in the boat with him, "we must catch a salmon again to *divart* that strange gentleman; hook him on, my buck."

"Yis, sir," said Billy with delighted eagerness; for the boy entered into the fun of the thing heart and soul, and as he hooked on the salmon for a second haul, he interlarded his labours with such ejaculations as, "Oh, Misther Murphy, sir, but you're the funny jintleman. Oh, Misther Murphy, sir, how soft the stranger is, sir. The salmon's ready for ketchin' now, sir. Will you catch him yet, sir?"

"Coax him round, Billy," said Murphy.

The young imp executed the manœuvre with adroitness; and Murphy was prepared for another haul, as Johnstone's weariness began to manifest itself.

"Do you intend wemaining here all day?—do you know, I think I've no chance of any spo't."

"Oh, wait till you hook one fish, at all events," said Murphy; "just have it to say you killed a salmon in the new style. The day is promising better. I'm sure we'll have sport yet. Hillao! I've another!" and Murphy began hauling in the salmon. "Billy, you rascal, get ready: watch him—that's it—mind him now!" Billy made all the splash he could in the water as Murphy lifted the fish to the surface and swung him into the boat. Again there was the flopping and the riot in the boat, and Billy screeching, "Kill him, sir!—kill him, sir! or he'll be off out o' my hands!" In proper time the fish was killed, and shown up in triumph, and Johnstone imposed upon. And now he began to experience that peculiar longing for catching a fish, which always possesses men who see fish taken by others, and the desire to have a salmon of his own killing induced Johnstone to remain on the river. In the long intervals of idleness which occurred between hooking up a salmon, which Murphy did every now and then, Johnstone *would be talking* about business to Dick Dawson, so that they had not been very long on the water until Johnstone had enlightened Dick on some very important points connected with the election. Murphy now pushed his boat towards the shore.

"You're not going yet?" said Johnstone, — "Do wait till I catch a fish."

"Certainly," said Murphy; "I'm only going to put Billy ashore and send home the fish we've already caught. Mrs. O'Grady is passionately fond of salmon."

Billy was landed, and a large basket in which the salmon had been brought down to the boat was landed also—*empty*; and Murphy, lifting the basket as if it contained a considerable weight, placed it on Billy's head, and the sly young rascal bent beneath it, as if all the fish Murphy had pretended to take were really in it, and he went on his homeward way, with a tottering step, as if the load were too much for him.

"That boy," said Johnstone, "will never be able to cawwy all those fish to the house."

"Oh, they won't be too much for him," said Dick. "Curse the fish! I wish they'd bite. That thief Murphy has had all the sport; but he's the best fisherman in the county, I'll own that."

The two boats all this time had been drifting down the river, and on opening a new reach of the stream, a somewhat extraordinary scene of fishing presented itself. It was not like Murphy's fishing, the result of a fertile invention, but the consequence of the evil destiny which presided over all the proceedings of Handy Andy.

The fishing party in the boats beheld another fishing party on shore, with this difference in the nature of what they sought to catch; that while they in the boats were looking for salmon, those on the shore were seeking for a post-chaise, and as about a third part of a vehicle so called was apparent above the water, as the reach of the river was opened, Johnstone exclaimed with extreme surprise,

"Well! if it ain't a post-chaise!"

"Oh! that's nothing extraordinary," said Dick,—“common enough here.”

"How do you mean?" said Johnstone.

"We've a custom here of running steeple-chases in post-chaises."

"Oh, thank you," said Johnstone; "come, that's *too good*."

"You don't believe it, I see," said Dick; "but you did not believe the salmon fishing till you saw it."

"Oh, come now! How the deuce could you leap a ditch in a post-chaise?"

"I never said we leaped ditches; I only said we rode steeple chases. The system is this: you go for a given point, taking high-road, by-road, plain, or lane, as the case may be, making the best of your way how you can. Now, our horses in this country are celebrated for being good swimmers, so it's a favourite plan to shirk a bridge sometimes by swimming a river."

"But no post-chaise will float," said Johnstone, regularly arguing against Dick's mendacious absurdity.

"Oh! we're prepared for that here. The chaises are made light, have cork bottoms, and all the solid work is made hollow, the doors are made water-tight, and if the stream runs strong the passenger jumps out and swims."

"But that's not fair," said Johnstone; "it alters the weight."

"Oh! it's allowed on both sides," said Dick, "so it's all the same. It's as good for the goose as the gander."

"I wather imagine it is much fitter for geese and ganders than human beings. I know I should wather be a goose on the occasion."

"Well, I think you'd have a good chance," said Dick.

All this time they were nearing the party on shore, and as the post-chaise became more developed, so did the personages on the bank of the river; and amongst these Dick Dawson saw Handy Andy in the custody of two men, and Squire O'Grady shaking his fist in his face and storming at him. How all this party came there it is necessary to explain. When Handy Andy had deposited Johnstone at Merryvale, he drove back to pick up the fallen postilion and his brother on the road; but before he reached them he had to pass a public house—I say *had* to pass—but he didn't. Andy stopped, as every honourable postilion is bound to do, to drink the health of the gentleman who gives him the last half-crown; and he was so intent on "doing that same," as they say in Ireland, that Andy's driving became very equivocal afterwards. In short, he drove the post-chaise into the river; the horses got disentangled by kicking the traces, which were very willing to break, into pieces,—and Andy, by sticking to the neck of the horse he rode, got out of the water. The horses got home without the post-chaise, and the other post-chaise and pair got home without a postilion, so that Owny Doyle was roused from his bed by the neighing of the horses at the gate of the inn. Great was his surprise at the event, as half clad and a candle in his hand, he saw two pair of horses, one chaise, and no driver at his door. The next morning the plot thickened; Squire O'Grady came to know if a gentleman had arrived at the town on his way to Neck-or-nothing Hall. The answer was in the affirmative. Then "where was he?" became a question. Then the report arrived of the post-chaise being upset in the river. Then came stories of postilions falling off, of postilions being changed, of Handy Andy being employed to take the gentleman to the place—and out of these materials the story became current that "an English gentleman was drowned in the river in a post-chaise." O'Grady set off directly with a party to have the river dragged, and near the spot, encountering Handy Andy, he ordered him to be seized, and accused him of murdering his friend.

It was in this state of things that the boats approached the party on the land, and the moment Dick Dawson saw Handy Andy, he put out his oars, and pulled away as hard as he could. At the moment he did so, Andy caught sight of him, and pointing out Johnstone and Dick to O'Grady he shouted "There he is!—there he is!—I never murdered him!—There he is—stop him!—Mister Dick, stop for the love o' God!"

"What is all this about?" said Johnstone in great amazement.

"Oh, he's a process server," said Dick; "the people are going to drown him maybe."

"To drown him!" said Johnstone in horror.

"If he has luck," said Dick, "they'll only give him a good ducking; but we had better have nothing to do with it. I

would not like you to be engaged in one of these popular riots."

"I shouldn't wellish it," said Johnstone.

"Pull away, Dick!" said Murphy; "let them kill the blackguard if they like."

"But will they kill him weally?" inquired Johnstone, somewhat horrified.

"'Faith, it's just as the whim takes them," said Murphy; "but as we wish to be popular on the hustings, we must let them kill as many as they please."

Andy still shouted loud enough to be heard. "Misther Dick, they're goin' to murdher me!"

"Poor wetch!" said Johnstone with a very uneasy shudder.

"Maybe you'd think it right for us to land and rescue him," said Murphy.

"Oh, by no means," said Johnstone. "You're better acquainted with the customs of the countwy than I am."

"Then we'll row back to dinner as fast as we can," said Murphy.

"OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF MIND."

Old Proverb.

WHEN I parted my love,
I gave him a dove,
And another he gave unto me;
And he said that *my* dove
Should bear back *his* love,
When he was far—far o'er the sea!
I waited in vain—
With sorrow and pain
HOPE lingered through many a day;
Till her spirit was dead,
And she said, as she fled,
"*Out of sight, out of mind,*" is the way.

At length a bird came,
And I thought 'twas the same
That he promised his message should bring;
I search'd the poor dove,
But no letter of love
Or token was under his wing!
Another flew o'er,
And a letter he bore—
'Twas my own bird, but, ah! well-a-day!
To some rival it came,
And I could but exclaim,
"*Out of sight, out of mind,*" is the way.

J. AUGUSTINE WADE.

INSCRIPTION FOR A GIN PALACE.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, Old Nick to subdue
When rebellious, would threaten to cut off his *queue*.
Had the Fiend dealt with us, such a menace had fail'd:
'Tis an easy thing here to get *Spirits retail'd*.

VINCENT EDEN ; *
OR, THE OXONIAN.

CHAPTER I.
THE FRESHMAN.

THE last day of the Oxford Easter Vacation had arrived—and a brighter or more beautiful one never poured its full tide of sunlight over that queen-like and majestic city. The grey college wall, and the solemn church spire, seemed alike to have laid aside their wonted air of gloomy grandeur—and each old tower, as it imaged back the glow of heaven from its features of deep repose, resembled the furrowed countenance of some veteran warrior, illumined by the momentary smile which the tale of bygone glory has awakened. A noble sight, in truth, at any time, and to any eye, is that proud City of Science, as with its crown of countless towers it breaks upon the gaze of the traveller—but mostly does it come home to *his* heart, who, after long years of wandering, revisits the scenes which smiled on his feelings in their freshness—on his youth in all its gay inexperience. Yes, Oxford! though the times and ties which once bound me to thee have passed away and perished—though from the dim womb of departed years a still small voice oft whispers of wasted hours and misdirected energies—yet do I love thee—yet does memory bear me back to moments when, wild and wayward as I was, I have stood beneath the face of night, and gazed on those solemn walls with a chastened heart and higher aspirations—with dreams of days, perchance even yet to come, of happiness and honour. But I grow egotistical already—let me resume my tale.

The clocks and bells once more rang out the college dinner-hour of five, as the Blenheim, with its neat team of greys, rolled rapidly across the Magdalen bridge—dashed up the High Street, where a few straggling caps and gowns were seen hurrying home to dinner—turned sharply down the Corn-market, nearly upsetting the Master of Balliol, and his unconscious pad nag, in the manœuvre—and finally deposited its freight at the door of the Star Hotel. The descent of the man-mountain of a coachman from his perch was speedily followed by a flight of eight or ten Mackintoshes and pea-jackets, which, on farther development, were discovered to contain a corresponding number of members of the University. There was a temporary interest,

* The Author begs to premise that the circumstances of the following Tale are fictitious—that the characters are intended as representatives of classes, and that if their attributes have been appropriated by any individuals, and have wounded such persons' feelings in consequence, the effect thus produced cannot but be a source of deep regret.

and consequent suspension of motion, produced among the contents of the aforesaid garments by the descending ankles of a solitary female—and then came a still further delay, caused by the Dean of Oriel and an All Souls' Fellow; the former of whom always travelled with his money in his hat-box, and had to unpack it to pay the coachman; and the latter, insisting on being shown into a private room to comb the dust out of his whiskers, before he could think of paying anybody at all.

These preliminary matters arranged, there followed a series of universal portmanteau hugging, with screaming to correspond, such as one sees bestowed by London mothers upon their children in a crowd; and finally, each and all, with a solitary exception, turned furiously upon the single porter, to insist that their luggage should be the first transported to their respective colleges. That respectable functionary having only stopped just long enough to assure everybody all round that they should be the first served, and so to confuse the remaining luggage as to make it impossible for any one to be put in possession of his own that night, forthwith proceeded to display an unparalleled union of activity and intelligence, by walking off to Magdalen Hall with the unhappy Dean of Oriel's paper hat-box—a saddle and bridle belonging to a gentleman commoner of Christ Church—and the gigantic book-box of a Balliol scholar, who had been reading for his degree during the vacation.

There was, however, one young gentleman among the passengers—the solitary exception to the porter-persecution just mentioned—whose indecision of manner, and evident ignorance of the place, might have given rise to some doubt, not only as to which college he was going, but even whether he had the pleasure of belonging to any college at all. First, he looked helplessly at the coachman, as if he thought he ought to do a great deal more for his half-crown, beyond the mere driving him down to Oxford and leaving him all alone in a strange place; then he cast a despairing look at the departing porter—and at last, having with some difficulty extracted from the chaos of luggage a carefully corded portmanteau, carpet-bag, hat-box, and a variety of minor articles, all of which said articles were labelled with the address of Vincent Eden, Esquire, Trinity College, Oxford, (and, like certain other labelled articles, had been “well shaken” in their journey,) he walked, as a last resource, up to the waiter. The waiter was a pale and soapy-looking gentleman, with a dirty white neckcloth, and a perfect Vesuvius of eruptions on his face, who had hitherto been trying to make doing nothing look as like active business as possible, by running two or three times round the coach, and looking very hard at everybody, and everything, without manifesting the slightest intention of doing anything further for anybody *besides* looking at them.

"Waiter," said the proprietor of the shaken luggage, in the sort of tone men use to a horse they are afraid of, but to whom they wish to seem very courageous, "Waiter; I want to go to Trinity College—do you happen to know such a place?"

A smile played—if waiters' smiles have any time for play—upon the countenance of the individual thus interrogated. "Trinity, sir?" said he, rubbing a napkin across his mouth, (under cover of which little manœuvre he suffered the smile to slip imperceptibly from his face,) "yes, sir, certainly—perhaps you might like to rest yourself in the house, sir—hall dinner more than half over, sir—beefsteak in less than a minute, sir." Here the sixpence in prospective made him feel quite anxious; and he immediately put a proportionate quantity of respect into the look he gave his victim.

"Beefsteak!" hesitated our hero, "why, really, a—a—I am afraid I ought to report myself immediately at the College as having arrived—perhaps they might not like my being out so late of an evening, eh?"

Here the respectful look stood no chance whatever, and the aforesaid smile broke into something extremely like a laugh; part of which the confused waiter made a desperate effort and swallowed, and blew his nose very loud to prevent the rest from being heard. He then repeated the process a second time to make sure against a return of the complaint; and—this little paroxysm over—proceeded to set our friend's mind at ease by an assurance that nobody would care whether he appeared at College an hour sooner or later; ending by leading him off in triumph into the coffee-room, already affording in his own person a practical illustration of the popular Oxford doctrine of Passive Obedience.

The minute, which the beefsteak was to take in doing, having meanwhile been subjected to the arithmetical process of multiplication by thirty, and consequently having attained the full-grown age of half an hour, the waiter at length made his appearance; and having placed the dinner on the table, and looked the young gentleman full in the face between the disposition of each dish, proceeded to show strong symptoms of a wish to know whether the said young gentleman might not have some further confidential communication, respecting something to drink, to make to him before leaving the coffee-room.

The Freshman watched him, for some little while, in an agonizing alternation of hope that he would speedily take his departure, and fear of the contrary; and at last, finding himself reduced to an extremity, ordered a pint of sherry in a fit of desperation; and as soon as it was brought, by way of a peace-offering to the waiter for his previous delay, volunteered a supposition that there was a great deal of wine drunk in the University.

The waiter, who had, no later than the night before, been pulled out of bed, and equipped gratis with a pair of cork-

burnt mustachios, and an imperial to match, by a party of drunken Christ Church men staying in the house, replied, somewhat sulkily, that he "believed there was, but he wasn't at all sure." Having imparted this piece of information, he again withdrew.

Beefsteaks don't last for ever; although the constitution of the one on which our hero was occupied seemed tough enough to have gone a good way towards it, and felt none the worse in consequence. Not being, however, sufficiently at his ease in Oxford, as yet, to complain of any treatment he might receive there, he finished his meal in resignation, and then drew his chair to the window to gather some insight into the mysteries of a college life, by a minute inspection of the various faces belonging to the caps and gowns continually passing. Growing tired at length of wondering where they were all going, he rang the bell for the purpose of setting the waiter's mind at ease respecting the bill and accompanying gratuity; which little business being transacted, he carefully folded up the said document and put it in his pocket, with the intention of transcribing it into his first letter home, as an authentic specimen of Oxford men and manners. He then summoned the porter, who, having made all the mistakes he possibly could with the luggage already committed to his charge, was now ready to do the same for anybody else; and having informed the waiter that he was looking out for a fresh customer, was told that he could not have a *fresher* than the gentleman in the coffee-room. The luggage was accordingly huddled into the barrow, and the embryo collegian was stepping into the street with much the same fluttering about the heart that he remembered experiencing on first going to school, when a fresh source of anxiety crossed his mind.

"Waiter," said he, "you don't suppose there's any danger of meeting the Proctor on the road to Trinity, do you?" The anxiety which prompted this question arose from a somewhat enlarged and embellished tale which a boy had brought back one half-year to the private school which Eden had just left, of an unfortunate undergraduate who had been kidnapped by the Proctor lounging in the street towards twilight, and by way of imposition, was confined to the college gates by that authority, till he had written, printed, and published, full bound, with gilt edges, and copious marginal notes, a new edition of the Greek Testament, at his own expense.

To the question itself, the waiter returned a smiling negative.

"Then," said Eden, with a strong determination not to be in the least afraid, now there was nothing at all to be afraid of, "all's right; lead the way, porter, I am ready. Sir," added he, perceiving that individual handling his barrow in such a manner as left no doubt in his mind of an ultimate upset, "sir I must desire you will be particularly careful of that

portmanteau—there is glass in it—three pots of jam—four wine glasses—two tumblers, and a tea-pot,—a family tea-pot, sir.”

To this affecting appeal from the bosom of his family, through the somewhat novel medium of a glass and china conductor, the sympathies of the porter seemed utterly deaf, and the Freshman was compelled to follow in silent convulsions, till, to his unspeakable relief, they crossed the outer lawn, and stood before the Trinity gates without an accident.

A pretty little college is Trinity; combining, in its appearance, all the solemnity of past time, with the taste and elegance of the present. For my own part, I never passed its portals in my undergraduate days, without thinking how like was that college to many a benevolent old gentleman, over whose head long years have rolled, but left the heart as fresh as ever. The venerable body of the building recalls his time-worn frame—the neat lawn outside, the gay wig beneath which he shrouds his baldness—the green garden behind, the green feelings of youth yet warm within—and that single row of solemn yews enhancing the lighter verdure around, the few mournful memories, (and all have some such,) which serve as a foil to the general gaiety over which they cast a partial gloom.

It was at the entrance to this edifice, that its future inmate now presented himself: and, having given his name to the college porter, was introduced by him to a curiously diminutive figure just on the point of egress, with an air of concentrated intoxication in his face, and little balustrade legs with corpulent calves, carefully encased in light-coloured smalls, and terminated by a pair of punt-like feet, as his future master. Having taken off his hat by way of respect, and held it above his bullet-head till Eden began to fancy that his potatoes had affected his memory as well as his complexion, and made him forget to put it on again, the little man at last volunteered showing him to his new rooms; and, leading the way into the quadrangle facing the garden, commenced mounting the narrow stairs which led to them. This proved by no means an easy task; the footing being rendered somewhat slippery by a number of oyster-shells, which a resident on the stair-case, destined for the medical profession, and who had already broken out in the luncheon way, had thus disposed of, probably with the humane view of making his debut in the leg-setting line. It was not before they reached the top of the stairs, that the corpulent calves came to a halt before a door with the name of Mr. John Tomes painted over it, in large white letters upon a black ground; which, upon the application of a key, opened, and discovered to the Freshman his intended domicile.

“So this is to be my room, is it?” said Eden, having paid and dismissed the porter, and at the same time casting his eyes on the cheerfully blazing fire, a morocco-covered easy-chair, and a sofa of the same material; “well, all this seems very com-

fortable—the floor looks a little uneven, perhaps—rather lower, if anything, on this side than the other, I think.”

“Just what Mr. Tomes used to say,” observed the little man. And the Freshman began to feel much more like a real Oxford man than he had hitherto done, on the strength of having expressed a similar opinion with such a competent authority as Mr. Tomes.

“Yes,” continued the scout, “he took it very much to heart latterly, poor gentleman; went to the Dean about it, at last.”

“Did he? Well, what did he say to the Dean?” asked his new master, getting gradually interested in the fate of his predecessor.

“Why,” said the little man, “first he begged pardon for being so troublesome—nice man, Mr. Tomes—always so polite; and then he said it was really very odd—very odd indeed—but he never could stand steadily in his rooms after a certain hour in the evening—the floor was so uneven; in short, he should take it as a personal favour if the Dean would sign an order for him to have two stout men, and the college roller up from the garden, just to level it a little.”

“Oh,” said Eden, laughing; “and did the Dean give him leave?”

“Not exactly,” said the little man; “gave him something else though—swinging imposition. Dean got the worst of that all the same—Mr. Tomes bought a tool-box soon after.”

“A tool-box!” echoed Eden, in astonishment; “in the name of goodness, what was that for?”

“Nailed the Dean up in his room every night regularly,” replied his informant; “Dean never up in time for chapel—couldn’t find out who did it though, for a long while. Poor Mr. Tomes! nailed him up once too often, at last.”

“Ah?” said Eden, “how was that? I should like to hear.”

“Why, sir, you see, one Saint’s day, there was a longer chapel than usual—so to console himself for that, the Dean had asked a large party of Dons to breakfast afterwards. Well, Mr. Tomes never went to morning chapel—made a rule of that—never broke it, that I know of; found him up, though, when I went to call him, looking out a lot of ten-penny nails. Well, the Dean came out of chapel, and the Dons all came to breakfast; and as they couldn’t open the door, why, the lamplighter’s ladder came handy, and in they went at the window, caps and gowns and all; the Dean doing drum-major, and leading the way in a furious rage. Not that they found breakfast laid just as they liked, when they *had* made climbing boys of themselves; somehow or other, the muffins had all got into the tea-pot, and the Dean’s boots were ready warming for him on the hob—didn’t get his feet far into them though—what should you suppose was in ‘em, sir?”

said the little man, seeing his auditor looking rather incredulous, and rather horrified, but excessively amused withal.

"I'm sure I can't say," replied Eden. "Brown sugar, perhaps."

"Not a bit of it, sir—candlesticks, red-hot candlesticks, if you'll believe *me*—burnt his hands like winkey. That wasn't the worst of it though—at least the Dean did not think so."

"Why, what could be worse than that?" inquired Eden.

"The trick they played the picture, sir—a picture of a lady the gentlemen *did* say the Dean was uncommon fond of—that I know nothing about—know what they did to her, though—stuck her all over with butter, poor thing—taking a plaster of Paris model, I think Mr. Tomes called it. Ah, well—poor Mr. Tomes got found out—he was the only man out of chapel that morning, so they knew they couldn't be far wrong in saying he did it."

"And what did they do to him for all this?" asked Eden.

"Why, you see, sir, that wasn't the only thing against him," said the little man; "Mr. Tomes was always shooting with an air-gun at the President's garden-door, and taking chances of his coming out—and then one of the senior Fellows had been bit very bad just before, by Mr. Tomes's badger—beautiful badger he had, to be sure; kept it in the garden—fatal curiosity, I remember Mr. Tomes called it, when the Fellow put his finger in the bag. So, altogether, they accused him of a conspiracy to cut and maim the college authorities, and recommended him to try country air for a few terms; that's the reason you've got his rooms, sir—very lucky you are—they generally put fresh gentlemen in the back buildings."

Eden again expressed his approbation of the rooms, accompanied by an inquiry when Mr. Tomes might be expected back.

"Why, I rather think that's a part of the story they forgot to tell him, sir," replied the communicative little man; "leastways, I know he sent for his tool-box last week. Like to take supper, sir, at nine?" Having received an answer in the negative, and promised to call Eden in time for morning chapel, the little man now toddled out of the room; and, when nine o'clock came, put his new master's name down on the buttery books, said he was very hungry after his journey, and ate and drank as much cold meat and beer as he could extract in Eden's name, just by way of preventing the possibility of any mistake as to that gentleman's actual arrival.

And the Freshman was left alone. It is a strange feeling that of loneliness, and so our friend seemed to think. First of all, he set his back to the fire, and his hands in the distended pockets of his coat, (an operation at which, not having been long out of a jacket, he was by no means *au fait*;) and tried to feel very independent, but felt, in reality, very funny; and

then he wished he knew what other men did in their rooms of an evening, that he might do the same; but, not having any means of ascertaining, he determined not to begin leading a regular Oxford life till next day, when he should know all about it; and meanwhile applied his energies to the unpacking of his portmanteau. This occupation supplied him with something more to think of than his feelings of loneliness; for the family tea-pot had, during the journey, somewhat inquisitively poked its nose into one of a pair of home-worked carpet slippers, and had broken that useful appendage in the process. The glasses, too, were all smashed; and a damson cheese, nicely stamped with a flower-pot and bouquet, had come out of its earthenware case, and produced the impression of a horticultural garden in miniature on the topmost of a set of new shirts. However, the two tumblers were left whole—that was some comfort—and the Freshman filled one of them with water and drank it off; not that he felt particularly thirsty, but only just to see how water tasted out of a tumbler of one's own.

These proceedings over, he commenced undressing; and after a slight debate in his own mind, arising out of the association of ideas connected with that ceremony, as to whether he should astonish the weak minds of his brother collegians next morning in chapel, by appearing in the mild beauties of a blue frock-coat, or the green and gold glories of a cut-away, which he had procured from the country tailor, on hearing that no one wore anything else in Oxford—he retired to rest, leaving the door of his bed-room open, because he thought looking at the fire would make him feel less lonely. No doubt there is something extremely cheerful about a blazing fire—and so our Freshman found it, for he gazed on it till mental conceptions began to blend with material objects; and the last active operations of his waking faculties of which he was conscious, was a dim and indistinct attempt to conjure up a likeness to the old gable-ends and quiet trees of his home out of the faintly expiring embers. Failing in this, he fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

THE FRESHMAN'S FRIEND.

THERE was, at the date of the commencement of my story, and probably is so still, situated over a well-known tailor's shop, and overlooking the High Street in which it stands, a spacious set of apartments. Actuated doubtless by a pure spirit of philanthropy, and thinking that scheme of benevolence far too limited which would confine itself to the clothing of unfledged undergraduates, the owner of these apartments was in the habit of letting them out at the moderate charge of two guineas a week to such individuals as had been ejected by superannuation from their rooms in college. At the time we speak of,

they were in the temporary occupation of a gentleman from Oriel, well known throughout the University by the name of Mr. John Raffleton.

The decorations of the apartment belonged to that romantic rather than classical order, which is to be met with nowhere but in the hunting-boxes of Leicestershire bachelors, and the reading-rooms of University undergraduates. The door was surmounted by a huge pair of antlers, supporting a trio of brushes, formerly the natural property of a like number of foxes, but lately the property by purchase of their present owner; and by him so scientifically intermingled with a variety of whips, spurs, and other hunting paraphernalia, as to leave an erroneous impression upon the mind of an inexperienced visitor, that the said whips and spurs had been somehow or other instrumental in the appropriation of the said brushes.

The walls, in their turn, were hung with an alternate succession of race-horses with very long tails, and opera-dancers with very short petticoats; concerning whose elevation to their present position considerable difference of opinion existed. Raffleton himself was in the habit of mysteriously hinting, in connexion with sundry visits to town, at the romantic passion of opera-dancers for young men in general, and young Oxford men in particular; and, when he tired of this subject, of looking with an air of satisfaction at the horses, and observing upon the great luck of some people in being acquainted with some other people, which other people were sure to send them secret information concerning any race which could possibly come off in any given part of the United Kingdom. Others, however, and perhaps with more truth, affirmed that the said portraits owed their present local habitation not so much to any personal acquaintance with the ladies, or to any personal profits resulting from the performances of the horses in question, as to a blind contract with Mr. Wryface, of the High Street, to hang his rooms with as many indefinite pictures as the walls would hold, at the lowest possible rate of expenditure. One thing was certain—that the portraits of both biped and quadruped, like their originals, showed a great deal of what is technically termed "blood;" inasmuch as the same set of pictures had already been through most of the rooms in Oriel without manifesting the slightest disposition to stop by the way; being repeatedly subjected to the process of selling and re-selling, to the great profit of Mr. Wryface, and the great loss of his successive customers.

In addition to the already mentioned articles, strikingly characteristic of the taste of their owner, the window-seat was strewed with an odd number of the *Sporting Magazine*—an English Translation of Sophocles—a torn *Bell's Life* in London—and a set of boxing-gloves, with the horse-hair peeping through a hole in one of them, which seemed peculiarly adapted

to promote a Pyramus-and-Thisbe-like intimacy between the thumb of one gentleman, and the eye of his antagonist.

On the morning following the day already mentioned as the date of our Freshman's arrival in Oxford, two figures were seated in the apartment which we have just described. The principal one was that of a young man, whose jolly red face, rising out of a bottle-green dressing-gown, forcibly reminded one of a poppy which had found its way by mistake into a parsley-bed. His features proclaimed him to be about four-and-twenty; but the Jockey Club rule of "weight for years" seemed in his case to have been utterly disregarded—in fact, it appeared rather as if his age and size had been running a race, in which the latter had considerably outstripped the former.

The bodily occupation of this individual, who was no other than Mr. John Raffleton himself, was the reclining in an easy-chair, accompanied by an attempt to make the least of his largely developed legs by keeping them in a crossed position. Mentally, he was engaged in the abstruse operation of following, book in hand, in the original Greek, a translation of Herodotus which his companion, a slim youth, with a barber's apron and a brown coat, which by the misfit had evidently originally belonged to his present patron and auditor, was slowly dealing out to him, sentence by sentence.

As a counterbalance to this exercise of the intellect, there stood, at an easy distance from each of the parties thus engaged, a half-empty porter bottle, with its accompanying tumbler; which Raffleton had pressed into the service of the classics, much on the same principle that doctors wrap pills up in jam before they give them to children—namely, to make them go down as easily as possible. This present attention to external comforts arose from a former experience of the unpleasantness of reading without them; an unpleasantness rendered doubly bitter by the fact, that the result had been a total failure, in consequence of a somewhat liberal translation of "*Impositique rogis juvenes ante ora parentum*," into "And the boys were imposed upon by rogues in the very teeth of their parents." In order to prevent the recurrence of a similar misfortune, he had been staying up during the vacation to avail himself of the assistance of the barber's boy in reading to him, with a view of doing better at the ensuing examination.

"Yes; I think that will do very well for to-day, Willett," said he, closing his book, and motioning to his companion to do the same. "Take some porter, Willett. Who did you say the kings of Cyrene were?"

What with the porter, and what with knowing as much of the classics as an automaton of chess, Willett did not seem to remember much about the matter. He referred to the book again, however, and informed his interrogator that there were four

rejoicing in the name of Battus, and four in that of Arcesilaus.

"Ah, that's all very well—but I always forget, Willett," rejoined Raffleton. "How am I to remember that, Willett? Let me see—Ah—that may do—Four Bats, and four Asses, in layers. Talk of Herodotus! Natural history I call that. Put the gloves on, Willett."

Willett accordingly put the boxing gloves on with an air of the meekest resignation, being fully aware of the unpleasant part he was about to play in the domestic tragedy to which this was the prologue; as well he might be—having been knocked down regularly every day of the Easter vacation, by way of keeping his patron in exercise. On the present occasion, the porter had, as has been observed, rather got into his head; and being furthermore incensed at the unusually uncivil treatment of his features, he so far forgot himself, after standing up to be made a mummy of for about half-an-hour, as actually to venture upon putting in a gentle blow in return; a measure which instantly procured for him his daily knock-down, and a reprimand from Raffleton for letting his nose bleed over the carpet.

"What an infernal nose that is of yours, Willett; always bleeding!—there—never mind—put it in the bill with the Eau de Cologne—and the imposition for the Proctor—and the wig, and the rest of it, Willett. Ah! there—it's stopped now; I knew it would," continued he, taking off his neckcloth. "Now shave me, Willett."

Willett forthwith proceeded to obey, looking all the while as if he would have cut his tormentor's throat without hesitation, if he had not had some doubt as to whether, in case of his dying intestate, bills for boxing and reading to him in his lifetime would be considered as lawful claims in the Vice-Chancellor's Court. He accordingly completed the operation with only a single remembrancer in the way of a slight chin-gash, and had just been dismissed, when Raffleton was disturbed at his toilet by a gentle tap at the door.

One half-muttered anathema, neither pious nor polite, on the intruder — one sigh for the bedroom which communicated with his old college apartment, and formed a retreat in the hour of peril — and Raffleton had gathered up the flowing folds of the aforesaid green dressing-gown, and was in the act of flying to post himself behind the door in case of its being opened,—when he was arrested midway by a second tap, and the entrance of a young gentleman in a blue frock-coat, and a particularly new and glossy pair of black evening trousers. There was a letter in his hand—it looked suspicious, to say the least of it. Raffleton gazed on him with fear and trembling.

"Is Mr. Raffleton at home, sir?" inquired the intruder, in a deferential tone, and almost an equal state of alarm with the individual whose privacy he had invaded.

"No, sir, I—he is not at home, sir,—he is gone to Stow, sir,—and his spoons are locked up—and his purse is gone with him, sir,—and if you're come to dun him, you'd better go after him, sir,—or, if you object to the coach fare, I, as his particular friend, shall be happy to kick you there, sir."

"Sir," said the Freshman, for he it was, getting very red in the face; "I have brought this letter for Mr. Raffleton, and——"

"Anything to pay?" interrupted Raffleton, coolly scrutinizing the letter, and beginning to think it might not be a bill after all. "Anything to pay, young man?"

"No, sir, there is *not* anything to pay.—This is most extraordinary conduct, sir,—I have never been used to this sort of thing at home, and I shan't stand it here. Pray, sir, whom do you take me for?" said the Freshman fairly exasperated.

"You are sure of that, young man?" said Raffleton, without manifesting the slightest attention to this last question; "you are quite sure there is nothing to pay?"

"No, sir," said Eden; "I have told you once for all there is not, sir. It did not come by the post. I brought it."

"No bill, or any nasty thing of that sort?" persisted Raffleton.

"No, sir—it is a letter, sir—a private letter. Can you tell me where to find Mr. Raffleton, or not, sir?"

"Then, sir," rejoined his tormentor, in the most deliberate and impressive tone of voice; "then in that case, sir, I think I may venture to be Mr. Raffleton. I think, sir," continued he, taking the letter between his forefinger and thumb, and turning it over for more minute inspection,—“I think, sir, the appearance of this letter fully justifies me in being Mr. Raffleton. Sir,” added he, having torn open the document in question, and glanced hastily at its contents, “I find I have been mistaken in your character; circumstances, sir—circumstances must excuse me. Sir, I am the victim of an unnatural persecution—the hand—handwriting, I should say, of every tradesman in Oxford is against me—they haunt my sleep—they wear the paint off my door with knocking—they disturb my reading—they ruin me in postage—they upset my nervous system. Sir, I took you for one of them. Forgive me. Take some porter, sir.”

Eden pleaded want of habit as an excuse for not drinking so early in the morning—an excuse, by the by, which would have been equally founded upon fact as applied to his drinking at any time of the day whatever; and Raffleton, having made up for his friend's defalcation by helping himself, resumed.

"I find, sir, by this letter, that you *are* an acquaintance of my friend, Mrs. Myrtleby, and that you *are to be* an acquaintance of mine. Very good. Pleasant for both, that—as the boy said when he tied the owl on the duck's back. I enjoy the prospect amazingly."

Had Eden been aware that the prospect which his new friend contemplated enjoying was nothing more or less than sending him home drunk in a wheelbarrow on as many evenings as he could spare out of the week, the problem which he was at present engaged in working, as to whether the pleasure of the proposed intimacy would be mutual, would have required no further solution.

"Nice woman, Mrs. Myrtleby," continued Raffleton,— "motherly, and all that — nursed me in my infancy — till I got too big." Here Raffleton tried to look pathetic, and thanks to a long practice, with a view to attract the commiseration of the examiners in the schools, succeeded. He then tossed the letter across the table for Eden's perusal, with a remark that his correspondent seemed to have some idea of taking the change out of him now, for her before-mentioned delicate little attentions vouchsafed in his infancy. The document ran as follows:—

" *Marine Parade, Dover, March, 183—.*

"My dear Mr. Raffleton, — I write this to oblige an old friend and schoolfellow, Mrs. Eden, with whom I have resumed my intimacy, since my stay here for sea-bathing for the boys. Her son is going up to reside at Trinity College; any little attention to him, which will not interfere with your studies, will be a charity. By the by, you will be glad to hear that I have determined to send the two eldest boys, Henry Brougham, and Arthur Wellington; (that was poor Mr. M.'s doing, to stand well with both parties,) to Oriel. Will you be kind enough to enter them on the College books? Also inquire if they could by any means be allowed to live in one room, (this on account of expense, *entre nous*; but before *them* I always talk of brotherly affection;) they always slept double at school. And if you could send an old cap and gown as a pattern, I think they could be made cheaper at home. Believe me, my dear young friend, yours everlastingly,

" ELEANORA RUFFIN MYRTLEBY.

"P.S. 1. If you stumble on a collar of Oxford brawn cheap, and can send it free of expense, Henry Brougham is very fond of it.

"P.S. 2. Henry Brougham, and Arthur Wellington, have both had the measles, you may tell the Provost."

Having duly perused this curious compound of friendly interest and maternal solicitude, Eden observed that he thought he must go and pay his respects to the College tutors, and rose for that purpose.

"Ah! very right," said Raffleton; "I remember I did all that sort of thing in my first term. And then, if you'll sup with me at nine — I've a small party — I'll introduce you to a capital fellow of your own college, and he'll put you in the way

of everything. And — you'll excuse what I am going to say — but what have you done with your cap and gown?"

Eden replied that he had not yet procured those articles, having been equipped for chapel that morning in an old cap and gown belonging to his little scout.

"Well," said Raffleton, taking hold of his coat collar, and surveying his costume from head to foot; "now let me give you a little piece of advice. Go and get a cap and gown instantly, and never stir out without them, till you've worn out that country-built coat and trousers; for, however convenient it may be to be taken by the Proctor for a townsman, yet it isn't so pleasant to be taken for a dun by an undergraduate, as I was very near showing you when you came in. Good b'ye—we shall meet again at supper — as Wombwell used to say to the wild beasts an hour before feeding time — and to-morrow I'll take you to Embling's, where you can order some real trousers."

THOUGHTS ON PATRONS, PUFFS, AND OTHER MATTERS.

IN AN EPISTLE FROM T. M. TO S. R.

WHAT, *thou*, my friend! a man of rhymes,
And, better still, a man of guineas,
To talk of "patrons," in these times,
When authors thrive, like spinning-jennys,
And Arkwright's twist and Bulwer's page
Alike may laugh at patronage!
No, no,—those times are past away,
When, doom'd in upper floors to star it,
The bard inscribed to lords his lay,—
Himself, the while, my Lord Mountgarret.
No more he begs, with air dependent,
His "little bark may sail attendant"
Under some lordly skipper's steerage;
But launched triumphant in the Row,
Or ta'en by Murray's self in tow,
Cuts both *Star Chamber* and the Peerage.

Patrons, indeed! when scarce a sail
Is whisked from England by the gale,
But bears on board some authors, shipp'd
For foreign shores, all well equipp'd
With proper book-making machinery,
To sketch the morals, manners, scenery,

Of all such lands as they shall see,
 Or *not* see, as the case may be :—
 It being enjoined on all who go
 To study first Miss M*****,
 And learn from her the method true,
 To *do* one's books,—and readers, too.
 For so this nymph of *nous* and nerve
 Teaches mankind "How to Observe;"
 And, lest mankind at all should swerve,
 Teaches them also "*What* to Observe."

No, no, my friend,—it can't be blink'd,—
 The Patron is a race extinct;
 As dead as any Megatherion
 That ever Buckland built a theory on.
 Instead of bartering, in this age,
 Our praise for pence and patronage,
 We, authors, now, more prosperous elves,
 Have learned to patronise ourselves;
 And since all-potent Puffing's made
 The life of song, the soul of trade,
 More frugal of our praises grown,
 Puff no one's merits but our own.

Unlike those feeble gales of praise
 Which critics blew in former days,
 Our modern puffs are of a kind
 That truly, really *raise the wind*;
 And since they've fairly set in blowing,
 We find them the best *trade-winds* going.
 'Stead of frequenting paths so slippery
 As her old haunts near Aganippe,
 The Muse, now, taking to the till,
 Has opened shop on Ludgate Hill,
 (Far handier than the Hill of Pindus,
 As seen from bard's back attic windows);
 And swallowing there without cessation
 Large draughts (*at sight*) of inspiration,
 Touches the *notes* for each new theme,
 While still fresh "*change* comes o'er her dream."

What Steam is on the deep,—and more, —
 Is the vast power of Puff on shore;
 Which jumps to glory's future tenses
 Before the present ev'n commences;

And makes "immortal" and "divine" of us
Before the world has read one line of us.

In old times, when the God of Song
Drove his own two-horse team along,
Carrying inside a bard or two,
Book'd for posterity "all through;"—
Their luggage, a few close-packed rhymes,
(Like yours, my friend,) for after-times,—
So slow the pull to Fame's abode,
That folks oft slept upon the road;—
And Homer's self, sometimes, they say,
Took to his night-cap on the way.*

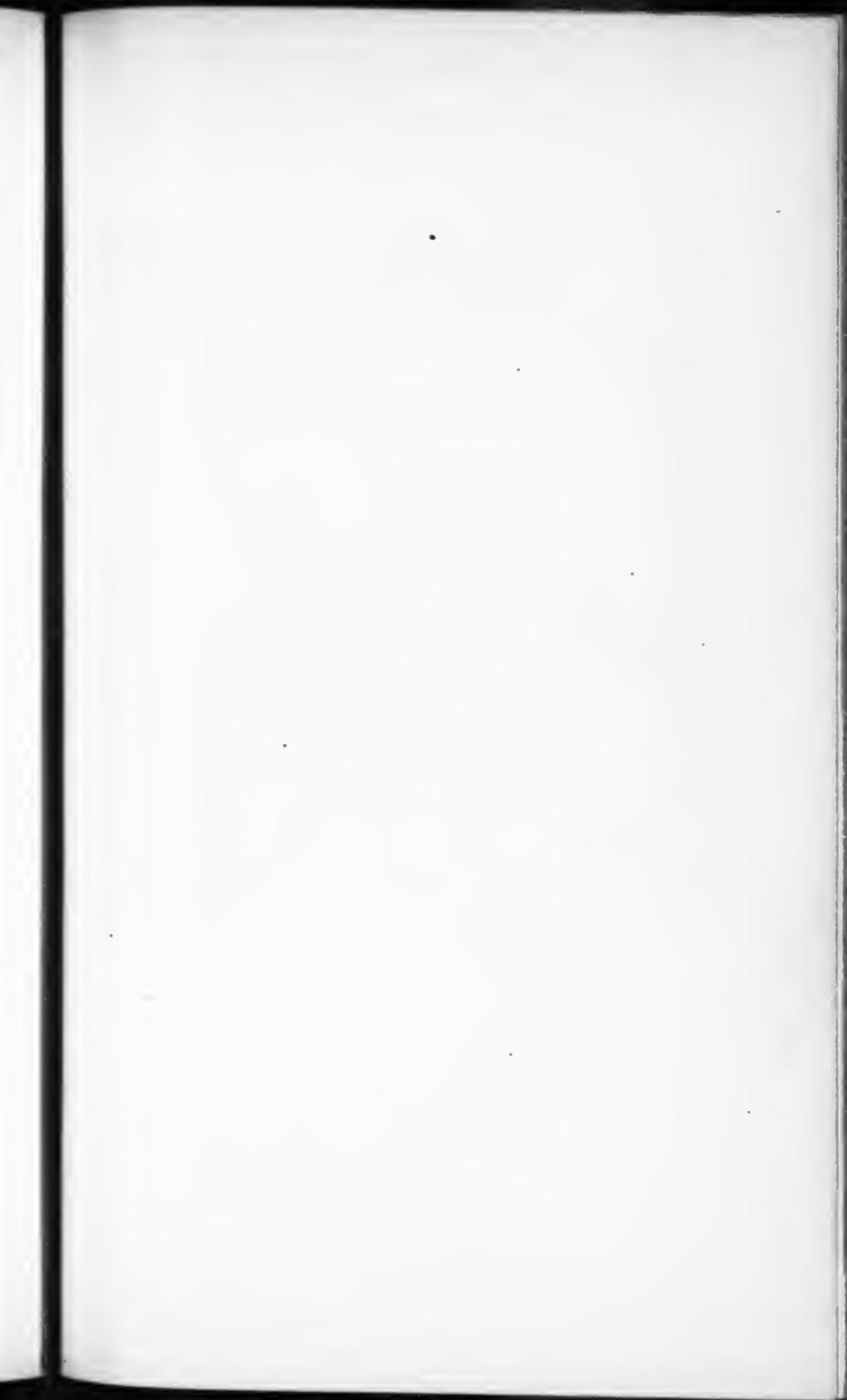
Ye Gods! how different is the story
With our new galloping sons of glory,
Who, scorning all such slack and slow time,
Dash to posterity in *no* time!
Raise but one general blast of Puff
To start your author,—that's enough.
In vain the critics, set to watch him,
Try at the starting post to catch him;
He's off—the puffers carry it hollow—
The critics, if they please, may follow.
Ere *they*'ve laid down their first positions,
He's fairly blown through six editions!
In vain doth Edinburgh dispense
Her blue and yellow pestilence,—
(That plague so awful in my time
To young and touchy sons of rhyme,
The Quarterly, at three months' date,
To catch th' Unread One, comes too late;
And nonsense, littered in a hurry,
Becomes "immortal," spite of Murray.

But, bless me!—while I thus keep fooling,
I hear a voice cry, "Dinner's cooling."
That postman, too, (who, truth to tell,
'Mong men of letters bears the bell,)
Keeps ringing, ringing, so infernally
That I *must* stop,—

Yours sempiternally.

T. M.

* Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.—HORAT.





George Bruckshank

San Francisco exhibits a multitude of crimes.

JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD" AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE SECOND.—1715.

CHAPTER VI.

JACK SHEPPARD'S FIRST ROBBERY.

If there is one thing on earth, more lovely than another, it is a fair girl of the tender age of Winifred Wood! Her beauty awakens no feeling beyond that of admiration. The charm of innocence breathes around her, as fragrance is diffused by the flower, sanctifying her lightest thought and action, and shielding her, like a spell, from the approach of evil. Beautiful is the girl of twelve,—who is neither child nor woman, but something between both, something more exquisite than either!

Such was the fairy creature presented to Thames Darrell, under the following circumstances.

Glad to escape from the scene of recrimination that ensued between his adoptive parents, Thames seized the earliest opportunity of retiring, and took his way to a small chamber in the upper part of the house, where he and Jack were accustomed to spend most of their leisure in the amusements, or pursuits, proper to their years. He found the door ajar, and, to his surprise, perceived little Winifred seated at a table, busily engaged in tracing some design upon a sheet of paper. She did not hear his approach, but continued her occupation without raising her head.

It was a charming sight to watch the motions of her tiny fingers as she pursued her task; and though the posture she adopted was not the most favourable that might have been chosen for the display of her sylphlike figure, there was something in her attitude, and the glow of her countenance, lighted up by the mellow radiance of the setting sun falling upon her through the panes of the little dormer window, that seemed to the youth inexpressibly beautiful. Winifred's features would have been pretty, for they were regular and delicately formed, if they had not been slightly marked by the small-pox;—a disorder, that sometimes spares more than it destroys, and imparts an expression to be sought for in vain in the smoothest complexion. We have seen pitted cheeks, which we would not exchange for dimples and a satin skin. Winifred's face had a thoroughly amiable look. Her mouth was worthy of her face; with small, pearly-white teeth; lips glossy, rosy, and pouting; and the sweetest smile imaginable, playing constantly about them. Her eyes were soft and blue, arched over by dark brows, and fringed by

long silken lashes. Her hair was of the darkest brown, and finest texture; and, when unloosed, hung down to her heels. She was dressed in a little white frock, with a very long body, and very short sleeves, which looked (from a certain fullness about the hips,) as if it was intended to be worn with a hoop. Her slender throat was encircled by a black riband, with a small locket attached to it; and upon the top of her head rested a diminutive lace cap.

The room in which she sat was a portion of the garret, assigned, as we have just stated, by Mr. Wood as a playroom to the two boys; and, like most boys' playrooms, it exhibited a total absence of order, or neatness. Things were thrown here and there, to be taken up, or again cast aside, as the whim arose; while the broken-backed chairs and crazy table bore the marks of many a conflict. The characters of the youthful occupants of the room might be detected in every article it contained. Darrell's peculiar bent of mind was exemplified in a rusty broadsword, a tall grenadier's cap, a musket without lock or ramrod, a belt and cartouch-box, with other matters, evincing a decided military taste. Among his books, Plutarch's Lives, and the Histories of Great Commanders, appeared to have been frequently consulted; but the dust had gathered thickly upon the Carpenter's Manual, and a Treatise on Trigonometry and Geometry. Beneath the shelf, containing these books, hung the fine old ballad of 'St. George for England,' and a loyal ditty, then much in vogue, called 'True Protestant Gratitude, or Britain's Thanksgiving for the First of August, Being the Day of His Majesty's Happy Accession to the Throne.' Jack Sheppard's library consisted of a few ragged and well-thumbed volumes abstracted from the tremendous chronicles bequeathed to the world by those Froissarts and Holinsheds of crime — the Ordinaries of Newgate. His vocal collection comprised a couple of flash songs pasted against the wall, entitled 'The Thief-Catcher's Prophecy,' and the 'Life and Death of the Darkman's Budge;' while his extraordinary mechanical skill was displayed in what he termed (Jack had a supreme contempt for orthography,) a 'Moddle off his Ma: Jale off New Gate;' another model of the pillory at Fleet Bridge; and a third of the permanent gibbet at Tyburn. The latter specimen of his workmanship was adorned with a little scare-crow figure, intended to represent a house-breaking chimney-sweeper of the time, described in Sheppard's own hand-writing, as 'Jack Hall a-hanging.' We must not omit to mention that a family group from the pencil of little Winifred, representing Mr. and Mrs. Wood in very characteristic attitudes, occupied a prominent place on the walls.

For a few moments, Thames regarded the little girl through the half-opened door in silence. On a sudden, a change came over her countenance, which, up to this moment, had worn a smiling and satisfied expression. Throwing down the pencil,

she snatched up a piece of Indian-rubber, and exclaiming, — “It isn’t at all like him! it isn’t half handsome enough!” was about to efface the sketch, when Thames darted into the room.

“Who isn’t it like?” he asked, endeavouring to gain possession of the drawing, which, at the sound of his footstep, she crushed between her fingers.

“I can’t tell you!” she replied, blushing deeply, and clenching her little hand as tightly as possible; “it’s a secret!”

“I’ll soon find it out, then,” he returned, playfully forcing the paper from her grasp.

“Don’t look at it, I entreat,” she cried.

But her request was unheeded. Thames unfolded the drawing, smoothed out its creases, and beheld a portrait of himself.

“I’ve a good mind not to speak to you again, sir!” cried Winifred, with difficulty repressing a tear of vexation; “you’ve acted unfairly.”

“I feel I have, dear Winny!” replied Thames, abashed at his own rudeness; “my conduct is inexcusable.”

“I’ll excuse it, nevertheless,” returned the little damsel, affectionately extending her hand to him.

“Why were you afraid to show me this picture, Winny?” asked the youth.

“Because it’s not like you,” was her answer.

“Well, like or not, I’m greatly pleased with it, and must beg it from you as a memorial—”

“Of what?” she interrupted, startled by his change of manner.

“Of yourself,” he replied, in a mournful tone. “I shall value it highly, and will promise never to part with it. Winny, this is the last night I shall pass beneath your father’s roof.”

“Have you told him so?” she inquired, reproachfully.

“No; but I shall, before he retires to rest.”

“Then you *will* stay!” she cried, clapping her hands joyfully; “for I’m sure he won’t part with you. Oh! thank you—thank you! I’m so happy!”

“Stop, Winny!” he answered, gravely; “I haven’t promised yet.”

“But you will, — won’t you?” she rejoined, looking him coaxingly in the face.

Unable to withstand this appeal, Thames gave the required promise, adding,—“Oh! Winny, I wish Mr. Wood had been my father, as well as yours.”

“So do I!” she cried; “for then you would have been *really* my brother. No, I don’t, either; because—”

“Well, Winny?”

“I don’t know what I was going to say,” she added, in some confusion; “only I’m sorry you were born a gentleman.”

“Perhaps, I wasn’t,” returned Thames gloomily, as the remembrance of Jonathan Wild’s foul insinuation crossed him.

"But never mind who, or what I am. Give me this picture. I'll keep it for your sake."

"I'll give you something better worth keeping," she answered, detaching the ornament from her neck, and presenting it to him; "this contains a lock of my hair, and may remind you sometimes of your little sister. As to the picture, I'll keep it myself; though, if you *do* go I shall need no memorial of *you*. I'd a good many things to say to you, besides—but you've put them all out of my head."

With this, she burst into tears, and sank with her face upon his shoulder. Thames did not try to cheer her. His own heart was too full of melancholy foreboding. He felt that he might soon be separated—perhaps, for ever—from the fond little creature he held in his arms, whom he had always regarded with the warmest fraternal affection, and the thought of how much she would suffer from the separation so sensibly affected him, that he could not help joining in her grief.

From this sorrowful state he was aroused by a loud derisive whistle, followed by a still louder laugh; and, looking up, he beheld the impudent countenance of Jack Sheppard immediately before him.

"Aha!" exclaimed Jack, with a roguish wink, "I've caught you,—have I?"

The carpenter's daughter was fair and free—
Fair, and fickle, and false was she!
She slighted the journeyman, (meaning *me*!)
And smiled on a gallant of high degree.
Degree! degree!
She smiled on a gallant of high degree.

Ha! ha! ha!"

"Jack!" exclaimed Thames, angrily.

But Sheppard was not to be silenced. He went on with his song, accompanying it with the most ridiculous grimaces:

"When years were gone by, she began to rue
Her love for the gentleman, (meaning *you*!)
'I slighted the journeyman fond,' quoth she,
'But where is my gallant of high degree?
Where! where!
Oh! where is my gallant of high degree?'

Ho! ho! ho!"

"What are you doing here?" demanded Thames.

"Oh! nothing at all," answered Jack, sneeringly, "though this room 's as much mine as yours, for that matter. But I don't desire to spoil sport,—not I. And, if you'll give me such a smack of your sweet lips, Miss, as you've just given Thames, I'll take myself off in less than no time."

The answer to this request was a "smack" of a very different description, bestowed upon Sheppard's outstretched face by the little damsel, as she ran out of the room.

"'Odd's! bodikins!" cried Jack, rubbing his cheek, "I'm in

luck to-day. However, I'd rather have a blow from the daughter than the mother. I know who hits hardest. I tell you what, Thames," he added, flinging himself carelessly into a chair, "I'd give my right hand,—and that's no light offer for a carpenter's 'prentice, — if that little minx were half as fond of me, as she is of you."

"That's not likely to be the case, if you go on in this way," replied Thames, sharply.

"Why, what the devil would you have had me do! — make myself scarce, eh? You should have tipped me the wink."

"No more of this," rejoined Thames, "or we shall quarrel."

"Who cares if we do?" retorted Sheppard, with a look of defiance.

"Jack," said the other, sternly; "don't provoke me further, or I'll give you a thrashing."

"Two can play at that game, my blood," replied Sheppard, rising, and putting himself into a posture of defence.

"Take care of yourself, then," rejoined Thames, doubling his fists, and advancing towards him; "though my right arm's stiff, I can use it, as you'll find."

Sheppard was no match for his opponent, for, though he possessed more science, he was deficient in weight and strength; and, after a short round, in which he had decidedly the worst of it, a well-directed hit on the *nob* stretched him at full length on the floor.

"That'll teach you to keep a civil tongue in your head for the future," observed Thames, as he helped Jack to his feet.

"I didn't mean to give offence," replied Sheppard, sulkily. "But, let me tell you, it's not a pleasant sight to see the girl one likes in the arms of another."

"You want another drubbing, I perceive," said Thames, frowning.

"No, I don't. Enough's as good as a feast of the dainties you provide. I'll think no more about her. Save us!" he cried, as his glance accidentally alighted on the drawing, which Winifred had dropped in her agitation. "Is this *her* work?"

"It is," answered Thames. "Do you see any likeness?"

"Don't I?" returned Jack, bitterly. "Strange!" he continued, as if talking to himself. "How very like it is!"

"Not so strange, surely," laughed Thames, "that a picture should resemble the person for whom it's intended."

"Ay, but it *is* strange how much it resembles somebody for whom it's *not* intended. It's exactly like a miniature I have in my pocket."

"A miniature! Of whom?"

"That I can't say," replied Jack, mysteriously. "But, I half suspect, of your father."

"My father!" exclaimed Thames, in the utmost astonishment; "let me see it!"

"Here it is," returned Jack, producing a small picture in a case set with brilliants.

Thames took it, and beheld the portrait of a young man, apparently—judging from his attire—of high rank, whose proud and patrician features certainly presented a very striking resemblance to his own.

"You're right, Jack," he said, after a pause, during which he contemplated the picture with the most fixed attention; "this must have been my father!"

"No doubt of it," answered Sheppard; "only compare it with Winny's drawing, and you'll find they're as like as two peas in a pod."

"Where did you get it?" inquired Thames.

"From Lady Trafford's, where I took the box."

"Surely, you haven't stolen it?"

"Stolen's an awkward word. But, as you perceive, I brought it away with me."

"It must be restored instantly, — be the consequences what they may."

"You're not going to betray me!" cried Jack, in alarm.

"I am not," replied Thames; "but I insist upon your taking it back at once."

"Take it back yourself!" retorted Jack, sullenly. "I shall do no such thing."

"Very well," replied Thames, about to depart.

"Stop!" exclaimed Jack, planting himself before the door; "do you want to get me sent across the water?"

"I want to save you from disgrace and ruin," returned Thames.

"Bah!" cried Jack, contemptuously; "nobody's disgraced and ruined unless he's found out. I'm safe enough if you hold your tongue. Give me that picture, or I'll make you!"

"Hear me," said Thames, calmly; "you well know you're no match for me."

"Not at fisticuffs, perhaps," interrupted Jack, fiercely; "but I've my knife."

"You daren't use it."

"Try to leave the room, and see whether I daren't," returned Jack, opening the blade.

"I didn't expect this from you," rejoined Thames, resolutely.

"But your threats won't prevent my leaving the room when I please, and as I please. Now, will you stand aside?"

"I won't," answered Jack, obstinately.

Thames said not another word, but marched boldly towards him, and seized him by the collar.

"Leave go!" cried Jack, struggling violently, and raising his hand, "or I'll maul you for life."

But Thames was not to be deterred from his purpose; and the strife might have terminated seriously, if a peace-maker had

not appeared in the shape of little Winifred, who, alarmed by the noise, rushed suddenly into the room.

"Ah!" she screamed, seeing the uplifted weapon in Sheppard's hand, "don't hurt Thames—don't, dear Jack! If you want to kill somebody, kill me, not him."

And she flung herself between them.

Jack dropped the knife, and walked sullenly aside.

"What has caused this quarrel, Thames?" asked the little girl, anxiously.

"You," answered Jack, abruptly.

"No such thing," rejoined Thames. "I'll tell you all about it presently. But you must leave us now, dear Winny. Jack and I have something to settle between ourselves. Don't be afraid. Our quarrel's quite over."

"Are you sure of that?" returned Winifred, looking uneasily at Jack.

"Ay, ay," rejoined Sheppard; "he may do what he pleases,—hang me, if he thinks proper—if *you* wish it."

With this assurance, and at the reiterated request of Thames, the little girl reluctantly withdrew.

"Come, come, Jack," said Thames, walking up to Sheppard, and taking his hand, "have done with this. I tell you once more, I'll say and do nothing to get you into trouble. Rest assured of that. But I'm resolved to see Lady Trafford. Perhaps, she may tell me whose picture this is."

"So she may," returned Jack, brightening up; "it's a good idea. I'll go with you. But you must see her alone; and that'll be no easy matter to manage, for she's a great invalid, and has generally somebody with her. Above all, beware of Sir Rowland Trenchard. He's as savage and suspicious as the devil himself. I should never have noticed the miniature at all, if it hadn't been for him. He was standing by, rating her ladyship,—who can scarcely stir from the sofa,—while I was packing up her jewels in the case, and I observed that she tried to hide a small casket from him. His back was no sooner turned, than she slipped this casket into the box. The next minute, I contrived, without either of 'em perceiving me, to convey it into my own pocket. I was sorry for what I did afterwards; for, I don't know why, but, poor lady! with her pale face, and black eyes, she reminded me of my mother."

"That, alone, ought to have prevented you from acting as you did, Jack," returned Thames, gravely.

"I should never have acted as I did," rejoined Sheppard, bitterly; "if Mrs. Wood hadn't struck me. That blow made me a thief. And, if ever I'm brought to the gallows, I shall lay my death at her door."

"Well, think no more about it," returned Thames. "Do better in future."

"I will, when I've had my revenge," muttered Jack. "But,

take my advice, and keep out of Sir Rowland's way, or you'll get the poor lady into trouble as well as me."

"Never fear," replied Thames, taking up his hat. "Come, let's be off."

The two boys, then, emerged upon the landing, and were about to descend the stairs, when the voices of Mr. and Mrs. Wood resounded from below. The storm appeared to have blown over, for they were conversing in a very amicable manner with Mr. Kneebone, who was on the point of departing.

"Quite sorry, my good friend, there should have been any misunderstanding between us," observed the woollen-draper.

"Don't mention it," returned Wood, in the conciliatory tone of one who admits he has been in the wrong; "your explanation is perfectly satisfactory."

"We shall expect you to-morrow," insinuated Mrs. Wood; "and pray, don't bring anybody with you, — especially Jonathan Wild."

"No fear of that," laughed Kneebone. — "Oh! about that boy, Thames Darrell. His safety must be looked to. Jonathan's threats are not to be sneezed at. The rascal will be at work before the morning. Keep your eye upon the lad. And mind he doesn't stir out of your sight, on any pretence whatever, till I call."

"You hear that," whispered Jack.

"I do," replied Thames, in the same tone; "we haven't a moment to lose."

"Take care of yourself," said Mr. Wood, "and I'll take care of Thames. It's never a bad day that has a good ending. Good night! God bless you!"

Upon this, there was a great shaking of hands, with renewed apologies and protestations of friendship on both sides; after which, Mr. Kneebone took his leave.

"And so, you really suspected me?" murmured Mrs. Wood, reproachfully, as they returned to the parlour. "Oh! you men! you men! Once get a thing into your head, and nothing will beat it out."

"Why, my love," rejoined her husband, "appearances, you must allow, were a little against you. But, since you assure me *you* didn't write the letters, and Mr. Kneebone assures me *he* didn't receive them, I can't do otherwise than believe you. And I've made up my mind that a husband ought to believe only half that he hears, and nothing that he sees."

"An excellent maxim!" replied his wife, approvingly; "the best I ever heard you utter."

"I must now go and look after Thames," observed the carpenter.

"Oh! never mind him: he'll take no harm! Come with me into the parlour. I can't spare you at present. Heigho!"

"Now for it!" cried Jack, as the couple entered the room; "The coast's clear."

Thames was about to follow, when he felt a gentle grasp upon his arm. He turned, and beheld Winifred.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I shall be back presently," replied Thames, evasively.

"Don't go, I beg of you!" she implored. "You're in danger. I overheard what Mr. Kneebone said, just now."

"Death and the devil! what a cursed interruption!" cried Jack, impatiently. "If you loiter in this way, old Wood will catch us."

"If you stir, I'll call him!" rejoined Winifred. "It's you, Jack, who are persuading my brother to do wrong. Thames," she urged, "the errand, on which you're going, can't be for any good, or you wouldn't be afraid of mentioning it to my father."

"He's coming!" cried Jack, stamping his foot, with vexation. "Another moment, and it'll be too late."

"Winny, I must go!" said Thames, breaking from her.

"Stay, dear Thames!—stay!" cried the little girl. "He hears me not! he's gone!" she added, as the door was opened and shut with violence; "something tells me I shall never see him again!"

When her father, a moment afterwards, issued from the parlour to ascertain the cause of the noise, he found her seated on the stairs, in an agony of grief.

"Where's Thames?" he hastily inquired.

Winifred pointed to the door. She could not speak.

"And Jack?"

"Gone too," sobbed his daughter.

Mr. Wood uttered something like an imprecation.

"God forgive me for using such a word!" he cried, in a troubled tone; "if I hadn't yielded to my wife's silly request, this wouldn't have happened!"

CHAPTER VII.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

ON the same evening, in a stately chamber of a noble old mansion of Elizabeth's time, situated in Southampton Fields, two persons were seated. One of these, a lady, evidently a confirmed invalid, and attired in deep mourning, reclined upon a sort of couch, or easy chair, set on wheels, with her head supported by cushions, and her feet resting upon a velvet footstool. A crutch, with a silver handle, stood by her side, proving the state of extreme debility to which she was reduced. It was no easy matter to determine her age, for, though she still retained a certain youthfulness of appearance, she had many marks in her countenance, usually indicating the decline of life, but which in her case were, no doubt, the result of constant and severe indisposition. Her complexion was wan and faded,

except where it was tinged by a slight hectic flush, that made the want of colour more palpable; her eyes were large and black, but heavy and lustreless; her cheeks sunken; her frame emaciated; her dark hair, thickly scattered with grey. When younger, and in better health, she must have been eminently lovely; and there were still the remains of great beauty about her. The expression, however, which would chiefly have interested a beholder, was that of settled and profound melancholy.

Her companion was a person of no inferior condition. Indeed, it was apparent, from the likeness between them, that they were nearly related. He had the same dark eyes, though lighted by a fierce flame; the same sallow complexion; the same tall, thin figure, and majestic demeanour; the same proud cast of features. But here the resemblance stopped. The expression was wholly different. He looked melancholy enough, it is true. But his gloom appeared to be occasioned by remorse, rather than sorrow. No sterner head was ever beheld beneath the cowl of a monk, or the bonnet of an inquisitor. He seemed inexorable, and inscrutable as fate itself.

"Well, Lady Trafford," he said, fixing a severe look upon her. "You depart for Lancashire to-morrow. Have I your final answer?"

"You have, Sir Rowland," she answered, in a feeble tone, but firmly. "You shall have the sum you require, but——"

"But what, madam?"

"Do not misunderstand me," she proceeded. "I give it to King James—not to you: for the furtherance of a great and holy cause, not for the prosecution of wild and unprofitable schemes."

Sir Rowland bit his lips to repress the answer that rose to them.

"And the will?" he said, with forced calmness. "Do you still refuse to make one?"

"I *have* made one," replied Lady Trafford.

"How?" cried her brother, starting.

"Rowland," she rejoined, "you strive in vain to terrify me into compliance with your wishes. Nothing shall induce me to act contrary to the dictates of my conscience. My will is executed, and placed in safe custody."

"In whose favour is it made?" he inquired, sternly.

"In favour of my son."

"You have no son," rejoined Sir Rowland, moodily.

"I *had* one," answered his sister, in a mournful voice; "and, perhaps, I have one still."

"If I thought so——" cried the knight, fiercely; "but this is idle," he added, suddenly checking himself. "Aliva, your child perished with its father."

"And by whom were they both destroyed?" demanded his

sister, raising herself by a painful effort, and regarding him with a searching glance.

"By the avenger of his family's dishonour — by your brother," he replied, coldly.

"Brother," cried Lady Trenchard, her eye blazing with unnatural light, and her cheek suffusing with a crimson stain: "Brother," she cried, lifting her thin fingers towards heaven, "as God shall judge me, I was wedded to that murdered man!"

"A lie!" ejaculated Sir Rowland, furiously; "a black, and damning lie!"

"It is the truth," replied his sister, falling backwards upon the couch. "I will swear it upon the cross!"

"His name, then?" demanded the knight. "Tell me that, and I will believe you."

"Not now—not now!" she returned, with a shudder. "When I am dead, you will learn it. Do not disquiet yourself. You will not have to wait long for the information. Rowland," she added, in an altered tone, "I am certain I shall not live many days. And, if you treat me in this way, you will have my death to answer for, as well as the deaths of my husband and child. Let us part in peace. We shall take an eternal farewell of each other."

"Be it so!" rejoined Sir Rowland, with concentrated fury; "but, before we *do* part, I am resolved to know the name of your pretended husband!"

"Torture shall not wrest it from me," answered his sister, firmly.

"What motive have you for concealment?" he demanded.

"A vow," she answered, "—a vow to my dead husband."

Sir Rowland looked at her for a moment, as if he meditated some terrible reply. He then arose, and, taking a few turns in the chamber, stopped suddenly before her.

"What has put it into your head that your son yet lives?" he asked.

"I have dreamed that I shall see him before I die," she rejoined.

"Dreamed!" echoed the knight, with a ghastly smile. "Is that all? Then learn from me that your hopes are visionary as their foundation. Unless he can arise from the bottom of the Thames, where he and his abhorred father lie buried, you will never behold him again in this world."

"Heaven have compassion on you, Rowland!" murmured his sister, crossing her hands, and looking upwards; "you have none on me."

"I *will* have none till I have forced the villain's name from you!" he cried, stamping the floor with rage.

"Rowland, your violence is killing me," she returned, in a plaintive tone.

"His name, I say!—his name!" thundered the knight.

And he unsheathed his sword.

Lady Trafford uttered a prolonged scream, and fainted. When she came to herself, she found that her brother had quitted the room, leaving her to the care of a female attendant. Her first orders were to summon the rest of her servants to make immediate preparations for her departure for Lancashire.

"To-night, your ladyship?" ventured an elderly domestic.

"Instantly, Hobson," returned Lady Trafford; "as soon as the carriage can be brought round."

"It shall be at the door in ten minutes. Has your ladyship any further commands?"

"None whatever. Yet, stay! There is one thing I wish you to do. Take that box, and put it into the carriage yourself. Where is Sir Rowland?"

"In the library, your ladyship. He has given orders that no one is to disturb him. But there's a person in the hall—a very odd sort of man—waiting to see him, who won't be sent away."

"Very well. Lose not a moment, Hobson."

The elderly domestic bowed, took up the case, and retired.

"Your ladyship is far too unwell to travel," remarked the female attendant, assisting her to rise; "you'll never be able to reach Manchester."

"It matters not, Norris," replied Lady Trafford: "I would rather die on the road, than be exposed to another such scene as I have just encountered."

"Dear me!" sympathised Mrs. Norris. "I was afraid, from the scream I heard, that something dreadful had happened. Sir Rowland has a terrible temper indeed—a shocking temper! I declare he frightens me out of my senses."

"Sir Rowland is my brother," resumed Lady Trafford, coldly.

"Well, that's no reason why he should treat your ladyship so shamefully, I'm sure. Ah! how I wish poor dear Sir Cecil were alive! he'd keep him in order."

Lady Trafford sighed deeply.

"Your ladyship has never been well since you married Sir Cecil," rejoined Mrs. Norris. "For my part, I don't think you ever quite got over the accident you met with on the night of the Great Storm."

"Norris!" gasped Lady Trafford, trembling violently.

"Mercy on us! what have I said?" cried the attendant, greatly alarmed by the agitation of her mistress; "do sit down, your ladyship, while I run for the ratifia and rosa solis."

"It is past," rejoined Lady Trafford, recovering herself by a powerful effort; "but never allude to the circumstance again. Go, and prepare for our departure."

In less time than Hobson had mentioned, the carriage was announced. And Lady Trafford having been carried down stairs, and placed within it, the postboys drove off, at a rapid pace, for Barnet.

CHAPTER VIII.

MICHING MALLECHO.

SIR ROWLAND, mean time, paced his chamber with a quick and agitated step. He was ill at ease, though he would not have confessed his disquietude even to himself. Not conceiving that his sister—feeble as she was, and yielding as she had ever shown herself to his wishes, whether expressed or implied,—would depart without consulting him, he was equally surprised and enraged to hear the servants busied in transporting her to the carriage. His pride, however, would not suffer him to interfere with their proceedings; much less could he bring himself to acknowledge that he had been in the wrong, and entreat Lady Trafford to remain, though he was well aware that her life might be endangered if she travelled by night. But, when the sound of the carriage-wheels died away, and he felt that she was actually gone, his resolution failed him, and he rang the bell violently.

“My horses, Charcam,” he said, as a servant appeared.

The man lingered.

“Sdeath! why am I not obeyed?” exclaimed the knight, angrily. “I wish to overtake Lady Trafford. Use despatch!”

“Her ladyship will not travel beyond Saint Albans to-night, Sir Rowland, so Mrs. Norris informed me,” returned Charcam, respectfully; “and there’s a person without, anxious for an audience, whom, with submission, I think your honour would desire to see.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Sir Rowland, glancing significantly at Charcam, who was a confidant in his Jacobite schemes; “is it the messenger from Orchard-Windham, from Sir William?”

“No, Sir Rowland.”

“From Mr. Corbet Kynaston, then? Sir John Packington’s courier was here yesterday.”

“No, Sir Rowland.”

“Perhaps he is from Lord Derwentwater, or Mr. Forster? News is expected from Northumberland.”

“I can’t exactly say, Sir Rowland. The gentleman didn’t communicate his business to me. But I’m sure it’s important.”

Charcam said this, not because he knew anything about the matter; but, having received a couple of guineas to deliver the message, he, naturally enough, estimated its importance by the amount of the gratuity.

“Well, I will see him,” replied the knight, after a moment’s pause; “he may be from the Earl of Mar. But let the horses be in readiness. I shall ride to Saint Albans to-night.”

So saying, he threw himself into a chair. And Charcam, fearful of another change in his master’s present uncertain mood, disappeared.

The person, shortly afterwards ushered into the room, seemed

by the imperfect light,—for the evening was advancing, and the chamber darkened by heavy drapery,—to be a middle-sized, middle-aged man, of rather vulgar appearance, but with a very shrewd aspect. He was plainly attired in a riding-dress and boots of the period, and wore a hanger by his side.

“Your servant, Sir Rowland,” said the stranger, ducking his head, as he advanced.

“Your business, sir?” returned the other, stiffly.

The new-comer looked at Charcam. Sir Rowland waved his hand, and the attendant withdrew.

“You don’t recollect me, I presume?” premised the stranger, taking a seat.

The knight, who could ill brook this familiarity, instantly arose.

“Don’t disturb yourself,” continued the other, nowise disconcerted by the rebuke. “I never stand upon ceremony where I know I shall be welcome. We *have* met before.”

“Indeed!” rejoined Sir Rowland, haughtily; “perhaps, you will refresh my memory as to the time, and place?”

“Let me see. The time was the 26th of November, 1703: the place, the Mint in Southwark. I have a good memory, you perceive, Sir Rowland.”

The knight staggered as if struck by a mortal wound. Speedily recovering himself, however, he rejoined, with forced calmness, “You are mistaken, sir. I was in Lancashire, at our family seat, at the time you mention.”

The stranger smiled incredulously.

“Well, Sir Rowland,” he said, after a brief pause, during which the knight regarded him with a searching glance, as if endeavouring to recal his features; “I will not gainsay your words. You are in the right to be cautious, till you know with whom you have to deal; and, even then, you can’t be too wary. ‘Avow nothing, believe nothing, give nothing for nothing,’ is my own motto. And it’s a maxim of universal application; or, at least, of universal practice. I am not come here to play the part of your father-confessor. I am come to serve you.”

“In what way, sir?” demanded Trenchard, in astonishment.

“You will learn anon. You refuse me your confidence. I applaud your prudence: it is, however, needless. Your history, your actions, nay, your very thoughts are better known to me than to your spiritual adviser.”

“Make good your assertions,” cried Trenchard furiously, “or——”

“To the proof,” interrupted the stranger, calmly. “You are the son of Sir Montacute Trenchard, of Ashton-Hall, near Manchester. Sir Montacute had three children—two daughters and yourself. The eldest, Constance, was lost, by the carelessness of a servant, during her infancy, and has never since been heard of: the youngest, Aliva, is the present Lady Trafford. I

merely mention these circumstances to show the accuracy of my information."

"If this is the extent of it, sir," returned the knight, ironically, "you may spare yourself further trouble. These particulars are familiar to all, who have any title to the knowledge."

"Perhaps so," rejoined the stranger; "but I have others in reserve, not so generally known. With your permission, I will go on in my own way. Where I am in error, you can set me right. — Your father, Sir Montacute Trenchard, who had been a loyal subject of King James the Second, and borne arms in his service, on the abdication of that monarch, turned his back upon the Stuarts, and would never afterwards recognise their claims to the crown. It was said, that he received an affront from James, in the shape of a public reprimand, which his pride could not forgive. Be this as it may, though a Catholic, he died a friend to the Protestant succession."

"So far you are correct," observed Trenchard; "still, this is no secret."

"Suffer me to proceed," replied the stranger.—"The opinions, entertained by the old knight, naturally induced him to view with displeasure the conduct of his son, who warmly espoused the cause he had deserted. Finding remonstrances of no avail, he had recourse to threats; and when threats failed, he adopted more decided measures."

"Ha!" ejaculated Trenchard.

"As yet," pursued the stranger, "Sir Montacute had placed no limit to his son's expenditure. He did not quarrel with Rowland's profusion, for his own revenues were ample; but he *did* object to the large sums lavished by him in the service of a faction he was resolved not to support. Accordingly, the old knight reduced his son's allowance to a third of its previous amount: and, upon further provocation, he even went so far as to alter his will in favour of his daughter, Aliva, who was then betrothed to her cousin, Sir Cecil Trafford."

"Proceed, sir," said Trenchard, breathing hard.

"Under these circumstances, Rowland did what any other sensible person would do. Aware of his father's inflexibility of purpose, he set his wits to work to defeat the design. He contrived to break off his sister's match; and this he accomplished so cleverly, that he maintained the strictest friendship with Sir Cecil. For two years, he thought himself secure; and, secretly engaged in the Jacobite schemes of the time, in which, also, Sir Cecil was deeply involved, he began to relax in his watchfulness over Aliva. About this time,—namely, in November, 1703—while young Trenchard was in Lancashire, and his sister in London, on a visit, he received a certain communication from his confidential servant, Davies, which, at once, destroyed his hopes. He learnt that his sister was privately married—the name or rank of her husband could not be ascertained—and

living in retirement in an obscure dwelling in the Borough, where she had given birth to a son. Rowland's plans were quickly formed, and as quickly executed. Accompanied by Sir Cecil, who still continued passionately enamoured of his sister, and to whom he represented that she had fallen a victim to the arts of a seducer, he set off, at fiery speed, for the metropolis. Arrived there, their first object was to seek out Davies, by whom they were conducted to the lady's retreat,—a lone habitation, situated on the outskirts of Saint George's Fields in Southwark. Refused admittance, they broke open the door. Aliva's husband, who passed by the name of Darrell, confronted them sword in hand. For a few minutes, he kept them at bay. But, urged by his wife's cries, who was more anxious for the preservation of her child's life than her own, he snatched up the infant, and made his escape from the back of the premises. Rowland and his companions instantly started in pursuit, leaving the lady to recover as she might. They tracked the fugitive to the Mint; but, like hounds at fault, they here lost all scent of their prey. Mean time, the lady had overtaken them; but, terrified by the menaces of her vindictive kinsmen, she did not dare to reveal herself to her husband, of whose concealment on the roof of the very house the party were searching she was aware. Aided by an individual, who was acquainted with a secret outlet from the tenement, Darrell escaped. Before his departure, he gave his assistant a glove. That glove is still preserved. In her endeavour to follow him, Aliva met with a severe fall, and was conveyed away, in a state of insensibility, by Sir Cecil. She was supposed to be lifeless; but she survived the accident, though she never regained her strength. Directed by the same individual, who had helped Darrell to steal a march upon him, Rowland, with Davies, and another attendant, continued the pursuit. Both the fugitive and his chasers embarked on the Thames. The elements were wrathful as their passions. The storm burst upon them in its fury. Unmindful of the terrors of the night, unscared by the danger that threatened him, Rowland consigned his sister's husband, and his sister's child to the waves."

"Bring your story to an end, sir," said Trenchard, who had listened to the recital, with mingled emotions of rage and fear.

"I have nearly done," replied the stranger.—"As Rowland's whole crew perished in the tempest, and he only escaped by miracle, he fancied himself free from detection. And, for twelve years, he has been so; until his long security, well-nigh obliterating remembrance of the deed, has bred almost a sense of innocence within his breast. During this period, Sir Montacute has been gathered to his fathers. His title has descended to Rowland: his estates to Aliva. The latter has, since, been induced to unite herself to Sir Cecil, on terms originating with her brother, and which, however strange and unprecedented, were acquiesced in by the suitor."

Sir Rowland looked bewildered with surprise.

"The marriage was never consummated," continued the imperturbable stranger. "Sir Cecil is no more. Lady Trafford, supposed to be childless, broken in health and spirits, frail both in mind and body, is not likely to make another marriage. The estates must, ere long, revert to Sir Rowland."

"Are you man, or fiend?" exclaimed Trenchard, staring at the stranger, as he concluded his narration.

"You are complimentary, Sir Rowland," returned the other, with a grim smile.

"If you *are* human," rejoined Trenchard, with stern emphasis. "I insist upon knowing whence you derived your information?"

"I might refuse to answer the question, Sir Rowland. But I am not indisposed to gratify you. Partly, from your confessor; partly, from other sources."

"My confessor!" ejaculated the knight, in the extremity of surprise; "has *he* betrayed his sacred trust?"

"He has," replied the other, grinning; "and this will be a caution to you in future, how you confide a secret of consequence to a priest. I should as soon think of trusting a woman. Tickle the ears of their reverences with any idle nonsense you please: but tell them nothing you care to have repeated. I was once a disciple of Saint Peter myself, and speak from experience."

"Who are you?" ejaculated Trenchard, scarcely able to credit his senses.

"I'm surprised you've not asked that question before, Sir Rowland. It would have saved me much circumlocution, and you some suspense. My name is Wild—Jonathan Wild."

And the great thief-taker indulged himself in a chuckle at the effect produced by this announcement. He was accustomed to such surprises, and enjoyed them.

Sir Rowland laid his hand upon his sword.

"Mr. Wild," he said, in a sarcastic tone, but with great firmness; "a person of your well-known sagacity must be aware that some secrets are dangerous to the possessor."

"I am fully aware of it, Sir Rowland," replied Jonathan, coolly; "but I have nothing to fear; because, in the first place, it will be to your advantage not to molest me; and, in the second, I am provided against all contingencies. I never hunt the human tiger without being armed. My janizaries are without. One of them is furnished with a packet containing the heads of the statement I have just related, which, if I don't return at a certain time, will be laid before the proper authorities. I have calculated my chances, you perceive."

"You have forgotten that you are in my power," returned the knight, sternly; "and that all your allies cannot save you from my resentment."

"I can, at least, protect myself," replied Wild, with provoking

calmness. "I am accounted a fair shot, as well as a tolerable swordsman, and I will give proof of my skill in both lines, should occasion require it. I have had a good many desperate engagements in my time, and have generally come off victorious. I bear the marks of some of them about me still," he continued, taking off his wig, and laying bare a bald scull, covered with cicatrices and plates of silver. "This gash," he added, pointing to one of the larger scars, "was a wipe from the hanger of Tom Thurland, whom I apprehended for the murder of Mrs. Knap. This wedge of silver," pointing to another, "which would mend a coffee-pot, serves to stop up a breach made by Will Colthurst, who robbed Mr. Hearl on Hounslow-Heath. I secured the dog after he had wounded me. This fracture was the handiwork of Jack Parrot (otherwise called Jack the Grinder), who broke into the palace of the Bishop of Norwich. Jack was a comical scoundrel, and made a little too free with his grace's best burgundy, as well as his grace's favourite housekeeper. The Bishop, however, to shew him the danger of meddling with the church, gave him a dance at Tyburn for his pains. Not a scar but has its history. The only inconvenience I feel from my shattered noddle is an incapacity to drink. But that's an infirmity shared by a great many sounder heads than mine. The hardest bout I ever had was with a woman—Sally Wells, who was afterwards lagged for shoplifting. She attacked me with a carving-knife, and, when I had disarmed her, the jade bit off a couple of fingers from my left hand. Thus, you see, I've never hesitated, and never *shall* hesitate to expose my life where anything is to be gained. My profession has hardened me."

And, with this, he coolly re-adjusted his peruke.

"What do you expect to gain from this interview, Mr. Wild?" demanded Trenchard, as if he had formed a sudden resolution.

"Ah! now we come to business," returned Jonathan, rubbing his hands, gleefully. "These are my terms, Sir Rowland," he added, taking a sheet of paper from his pocket, and pushing it towards the knight.

Trenchard glanced at the document.

"A thousand pounds," he observed, gloomily, "is a heavy price to pay for doubtful secrecy, when *certain silence* might be so cheaply procured."

"You would purchase it at the price of your head," replied Jonathan, knitting his brows. "Sir Rowland," he added, savagely, and with somewhat of the look of a bull-dog before he flies at his foe, "if it were my pleasure to do so, I could crush you with a breath. You are wholly in my power. Your name, with the fatal epithet of 'dangerous' attached to it, stands foremost on the list of Disaffected now before the Secret Committee. I hold a warrant from Mr. Walpole for your apprehension."

"Arrested!" exclaimed Trenchard, drawing his sword.

"Put up your blade, Sir Rowland," rejoined Jonathan, resuming his former calm demeanour, "King James the Third will need it. I have no intention of arresting you. I have a different game to play; and it'll be your own fault, if you don't come off the winner. I offer you my assistance on certain terms. The proposal is so far from being exorbitant, that it should be trebled if I had not a fellow-feeling in the cause. To be frank with you, I have an affront to requite, which can be settled at the same time, and in the same way with your affair. That's worth something to me; for I don't mind paying for revenge. After all, a thousand pounds is a trifle to rid you of an upstart, who may chance to deprive you of tens of thousands."

"Did I hear you aright?" asked Trenchard, with startling eagerness.

"Certainly," replied Jonathan, with the most perfect *sang-froid*, "I'll undertake to free you from the boy. That's part of the bargain."

"Is he alive?" vociferated Trenchard.

"To be sure," returned Wild; "he's not only alive, but likely for life, if we don't clip the thread."

Sir Rowland caught at a chair for support, and passed his hand across his brow, on which the damp had gathered thickly.

"The intelligence seems new to you. I thought I'd been sufficiently explicit," continued Jonathan. "Most persons would have guessed my meaning."

"Then it was *not* a dream!" ejaculated Sir Rowland in a hollow voice, and as if speaking to himself. "I *did* see them on the platform of the bridge—the child and his preserver! They were *not* struck by the falling ruin, nor whelmed in the roaring flood,—or, if they *were*, they escaped, as I escaped. God! I have cheated myself into a belief that the boy perished! And, now, my worst fears are realized—he lives!"

"As yet," returned Jonathan, with fearful emphasis.

"I cannot—dare not injure him," rejoined Trenchard, with a haggard look, and sinking, as if paralysed, into a chair.

Jonathan laughed scornfully.

"Leave him to me," he said. "He shan't trouble you further."

"No," replied Sir Rowland, who appeared completely prostrated. "I will struggle no longer with destiny. Too much blood has been shed already."

"This comes of fine feelings!" muttered Jonathan, contemptuously. "Give me your thoroughpaced villain. But I shan't let him off thus. I'll try a strong dose.—Am I to understand that you intend to plead guilty, Sir Rowland?" he added. "If so, I may as well execute my warrant."

"Stand off, sir!" exclaimed Trenchard, starting suddenly backwards.

"I knew that would bring him to," thought Wild.

"Where is the boy?" demanded Sir Rowland.

"At present, under the care of his preserver—one Owen Wood, a carpenter, by whom he was brought up."

"Wood!" exclaimed Trenchard,—“of Wych Street?"

"The same."

"A boy from his shop was here a short time ago. Could it be him you mean?"

"No. That boy was the carpenter's apprentice, Jack Sheppard. I've just left your nephew."

At this moment, Charcam entered the room.

"Beg pardon, Sir Rowland," said the attendant; "but there 's a boy from Mr. Wood, with a message for Lady Trafford."

"From whom?" vociferated Trenchard.

"From Mr. Wood, the carpenter."

"The same who was here just now?"

"No, Sir Rowland, a much finer boy.

"'Tis he, by heaven!" cried Jonathan; "this is lucky. Sir Rowland," he added, in a deep whisper, "do you agree to my terms?"

"I do," answered Trenchard, in the same tone.

"Enough!" rejoined Wild; "he shall not return."

"Have you acquainted him with Lady Trafford's departure?" said the knight, addressing Charcam, with as much composure as he could assume.

"No, Sir Rowland," replied the attendant, "as you proposed to ride to Saint Albans to-night, I thought you might choose to see him yourself. Besides, there's something odd about the boy; for, though I questioned him pretty closely concerning his business, he declined answering my questions, and said he could only deliver his message to her ladyship. I thought it better not to send him away, till I'd mentioned the circumstance to you."

"You did right," returned Trenchard.

"Where is he?" asked Jonathan.

"In the hall," replied Charcam.

"Alone?"

"Not exactly, sir. There's another lad at the gate waiting for him—the same who was here just now, that Sir Rowland was speaking of, who fastened up the jewel-case for her ladyship."

"A jewel-case!" exclaimed Jonathan. "Ah, I see it all!" he cried, with a quick glance. "Jack Sheppard's fingers are lime-twigs. Was anything missed after the lad's departure, Sir Rowland?"

"Not that I'm aware of," said the knight;—"Stay! something occurs to me." And he conferred apart with Jonathan.

"That's it!" cried Wild, when Trenchard concluded. "This young fool is come to restore the article—whatever it may be—

which Lady Trafford was anxious to conceal, and which his companion purloined. It's precisely what such a simpleton would do. We have him as safe as a linnet in a cage; and could wring his neck round as easily. Oblige me by acting under my guidance in the matter, Sir Rowland. I'm an old hand at such things. Harkee," he added, "Mr. What's-your-name!"

"Charcam," replied the attendant, bowing.

"Very well, Mr. Charcoal, you may bring in the boy. But not a word to him of Lady Trafford's absence—mind that. A robbery has been committed, and your master suspects this lad is an accessory to the offence. He, therefore, desires to interrogate him. It will be necessary to secure his companion; and as you say he is not in the house, some caution must be used in approaching him, or he may chance to take to his heels, for he's a slippery little rascal. When you've seized him, cough thrice—thus, and two rough-looking gentlemen will make their appearance. Don't be alarmed by their manners, Mr. Charcoal. They're apt to be surly to strangers, but it soon wears off. The gentleman with the red beard will relieve you of your prisoner. The other must call a coach as quickly as he can."

"For whom, sir?" inquired Charcam.

"For me—his master, Mr. Jonathan Wild."

"Are you Mr. Jonathan Wild?" asked the attendant, in great trepidation.

"I *am*, Charcoal. But don't let my name frighten you. Though," said the thief-taker, with a complacent smile, "all the world seems to tremble at it. Obey my orders, and you've nothing to fear. About them quickly. Lead the lad to suppose that he'll be introduced to Lady Trafford. You understand me, Charcoal."

The attendant did *not* understand him. He was confounded by the presence in which he found himself. But, not daring to confess his want of comprehension, he made a profound reverence, and retired.

CHAPTER IX.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE THEFT.

"How do you mean to act, sir?" inquired Trenchard, as soon as they were left alone.

"As circumstances shall dictate, Sir Rowland," returned Jonathan. "Something is sure to arise in the course of the investigation, of which I can take advantage. If not, I'll convey him to Saint Giles's roundhouse on my own responsibility."

"Is this your notable scheme?" asked the knight, scornfully.

"Once there," proceeded Wild, without noticing the interruption, "he's as good as in his grave. The constable, Sharples, is in my pay. I can remove the prisoner at any hour of the night I think fit: and I *will* remove him. You must know, Sir Rowland—for I've no secrets from you—that, in the course of

my business I've found it convenient to become the owner of a small Dutch sloop; by means of which I can transmit any light ware,—such as gold watches, rings, and plate, as well as occasionally a bank or goldsmith's note, which has been *spoken with* by way of the mail,—you understand me?—to Holland or Flanders, and obtain a secure and ready market for them. This vessel is now in the river, off Wapping. Her cargo is nearly shipped. She will sail, at early dawn to-morrow, for Rotterdam. Her commander, Rykhart Van Galgebrok, is devoted to my interests. As soon as he gets into blue water, he'll think no more of pitching the boy overboard than of lighting his pipe. This will be safer than cutting his throat on shore. I've tried the plan, and found it answer. The Northern Ocean keeps a secret better than the Thames, Sir Rowland. Before midnight, your nephew shall be safe beneath the hatches of the *Zeeslang*."

"Poor child!" muttered Trenchard, abstractedly; "the whole scene upon the river is passing before me. I hear the splash in the water—I see the white object floating like a sea-bird on the tide—it will not sink!"

"Sblood!" exclaimed Jonathan, in a tone of ill-disguised contempt; "it won't do to indulge these fancies now. Be seated, and calm yourself."

"I have often conjured up some frightful vision of the dead," murmured the knight, "but I never dreamed of an interview with the living."

"It'll be over in a few minutes," rejoined Jonathan, impatiently; "in fact, it'll be over too soon for me. I like such interviews. But we waste time. Have the goodness to affix your name to that memorandum, Sir Rowland. I require nothing, you see, till my share of the contract is fulfilled."

Trenchard took up a pen.

"It's the boy's death-warrant," observed Jonathan, with a sinister smile.

"I cannot sign it," returned Trenchard.

"Damnation!" exclaimed Wild with a snarl, that displayed his glistening fangs to the farthest extremity of his mouth, "I'm not to be trifled with thus. That paper *must* be signed, or I take my departure."

"Go, sir," rejoined the knight, haughtily.

"Ay, ay, I'll go, fast enough!" returned Jonathan, putting his hands into his pockets, "but not alone, Sir Rowland."

At this juncture, the door was flung open, and Charcam entered, dragging in Thames, whom he held by the collar, and who struggled in vain to free himself from the grasp imposed upon him.

"Here's one of the thieves, Sir Rowland!" cried the attendant. "I was only just in time. The young rascal had learnt from some of the women-servants that Lady Trafford was from home, and was in the very act of making off when I got

down stairs. Come along, my Newgate bird!" he continued, shaking him with great violence.

Jonathan gave utterance to a low whistle.

"If things had gone smoothly," he thought, "I should have cursed the fellow's stupidity. As it is, I'm not sorry for the blunder."

Trenchard, mean while, whose gaze was fixed upon the boy, became livid as death, but he moved not a muscle.

"'Tis he!" he mentally ejaculated.

"What do you think of your nephew, Sir Rowland?" whispered Jonathan, who sat with his back towards Thames, so that his features were concealed from the youth's view. "It would be a thousand pities, wouldn't it, to put so promising a lad out of the way?"

"Devil!" exclaimed the knight, fiercely. "Give me the paper."

Jonathan hastily picked up the pen, and presented it to Trenchard, who attached his signature to the document.

"If I *am* the devil," observed Wild, "as some folks assert, and I, myself, am not unwilling to believe, you'll find that I differ from the generally-received notions of the arch-fiend, and faithfully execute the commands of those who confide their souls to my custody."

"Take hence this boy, then," rejoined Trenchard; "his looks unman me."

"Of what am I accused?" asked Thames, who, though a good deal alarmed at first, had now regained his courage.

"Of robbery!" replied Jonathan, in a thundering voice, and suddenly confronting him. "You're charged with assisting your comrade, Jack Sheppard, to purloin certain articles of value from a jewel-case belonging to Lady Trafford. Aha!" he continued, producing a short silver staff, which he carried constantly about with him, and uttering a terrible imprecation, "I see you're confounded. Down on your marrowbones, sirrah! Confess your guilt, and Sir Rowland may yet save you from the gallows."

"I've nothing to confess," replied Thames, boldly; "I've done no wrong. Are *you* my accuser?"

"I am," replied Wild; "have you anything to allege to the contrary?"

"Only this," returned Thames: "that the charge is false, and malicious, and that *you* know it to be so."

"Is that all?" retorted Jonathan. "Come, I must search you, my youngster!"

"You shan't touch me," rejoined Thames; and, suddenly bursting from Charcam, he threw himself at the feet of Trenchard. "Hear me, Sir Rowland!" he cried. "I am innocent. I have stolen nothing. This person—this Jonathan Wild, whom I beheld for the first time, scarcely an hour ago, in Wych Street, is—I know not why—my enemy. He has sworn that he'll take away my life!"

"Bah!" interrupted Jonathan. "You won't listen to this nonsense, Sir Rowland!"

"If you *are* innocent, boy," said the knight, controlling his emotion; "you have nothing to apprehend. But, what brought you here?"

"Excuse me, Sir Rowland. I cannot answer that question. My business is with Lady Trafford."

"Are you aware that I am her ladyship's brother?" returned the knight. "She has no secrets from me."

"Possibly not," replied Thames, in some confusion; "but I am not at liberty to speak."

"Your hesitation is not in your favour," observed Trenchard, sternly.

"Will he consent to be searched?" inquired Jonathan.

"No," rejoined Thames, "I won't be treated like a common felon, if I can help it."

"You shall be treated according to your deserts, then," said Jonathan, maliciously. And, in spite of the boy's resistance, he plunged his hands into his pockets, and drew forth the miniature.

"Where did you get this from?" asked Wild, greatly surprised at the result of his investigation.

Thames returned no answer.

"I thought as much," continued Jonathan. "But we'll find a way to make you open your lips presently. Bring in his comrade," he added, in a whisper to Charcam; "I'll take care of him. And don't neglect my instructions this time." Upon which, with an assurance that he would not do so, the attendant departed.

"You can, of course, identify this picture as Lady Trafford's property?" pursued Jonathan, with a meaning glance, as he handed it to the knight.

"I can," replied Trenchard. "Ha!" he exclaimed, with a sudden start, as his glance fell upon the portrait; "how came this into your possession, boy?"

"Why don't you answer, sirrah?" cried Wild, in a savage tone, and striking him with the silver staff. "Can't you speak?"

"I don't choose," replied Thames, sturdily; "and your brutality shan't make me."

"We'll see that," replied Jonathan, dealing him another and more violent blow.

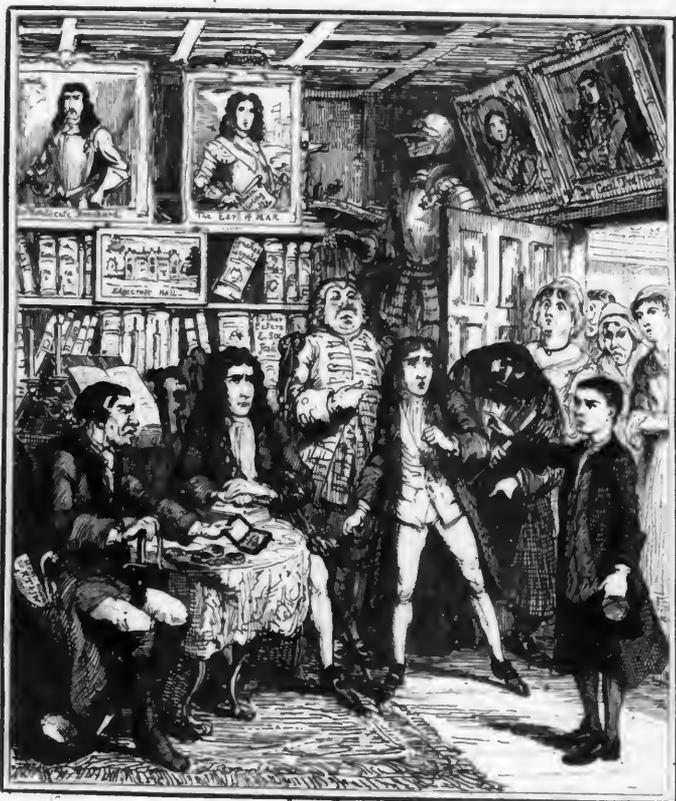
"Let him alone," said Trenchard, authoritatively. "I have another question to propose. Do you know whose portrait this is?"

"I do not," replied Thames, repressing his tears; "but I believe it to be the portrait of my father."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the knight, in astonishment. "Is your father alive?"

"No," returned Thames; "he was assassinated while I was an infant."





George Cruikshank

Jack Sheppard across the street

"Who told you this is his portrait?" demanded Trenchard.

"My heart," rejoined Thames, firmly; "which now tells me I am in the presence of his murderer."

"That's me," interposed Jonathan; "a thief-taker is always a murderer in the eyes of a thief. I'm almost sorry your suspicions are unfounded, if your father in any way resembled you, my youngster. But I can tell you who'll have the pleasure of hanging your father's son; and that's a person not a hundred miles distant from you at this moment—ha! ha!"

As he said this, the door was opened, and Charcain entered, accompanied by a dwarfish, shabby-looking man, in a brown serge frock, with coarse Jewish features, and a long red beard. Between the Jew and the attendant came Jack Sheppard; while a crowd of servants, attracted by the news, that the investigation of a robbery was going forward, lingered at the doorway in hopes of catching something of the proceedings.

When Jack was brought in, he cast a rapid glance around him, and perceiving Thames in the custody of Jonathan, instantly divined how matters stood. As he looked in this direction, Wild gave him a significant wink, the meaning of which he was not slow to comprehend.

"Get it over quickly," said Trenchard, in a whisper to the thief-taker.

Jonathan nodded assent.

"What's your name?" he said, addressing the audacious lad, who was looking about him as coolly as if nothing material was going on.

"Jack Sheppard," returned the boy, fixing his eyes upon a portrait of the Earl of Mar. "Who's that queer cove in the full-bottomed wig?"

"Attend to me, sirrah," rejoined Wild, sternly. "Do you know this picture?" he added, with another significant look, and pointing to the miniature.

"I do," replied Jack, carelessly.

"That's well. Can you inform us whence it came?"

"I should think so."

"State the facts, then."

"It came from Lady Trafford's jewel-box."

Here a murmur of amazement arose from the assemblage outside.

"Close the door!" commanded Trenchard, impatiently.

"In my opinion, Sir Rowland," suggested Jonathan; "you'd better allow the court to remain open."

"Be it so," replied the knight, who saw the force of this reasoning. "Continue the proceedings."

"You say that the miniature was abstracted from Lady Trafford's jewel-box," said Jonathan in a loud voice. "Who took it thence?"

"Thames Darrell; the boy at your side."

"Jack!" cried Thames, in indignant surprise.

But Sheppard took no notice of the exclamation.

A loud buzz of curiosity circulated among the domestics; some of whom — especially the females — leaned forward to obtain a peep at the culprit.

"Si—lence!" vociferated Charcam, laying great emphasis on the last syllable.

"Were you present at the time of the robbery?" pursued Jonathan.

"I was," answered Sheppard.

"And will swear to it?"

"I will."

"Liar!" ejaculated Thames.

"Enough!" exclaimed Wild, triumphantly. "Close the court, Mr. Charcoal. They've heard quite enough for my purpose," he muttered, as his orders were obeyed, and the domestics excluded. "It's too late to carry 'em before a magistrate now, Sir Rowland; so, with your permission I'll give 'em a night's lodging in Saint Giles's roundhouse. You, Jack Sheppard, have nothing to fear, as you've become evidence against your accomplice. To-morrow, I shall carry you before Justice Walters, who'll take your information; and I've no doubt but Thames Darrell will be fully committed. Now, for the cage, my pretty canary-bird. Before we start, I'll accommodate you with a pair of ruffles." And he proceeded to handcuff his captive.

"Hear me!" cried Thames, bursting into tears. "I am innocent. I could not have committed this robbery. I have only just left Wych Street. Send for Mr. Wood, and you'll find that I've spoken the truth."

"You'd better hold your peace, my lad," observed Jonathan, in a menacing tone.

"Lady Trafford would not have thus condemned me!" cried Thames.

"Away with him!" exclaimed Sir Rowland, impatiently.

"Take the prisoners below, Nab," said Jonathan, addressing the dwarfish Jew; "I'll join you in an instant."

The bearded miscreant seized Jack by the waist, and Thames by the nape of the neck, and marched off, like the ogre in the fairy tale, with a boy under each arm, while Charcam brought up the rear.

CHAPTER X.

MOTHER AND SON.

THEY had scarcely been gone a moment, when a confused noise was heard without, and Charcam re-entered the room, with a countenance of the utmost bewilderment and alarm.

"What's the matter with the man?" demanded Wild.

"Her ladyship——" faltered the attendant.

"What of her?" cried the knight. "Is she returned?"

"Y—e—s, Sir Rowland," stammered Charcam.

"The devil!" ejaculated Jonathan. "Here's a cross-bite."

"But that's not all, your honour," continued Charcam; "Mrs. Norris says she's dying."

"Dying!" echoed the knight.

"Dying, Sir Rowland. She was taken dreadful ill on the road, with spasms and short breath, and swoonings,—worse than ever she was before. And Mrs. Norris was so frightened that she ordered the postboys to drive back as fast as they could. She never expected to get her ladyship home alive."

"My God!" cried Trenchard, stunned by the intelligence, "I have killed her."

"No doubt," rejoined Wild, with a sneer; "but don't let all the world know it."

"They're lifting her out of the carriage," interposed Charcam; "will it please your honour to send for some advice, and the chaplain?"

"Fly for both," returned Sir Rowland, in a tone of bitter anguish.

"Stay!" interposed Jonathan. "Where are the boys?"

"In the hall."

"Her ladyship will pass through it?"

"Of course; there's no other way."

"Then, bring them into this room, the first thing—quick! They must not meet, Sir Rowland," he added, as Charcam hastened to obey his instructions.

"Heaven has decreed it otherwise," replied the knight, dejectedly. "I yield to fate."

"Yield to nothing," returned Wild, trying to re-assure him; "above all, when your designs prosper. Man's fate is in his own hands. You are your nephew's executioner, or he is yours. Cast off this weakness. The next hour makes, or mars you for ever. Go to your sister, and do not quit her till all is over. Leave the rest to me."

Sir Rowland moved irresolutely towards the door, but recoiled before a sad spectacle. This was his sister, evidently in the last extremity. Borne in the arms of a couple of assistants, and preceded by Mrs. Norris, wringing her hands and weeping, the unfortunate lady was placed upon a couch. At the same time, Charcam, who seemed perfectly distracted by the recent occurrences, dragged in Thames, leaving Jack Sheppard outside in the custody of the dwarfish Jew.

"Hell's curses!" muttered Jonathan between his teeth; "that fool will ruin all. Take him away," he added, striding up to Charcam.

"Let him remain," interposed Trenchard.

"As you please, Sir Rowland," returned Jonathan, with af-

fect indifference ; “ but I ’m not going to hunt the deer for another to eat the ven’son, depend on ’t.”

But seeing that no notice was taken of the retort, he drew a little aside, and folded his arms, muttering, “ The whim will soon be over. She can’t last long. I can pull the strings of this stiff-necked puppet as I please.”

Sir Rowland, mean time, threw himself on his knees beside his sister, and, clasping her chilly fingers within his own, besought her forgiveness in the most passionate terms. For a few minutes, she appeared scarcely sensible of his presence. But, after some restoratives had been administered by Mrs. Norris, she revived a little.

“ Rowland,” she said, in a faint voice, “ I have not many minutes to live. Where is Father Spencer ? I must have absolution. I have something that weighs heavily upon my mind.”

Sir Rowland’s brow darkened.

“ I have sent for him, Aliva,” he answered ; “ he will be here directly, with your medical advisers.”

“ They are useless,” she returned. “ Medicine cannot save me now.”

“ Dear sister !”—

“ I should die happy, if I could behold my child.”

“ Comfort yourself, then, Aliva. You *shall* behold him.”

“ You are mocking me, Rowland. Jests are not for seasons like this.”

“ I am not, by heaven !” returned the knight, solemnly. “ Leave us, Mrs. Norris, and do not return till Father Spencer arrives.”

“ Your ladyship—” hesitated Norris.

“ Go !” said Lady Trafford ; “ it is my last request.”

And her faithful attendant, drowned in tears, withdrew, followed by the two assistants.

Jonathan stepped behind a curtain.

“ Rowland,” said Lady Trafford, regarding him with a look of indescribable anxiety, “ you have assured me that I shall behold my son. Where is he ?”

“ Within this room,” replied the knight.

“ Here !” shrieked Lady Trafford.

“ Here,” repeated her brother. “ But, calm yourself, dear sister, or the interview will be too much for you.”

“ I *am* calm—quite calm, Rowland,” she answered, with lips whose agitation belied her words. “ Then, the story of his death was false. I knew it. I was sure you could not have the heart to slay a child—an innocent child. God forgive you !”

“ May He, indeed, forgive me,” returned Trenchard, crossing himself devoutly ; “ but my guilt is not the less heavy, because your child escaped. This hand consigned him to destruction, but another was stretched forth to save him. The infant was rescued from a watery-grave by an honest mechanic, who has since brought him up as his own son.”

" Blessings upon him !" cried Lady Trafford, fervently. " But trifle with me no longer. Moments are ages now. Let me see my child, if he is really here ?"

" Behold him !" returned Trenchard, taking Thames (who had been a mute, but deeply-interested, witness of the scene) by the hand, and leading him towards her.

" Ah !" exclaimed Lady Trafford, exerting all her strength. " My sight is failing me. Let me have more light, that I may behold him. Yes !" she screamed, " these are his father's features ! It is—it is my son !"

" Mother !" cried Thames ; " are you, indeed, my mother ?"

" I am, indeed—my own sweet boy !" she sobbed, pressing him tenderly to her breast.

" Oh !—to see you thus !" cried Thames, in an agony of affliction.

" Don't weep, my love," replied the lady, straining him still more closely to her. " I am happy—quite happy now."

During this touching interview, a change had come over Sir Rowland, and he half repented of what he had done.

" You can no longer refuse to tell me the name of this youth's father, Aliva," he said.

" I dare not, Rowland," she answered. " I cannot break my vow. I will confide it to Father Spencer, who will acquaint you with it when I am no more. Undraw the curtain, love," she added to Thames, " that I may look at you."

" Ha !" exclaimed her son starting back, as he obeyed her, and disclosed Jonathan Wild.

" Be silent," said Jonathan, in a menacing whisper.

" What have you seen ?" inquired Lady Trafford.

" My enemy," replied her son.

" Your enemy !" she returned, imperfectly comprehending him. " Sir Rowland is your uncle—he will be your guardian—he will protect you. Will you not, brother ?"

" Promise," said a deep voice in Trenchard's ear.

" He will kill me," cried Thames. " There is a man in this room who seeks my life."

" Impossible !" rejoined his mother.

" Look at these fetters," returned Thames, holding up his manacled wrists ; " they were put on by my uncle's command."

" Ah !" shrieked Lady Trafford.

" Not a moment is to be lost," whispered Jonathan to Trenchard. " His life—or yours ?"

" No one shall harm you more, my dear," cried Lady Trafford. " Your uncle *must* protect you. It will be his interest to do so. He will be dependent on you."

" Do what you please with him," muttered Trenchard to Wild.

" Take off these chains, Rowland," said Lady Trafford, " instantly,—I command you."

" I will," replied Jonathan, advancing, and rudely seizing Thames.

"Mother!" cried the son, "help!"

"What is this?" shrieked Lady Trafford, raising herself on the couch, and extending her hands towards him. "Oh, God! would you take him from me?—would you murder him!"

"His father's name?—and he is free," rejoined Rowland, holding her arms.

"Release him first—and I will disclose it!" cried Lady Trafford; "on my soul, I will!"

"Speak, then!" returned Rowland.

"Too late!" shrieked the lady, falling heavily backwards,—
"too late!—oh!"

Heedless of her cries, Jonathan passed a handkerchief tightly over her son's mouth, and forced him out of the room.

When he returned, a moment or so afterwards, he found Sir Rowland standing by the lifeless body of his sister. His countenance was almost as white and rigid as that of the corpse by his side.

"This is your work," said the knight, sternly.

"Not entirely," replied Jonathan, calmly; "though I shouldn't be ashamed of it if it were. After all, you failed in obtaining the secret from her, Sir Rowland. Women are hypocrites to the last—true only to themselves."

"Peace!" cried the knight, fiercely.

"No offence," returned Jonathan. "I was merely about to observe that *I* am in possession of her secret."

"You!"

"Didn't I tell you that the fugitive Darrell gave me a glove? But we'll speak of this hereafter. You can *purchase* the information from me whenever you're so disposed. I shan't drive a hard bargain. To the point, however. I came back to say, that I've placed your nephew in a coach; and, if you'll be at my lock in the Old Bailey an hour after midnight, you shall hear the last tidings of him."

"I will be there," answered Trenchard, gloomily.

"You'll not forget the thousand, Sir Rowland—short accounts, you know."

"Fear nothing. You shall have your reward."

"Thank'ee,—thank'ee. My house is the next door to the Cooper's Arms, in the Old Bailey, opposite Newgate. You'll find me at supper."

So saying, he bowed and departed.

"That man should have been an Italian bravo," murmured the knight, sinking into a chair: "he has neither fear nor compunction. Would I could purchase his apathy as easily as I can procure his assistance."

Soon after this, Mrs. Norris entered the room, followed by Father Spencer. On approaching the couch, they found Sir Rowland senseless, and extended over the dead body of his unfortunate sister.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MOHOCKS.

JONATHAN WILD, mean while, had quitted the house. He found a coach at the door, with the blinds carefully drawn up, and ascertained from a tall, ill-looking, though tawdrily-dressed fellow, who held his horse by the bridle, and whom he addressed as Quilt Arnold, that the two boys were safe inside, in the custody of Abraham Mendez, the dwarfish Jew. As soon as he had delivered his instructions to Quilt, who, with Abraham, constituted his body-guard, or janizaries, as he termed them, Jonathan mounted his steed, and rode off at a gallop. Quilt was not long in following his example. Springing upon the box, he told the coachman to make the best of his way to Saint Giles's. Stimulated by the promise of something handsome to drink, the man acquitted himself to admiration in the management of his lazy cattle. Crack went the whip, and away floundered the heavy vehicle through the deep ruts of the ill-kept road, or rather lane, (for it was little better,) which, then, led across Southampton Fields. Skirting the noble gardens of Montague House, (now, we need scarcely say, the British Museum,) the party speedily reached Great Russell Street,—a quarter described by Strype, in his edition of old Stow's famous *Survey*, "as being graced with the best buildings in all Bloomsbury, and the best inhabited by the nobility and gentry, especially the north side, as having gardens behind the houses, and the prospect of the pleasant fields up to Hampstead and Highgate; insomuch that this place, by physicians, is esteemed the most healthful of any in London." Neither of the parties outside bestowed much attention upon these stately and salubriously-situated mansions; indeed, as it was now not far from ten o'clock, and quite dark, they could scarcely discern them. But, in spite of his general insensibility to such matters, Quilt could not help commenting upon the delicious perfume wafted from the numerous flower-beds past which they were driving. The coachman answered by a surly grunt, and, plying his whip with redoubled zeal, shaped his course down Dyot Street; traversed that part of Holborn, which is now called Broad Street, and where two ancient almshouses were, then, standing in the middle of that great thoroughfare, exactly opposite the opening of Compton Street; and, diving under a wide gateway on the left, soon reached a more open space, surrounded by mean habitations, coach-houses, and stables, called Kendrick Yard, at the further end of which Saint Giles's roundhouse was situated.

No sooner did the vehicle turn the corner of this yard, than Quilt became aware, from the tumultuous sounds that reached his ears, as well as from the flashing of various lanterns at the door of the roundhouse, that some disturbance was going on;

and, apprehensive of a rescue, if he drew up in the midst of the mob, he thought it prudent to come to a halt. Accordingly, he stopped the coach, dismounted, and hastened towards the assemblage, which, he was glad to find, consisted chiefly of a posse of watchmen and other guardians of the night. Quilt, who was an ardent lover of mischief, could not help laughing most heartily at the rueful appearance of these personages. Not one of them but bore the marks of having been engaged in a recent and severe conflict. Quarter-staves, bludgeons, brown-bills, lanterns, swords, and sconces were alike shivered; and, to judge from the sullied state of their habiliments, the claret must have been tapped pretty freely. Never was heard such a bawling as these unfortunate wights kept up. Oaths exploded like shells from a battery in full fire, accompanied by threats of direst vengeance against the individuals who had maltreated them. Here, might be seen a poor fellow whose teeth were knocked down his throat, spluttering out the most tremendous menaces, and gesticulating like a madman: there, another, whose nose was partially slit, vented imprecations and lamentations in the same breath. On the right, stood a bulky figure, with a broken rattle hanging out of his great-coat pocket, who held up a lantern to his battered countenance to prove to the spectators that both his orbs of vision were darkened: on the left, a meagre constable had divested himself of his shirt, to bind up with greater convenience a gaping cut in the arm.

"So, the Mohocks have been at work, I perceive," remarked Quilt, as he drew near the group.

"'Faith, an' you may say that," returned a watchman, who was wiping a ruddy stream from his brow; "they've broken the paice, and our pates into the bargain. But shurely I'd know that vice," he added, turning his lantern towards the janizary. "Ah! Quilt Arnold, my man, is it you? By the powers! I'm glad to see you. The sight o' your 'andsome phiz allys does me good."

"I wish I could return the compliment, Terry. But your cracked skull is by no means a pleasing spectacle. How came you by the hurt, eh?"

"How did I come by it?—that's a nate question. Why, honestly enough. It was lent me by a countryman o' mine; but I paid him back in his own coin—ha! ha!"

"A countryman of yours, Terry?"

"Ay, and a noble one, too, Quilt—more's the pity! You've heard of the Marquis of Slaughterford, belike?"

"Of course; who has not? He's the leader of the Mohocks, the general of the Scourers, the prince of rakes, the friend of the surgeons and glaziers, the terror of your tribe, and the idol of the girls!"

"That's him to a hair!" cried Terence, rapturously. "Och! he's a broth of a boy!"

"Why, I thought he'd broken your head, Terry?"

"Phooh! that's nothin'! A piece o' plaster 'll set all to rights; and Terry O'Flaherty's not the boy to care for the stroke of a supple-jack. Besides, didn't I tell you that I giv' him as good as he brought—and better! I jist touched him with my 'Even-in' Star,' as I call this shillelah," said the watchman, flourishing an immense bludgeon, the knob of which appeared to be loaded with lead, "and, by Saint Patrick! down he cum'd like a bullock."

"Zounds!" exclaimed Quilt, "did you kill him?"

"Not quite," replied Terence, laughing; "but I brought him to his senses."

"By depriving him of 'em, eh? But I'm sorry you hurt his lordship, Terry. Young noblemen ought to be indulged in their frolics. If they *do*, now and then, run away with a knocker, paint a sign, beat the watch, or huff a magistrate, they *pay* for their pastime, and that's sufficient. What more could any reasonable man—especially a watchman—desire? Besides, the Marquis is a devilish fine fellow, and a particular friend of mine. There's not his peer among the peerage."

"Och! if he's a friend o' yours, my dear joy, there's no more to be said; and right sorry am I, I struck him. But, blood-an'-ouns! man, if ould Nick himself were to hit me a blow, I'd be afther givin' him another."

"Well, well—wait awhile," returned Quilt; "his lordship won't forget you. He's as generous as he's frolicsome."

As he spoke, the door of the roundhouse was opened, and a stout man, with a lantern in his hand, presented himself at the threshold.

"There's Sharples," cried Quilt.

"Whist!" exclaimed Terence; "he elevates his glim. By Jasus! he's about to spake to us."

"Gem'men o' the votch!" cried Sharples, as loudly as a wheezy cough would permit him, "my noble pris'ner—ough! ough;—the Markis o' Slaughterford—"

Further speech was cut short by a volley of execrations from the angry guardians of the night.

"No Mohocks! No Scourers!" cried the mob.

"Hear! hear!" vociferated Quilt.

"His lordship desires me to say—ough! ough!"

Fresh groans and hisses.

"Von't you hear me?—ough! ough!" demanded Sharples, after a pause.

"By all means," rejoined Quilt.

"Raise your vice, and lave off coughin'," added Terence.

"The long and the short o' the matter's this, then," returned Sharples, with dignity, "the Markis begs your acceptance o' ten guineas to drink his health."

The hooting was instantaneously changed to cheers.

"And his lordship, furthermore, requests me to state," proceeded Sharples, in a hoarse tone, "that he'll be responsible for the doctors' bills of all such gem'men as have received broken pates, or been otherwise damaged in the fray — ough! ough!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the mob.

"We're all damaged—we've all got broken pates," cried a dozen voices.

"Ay, good luck to him! so we have," rejoined Terence; "but we've no objection to take out the dochter's bill in drink."

"None whatever," replied the mob.

"Your answer, gem'men?" demanded Sharples.

"Long life to the Markis, and we accept his honourable proposal," responded the mob.

"Long life to the Marquis!" reiterated Terence; "he's an honour to ould Ireland!"

"Didn't I tell you how it would be?" remarked Quilt.

"Troth, and so you did," returned the watchman; "but I couldn't belave it. In futur', I'll keep the 'Evenin' Star' for his lordship's-enemies."

"You'd better," replied Quilt. "But bring your glim this way. I've a couple of kinchens in yonder rattler, whom I wish to place under old Sharples's care."

"Be handy, then," rejoined Terence, "or I'll lose my share of the smart-money."

With the assistance of Terence, and a link-boy who volunteered his services, Quilt soon removed the prisoners from the coach, and, leaving Sheppard to the custody of Abraham, proceeded to drag Thames towards the roundhouse. Not a word had been exchanged between the two boys on the road. Whenever Jack attempted to speak, he was checked by an angry growl from Abraham; and Thames, though his heart was full almost to bursting, felt no inclination to break the silence. His thoughts, indeed, were too painful for utterance, and so acute were his feelings that, for some time, they quite overcame him. But his grief was of short duration. The elastic spirits of youth resumed their sway; and, before the coach stopped, his tears had ceased to flow. As to Jack Sheppard, he appeared utterly reckless and insensible, and did nothing but whistle and sing the whole way.

While he was dragged along in the manner just described, Thames looked around to ascertain, if possible, where he was; for he did not put entire faith in Jonathan's threat of sending him to the roundhouse, and was apprehensive of something even worse than imprisonment. The aspect of the place, so far as he could discern through the gloom, was strange to him; but chancing to raise his eyes above the level of the surrounding habitations, he beheld, relieved against the sombre sky, the tall

steeple of Saint Giles's church, the precursor of the present structure, which was not erected till some fifteen years later. He recognised this object at once. Jonathan had not deceived him.

"What's this here kinchen *in* for?" asked Terence, as he and Quilt strode along, with Thames between them.

"What for?" rejoined Quilt, evasively.

"Oh! nothin' partickler—mere curossity," replied Terence. "By the powers!" he added, turning his lantern full upon the face of the captive, "he's a nice genn-teel-lookin' kiddy, I must say. Pity he's ta'en to bad ways so airly."

"You may spare me your compassion, friend," observed Thames; "I am falsely detained."

"Of course," rejoined Quilt, maliciously; "every thief is so. If we were to wait till a prig was rightfully nabbed, we might tarry till doomsday. We never supposed you helped yourself to a picture set with diamonds—not we!"

"Is the gov'nor consarned in this job?" asked Terence, in a whisper.

"He is," returned Quilt, significantly. "Zounds! what's that?" he cried, as the noise of a scuffle was heard behind them. "The other kid's given my partner the slip. Here, take this youngster, Terry; my legs are lighter than old Nab's." And, committing Thames to the care of the watchman, he darted after the fugitive.

"Do you wish to earn a rich reward, my good friend?" said Thames to the watchman, as soon as they were left alone.

"Is it by lettin' you go, my darlin', that I'm to airn it?" inquired Terence. "If so, it won't pay. You're Misther Wild's pris'nar, and worse luck to it!"

"I don't ask you to liberate me," urged Thames; "but will you convey a message for me?"

"Where to, honey?"

"To Mr. Wood's, the carpenter in Wych Street. He lives near the Black Lion."

"The Black Lion!" echoed Terence. "I know the house well; by the same token that it's a flash crib. Och! many a mug o' bubb have I drained wi' the landlord, Joe Hind. And so Misther Wudd lives near the Black Lion, eh?"

"He does," replied Thames. "Tell him that I—his adopted son, Thames Darrell—am detained here by Jonathan Wild."

"Thames Ditton—is that your name?"

"No," replied the boy, impatiently; "Darrell—Thames Darrell."

"I'll not forget it. It's a mighty quare 'un, though. I never yet heerd of a Christian as was named after the Shannon or the Liffy; and the Thames is no better than a dhurty puddle, compared wi' them two noble strames. But then you're an adopted son, and that makes all the difference. People *do* call

their unlawful children strange names. Are you quite shure you haven't another alyass, Masther Thames Ditton?"

"Darrell, I tell you. Will you go? You'll be paid handsomely for your trouble."

"I don't mind the throuble," hesitated Terence, who was really a good-hearted fellow at the bottom; "and I'd like to sarve you if I could, for you look like a gentleman's son, and that goes a great way wi' me. But if Mishter Wild were to find out that I thwarted his schaymes—"

"I'd not be in your skin for a trifle," interrupted Quilt, who having secured Sheppard, and delivered him to Abraham, now approached them unawares; "and it shan't be my fault if he don't hear of it."

"'Ouns!" ejaculated Terence, in alarm, "would you turn snitch on your old pal, Quilt?"

"Ay, if he plays a-cross," returned Quilt. "Come along, my sly shaver. With all your cunning, we're more than a match for you."

"But not for me," growled Terence, in an under tone.

"Remember!" cried Quilt, as he forced the captive along.

"Remember the devil!" retorted Terence, who had recovered his natural audacity. "Do you think I'm afeard of a beggarly thief-taker and his myrmidons? Not I. Masther Thames Ditton, I'll do your biddin'; and you, Mистер Quilt Arnold, may do your worst. I defy you."

"Dog!" exclaimed Quilt, turning fiercely upon him, "do you threaten?"

But the watchman eluded his grasp, and, mingling with the crowd, disappeared.

CHAPTER XII.

SAINT GILES'S ROUNDHOUSE.

SAINT GILES'S ROUNDHOUSE was an old detached fabric, standing in an angle of Kendrick Yard. Originally built, as its name imports, in a cylindrical form, like a modern Martello tower, it had undergone, from time to time, so many alterations, that its symmetry was, in a great measure, destroyed. Bulging out more in the middle than at the two extremities, it resembled an enormous cask set on its end,—a sort of Heidelberg tun on a large scale,—and this resemblance was increased by the small circular aperture—it hardly deserved to be called a door—pierced, like the bung-hole of a barrel, through the side of the structure, at some distance from the ground, and approached by a flight of wooden steps. The prison was two stories high, with a flat roof, surmounted by a gilt vane fashioned like a key; and, possessing considerable internal accommodation, it had, in its day, lodged some thousands of disorderly personages. The windows were small, and strongly grated, looking, in front, on Kendrick Yard, and, at the back, upon the spacious burial-ground of

Saint Giles's Church. Lights gleamed from the lower rooms, and, on a nearer approach to the building, the sound of revelry might be heard from within.

Warned of the approach of the prisoners by the increased clamour, Sharples, who was busied in distributing the Marquis's donation, affected to throw the remainder of the money among the crowd, though, in reality, he kept back a couple of guineas, which he slipped into his sleeve, and running hastily up the steps, unlocked the door. He was followed, more leisurely, by the prisoners; and, during their ascent, Jack Sheppard made a second attempt to escape by ducking suddenly down, and endeavouring to pass under his conductor's legs. The dress of the dwarfish Jew was not, however, favourable to this expedient. Jack was caught, as in a trap, by the pendent tails of Abraham's long frock; and, instead of obtaining his release by his ingenuity, he only got a sound thrashing.

Sharples received them at the threshold, and holding his lantern towards the prisoners to acquaint himself with their features, nodded to Quilt, between whom and himself some secret understanding seemed to subsist, and then closed and barred the door.

"Vell," he growled, addressing Quilt, "you know who's here, I suppose?"

"To be sure I do," replied Quilt; "my noble friend, the Marquis of Slaughterford. What of that?"

"Vot o' that!" echoed Sharples, peevishly: "Everythin'. Vot am I to do with these young imps, eh?"

"What you generally do with your prisoners, Mr. Sharples," replied Quilt; "lock 'em up."

"That's easily said. But, suppose I've no place to lock 'em up in, how then?"

Quilt looked a little perplexed. He passed his arm under that of the constable, and drew him aside.

"Vell, vell," growled Sharples, after he had listened to the other's remonstrances, "it shall be done. But it's confounded inconvenient. One don't often get sich a vindfal as the Markis—"

"Or such a customer as Mr. Wild," edged in Quilt.

"Now, then, Saint Giles!" interposed Sheppard, "are we to be kept here all night?"

"Eh day!" exclaimed Sharples; "wot new-fledged bantam's this?"

"One that wants to go to roost," replied Sheppard. "So, stir your stumps, Saint Giles; and, if you mean to lock us up, use despatch."

"Comin'! comin'!" returned the constable, shuffling towards him.

"Coming!—so is midnight—so is Jonathan Wild," retorted Jack, with a significant look at Thames.

"Have you never an out-o'-the-vay corner, into vich you could shtow these troublesome warmint?" observed Abraham. "The gov'nor 'll be here afore midnight."

Darrell's attention was drawn to the latter part of this speech by a slight pressure on his foot. And, turning at the touch, he perceived Sheppard's glance fixed meaningly upon him.

"Stow it, Nab!" exclaimed Quilt, angrily; "the kinchen's awake."

"Awake!—to be sure I am, my flash cove," replied Sheppard; "I'm down as a hammer."

"I've just bethought me of a crib as 'll serve their turn," interposed Sharples; "at any rate, they 'll be out o' the vay, and as safe as two chicks in a coop."

"Lead the way to it, then, Saint Giles," said Jack, in a tone of mock authority.

The place, in which they stood, was a small entrance-chamber, cut off, like the segment of a circle, from the main apartment, (of which it is needless to say it originally constituted a portion,) by a stout wooden partition. A door led to the inner room; and it was evident, from the peals of merriment, and other noises, that, ever and anon, resounded from within, that this chamber was occupied by the Marquis and his friends. Against the walls hung an assortment of staves, brown-bills, (weapons then borne by the watch,) muskets, hand-cuffs, great-coats, and lanterns. In one angle of the room stood a disused fire-place, with a rusty grate and broken chimney-piece; in the other there was a sort of box, contrived between the wall and the boards, that looked like an apology for a cupboard. Towards this box Sharples directed his steps, and, unlocking a hatch in the door, disclosed a recess scarcely as large, and certainly not as clean, as a dog-kennel.

"Vill this do?" demanded the constable, taking the candle from the lantern, the better to display the narrow limits of the hole. "I call this here crib the Little-Ease, arter the runaway prentices' cells in Guildhall. I *have* squeezed three kids into it afore now. To be sure," he added, lowering his tone, "they was little 'uns, and one on 'em was smothered—ough! ough!—how this cough chokes me!"

Sheppard, mean while, whose hands were at liberty, managed to possess himself, unperceived, of the spike of a halbert, which was lying, apart from the pole, upon a bench near him. Having secured this implement, he burst from his conductor, and, leaping into the hatch, as clowns generally spring into the clock-faces, when in pursuit of harlequin in the pantomime,—that is, back foremost,—broke into a fit of loud and derisive laughter, kicking his heels merrily all the time against the boards. His mirth, however, received an unpleasant check; for Abraham, greatly incensed by his previous conduct, caught him by the legs, and pushed him with such violence into the hole that the

point of the spike, which he had placed in his pocket, found its way through his clothes to the flesh, inflicting a slight, but painful wound. Jack, who had something of the Spartan in his composition, endured his martyrdom without flinching; and carried his stoical indifference so far, as even to make a mocking grimace in Sharples's face, while that amiable functionary thrust Thames into the recess beside him.

"How do you like your quarters, saucebox?" asked Sharples, in a jeering tone.

"Better than your company, Saint Giles," replied Sheppard; "so, shut the door, and make yourself scarce."

"That boy 'll never rest till he finds his vay to Bridewell," observed Sharples.

"Or the street," returned Jack: "mind my words, the prison's not built that can keep me."

"Ve 'll see that, young hempseed," replied Sharples, shutting the hatch furiously in his face, and locking it. "If you get out o' that cage I'll forgive you. Now, come along, gem'men, and I'll show you some precious sport."

The two janizaries followed him as far as the entrance to the inner room, when Abraham, raising his finger to his lips, and glancing significantly in the direction of the boys, to explain his intention to his companions, closed the door after them, and stole softly back again; planting himself near the recess.

For a few minutes, all was silent. At length Jack Sheppard observed:—"The coast's clear. They're gone into the next room."

Darrell returned no answer.

"Don't be angry with me, Thames," continued Sheppard, in a tone calculated, as he thought, to appease his companion's indignation. "I did all for the best, as I'll explain."

"I won't reproach you, Jack," said the other, sternly. "I've done with you."

"Not quite, I hope," rejoined Sheppard. "At all events, I've not done with you. If you owe your confinement to me, you shall owe your liberation to me, also."

"I'd rather lie here for ever, than be indebted to *you* for my freedom," returned Thames.

"I've done nothing to offend you," persisted Jack.

"Nothing!" echoed the other, scornfully. "You've perjured yourself."

"That's my own concern," rejoined Sheppard. "An oath weighs little with me, compared with your safety."

"No more of this," interrupted Thames, "you make the matter worse by these excuses."

"Quarrel with me as much as you please, Thames, but hear me," returned Sheppard. "I took the course I pursued to serve you."

"Tush!" cried Thames; "you accused me to screen yourself."

"On my soul, Thames, you wrong me!" replied Jack, passionately. "I'd lay down my life for yours."

"And you expect me to believe you after what has passed?"

"I do; and, more than that, I expect you to thank me."

"For procuring my imprisonment?"

"For saving your life."

"How?"

"Listen to me, Thames. You're in a more serious scrape than you imagine. I overheard Jonathan Wild's instructions to Quilt Arnold, and though he spoke in slang, and in an undertone, my quick ears, and acquaintance with the thieves' lingo, enabled me to make out every word he uttered. Jonathan is in league with Sir Rowland to make away with you. You are brought here that their designs may be carried into effect with greater security. Before morning, unless we can effect an escape, you'll be kidnapped, or murdered, and your disappearance attributed to the negligence of the constable."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Thames, who, though as brave a lad as need be, could not repress a shudder at the intelligence.

"Certain. The moment I entered the room, and found you a prisoner in the hands of Jonathan Wild, I guessed how matters stood, and acted accordingly. Things haven't gone quite as smoothly as I anticipated; but they might have been worse. I *can* save you, and *will*. But, say we're friends."

"You're not deceiving me!" said Thames, doubtfully.

"I am not, by heaven!" replied Sheppard, firmly.

"Don't swear, Jack, or I shall distrust you. I can't give you my hand; but you may take it."

"Thank you! thank you!" faltered Jack, in a voice full of emotion. "I'll soon free you from these bracelets."

"You needn't trouble yourself," replied Thames. "Mr. Wood will be here presently."

"Mr. Wood!" exclaimed Jack, in surprise. "How have you managed to communicate with him?"

Abraham, who had listened attentively to the foregoing conversation, — not a word of which escaped him, — now drew in his breath, and brought his ear closer to the boards.

"By means of the watchman who had the charge of me," replied Thames.

"Curse him!" muttered Abraham.

"Hist!" exclaimed Jack. "I thought I heard a noise. Speak lower. Somebody may be on the watch — perhaps, that old ginger-hackled Jew."

"I don't care if he is," rejoined Thames, boldly. "He'll learn that his plans will be defeated."

"He may learn how to defeat yours," replied Jack.

"So he may," rejoined Abraham, aloud, "so he may."

"Death and fiends!" exclaimed Jack; "the old thief *is* there. I knew it. You've betrayed yourself, Thames."

.. "Vot o' that?" chuckled Abraham. "You can shave him, you know."

"I can," rejoined Jack; "and you, too, old Aaron, if I'd a razor."

"How soon do you expect Mishter Vudd?" inquired the janizary, tauntingly.

"What's that to you?" retorted Jack, surlily.

"Because I shouldn't like to be out o' the vay ven he arrives," returned Abraham, in a jeering tone; "it vouldn't be vell bred."

"Vouldn't it!" replied Jack, mimicking his snuffing voice; "then shtay vere you are, and be cursed to you."

"It's all up," muttered Thames. "Mr. Wood will be intercepted. I've destroyed my only chance."

"Not your *only* chance, Thames," returned Jack, in the same undertone; "but your best. Never mind. We'll turn the tables upon 'em yet. Do you think we could manage that old clothesman between us, if we got out of this box?"

"I'd manage him myself, if my arms were free," replied Thames, boldly.

"Shpeak up, vill you?" cried Abraham, rapping his knuckles against the hatch. "I likes to hear vot you says. You *can* have no shecrets from me."

"Vy don't you talk to your partner, or Saint Giles, if you vant conversation, Aaron?" asked Jack, silyly.

"Because they're in the next room, and the door's shut; that's vy, my jack-a-dandy!" replied Abraham, unsuspectingly.

"Oh! they are — are they?" muttered Jack, triumphantly; "that'll do. Now for it, Thames! Make as great a row as you can to divert his attention."

With this, he drew the spike from his pocket; and, drowning the sound of the operation by whistling, singing, shuffling, and other noises, contrived, in a few minutes, to liberate his companion from the handcuffs.

"Now, Jack," cried Thames, warmly grasping Sheppard's hand, "you are my friend again. I freely forgive you."

Sheppard cordially returned the pressure; and, cautioning Thames, "not to let the ruffles drop, or they might tell a tale," began to warble the following fragment of a robber melody:—

"Oh! give me a chisel, a knife, or a file,
And the dubsmen shall find that I'll do it in style!
Tol-de-rol!"

"Vot the devil are you about, noisy?" inquired Abraham.

"Practising singing, Aaron," replied Jack. "Vot are you?"

"Practising patience," growled Abraham.

"Not before it's needed," returned Jack, aloud; adding in a whisper, "get upon my shoulders, Thames. Now you're up, take this spike. Feel for the lock, and prize it open, — you

don't need to be told *how*. When it's done, I'll push you through. Take care of the old clothesman, and leave the rest to me.

When the turnkey, next morning, stepp'd into his room,
The sight of the hole in the wall struck him dumb;
The sheriff's black bracelets lay strewn on the ground,
But the lad that had worn 'em could nowhere be found.
Tol-de-rol!"

As Jack concluded his ditty, the door flew open with a crash, and Thames sprang through the aperture.

This manœuvre was so suddenly executed that it took Abraham completely by surprise. He was standing at the moment close to the hatch, with his ear at the keyhole, and received a severe blow in the face. He staggered back a few paces; and, before he could recover himself, Thames tripped up his heels, and, plaing the point of the spike at his throat, threatened to stab him if he attempted to stir, or ery out. Nor had Jack been idle all this time. Clearing the recess the instant after his companion, he flew to the door of the inner room, and, loeking it, took out the key. The policy of this step was immediately apparent. Alarmed by the noise of the seuffle, Quilt and Sharples rushed to the assistance of their comrade. But they were too late. The entrance was barred against them; and they had the additional mortification of hearing Sheppard's loud laughter at their discomfiture.

"I told you the prison wasn't built that could hold me," cried Jack.

"You're not out yet, you young hound?" rejoined Quilt, striving ineffectually to burst open the door.

"But I soon shall be," returned Jack; "take these," he added, flinging the handcuffs against the wooden partition, "and wear 'em yourself."

"Halloo, Nab!" vociferated Quilt. "What the devil are you about? Will you allow yourself to be beaten by a couple of kids?"

"Not if I can help it," returned Abraham, making a desperate effort to regain his feet. "By my shalvation, boy," he added, fiercely, "if you don't take your hand off my peard, I'll shtrangle you."

"Help me, Jack!" shouted Thames, "or I shan't be able to keep the villain down."

"Stick the spike into him, then," returned Sheppard, coolly, "while I unbar the outlet."

But Thames had no intention of following his friend's advice. Contenting himself with brandishing the weapon in the Jew's eyes, he exerted all his foree to prevent him from rising.

While this took place, while Quilt thundered at the inner door, and Jack drew back the bolts of the outer, a deep, manly

voice was heard chanting — as if in contempt of the general uproar—the following strain:—

With pipe and punch upon the board,
 And smiling nymphs around us ;
 No tavern could more mirth afford
 Than old Saint Giles's roundhouse !
The roundhouse ! the roundhouse !
The jolly—jolly roundhouse !

“The jolly, jolly roundhouse!” chorussed Sheppard, as the last bar yielded to his efforts. “Hurrah! come along, Thames; we're free.”

“Not so fasht—not so fasht!” cried Abraham, struggling with Thames, and detaining him; “if you go, you musht take me along wid you.”

“Save yourself, Jack!” shouted Thames, sinking beneath the superior weight and strength of his opponent; “leave me to my fate!”

“Never,” replied Jack, hurrying towards him. And, snatching the spike from Thames, he struck the janizary a severe blow on the head. “I'll make sure work this time,” he added, about to repeat the blow.

“Hold!” interposed Thames, “he can do no more mischief. Let us be gone.”

“As you please,” returned Jack, leaping up; “but I feel devilishly inclined to finish him. However, it would only be robbing the hangman of his dues.”

With this, he was preparing to follow his friend, when their egress was prevented by the sudden appearance of Jonathan Wild and Blueskin.

THE MEMORY OF THE POETS.

THE fame of those sweet bards, whose fancies lie,
 Like glorious clouds on summer's holiest even
 Fringing the west, upon the skirts of heaven,
 And sprinkled o'er with hues of rainbow dye,
 Is not of trumpet sound, nor strives to vie
 With martial notes sublime.—From ages gone,
 In most angelic strain it lengthens on,
 Earth's greenest bowers with fresh delight to fill,
 Heard, breathing from the silence of the sky,
 Or trembling in the joy of gushing rill,
 Or whispering o'er the lake's unrippled breast,
 Till its last earthly melodies are still;—
 Hush'd, 'mid the joys of immortality,
 In the calm bosom of eternal rest.

RAMBLES AMONG THE RIVERS.—No. I.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE THAMES AND HIS TRIBUTARIES.

MAN speaks of the "Mother Earth," from whence he came, and whither he returns; but, after all, the honour of his maternity belongs to WATER. Earth is but the nurse of another's progeny; she merely nourishes the children of a more prolific element, by whom she herself is fed and clothed in return. Water is the universal mother,—the beneficent, the all-fructifying,—beautiful to the eye, refreshing to the touch, pleasant to the palate, and musical to the ear. What should we be without her? We have only to imagine the condition of the moon, and the question is answered. Men with great telescopes, who have looked over her surface, and examined every hole and cranny in her, have decided that there are no RIVERS in her, and, for want of water, she is nothing but a dry and uninhabitable rock. There is neither salt water nor fresh in all her extent. She is the abode of no living thing,—the Gehenna of desolation,—the mere skeleton of a world, which the sun may light, but cannot warm. No wonder that she looks so pale and woe-begone as she sails along the sky, and that lovers and poets, ignorant of her peculiar misfortune, have so often asked her the reason of her sorrow. I 'faith, they would be sorry too, if they had no more moisture in their composition than she has.

Rivers all over the world are rich in remembrances. To them are attached all the poetry and romance of a nation. Popular superstition clings around them, and every mile of their course is celebrated for some incident,—is the scene of a desperate adventure, a mournful legend, or an old song. What a swarm of pleasant thoughts rise upon the memory at the sole mention of the Rhine!—what a host of recollections are recalled by the name of the Danube, the Rhone, the Garonne, the Meuse, the Seine, the Loire, the Tagus, the Guadalquivir!—even the low-banked and unpicturesque Elbe and Scheldt are dear as household things to the neighbouring people. Their praises are sung in a hundred different idioms; and the fair maidens who have dwelt upon their banks, and become celebrated for their beauty, their cruelty, or their woe, have their names mingled with that of the river in the indissoluble bands of national song.

To the man who has a catholic faith in poetry, every river in Scotland may be said to be holy water. Liddell, and Tweed, and Dee,—Tiviot, and Tay, and Forth,—and doleful Yarrow, sanctified by a hundred songs. Poetry and romance have thrown a charm around them, and tourists from every land are familiar with their history. Great writers have thought it a labour of love to collect into one focus all the scattered memoranda and fleeting scraps of ballads relating to them, until those insignificant streams have become richer than any of our isle in recollections which shall never fade.

"And what has been done for these, shall none be found to do for thee, O Thames?" said we to ourselves, as we thought of these things one fine summer morning. "Art thou of so little conse-

quence among the rivers, that no one will undertake to explore thee from Cotteswold to the sea, and in a patient but enthusiastic spirit gather together all thy memorabilia?" There being no person present, we looked round our study with an air of satisfaction, and exclaimed, "We will do it. We have been cabined and cribbed amid smoke too long; we pine for a ramble among the hills, and a gulp of the sweet air. We will go in search of wisdom and of health along the banks of the Thames, and drink its pure water from its very fountain-head, among the hills of Gloucestershire.

It is in this pilgrimage, O gentle reader, that we ask thee to accompany us. We will be as entertaining a cicerone as we can. We will not bore thee, if we can help it, by telling thee too many things that thou knowest already; and if we do now and then touch upon them, we may take a different view of them from any thou hast yet been accustomed to, and throw a new light upon an old picture. If thou art a lover of poetry, a delighter in old songs, thou art a reader after our own heart, and thou shalt be as pleased with us as we are with thee. If thou art an antiquary, we also have some sneaking affection for thy hobby, and will now and then throw thee a tit-bit for it. If thou art an angler, and fishest with a rod, we will show thee all the best places in the river from Vauxhall Bridge to Cricklade; or, if thou preferest to cast thy nets, we will accompany thee from London Bridge to Margate. If thou lovest water-sports, we will discourse to thee on that subject, and tell thee a thing or two worth knowing about river-pageants, boat-races, and sailing-matches, and something also about some rare old games of the water, which have now fallen into disuse. If thou art a mere skimmer of books, a lover of small-talk and pleasant gossip, even in that case we shall not be caviare to thee. And last of all, if thou art an Utilitarian and a Political Economist, which we hope not, we *may* take it into our heads to throw a crumb of comfort even to thee, and furnish thee with a fact or two for thy edification, wherewithal thou mayest build up a theory if thou feelest inclined.

Not only do we propose to explore Thames,

"Great father of the British floods,"

but all his tributary streams,

"The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame;
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renowned;
The Lodden slow, with verdant alders crowned;
Coln, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave;
The blue transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent stained with Danish blood;

and other rivers, which did not come within the circuit of Pope's song; the Medway, whose bridal is so sweetly sung in the "Faery Queene," and who is also celebrated in the Poly-olbion, with

"Teise, clear Beule, and Lenn, who bear her limber train;"

and many others, which contribute their mingled waters to the Thames.

This, O reader, is our intent. We go as an inoffensive tourist, in search of traditions, in search of antiquities, in search of poetry, in

search of fresh breezes, in search of fish. Sometimes we may travel at railroad speed, and at others we may linger about for days in one spot, sauntering over the hills, sitting under trees by the river-side, but conning all the while something for thy edification and amusement.

Being, for our sins, a dweller among the smoke, our journey must perforce commence from London. From London Bridge, then, we shall proceed upwards to the hills of Cotteswold, availing ourselves of the steam-boat as far as it will carry us, but, for the most part, tramping it leisurely and independently, after the old fashion, with our stout shoes on, and an oaken cudgel in our fist, a miniature edition of the Fairy Queen in one pocket, and Shakspeare's neglected but most delicious poems in the other. When we have in this manner explored Thames and all his tributaries to the west, we shall return eastward, taking another glimpse of London, and follow his windings to the sea, diverging to the right hand or to the left, wherever there is a pleasant view to be had, a relic to be seen, or an old ballad to be elucidated.

And now, reader, thou hast only to fancy thyself at London Bridge, on board the Richmond steam-boat, awaiting the bell to ring as the signal for starting. Here we are, then, over the very spot where the old bridge stood for nearly a thousand years. The waters roll over its site, coal-barges and wherries are moored over its foundations, and its juvenile successor, a thing of yesterday, rears its head proudly, close alongside. In the interval of time that separates the erection of the two structures, how vast are the changes the world has seen! The physical world has seen none; the tides still roll, and the seasons still succeed each other in the same order; but the mind of man—that world which rules the world—how immense the progress it has made! Even while that old bridge lasted, man stepped from barbarism to civilization. Hardly one of the countless thousands that now pour in living streams from morning to night over the pathway of its successor, has time to waste a thought on the old one, or the lesson it might teach him. Its duration was that of twenty generations of mankind; it seemed built to defy time and the elements, and yet it has crumbled at last. Becoming old and frail, it stood in people's way; and being kicked by one, and insulted by another, it was pulled to pieces without regret, twenty or thirty years, perhaps, before the time when it would have fallen to destruction of its own accord. All this time the river has run below, unchanged and unchangeable, the same as it flowed thousands of years ago, when the now busy thoroughfares on either side were swamps inhabited only by the frog and the bittern, and when painted savages prowled about the places that are now the marts of commerce and the emporium of the world.

A complete *resumé* of the manners and character of the people of England might be gleaned from the various epochs in the age of the old bridge. First, it was a crazy wooden structure, lined on each side with rows of dirty wooden huts, such as befitted a rude age, and a people just emerging from barbarism. Itinerant dealers in all kinds of goods, spread out their wares on the pathway, making a market of the thoroughfare, and blocking it up with cattle to sell, or waggon-loads of provender. The bridge, while in this primitive state, was destroyed many times by fire, and as many times

built up again. Once, in the reign of William Rufus, it was carried away by a flood, and its fragments swept into the sea. The continual expense of these renovations induced the citizens, under the superintendence of Peter of Colechurch, to build it up of stone. This was some improvement; but the houses on each side remained as poor and miserable as before, dirty outside, and pestilential within. Such was its state during the long unhappy centuries of feudalism. What a strange spectacle it must have afforded at that time!—what an emblem of all the motley characteristics of the ruled and the rulers! Wooden huts and mud floors for the people,—handsome stone chapels and oratories, adorned with statues and stained glass, for the clergy,—and drawbridges, portcullises, and all the paraphernalia of attack and defence at either end, to show a government founded upon might rather than right, and to mark the general insecurity of the times; while, to crown all, the awful gate towards Southwark, but overlooking the stream, upon which, for a period of nearly three hundred years, it was rare for the passenger to go by without seeing a human head stuck upon a pike, blackening and rotting in the sun. In 1471, after the defeat of the famous Falconbridge, who made an attack upon London, his head and nine others were stuck upon the bridge together, upon ten spears, where they remained visible to all comers, till the elements and the carrion crows had left nothing of them but the bones. The legs of Sir Thomas Wyatt were exhibited from the same spot, during the reign of Mary. Even the mayors of London had almost as much power to kill and destroy as the kings and queens, so reckless was the age of the life of man. In 1335, the mayor, one Andrew Aubrey, ordered seven skimmers and fishmongers, whose only offence was rioting in the streets, aggravated by personal insult to himself, to be beheaded without form of trial. Their heads were also exposed on the bridge, and the mayor was not called to account for his conduct. Jack Cade, in the hot fervour of his first successes, imitated this fine example, and set up Lord Saye's head at the same place, little thinking how soon his own would bear it company.

How different are the glories of the new bridge. It also is adorned with human heads, but live ones, thousands at a time, passing and repassing continually to and fro. Of the millions of heads that crowd it every year, busy in making money or taking pleasure, not one dreads the executioner's knife. Every man's head is his own; and if either King or Lord Mayor dare to meddle with it, it is at his peril. We have luckily passed the age when law-makers could be law-breakers, and every man walks in security. While these human heads adorn, no wooden hovels disfigure the new bridge, or block up the view of the water. Such a view as the one from that place was never meant to be hidden. The "unbounded Thames, that flows for all mankind," and into whose port "whole nations enter with every tide," bearing with them the wealth of either hemisphere, is a sight that only needs to be seen to be wondered at. And if there is a sight from John o' Groat's house to the Land's End of which an Englishman may be proud, it is that. Other sights which we can show to the stranger may reflect more credit upon the *land*, but that does honour to the *men*, and is unequalled among any other nation on the globe.

But the signal-bell has rung—away we go up the ancient highway

of the city towards Westminster, in the track of all the lords mayor since Norman, in the year 1454. This worthy functionary was very fond of the water, and first began the custom, regularly continued since his day, of proceeding to Westminster Hall by water, with a grand city pageant. The boatmen took him in great affection in consequence, and one of them wrote a song upon him, the burden of which was,

“Row thy boat, Norman,
Row to thy leman.”

What a formidable array of steeples is to be seen as we get out of sight of the shipping! No city in Europe can show such a forest of ships, or such a forest of steeples, as London. The most prominent object in the view is St. Paul's, rearing his head as fat and saucy as if he were a bishop with forty thousand a-year. Around him are gathered the inferior dignitaries of the Church, some of them looking in good condition enough, but most of them as tall and thin as if they had a wife and six children, and only a curacy of eighty pounds a-year to support them.

What a contrast there is now, and always has been, both in the character and appearance of the two sides of the river. The London side, high and well-built, thickly studded with spires and public edifices, and resounding with all the noise of the operations of a various industry; the Southwark and Lambeth side, low and flat, and meanly built, with scarcely an edifice higher than a coal-shed or a timber-yard, and a population with a squalid, dejected, and debauched look, offering a remarkable contrast to the cheerfulness and activity visible on the faces of the Londoners. The situation upon the low swamp is, no doubt, one cause of the unhealthy appearance of the dwellers on the south of the Thames; but the dissolute, rake-hellish appearance of the lower orders of them must be otherwise accounted for. From a very early age, Southwark and Lambeth, and the former especially, were the great sinks and common receptacles of all the vice and immorality of London. Up to the year 1328, Southwark had been independent of the jurisdiction of London,—a sort of neutral ground, which the law could not reach,—and, in consequence, the abode of thieves and abandoned characters of every kind. They used to sally forth in bands of one and two hundreds at a time, to rob in the city; and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen for the time being had not unfrequently to keep watch upon the bridge for nights together, at the head of a troop of armed men, to prevent their inroads. The thieves, however, upon these occasions took to their boats at midnight, and rowing up the river, landed at Westminster, and drove all before them, with as much valour and as great impunity as a Highland chieftain upon a foray into Cumberland. These things induced the magistrates of London to apply to Edward the Third for a grant of Southwark. The request was complied with, and the vicious place brought under the rule of the city. Driven in some measure from this nest, the thieves took refuge in Lambeth, and still set the authorities at defiance. From that day to this the two boroughs have had the same character, and been known as the favourite resort of thieves and vagabonds of every description. It was here, under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester, that all the stews existed for centuries, being licensed by that prelate for a fee. Their inhabitants and frequenters were long

known in London as the "Bishop of Winchester's birds." Players also, then ranking with these and similar characters, under the common designation of "vagabonds," flocked to the same spot, together with fraudulent bankrupts, swindlers, debtors, and all men who had misunderstandings with the law, and were fearful of clearing them up, lest their goods and bodies might be demanded in expiation. Here in former days stood the privileged "Mint" and "Clink;" and here in the present day stands the privileged "Bench," within whose "Rules" are congregated the same vicious and demoralized class of people that always inhabited it. Stews also abound, though no bishop receives fees from them; and penny theatres, where the performers are indeed vagabonds, and the audience thieves.

Passing under the iron bridge, and then under Blackfriars, which we dismiss with no other comment, than that in its present state it is a disgrace to London, we arrive at a different scene. A plot of fresh green grass—an oasis of trees and verdure amid the wilderness of brick and mortar that encompasses it on every side. The houses that form this pleasant square are high and regular, and have a solemn and sedate look, befitting the antiquity and historical sanctity of their site, and the grave character of the people that inhabit them. Here are the Temple Gardens, sacred to the goddess of Strife. Their former occupants, the Knights Templars, were quarrelsome folk enough, God knows; and the new tenants of their abode keep themselves respectable out of the proceeds of contention, fatten upon contention, buy themselves wigs and gowns out of contention. Woe betide the wight whom they entangle in their meshes! They will put the vulture of litigation in him to gnaw out his entrails, and will tie a millstone round his neck, which they call "costs," to drag him down to ruin. In those gloomy chambers, so pleasantly situated, sits LAW, as upon a throne. Sweet are all the purloins of the spot:—flowers blossom, trees cast a refreshing shade, and a fountain maketh a pleasant murmur all the year; but each room in that precinct is a den inhabited by a black spider, who will suck the blood of all foolish flies who, by quarrelling and fighting, struggle themselves into the toils. It is fair outside, to make the world believe that it is the abode of justice and equity; but its beauty is but a cheat and a lure, to hide from too common observers the revenge, rapacity, and roguery that lie beneath the surface.

Hoity toity!—quoth we to ourselves—what a fuss about nothing! What a gross injustice we have given utterance to! What a foul libel we have penned upon that learned and eminent body!—and all for the sake of what? For the mere sake of saying something pungent or ill-natured, which with many people is all the same. Forgive us, O shades of learned Sir Thomas More, of upright Sir Matthew Hale, of philosophic Lord Bacon!—forgive us, spirits of Clarendon, Camden, and Mansfield!—forgive us, living Denman, Tindal, Brougham, that we should have so slandered the profession of which ye have been or are the ornaments! Wit, worth, and wisdom are associated with your names, and with hundreds of others, both alive and dead, whom we could specify, if there were any need for it.

"We never were known for a railer,
In fun all this slander we spoke;
For a lawyer as well as a sailor
Is not above taking a joke."

Sailing onwards from the Temple, we arrive at that magnificent structure which spans the bosom of the Thames at its widest breadth within metropolitan limits, and is named in honour of the great battle which last gave peace to Europe. Around its arches clings half the romance of modern London. It is the English "Bridge of Sighs," the "Pons Asinorum," the "Lover's Leap," the "Arch of Suicide." Well does it deserve all these appellations. Many a sad and too true tale might be told, the beginning and end of which would be "Waterloo Bridge." It is a favourite spot for love assignations; and a still more favourite spot for the worn and the weary, who long to cast off the load of existence, and cannot wait, through sorrow, until the Almighty Giver takes away his gift. Its comparative loneliness renders it convenient for both purposes. The penny toll keeps off the inquisitive and unmannerly crowd; and the foolish can love or the mad can die with less observation from the passers than they could find anywhere else so close to the heart of London. To many a poor girl the assignation over one arch of Waterloo Bridge is but the prelude to the fatal leap from another. Here they begin, and here they end, after a long course of intermediate crime and sorrow, the unhappy story of their loves. Here, also, wary and practised courtezans lie in wait for the *Asini*, so abundant in London, and justify its cognomen of the Pons Asinorum. Here fools become entrapped, and wise men too sometimes, the one losing his money, and the other his money and self-respect. But, with all its vice, Waterloo Bridge is pre-eminently the "Bridge of Sorrow." There is less of the ludicrous to be seen from its smooth highway than from almost any other in the metropolis. The people of London continually hear of unhappy men and women who throw themselves from its arches, and as often of the finding of bodies in the water, which may have lain there for weeks, no one knowing how or when they came there,—no one being able to distinguish their lineaments. But, often as these things are heard of, few are aware of the real number of victims that choose this spot to close an unhappy career,—few know that, taking one year with another, the average number of suicides committed from this place is about thirty.

Notwithstanding these gloomy associations, Waterloo Bridge is a pleasant spot. Any one who wishes to enjoy a panoramic view unequalled of its kind in Europe, has only to proceed thither, just at the first faint peep of dawn, and he will be gratified. A more lovely prospect of a city it is impossible to imagine than that which will burst upon him as he draws near to the middle arch. Scores of tall spires, unseen during the day, are distinctly seen at that hour, each of which seems to mount upwards to double its usual height, standing out in bold relief against the clear blue sky. Even the windows of distant houses, no longer, as in the noon-tide view, blended together in one undistinguishable mass, seem larger and nearer, and more clearly defined; every chimney-pot stands alone, tracing against the smokeless sky a perfect outline. Eastward, the view embraces the whole of ancient London, from "the towers of Julius" to its junction with Westminster at Temple Bar. Directly opposite stands Somerset House, by far the most prominent, and, were it not for the egg-shell on the top of it, the most elegant building, St. Paul's excepted, in all the panorama; while to the west rise the hoary towers of Westminster Abbey, with, far in the

distance, glimpses of the hills of Surrey crowned with verdure. The Thames, which flows in a crescent-shaped course, adds that peculiar charm to the view which water always affords to a landscape. If the visiter has time, and has besides the eye of a painter and the heart of a poet, he will do well to linger for a few hours on the spot till all the fires are lighted, and the haze of noon approaches. He will gradually see many objects disappear from the view. First of all, the hills of Surrey will be undistinguishable in the distance; steeples far away in the north and east of London will vanish as if by magic; houses half a mile off, in which you might at first have been able to count the panes of glass in the windows, will agglomerate into shapeless masses of brick. After a time, the manufactories and gasworks, belching out volumes of smoke, will darken all the atmosphere; steam-boats plying continually to and fro will add their quota to the general impurity of the air; while all these mingling together will form that dense cloud which habitually hangs over London, and excludes its inhabitants from the fair share of sunshine to which all men are entitled.

While thus gossiping with thee, O reader, we have passed under the arch, shot like an arrow by Hungerford Market, and arrived at another green spot, amid surrounding houses. It is a fair lawn, neatly trimmed, and divided into compartments by little walls. In the rear rises a row of goodly modern houses, the abodes of ministers, and ex-ministers, and "lords of high degree." But it is not so much for what it exhibits, as for what it hides, that this spot is remarkable. The row of houses screens Whitehall and its historical purlieus from the view. Just behind the house with the bow-windows, inhabited by Sir Robert Peel, is the spot where the head of Charles the First rolled on the scaffold. In a nook close by, as if purposely hidden from the view of the world, there is a very good statue of a very bad king. Unknown to the thousands of London, James the Second rears his brazen head in a corner, ashamed, apparently even in his effigies, to affront the eyes of the nation he misgoverned.

Still sailing up the stream, we next pass under the arches of Westminster Bridge. This edifice was commenced in 1738, and finished in 1750. The Corporation of London had a notion that it would injure the trade of the city; and while the bill relating to it underwent discussion in the legislature, they opposed it by every means in their power. For many years afterwards, London aldermen thought it pollution to go over it, and passed by it as saucily and with as much contempt as a dog would by a "stinking brock." So highly was the bridge esteemed by its projectors, that they procured the admission of a clause into the act of Parliament, by which the punishment of death without benefit of clergy was declared against any one who should wilfully deface or injure it. Dogs also were kept off it with as much rigour as they are now excluded from Kensington Gardens. It does not appear, however, that dog or man was ever hanged either for defiling or defacing the precious structure.

"O happy age! O good old times gone by!
Even dogs might howl, and pipe their sorrowing eye,
Were ye restored to us, and our posterity!"

And now we are clear of the bridge, the river opens out before us

in a longer sweep. To the right are the ruins of the houses of Lords and Commons, with hundreds of workmen busily employed in laying the foundations of a new and more splendid edifice, worthy to be the seat of the British Legislature. On the left, a little higher up, is the grey and venerable palace of Lambeth, the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury ever since the Norman Conquest. How many recollections are excited by the mention of this spot! It was here that the Archbishop Simon Sudbury was cruelly murdered by the rebels under Wat Tyler; it was here that the unfortunate Earl of Essex was imprisoned by Queen Elizabeth before his final commitment to the Tower; here also Archbishop Laud was attacked by the riotous London 'prentices, a very short time before his execution. Upon this place also, the bigots under Lord George Gordon vented a portion of their fury in 1780. Close by the same spot, under the walls of Lambeth Church, the unfortunate Mary D'Este remained hidden with her infant son, in the midst of the bitter storm of the 6th of December 1688, for a whole hour, awaiting a coach to convey her, a fugitive and an outcast from the land where she had reigned as a queen.

HUMAN LIFE.

SAY, what does human life appear
 Unto the young and gay?
 A stream, that rapidly and clear
 Flows on in sparkling play;
 A poem, bright and eloquent
 With deeds of fame and love;
 A dial, o'er which joy has bent
 The golden hands to move.

Say, what does human life appear
 Unto the sad and old?
 A desert, motionless and drear;
 A grave, with fest'ring mould,
 Though flowers may on the surface lie,
 All full of bones beneath;
 A sphinx, whose fearful mystery
 Must be revealed by death.

Say, what does human life appear
 To my own secret heart?
 Like autumn, when the mournful year
 Sees all its flowers depart;
 Like twilight, when a saddened tone
 Steals o'er the glowing skies,
 And tells us that the *storms are gone*
 But that the *sunshine dies*.

And, what does human life appear
 Unto the good and wise?
 A noble and befitting sphere
 For their high energies;
 A battle field, where faith and love
 Must vanquish pain and sin;
 A race, whose umpire is above,
 And heaven the prize to win.

M. T. II.

A BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PARISIAN SABBATH."

"THIS is something of a bore, this business of presentation," said I to myself as, fagged out, I sunk into my arm-chair, and tried to undo the tightly buttoned coat-collar, which for two hours had half strangled me. The ceremony, however, is over. 'Twas no great things, after all; and to enjoy it here at the palace of the Citizen King, requires nothing in you extremely *recherché*. On the evening of the 23d of January 1837, at eight o'clock, in company with about thirty-eight fellow-countrymen, I ascended the grand staircase of the Tuileries into the Hall of the Marshals.

Ranged all in a row, you see moving towards you a pear-faced man, in the anomaly of wig intensely *black*, and of whiskers intensely white. Pray, do you feel any misgiving now that a figure is approaching you wherein reside the destinies of France,—nay more, as some say, the destinies of all Europe? You have seen three kings, one emperor, one archduke, forty-seven dukes and earls, and counts and barons without number, and moreover the pope. Louis Philippe speaks the best English in the world, and with simplicity he asks the gentleman next you, "Pray, how long is it since your family moved from France to New Orleans?" For yourself, you may ask of royalty no questions.

But here comes the Queen. Two daughters are near her. One you pronounce lovely, and both of them are mirrors wherein all the noble daughters of France might make their toilette. They each completely embody your image of the *princess*, whether derived in your early reading from the Arabian fancy, or calmly dreamed out in moments of reverie and idealizing. "Did you have a pleasant passage across the Atlantic?"—"Is Paris as gay as you expected to find it?"—"Are not the Americans great travellers?" These are the little queries you hear or answer, as these portions of royal blood stream gently by you. And now many are the graceful and many are the manly bearings and expressions momentarily arresting your eye. But of all grace and of all manhood, what more perfect embodiment can there be than in yonder tall form? It is the Duke of Orleans. What clear and intelligent beauty in his countenance! How completely finished is his manner! With what lofty ease does he receive and return courtesies!—and as each instant he takes the elegant position to make the graceful bend, you hear his approximated spurs click, sweetly as the minute tick of your repeater. Young Seigneur, thou art not only heir to the highest destinies in Europe,—thou art likewise the handsomest and most graceful gentleman therein. Shall I go on describing the scene,—the representatives of every civilised nation, in appropriate habiliments?

But here is the invitation, for securing which a presentation is of value. It comes in an inclosure five inches square, and is thus worded:—

"Palais des Tuileries, le 20 Janvier, 1837.

"L'Aide-de-Camp de service près du Roi et Mme. la Mise de Dolomieu, Dame d'honneur de la REINE, ont l'honneur de prévenir Monsieur — qu'il est invité au Bal qui aura lieu au Palais des Tuileries le Mercredi 25 Janvier, à 8 heures.

*Les hommes seront en uniforme,
ou en habit habillé."*

Thursday morning, 4 o'clock.

Just from the ball. There can be no objection to the style of this fête. "Never was there more magnificence even under the empire," declared a grey-headed general in buckskins. "Superbe, magnifique!" said a member of the Chamber of Deputies, himself one of the only three in black pantaloons and coat. "Really this is capital, very nice," murmured an English duchess, from whose forehead stood out a huge pearl. "Bella, bellissima," and the words were from the lips of an Italian beauty. "Schön, schön," guttered forth a German baron, in broad chest and forehead; and I doubt not that many Russians ejaculated their admiration in terminations of "off," and many Poles in quadrasyllables ending with "t-s-k-i." I heard a fellow-countryman say, that it was to be sure very fine; but that the enormous expenditure it implied did not altogether correspond with his ideas of political economy. To me does it all seem confused, and glorious, and indescribable as forty midsummer dreams, each confounded with the other. How shall I find words to describe it? Where shall I begin? What shall be my principle of classification? Shall I first take the plumes, and then the eyes?—or going by nations, shall I first characterise the Russians, then the Spaniards, Turks, and so on? Really here is a comprehensive and most unmanageable theme. I now recall nothing distinctly: the elements are somewhat in my memory. There are diamonds, and silks, and costliest furs, and stars, and orders; elegant men in glorious moustaches, and beautiful women half fainting in the waltz; sweet music, Turks in turbans, dukes, mirrors, countesses, and blazing chandeliers, red-coated servants, ministers of all cabinets, golden scarfs, and plumes, and magnificent bouquets; earls and marquises, and barons and barons' wives, and marshals and marshals' portraits; in short, confusedly do I recall the spectacle of four thousand men and women, noblemen and noblewomen, in their most polished manners and most gorgeous dress, assembled for five hours at the palace of the most magnificent court in Europe.

There were some persons and scenes which I shall not soon altogether forget. There was Scotch Lord Gordon in costume,—cap made piquant by an eagle's feather,—on his right side a richly enamelled powder-horn, the gift of James II. to an ancestor, and on his left a bold claymore, while his plaid was clasped upon the shoulder by a *cairn gorm*, big as a giant's fist. But the crowning glory of Lord Gordon was his *legs*,—legs intensely Scotch, thoroughly developed in their minutest fibres, and naked, ay, *naked* up—up—I may not say how far. Those legs were the most extraordinary specimens of aristocratical *sansculottism* I had lately seen; and they were the wonder of hundreds in that great company. Tough German baronesses paused to quiz them up and down, through their little gold-mounted eye-glasses. Not a duchess, not a countess, not a marchioness, not even a *lady* in the rooms, but had stared at, admired, and sighed over those handsome, hard, those oaken-knotted prongs from the Grampians. There was one damsel whose deportment with respect to them I carefully noticed. She was the very youthful daughter of a Polish general who had fallen in the field. I noticed her once and twice, for the marvellous whiteness of her skin, and even a third time, for the marvellous blackness of her hair and eyes. Looking here and there, she happened to see this Scotch nobleman's

legs. At first she actually started; then she timidly surveyed them, seemingly to ask, "Are those uncovered?" and finally, assured of the fact, she turned away, and up to her lip mounted a curl of the supremest scorn and disgust, which the pencil perhaps might portray, but certainly the pen never could.

But who is that, that lady yonder, leaning upon the arm of the old dowager, duenna, or whatever you may call her? "*That*, sir," said my companion, "is the Countess Guiccioli." Aha! the Countess Guiccioli, is it? Imagine a slender form, bended gently as an osier, with eyes black and of unfathomable brightness, their lids lashed lengthily, and their brows like arches of ebon, with hair in the hue of raven's plumes wreathed about an alabaster neck, with a sweetly chiseled mouth, and a melancholy smile, with a hand small, and of that consummate delicacy which always captivated Byron, and which is often deemed a type of sensitiveness,—imagine ten times *more* than all this, and you have something like *my* Countess Guiccioli, such as I had dreamed the *friend* of the poet ought to be, and an image of whom I had fancied to have one evening seen at the Florian, in Venice. Alas! there was a wide chasm between my fancy and the reality. The countess before me, in her substantial flesh and bone, was a woman to whom you would involuntarily apply the descriptive word "dumpy." She had not even the merit of an Italian black eye, for hers was of a light blue; and as for the hair, it was auburn, horribly approaching to red,—for Byron's sake, you may call it Silesian yellow. Her form was short and thickish; and as for her bearing, it was extremely unimpressive. I must say, however, that her shoulders were magnificent, and likewise the domains thereto adjacent,—fairy islets heaved from a fairy sea. I recalled what Byron had written about her voice. To that voice the world is indebted for the "Prophecy of Dante." "Thou spakest,"—and the result was the poem just named.

"But only in the sunny South,
Such sounds are uttered and such charms displayed,
So sweet a language from so sweet a mouth,
Ah, to what effort would they not persuade!"

I heard some of these sounds. They were tinkled forth very musically, to be sure. I recognised a little *patois*; but it was so sweetly spoken, that I preferred it to the language in its purity. "*La cale, la cale,*" was pleasanter to the ear than ever before had sounded "*la qu'ale, la qu'ale.*" "I wish you could see one of her portraits," said my companion. "It is a rare composition. She is represented as a Magdalene weeping over the skull of Byron."—"In which," said a gentleman near us, "you may discover *all* of the Magdalene except—her repentance." I half remembered a passage in one of the poet's letters, running somewhat thus:—"To-night, as Countess Guiccioli observed me poring over Don Juan, she stumbled by mere chance on the 137th stanza of the first canto, and asked me what it meant. I told her, 'Nothing,—but your husband is coming.' As I said this in Italian with some emphasis, she started up in a fright, and said, 'O, my God! *is* he coming?'—thinking it was her own, who either was, or ought to have been, at the theatre. You may suppose we laughed when we found out the mistake," &c.

Gently elbowing our way through masses of nobility, from dukes and grand dukes downwards, we arrived at the Hall of the Throne.

Here were the players. There were several tables ; around one of them I observed four turbaned Turks. Intently were their eyes fixed upon the cards before them, and behind the chair of each stood a sable attendant in elegant livery. Nothing enchanted me more than the serious, philosophical, imperturbable gravity that presided over the visages of these representatives of the Sublime Porte. What a contrast to the smiling joyous scene about them!—a sort of dreary double-bass in the midst of fifes and flutes. I was charmed by the sovereign indifference to all around with which they ceaselessly conducted their games from the beginning to the end, and still again from the beginning to the end. They spoke not—smiled not ; they did nothing but play at cards. Now and then, indeed, one of them would turn slowly up his head, while his great eyes rolled over the glorious beauty crowded thickly on every side, unrecognising, unrecognised, and suggesting the thought that his presence here was as much an intrusion into the palace of Louis Philippe, as Turkey on this side the Bosphorus is an intrusion into Europe. Having, as I said, rolled his eyes over the fair faces and forms, he settled them slowly down again upon the game before him. Where, think you, were his thoughts then? Perchance for a moment at home, among certain harems in Constantinople.

Walking through different halls hung in brocade of richest crimson and in purple velvet, dazzled by the blaze of a hundred chandeliers, listening to sweetest music, watching their motions in the dance of the fairest and the proudest daughters in Europe,—such, in part, may be the agreeable employment of a stranger at a ball of the Citizen King at the Tuileries. All is for the ear and the eye. You have nothing to do but look and listen. To converse in such a scene as this,—ridiculous! You may hardly chat. This is a show, a sight, a lion, and *as* such should be enjoyed ; and knowing indeed is that traveller who does not pronounce it the grandest lion he has seen in any European wandering.

“ Here, sir,” said my kind cicerone, “ on this little lady is the costliest treasury of diamonds in all the halls. It is the Duchess of Ferrara.” I turned my eye towards the person designated. How is it possible for uncoloured unshining words to image the brilliancy of this living Ormus and Ind? Emerald, chalcidony, sapphire, jasper, topaz, sardonyx, chrysolite, beryl, chrysoprasus, jacinth, amethyst—their names are legion! And yet there was a good deal of simplicity about the duchess. Her forehead was most chastely crowned. Fancy the moon in her youngest crescent; circling her outer edge are seventeen bright stars, each brighter than Venus when presiding at the dawn; now place this your fancy upon a lovely brow, overjutting the loveliest eyes,—you have an image of *part* of the head-dress of the Duchess of Ferrara.

“ And yonder,” said a friend, “ is the Duchess of Sutherland. She is almost as heavily laden with precious burthens as is the Duchess of Ferrara.” I was delighted with this last scene. It was one of old England’s noble daughters, in noble beauty, and in the choicest ornaments of her aristocratical wealth. I imagined that here was some rivalship. I fancied that I beheld the sombre North pitted against laughing Italy. But why do I dwell upon these single exhibitions of diamond wealth, when every moment, on every side, they gleam and blaze as if a shower thereof had been recklessly poured forth from some Golconda in the heavens.

The Duchess of Sutherland reminds me how admirably was England's beauty represented this night. I cannot say English ladies are the most beautiful in the world; but I do say, that from their waist upwards, in all the multitudinous phenomena of bust, neck, and head, they may vie with the best specimens I have seen in Europe. As to their feet and so forth, let that silence be preserved which becomes a man of gallantry. I saw a remarkably fine specimen this evening. What chastely-chiseled features! What clear and marble-like transparency of complexion — not pale, for faintly might you see the crimson of her fresh life! How gracefully poised was the neck—that ivory temple seen in the imagination of Solomon! And then her breast and shoulders, rounded freely and boldly, revealing everywhere most graceful waves and undulations, and of so firm and health-giving a capacity, that even the roses thereabouts attached by the mystery of French milliners seemed to take root and life from within! But I regret to add that the damsel walked badly. Her feet wanted the delicate frame, and those perfect archways on which so much of grace depends. Moreover, her ankles were enormously bony. Some one says, be extremely anxious about your pantaloons as far as the knee, then let them shift for themselves. One might fairly suspect that the English ladies had an analogous theory with respect to their persons, as far as the waist.

The crowd had after midnight degenerated into a jam, and the warmth of the rooms into an absolute heat. I ascended into the little balcony which runs around the Hall of the Marshals, and looking, bird-like, down for a moment on the living and ever-shifting mosaic below, walked out into the cool night air, to survey another scene from the well-known Terrace. An impressive change it was, —from such a jam and heat of nobility and diamonds, Turks, waltzing, and chandeliers, into this isolated spot, wherefrom was to be seen the broad arch of the sky, with many unpretending ornaments of its own jewellery, and where I should inevitably have fallen into reflections about the brevity of kings and fêtes, and the long continuance of the stars, had not some one observed that the banquet was announced.

There could not reasonably be desired a more glorious spectacle than that of the Hall of Diana, wherein were now seated six hundred of the proudest dames, and most beautiful damsels of the time; —surely no inconsiderable link uniting the pride and beauty of the past with that pride and beauty which are to come. Around the room were ranged the noblemen and the gentlemen; and, in their gorgeous dresses, am I wrong in likening the scene to a vast picture of silver in a golden frame? Swiftly and noiselessly move round those tall servants in crimson livery; —the services of solid silver, and sometimes, far better, of solid gold, shine in their kid-gloved hands. How respectable, and even venerable, do they often look in those grey hairs! That veteran with the champagne glass, how admirably does he perform his duty! How well-timed are all his movements! He seems to anticipate many wishes; he can read in those countenances what those hearts desire; he has carefully studied human nature in *one* of its phases, namely when hungry. He knows very well that the wish for a slice of *paté de foie gras* is very different from a wish for a goblet of Johannisberg, and he seems to read that

difference in your expressive face. At every change, he brings with your silver plate a clean napkin; and have a care, or, like yonder lady, you may count seven napkins in your lap at the same moment. But hark, the music rises—it is from a band. You have now only to get nectar and ambrosia, and here will you have no unworthy image of a chosen banquet of all the choicest goddesses. In your dreamings and imaginations there is nothing to bring you back to things earthly save, perchance, the voices of certain German barons behind you grating in their native dialect.

Loud and quickly successive are the explosions—the rejoicings—of cork-relieved champagne; multitudinous wave the plumes of banqueters; deliciously swells up the music, not hostile to digestion; the glancing of jewels mingles with the gleam of silver tankards. Louis Philippe, in yonder uniform of a colonel of the National Guards, dignifies the scene. The Duke of Orleans, clad as lieutenant-general thereof, gives to it the charm of his presence. The little Duke d'Aumale, now for the first time mounting the epaulette of a sub-lieutenant of light infantry, smiles back the smile of Mademoiselle de Werther. The Queen,—that excellent matronly specimen of the royal woman,—how royally, in that costume of superbest velvet, does she perform the duties of her sphere! Madame Adelaide, though not very fair to the eye, is nevertheless, in those courtly manners, very fair to your imagination. And those young princesses, who are yonder conversing, the one with Count d'Appony, and the other with Colonel Lemercier of the National Guards, whose temples are each adorned with a crimson rose, from whose centre shine forth four diamonds, who embody every feature of what two sister princesses ought to be—Heaven permit that their days be never darkened by clouds gathered, and still gathering, about the destinies of their house!

After the banquet, dancing was resumed. Mark yonder little whirlpools of the waltz. Do you observe those two ladies eddying gracefully with those two gentlemen? Ah, one has paused. You see her breast heaving amidst roses, exactly in harmony with the undulations of her plume. How very young is the gentleman whose hand has just abandoned her waist! And now has the other paused. They stand side by side. There is a sort of resemblance. Be not surprised, for they are mother and daughter; and the parent looks youthful and gay as the offspring. She waltzes in the same set, and with a more youthful partner. That, sir, is one of the pleasing features of French society. Married women and mothers are not doomed here to solitary vegetation against wall-sides. In society are they flattered with attentions like those which the unmarried and their daughters receive, and from the same gentlemen too. Marriage here is not a bourne beyond which youthful gallantry refuses to pass.

But the Queen has retired. This is the signal for a general *abandon* and breaking up. The dance and the music cease. The halls are vacant. The lights are out. The fête of the Citizen King is among the things of the past. It has joined the long catalogue of chapters in the history of the Tuileries.

RICHELIEU: OR, THE CONSPIRACY.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU was Premier of France;
 He was keen as a fox, and you read at a glance,
 In his phiz so expressive of malice and trick,
 That he 'd much of the nature ascribed to Old Nick;
 If a noble e'er dared to oppose him, instead
 Of confuting his lordship, he whipped off his head:
 He fixed his grim paw
 Upon church, state, and law,
 With as much cool assurance as ever you saw;
 With his satire's sharp sting
 He badgered the King,
 Bullied his brother,
 Transported his mother,
 And (what is a far more astonishing case)
 Not only pronounced him an ass to his face,
 But made love to his Queen, and because she declined
 His advances, gave out she was wrong in her mind!
 Now the nobles of France, and still more the poor King,
 Disliked, as was natural, this sort of thing;
 The former felt shocked that plebeian beholders
 Should see a peer's head fly so oft from his shoulders,
 And the latter was constantly kept upon thorns
 By the Cardinal's wish to endow him with horns;
 Thus rankling with spite,
 A party one night
 Of noblemen met, and determined outright
 (So enraged were the crew)
 First, to murder Richelieu,
 And, if needful, despatch all his partizans too:
 Next to league with the foes
 Of the King, and depose
 The fat-pated monarch himself, for a fool
 Rebellion ne'er uses, except as a tool.

On the night that Richelieu was thus marked out for slaughter,
 He chanced to be tipping cold brandy and water
 With one Joseph, a Capuchin priest—a sly dog,
 And by no means averse to the comforts of grog,
 As you saw by his paunch, which seemed proud to reveal
 How exactly it looked like a fillet of veal.
 They laughed and they quaffed, 'till the Capuchin's nose
 ("T was a thorough-bred snub) grew as red as a rose;
 And, whenever it chanced that his patron, Richelieu,
 Cracked a joke, even though it was not very new;
 And pointed his smart conversational squibs,
 By a slap on Joe's back, or a peg in his ribs;
 The priest, who was wonderfully shrewd as a schemer,
 Would bellow with ecstasy, "Gad, that 's a screamer!"
 Thus they chatted away, a rare couple well met,
 And were just tuning up for a pious duet,
 When in rushed a spy,
 With his wig all awry,
 And a very equivocal drop in his eye,
 Who cried (looking blue
 As he turned to Richelieu)
 " Oh, my lord, lack-a-day!
 Here's the devil to pay,
 For a dozen fierce nobles are coming this way;

One of whom, an old stager, as sharp as a lizard,
Has threatened to stick a long knife in your gizzard ;
While the rest of the traitors, I say it with pain,
Have already sent off a despatch to Spain,
To state that his Majesty's ceased to reign,
And order the troops all home again."

When his Eminence heard these tidings, "Go,"
He said, in the blandest of tones, to Joe,

"And if you can catch

The traitor's despatch,

I swear—no matter how rich it be—
You shall have, dear Joe, the very next see!"—

(*Nota bene*, whenever Old Nick is wishing
To enjoy the prime sport of parson-fishing,
He always, like Richelieu, cunning and quick,
Baits with a good fat bishoprick!)

No sooner had Joe turned his sanctified back—
I hardly need add he was off in a crack—
Than up the grand stairs rushed the murderous pack,
Whereon the sly Cardinal, tipping the wink
To the spy, who was helping himself to some drink

At a side-table, said,

"Tell 'em I'm dead!"

Then flew to his chamber, and popped into bed.
"What, dead?" roared the traitors. "I stuck him myself,
With a knife which I snatched from the back-kitchen shelf,"

Was the ready reply

Of the quick-witted spy,—

Who in matters of business ne'er stuck at a lie.
"Huzza, then, for office!" cried one, and cried all,
"The government's ours by the Cardinal's fall,"

And, so saying, the crew

Cut a caper or two,

Gave the spy a new four-penny piece and withdrew.

Next day all the papers were full of the news,
Little dreaming the Cardinal's death was a *ruse* ;
In parliament, too, lots of speeches were made,
And poetical tropes by the bushel displayed ;
The deceased was compared to Ulysses and Plato,
To a star, to a cherub, an eagle, and Cato ;
And 't was gravely proposed by some gents in committee
To erect him a statue of gold in the city ;
But when an economist, caustic and witty,

Asked, "Gentlemen, pray,

Who is to pay?"

The committee, as if by galvanic shock jolted,
Looked horrified, put on their castors, and bolted!

Meanwhile the shrewd traitors repaired in a bevy,
All buoyant with hope, to his Majesty's levee,
When, lo! as the King with anxiety feigned,
Was beginning to speak of the loss he'd sustained,
In strutted Richelieu,

And the Capuchin too,

Which made each conspirator shake in his shoe ;
One whispered a by-stander, looking him through,
"By Jove, I can scarcely believe it! can you?"
Another cried, "Dam'me, I thought 't was a *do*!"
And a third muttered faintly, o'ercome by his fear,
"Talk of the devil, and he's sure to appear?"

When the King, who at first hardly trusted his eyes,
 Had somewhat recovered the shock of surprize,
 He shook his thick head
 At the Cardinal, and said,
 In tones in which something of anger still lurked,
 "How's this? Why, God bless me, I thought you were burked!"
 "Had such been my fate," quickly answered Richelieu,
 "Had they made me a *subject*, the rascally crew,
 My liege, they 'd have soon made another of you.
 Look here!" and he pulled out the nobles' despatch,
 Who felt that for once they had met their match,
 And exclaiming, "'Od rot 'em,
 The scoundrels, I've got 'em!"
 Read it out to the King from the top to the bottom.

Next morning twelve scaffolds, with axes of steel,
 Adorned the fore-court of the sprightly Bastille;
 And at midnight twelve nobles, by way of a bed,
 Lay snug in twelve coffins, each *minus* a head—
 A thing not uncommon with nobles, 't is said.
 Priest Joe got his see,
 And delighted was he,
 For the bishoprick suited his taste to a T;
 And Richelieu, the stern, unforgiving, and clever,
 Bullied king, church, and people, more fiercely than ever!

Such the theme which Sir Lytton
 Has recently hit on,
 To expand his rare fancy, and feeling, and wit on;
 And the moral is this—if, conspiring in flocks,
 Silly geese will presume to play tricks with a fox,
 And strive by finesse to get rid of the pest,
 They must always expect to come off second best!

 COME BACK TO ME!

Oh! where are ye, bright happy days,
 Ye gay, and radiant hours?
 When life to me was as a dream
 Of sunshine, and of flowers.
 Alas! how little then I thought
 How transient ye would be;
 How soon that I should sigh in vain:
 Come back—come back to me!

Oh! where are ye, my early friends,
 The dear, the true, the loved,
 Who shared my happy childhood's mirth,
 Have ye, too, transient proved?
 "No, no! that thought I could not bear,
 For, oh! with heartfelt glee
 I cling to hope, that whispers still,
 Ye will come back to me!"

M. C. M.

VINCENT EDEN;
OR, THE OXONIAN.

BY QUIP.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRESHMAN'S INTRODUCTION TO OXFORD SOCIETY.

EDEN returned to his college, pondering on the peculiarities of his new acquaintance, and more than half inclined to wish that the parent of the illustrious Henry Brougham and Arthur Wellington had never taken it into her head to make his portmanteau her substitute for a General Post. With the image of Mrs. Myrtleby rose that of the young ladies' seminary, at which the intimacy between that matron and his own mother had first sprung up. The thoughts of school naturally led him back to those of college; and this train of reflection — together with a series of calls on the authorities of Trinity, (who took care to absent themselves when these little marks of respect were flying about,) and a stroll in search of a cap and gown, which he first astonished the tailor by paying ready money for, and then every one he met, by wearing the former article hind side before,—lasted till the dinner-bell rang.

Dinner passed away without much worthy of remark. This being the first general meeting in Hall, there was a great deal of shaking hands across the table among some recent arrivals; and, to judge by their own accounts, there never had been, or could by any possibility be again, such a pleasant vacation as they had all spent, or such fine fellows as they had shown themselves therein. Then it was amusing to see those gentlemen who had stopped up to read, looking as if they had just now remembered for the first time that they had a great deal still to do, and bolting their dinner as if they thought indigestion would help them to do it. The Freshmen, too, were equally entertaining in their way. Some took every opportunity of sneering at the dinner, particularly when anybody was looking at them; as much as to say how utterly unworthy it was of them, and what much better ones they got at home. Others called each other "sir" so often that Eden's little scout, who waited at that table, began to think there was no necessity for his calling them so at all; and, having taken his beer before instead of after dinner, actually went so far in his familiarities as to say "Directly, Duggins," to one young gentleman, who having been at a public school, was the only one who dared to ask for a clean plate. As for Eden himself, having (in spite of his walking into the kitchen by mistake for the Hall) been the first at table, he was guilty of the gratuitous piece of politeness of waiting for the rest before he began,—an interval which he beguiled by taking

the brass stand bearing the college arms, and stationed in the centre of the hall, for a most capacious and comprehensive plate-warmer ; so that when he did begin, the meat was all cold. He consoled himself, however, with the idea of making up with pastry ; and, on being requested to choose between tarts and pudding, and deciding on the former, found that they existed merely in the scout's imagination ; and, falling back on the latter, had the satisfaction of learning that it was all gone.

Youth, however, and natural good-humour, and, it may be, the anticipation of a supper at Raffleton's,—for it does not do to probe motives, even a Freshman's, too severely—easily consoled him for these minor misfortunes ; and at the appointed hour he sallied forth in quest of his friend's lodgings.

Meanwhile the company had already assembled. At the top of the table, his face spattered with gravy, and perspiring with excess of anxiety and exertion, sate the host, cutting and carving for, and taking wine with, everybody all round. It was a day of triumph for Raffleton. Two noble lords from Christ Church, in consideration of sundry bets lost to them by that gentleman for the express purpose of securing their acquaintance, and furthermore, of their own wine not having arrived from town, had actually vouchsafed to sup with him ; and there they sate, not paying much attention to their host, it is true ; but, as far as eating and drinking went, condescending to make themselves most completely at home. The posts of honour had been, of course, assigned them. At the bottom of the table, his handsome face overshadowed with a profusion of dark clustering hair, such as many a woman might have envied, sate the courted of Crockford's and Almack's—the richest among the young nobility of the day—the gay Lord Wynyard : while on the right of Mr. Raffleton was the somewhat undersized and boyish-looking Earl of May.

Then there were two gentlemen from London, foreigners, of whom nothing farther was known than that they rejoiced in the imposing names of the Count Pichantosch, and the Chevalier Liefbivitz—that they had come down to Oxford on private business of their own—and that they were very fond of whist ; on which occasions the Count invariably turned up the ace of hearts in dealing, and the Chevalier as invariably remarked how odd it was ; probably because if he had not said so, other people might have thought so. Beside Wynyard sate a friend of his, a tall, pale, gentlemanly looking man, from Trinity, with dark hair, and an enormous appetite, which for the present completely disabled him from answering, as his godfathers and godmother had fully intended he should do, to the name of Mr. Richardson Lane. The remaining places were occupied by a number of young men individually unremarkable, but who by dint of great united exertion had procured for themselves the familiar college appellation of "Bricks ;" and who were for

the present cemented together by a theoretical and practical predilection for dogs and horses—a medical certificate of hebdomadal fever on hunting-days—and a far stronger disposition to make themselves sick on Messrs. Sheard's and Sim's claret than to pay for it.

The costume, too, like the dispositions and habits of the party, although slightly varied according to the taste of the individual, partook of the same general character; being a sort of "Oxford mixture" of the troubadour picturesque style with that of Mr. Charles Mathews dressed for genteel comedy. Coats of a fanciful cut and colour; liveries of sundry clubs, rivalling in number and splendour of apparel the ancient orders of knighthood—magnificent satin neckcloths à la Field of the Cloth of Gold—breast-pins, which might respectively have done duty as Solomon's sceptre, or the Lord Mayor's mace—together with the deep tone of devotion to the fair sex, which the conversation occasionally assumed—all seemed to mark the birth of a new age of chivalry in Oxford.

It was in the presence of this august company that, after twenty minutes spent in alternately losing and inquiring his way, our Freshman at length found himself; and, having apologised to Raffleton for his delay, was accommodated by him with a seat on his left hand and the claw of a lobster, and then formally introduced to the company. Count Pichantosch and his friend, Liefbiwitz, bowed very low at the introduction, and still lower on hearing that he was a Freshman; for which there did not appear any very distinct reason, except that Freshmen might justly be supposed to know less of foreigners, and their little winning ways, than anybody else. Mr. Richardson Lane, who was the "capital fellow of his own college," to whom Raffleton was to introduce him, being a Freshman of already one term's standing, did not bow at all, but nodded patronizingly, by way of doing the civil to his new acquaintance, and then took wine with him, by way of doing the same to himself. To the two noblemen, Raffleton did not seem to consider it necessary to introduce him at all—probably feeling how useless it would be, from a recollection of the time, trouble, and expense, which it had cost him to become acquainted with them himself.

"*Ohe! jam satis est,*" cried Wynyard, pushing back his chair, on the cloth being withdrawn, and looking very much as if he had eaten more than was good for him, and was about to do the same in the drinking department.

"Don't," said Raffleton, catching the words indistinctly from the other end of the table, without being aware who had uttered them. "Don't do that again, whoever you are."

"Don't do what?" asked somebody near him.

"Talk Latin," said Raffleton. Then, finding out for the first time that it was a lord who said it, he exclaimed very loud, that it was the very best thing he had ever heard, and laughed still

louder, by way of backing his opinion; after which he began to think seriously of talking Latin himself, only he didn't happen to remember any just at that moment, and Willett wasn't there to help him.

The fact was, talking Latin was a new freak of Wynyard's. Having lately become the proprietor of a reading-desk, a reflecting-lamp, and a private tutor, the noble lord actually flattered himself he was rapidly recovering the few stray leaves of the tree of knowledge which had fallen to his share under the influence of that patent circulator of blood and Latin grammar, that schoolboy's *Memoria Technica*, the flogging-block. The delusion was already complete in his own case—it was to impress his more sceptical associates with a similar belief that he was in the habit of occasionally favouring them with miscellaneous remarks from the dead languages.

"Who'll sing us a song?" said Raffleton, as soon as he had recovered from the confusion consequent upon the idea of having offended a lord. "Come, Carlton, you will, I know. One of your own, that's a good fellow!"

Eden turned to look at the person thus addressed, whom in his hurried introduction he had not before observed. He was apparently not more than one-and-twenty, with a mild, thoughtful-looking face, and an eye, which, by an occasional quick bright glance, seemed to give the lie to the pensive and almost melancholy expression of his features. He quietly and readily complied with Raffleton's request, and sung as follows:—

MR. CARLTON'S SONG.

I.

SHE's the prettiest girl in London,
As she was in her own country town;
But, alas! for the hearts she has undone
With her beautiful smile or her frown.

II.

There's a change come o'er her demeanour,
Since I knew her a young country Miss;
Oh, who that in childhood had seen her
Would have dream'd she could e'er come to this?

III.

For she's grown so fond of enslaving
Those Princes of foreign race,
That a Duke is no longer worth having
Without a moustache on his face.

IV.

There's Schwartzzenburgh, Esterhazy,
There's Zichy and young Nemours;
She has made all their Highnesses crazy,
And Putbus sing "Vive l'Amour!"

V.

With that smile she has lured them to ruin,
And look'd, "Oh we never will part;"
With that frown she has wrought their undoing—
Then mock'd them—as though they'd a heart.

VI.

There are true British souls, too, that love her,
 Though they beat not 'neath gewgaws and gold ;
 But it is not Affection can move her—
 For that heart must be bartered and sold.

VII.

Yet there 's one who will never forget her,
 Though she scorns her young Englishman now ;
 Little speaks he—nor seems to regret her—
 But there 's grief on that pale haughty brow.

VIII.

He is drooping ; those dim eyes declare it,
 Once bright with the gleam of her smile ;
 And his Fame, since there 's no one to share it,
 Does but light him to death all the while.

Much applause ensued on the close of the song. The Count and Chevalier not having understood anything more of its purport than an occasional allusion to foreigners, took it as a compliment to themselves, and were loudest in their approbation. Mr. Richardson Lane asked for a copy, which Carlton smilingly promised ; and then Edeu saw the calm thoughtful look, which had yielded to an assumed air of gaiety while he was singing, return to his face, as he filled his glass, and prepared to drink deeply for the rest of the evening.

Meanwhile, sundry gigantic brown jugs, with silver lids, and men, dogs, and horses, in full chase all round them, evidently intended to convey the idea of Raffleton's being a man of property and a real sportsman, had been going their rounds, to the great satisfaction of every one but the host, who, having ordered some mulled claret, as an aristocratic beverage, expressly for the two noblemen, had the mortification of hearing the young Earl declare his unalterable intention of "sticking by the gin-punch till all was blue." Then, as soon as the company began to feel sufficiently enthusiastic, came a series of toasts. First of all the Queen was given ; and then the Army ; and then Mr. Richardson Lane insisted on returning thanks for the latter, on the strength of having been just appointed colonel, or corporal, or something of that sort, (for it didn't exactly appear what from his speech,) in the Worcestershire yeomanry. The Navy followed—and, by the time some gentleman, whose father had taken out a patent for copper-bottoming her Majesty's fleet, had returned thanks for *that* too, a considerable change for the worse had taken place in the conduct and appearance of the party. For instance, the eyes of most of the gentlemen had begun to look extremely red, and their voices had got very thick and husky, which was the more to be regretted, because, inasmuch as every one was talking about himself, a great deal of valuable family information might have been picked up, had the means of conveying it been somewhat clearer. Even the Count and the Chevalier seemed to have given up all prospect of whist that night, and

were engaged in an exposition of the beauties of "Vingt Un" to Eden, who, in his turn, was regaling what he considered to be the eight ears of four foreigners with divers anecdotes of a long-tailed pony which he had left at home. This last mistake was very excusable; inasmuch as the host himself had long ago begun to fancy that he was honoured by the presence of four members of the aristocracy instead of two.

Then the Chevalier, who was of a very obliging disposition, volunteered a song, of which the first verse contained some allusion to his being "A French gentleman," the applicability of which latter word to himself no one seemed sober enough to doubt; and when this was over, the young Earl, somewhat imperatively, demanded that Raffleton should "strike up" something for the amusement of the company.

"Hurrah for the aristocracy — pillars of the state, as a man may say," roared Raffleton, his habitual reverence for the peerage having, somehow or other, evaporated with the fumes of the wine. "To be sure, old boy. Here goes." And, having just taken another glass by way of washing down the hoarseness, and, premising that every one knew the tune of "I'd be a butterfly," (which, by the by, it soon became very evident he did *not*,) he rattled forth the following words:—

MR. RAFFLETON'S SONG.

I.

"I'd be a Rifleman, gallant and gay,
Longest and last at the banquet or ball;
Waltzing, quadrilling, and flirting away,
Constant to none, yet a favourite with all.
True to the opera, concert, or play,
I'd never languish for wedlock's dull thrall;
I'd be a Rifleman, gallant and gay,
Constant to none, yet a favourite with all.

II.

"Oh! from a tailor some cloth could I wheedle,
Some dark-coloured cloth of that beautiful green,
I'd set about, with my scissors and needle,
As dashing a jacket as ever was seen.
What matter to me though I write or read ill,
Though a truant at school, and at college I've been?
Oh! from a tailor some cloth could I wheedle,
I'd have a coat of that beautiful green.
I'd be a Rifleman, I'd be a Rifleman,
Drest in a coat of that beautiful green.

III.

"What though you tell me the jacket of scarlet
Is forwarder seen when the battle's begun?
Yet the Rifleman sure you ought never to snarl at,
For he'll safely return when that battle is done.
Others in conflict, while fighting may fall at
The stroke of a sabre or shot of a gun;
But the Rifleman laughs at the jacket of scarlet,
Perch'd in a tree till the battle is done.
I'd be a Rifleman, I'd be a Rifleman,
Flirting in peace-time when battle is done."

There was a great deal of shouting in approbation of Raffleton's song, accompanied by a considerable jingling of glasses; which latter mode of applause being new to Eden, he broke his in the attempt to do as others did, and was in the act of offering eighteen-pence (all he had in his pocket) in payment, when Mr. Richardson Lane, whose choler had evidently been rising during the song, now followed his example, and rose in person, looking as straight as he could at Raffleton. The contrast between the two faces was very amusing. Raffleton's still wore the traces of a drunken expression of modesty consequent upon the applause he had met with; while Mr. Richardson Lane's visage was strained to its utmost extent of ferocity, mixed with a rather futile effort to look dignified at the same time.

"If you think I'm going to stand this insult to the army, sir," said Mr. Lane, "that army to which, as an humble member of the yeomanry, I have the honour of belonging, you're mistaken. I'm not—and that's all about it. *Now* then."

Here Wynyard, upon whose shoulder the orator had been balancing himself, suddenly withdrew his support, and Mr. Richardson Lane and his speech both broke down together, the former dragging one of the aforesaid gigantic jugs with him in his fall, and deluging Wynyard; who, having only returned from Woodstock in time for supper, and not having changed his riding attire, instantly commenced a severe course of spurring upon the prostrate person of the Worcestershire yeoman. The utmost confusion prevailed—the Count and the Chevalier thinking a duel would be no bad substitute for whist, each espoused different sides—and Raffleton's nose had been pulled very nearly off by his infuriated antagonist, when an unforeseen circumstance occasioned a sudden suspension of hostilities.

The Rev. Burnaby Birch, as an undergraduate, had been what is called a "fast man;" which, being interpreted, means that he had got through a small income and a large stock of wine quicker than other people. He was Proctor now—but the last-mentioned propensity had never deserted him.

To say that the Rev. Burnaby Birch was drunk on the first night of Term, would be disrespectful—to say that he was sober, untrue. He was in that intermediate state which is often the parent of a wilder family of dreams than ever sleep was. The Reverend Burnaby Birch was half drunk; and, being so, sallied forth resolved to extirpate drunkenness from the University.

As he passed down the High Street, for the fiftieth time, full of this heroic determination, the uproar from Raffleton's lodgings broke on the ear. There were victims within reach—he listened—exulted—paused to think what he ought to say—thundered at the street-door—tumbled up stairs, followed by the Marshal and bull-dogs, the former of whom seemed very much afraid his principal was about to commit himself—and stood in the presence of the astonished party, velvet sleeves, bull-dogs, and all.

The Freshman slipped under the table in an agony of horror. "Oh, my eye!" roared Raffleton. One would have thought he would rather have said his nose, which Mr. Richardson Lane had only just released.

The remainder of the company stood as motionless as men excessively drunk ever can stand, and stared stupidly at the Proctor, who seemed equally confused at finding himself in so large a party. Wynyard, who was the farthest gone of the lot, passed his hands through his hair, and "hoped he was well."

The Rev. Burnaby Birch favoured him with a look which he intended to represent daggers, but which the noble lord merely took for a most unnatural distortion of an unusually ugly human visage. The Proctor then advanced slowly towards the paralyzed figure of Raffleton, with whose person he seemed perfectly well acquainted.

"Sir," said he, speaking somewhat thickly, "you are Mr. Raffleton, of Oriel, I believe. If you are not, I insist upon your telling me who you are." Here the Proctor looked at the Marshal to know if he was doing right; and that functionary nodded his approbation.

"I *was* that gentleman, sir, certainly;" replied Raffleton, gasping for breath; "but, really—all this seems so—so strange—that I can't speak pos-positively to being so n-now."

"None of your disgusting ribaldry, sir," said the Proctor. "This is a room, sir,——"

"Sir," said Wynyard, "you are a man of observation. It is a room."

"And it's very kind of you to come all the way from College at this time of night to tell us so," interposed Mr. Richardson Lane, recovering his breath and courage together.

"Silence, sir!" bellowed the Proctor. "This—this—ahem!—What was I saying, Marshal?"

"You said this was a room, sir," answered the Marshal. "You were going on to say the gentlemen in it were all drunk, sir, I think."

"So I was," said the Proctor. "Very true. So I will now. You *are* all drunk, gentlemen. There. This is a room, in—which the most disgusting scenes of drunkenness and dissipation are always going on—scenes, which—which I cannot——"

"Express, so well as imitate," suggested Wynyard, looking as if he expected to be thanked for helping him to the end of his sentence. "Go it again, old fellow!"

But the Rev. Burnaby Birch did not seem at all inclined to go it again. He had said all he had prepared before he entered, and rather more—and he now looked somewhat puzzled. The Chevalier, who had been busily engaged in cramming the Marshal's pockets with devilled biscuits, took advantage of his confusion, and struck in.

"I tink dat I sall be able to tell you one oder leetle ting

about this room, sare," said he. "Dis is one private apartement, sare. Eh? vat do you say to dat?"

Here the Marshal whispered something to the Proctor.

"Very true," said that gentleman. "I know you two individiduals well—you are swindlers, common swindlers. Take them into custody, Marshal."

"Anybody that sall attempt to tosh me, bot I sall hit him some kick!" roared the Chevalier, drawing back to get a fuller swing for his legs.

"Take them both up!" thundered the Proctor; "they shall make a public apology on Monday."

"You sall give me de private satisfaction dis minute!" roared the Chevalier.

"You are a swindler, sir!" rejoined the Proctor; "you shall apologize before a full convocation for this!"

"You are one poltroon, sare!" shouted the Count; "and we sall post you in one—two—tree—every club in London."

"Do—do you know who I am, sir?" faltered the Proctor, turning extremely pale at the total disregard of his magisterial menaces exhibited on the part of his antagonists.

"Mais oui—certainly," promptly rejoined the Count. "You are—what you call—Inspecteur P.—of the C division—eh?"

"Take them into custody, Marshal!" said the Proctor, retreating behind the bull-dogs, and, grasping the handle of the door very tight to prevent his knees from knocking against each other.

One of the bull dogs rushed upon Pichantosch, and collared him; the Marshal sprang at Liefbiwitz's throat, and was received upon the extremity of a toasting-fork, which that gentleman had caught up as a weapon of self-defence; the remaining bull-dog ran in to their assistance; and the Count and the Chevalier, finding their antagonists were in earnest, and resistance in vain, said *they* were only in fun; and, not obtaining implicit credence, went down upon their knees before the Proctor, and cried like children for mercy.

"Silence!" screamed the Proctor, turning on the rest of the terrified company. "Your names, gentlemen. I'll expel you all on the spot."

Here the Marshal, who had evidently been of opinion all through the affair, that his principal was not in a state to know exactly what he was about, ventured to suggest to the Proctor that the gentlemen should call on him on Monday morning, and that he could expel them then, if necessary.

"I'll—I'll expel them first, and they shall call upon me afterwards," roared the Proctor, who had grown wonderfully courageous. "I'll—give me a pencil, Marshal."

The Marshal felt, and said he had not one about him.

"No pencil, sir?" said the Proctor; "I'll expel you, too, sir, if you don't mind what you're at. A pencil is part of your

pre-prerogative. Your names and colleges, gentlemen. I shall remember them.

This seemed somewhat doubtful; every one, however, gave his name and college without any demur, except Mr. Richardson Lane, who for a long time would have it that he had been baptised by the name of Major Biffen, and that he had no recollection of ever having had a University education. The desired information had just been extracted from him, when the Marshal again whispered something into the ear of his principal.

"Is there?" said the Proctor, following with his eyes the direction of the Marshal's finger. "We'll soon see that. Come out, sir, this minute."

The unfortunate Freshman crept slowly from beneath the table.

"What's your name, sir?"

"Eden, sir; Mr. Vincent Eden, junior. Pray don't write home about it, sir—I'll never do so again."

"Silence, sir. Your college?"

"Trinity, sir. Oh! take my life, sir; but don't look so fierce, pray. I'll do any imposition you like to set me."

"You'll call on me to-morrow, sir," said the Proctor, "at—"

"To-morrow's Sunday, sir;" whispered the Marshal.

"I never visit on Sundays," said Mr. Richardson Lane;—"never."

"Very true," said the Proctor,—"Sunday, to be sure—how could I forget?" Considering the state of mind in which the Rev. Mr. Burnaby Birch was, it certainly was very odd that he should have forgotten that or anything else.

"On Monday morning, then, at nine," said the Proctor. "All of you—do you hear? Now go home to your colleges—you are not in a fit state to hear rea-reason. Marshal—take those two men with you to the station-house."

CHAPTER IV.

ILLUSTRATES THE MAXIM OF "NO MAN A HERO IN THE EYES OF HIS VALET."

NIGHT—breathless and cloudless night—looked down unbroken over Oxford; and where, oh where, throughout the peopled plains of merry England, looks she on so fair a city? Beautiful at all times,—like Scott's Melrose, most beautiful is she by moonlight, when the last shout of midnight festivity has died away, and the youthful forms that so lately thronged her streets have passed, like the daylight, to their rest. For the night of Oxford is not as the night of London. There, the rolling of the wheel, the rattling of the dice, the gay dance flag not, till morning dawns upon the scene. In Oxford, after the magic hour of midnight, the streets are deserted, and the silence unbroken:—apt emblem of the difference between the bright brief burst of youthful excitement, and the cold, listless, unceasing routine of the jaded veteran and professed pleasure-hunter.

Then,—when the stern voice of the clock, as it strikes the well-known hour of twelve, has warned the latest reveller back to his college walls,—let the Stranger go forth and wander amid the loneliness of her wide ways, and own, as he feasts his gaze on the dark masses of architecture which frown on every side around him, that foreign lands have but few cities, England none, that may vie with Oxford in the deep solemnity of her beauty.

Since the sudden and somewhat unceremonious dispersion of the various individuals composing the supper party of the preceding evening, several hours had now elapsed. Long had the easy but unappreciated manners of the illustrious foreigners, Pichantosh and Liefbiwitz, secured them a night's unfurnished lodgings in the station-house; long had the Proctor terminated his mental and bodily wanderings by taking the tired porter of his college for an undergraduate, and attempting to rusticate him for appearing at the gate in his nightcap instead of academical costume; while the unhappy Freshman lay buried in a broken series of dim dreams, wherein the principal scene was a background view of Pandemonium, fitted up like a gin-palace, with bottles of that refreshing liquid, and the chief actor a gentleman in a full-dress suit of black velvet, with the face of the Reverend Burnaby Birch, and horns, tail, hoofs, and a pitchfork of his own.

Meantime the night rolled slowly away, and the last policeman flitted, bat-like, from his station, while the grey dawn of a Sunday morning began to glimmer over Oxford, glancing from object to object like the hurried tracery of an artist's pencil, and touching in quick succession road and river, tower and tree, till the whole landscape grew gradually into life and beauty beneath the colouring.

Among other interesting natural curiosities which struggled bashfully into light under the mild influence of that spring morning were the cherub features of Mr. John Raffleton, or at least such part or portion of them as was not still concealed beneath the tossed and tortured bed-clothes. This included the eyes, which remained most resolutely closed against the admission of objects from the external world, and the nose, which was at present engaged in the performance of the most extraordinary solo that ever issued from the nasal organ of any human being.

The bedroom of the slumberer, to a person uninitiated into the mysteries of a college education, might, in the first superficial view which he would be disposed to take of its arrangement and appliances, have presented a somewhat singular appearance. Upon a closer inspection, however, he could not have failed to acknowledge clear traces of a master mind, disregarding the minor considerations of external harmony and beauty, in its comprehensive design of bringing all things, however foreign or trifling, to bear upon the one great end of every Oxonian,—the attainment of his Bachelor of Arts' degree.

To the existence of this design in the mind of Mr. John Raffleton the walls of the apartment bore ample testimony, having been reduced by that gentleman into one gigantic manual of Divinity, Science, History, and Chronology, by means of a most miscellaneous-looking patchwork of miniature manuscripts, containing an infinity of Scriptural dates, from the Creation downwards, here and there relieved by a stubborn fact or two from Herodotus, and a more comprehensive than clear analysis of the art of Logic. On a chair by the bedside lay a pocket Greek Testament, and the Articles of the Church of England; and over the back of it hung what might at first have appeared to be Raffleton without his head and body, but was in reality nothing more than the boots and trousers of that gentleman, which said boots and trousers had apparently passed so pleasant an evening together, as to have been unable, on parting with their master, to tear themselves from each other's society, and had accordingly come off together, and were now engaged in keeping joint watch over a candle which was flickering its last in a large blue and white basin, where some careful hand had placed it for security.

But the principal feature of the apartment was the impersonation of mechanical Science, in the shape of a time-piece with an alarum attached to it, which hung at the foot of the bed, and which had been hired only the day before by Raffleton as a last and desperate resource, by which to rouse himself for a course of matutinal study. The time-piece was certainly a curious one. The face was decorated with a painted bunch of red and green vegetables, probably intended as an ingenious illustration of the popular sentiment of "Strew Time's path with flowers;" while the works, unconcealed by any envious case, were left open and obvious to the spectator: like Science herself in these later days, no longer looking down from her lofty pedestal, and revealing herself to her favoured priests alone; but, thanks to such spirits as a Brougham and a Faraday, stalking free among the people, and challenging universal inspection.

Connected, moreover, with the alarum was a mysterious looking pulley, with one end attached to a leaden weight, and the other to the bed-clothes of the sleeper, and which was intended at once to supply the absence of the moral quality of resolution in the mind of its master, and to discharge the duty of an automaton domestic, by doing what no living domestic, nor indeed any human being, would have ventured to do to Raffleton drunk or Raffleton sober, namely, divest him of his drapery at a given hour in the morning, without suffering severely for his temerity.

It wanted but a few minutes to seven by this piece of furniture, when Raffleton's servant, whose night's rest had been considerably curtailed by the Augean necessity of reducing the sitting-room, by dint of patience and pastiles, to something like

order and odoriferousness, gently opened the bedroom door, for the purpose of investigating the state of his master's health after his night's debauch. It is not impossible that the present universal diffusion of knowledge, and growing enlightenment of the lower classes, might have put Thomas in possession of a certain medical opinion, that food will act as a substitute for sleep, and that the said Thomas being on board wages, and finding himself somewhat short of the former article in consequence, might have ascribed the same salutary effect to ill-humour, and taken in a large stock thereof to make up for his want of rest. However this might have been, certain it was that the schoolmaster Nature had on the morning in question written ill-humour in large text letters upon Thomas's heart; and equally so, that that individual had shown himself a very docile pupil, and made a most faithful transcript of the same in the copybook of his features.

Such were Thomas's feelings on his entry. Finding, however, that his master was still asleep, and no immediate method of domestic vengeance suggesting itself, he contented himself with merely calling him a "sad dog" in a subdued voice, and was preparing to beat a silent retreat, when the situation of the hands of the clock arrested his attention. A malicious grin broke out upon his visage. He stopped short.

"There won't be much Testament learned this morning, I suspect,—nor many Martingales of the Church of England," muttered Thomas, casting a glance at the volume whose name he had thus fancifully taken in vain, "nor much Church at all, for the matter of that, nor Chapel neither;—but there'll be a little shaking off of the bed-clothes, and a little swearing to match, and a trifle or two in the way of sick headaches and soda-water, and so on. I set the alarm—I've a right to stop and see the fun. That's fair, if anything is. Sad dog—sad dog!"

Having delivered himself of these appropriate sentiments, Thomas slid stealthily through the half-opened door, from the aperture of which he kept up an intense glare of expectation at the progress of the minute-hand of the time-piece towards the hour of seven.

The minutes passed,—the clock struck,—down went the weight,—out rang the alarm,—off went the bed-clothes,—up jumped the "sad dog," shook himself, and growled as naturally as the most orthodox member of the canine species could have done on so short a notice, and then put in his claim to rationality by hurling the candlestick at the unhappy time-piece, which it brought down from its perch, and the Testament, closely followed by the Article Book, at the semi-visible face of the convulsed domestic, who, by a dexterous vocal process, instantly metamorphosed an involuntary shout of delight which he had raised into a most awful howl of pain, and tumbled head foremost into the apartment, where he lay trying to look submissive and hurt by turns; while a flight of the aforesaid manuscripts,

which his impetuosity had dislodged from the wall, came fluttering down on all sides around him, and gave him the appearance of a melo-dramatic soldier bivouacking in a paper snow-storm.

"Pick yourself up, sir," said Raffleton, doing the severe with the only eye he had as yet found time to open, "pick yourself up this minute, sir, and take that clock away. It's drunk—beastly drunk."

Thomas rose slowly to order, picked up the calumniated time-piece with one hand, rubbed every part of his person which the books had not gone near with the other, and waited to take his cue for farther conduct from the continuation of his master's discourse.

"How dare you bring me such an infernally indiscriminative clock as that, sir?" said Raffleton, opening the other eye. "Take it back the first thing on Monday morning, and tell Mr. Bobadil to send me a discriminative one instead."

"I'm afraid that sort of clock will be very expensive, sir," said Thomas. "Mr. Bobadil charges five shillings a-week for the hire of this, and this hasn't half such a long name. A Dis—what did you say, sir?"

"A discriminative clock, sir," replied his master. "A clock that knows when a gentleman's been drunk, and when he's been sober,—when he wants to get up, and when he wants to lie in bed."

"Very well, sir," said Thomas. "How do you feel this morning, sir? Uncommon pleasant you were last night, to be sure."

Here Thomas's nocturnal reminiscences became too much for him, and he accordingly forgot his sulkiness, took the privilege of an old servant, and went off into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Hold your tongue, sir, and answer my questions," said Raffleton. "I am very well—of course—nothing to make me otherwise—drank very little—only a little excited by the company and the lights, and all that sort of thing. How—how did I go to bed, Thomas?"

"You didn't go at all, sir; we carried you."

"What do you mean by *we*, sir?" said Raffleton. "Couldn't you do it yourself?"

"No, sir—too heavy for that. Me and the family, sir. Family got up on purpose. Mr. Walrus, Mrs. Walrus, and all the little Walruses, and the shop-boy,—there they were, all of them—"

"Witnesses of my disgrace," interrupted Raffleton. "Henceforth I am humiliated in the eyes of Mr. Walrus, the eyes of Mrs. Walrus, the eyes of the Masters Walrus, and the shop-boy's eyes besides. I—I hope I didn't begin to make a fool of myself before them, Thomas?"

"Make a fool of yourself, sir? Oh no—you was a ready-

made one about two hours before that, if you'll excuse my saying so, sir," replied Thomas. "No—you didn't do anything very much out of the way then, I think. You made all the Master Walrus drink your health with three times three, to be sure, and I had to give them the 'hips;' and then you tried to make Mrs. Walrus smoke a cigar; and then you played at going mad, and bit the eldest Master Walrus in the arm, and a hole in the sofa-cushion; and after that, you wanted to sit up and play two-handed whist with the shop-boy; and then Mr. Walrus interfered."

"Yes," said Raffleton, "yes—Go on. I—I didn't insult Mr. W. by chance, did I?"

"Not by no manner of means, sir. Quite the contrary. You kissed him."

"The devil!" shouted Raffleton, jumping slap out of bed with horror at the very idea. "Kissed him! Good heavens! I owe him three weeks' rent."

"Yes, you kissed him," persisted Thomas. "And then you said he was a love,—and he would be a hangel, if it wasn't for his whiskers. And after that you got quite helpless; and then we undressed you, and put you to bed. Oh dear!—uncommon pleasant you were sir, really." Here Thomas went off again.

"And were the other gentlemen pleasant, Thomas?" inquired his master.

"Very pleasant indeed, sir," said Thomas, recovering.

"Was the Earl of May pleasant, Thomas?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how was Lord Wynyard, Thomas? Was he pleasant too?"

"Yes, sir—all pleasant—all very pleasant."

"Then it doesn't so much matter," said Raffleton, brightening up suddenly. "If the Earl of May and Lord Wynyard were pleasant, it's all right. I shall get up. I never felt better in my life."

"But the pleasantest gentleman of the lot by far, to my mind at least," continued Thomas, "was Mr. Burnaby Birch; and if he's only half as amusing at nine o'clock on Monday, when you gentlemen call on him, why he'll be enough to make a Quaker's coat collar shake itself out of its shirt with laughing—that's all."

"The Reverend Burnaby Birch," said Raffleton, with the air of a man who has arrived at some important and incontrovertible conclusion, "The Reverend Burnaby Birch is a beast. That man is my—my evil genius—evil without the genius, perhaps I should say. There is no avoiding him. Give me my trowsers,—and some soda-water, Thomas. I shall go to chapel, by way of a change, now I am up; and after breakfast I must go and see what has become of poor Pichantosch and Liefbiwitz. Tell Willett I shan't want him to-day."

With these words, our corpulent friend buttoned himself with

some difficulty into a pair of cloth boots ; and having playfully shot the corks of three soda-water bottles into the face of his domestic, and their contents down his own throat, he proceeded to relieve the labours of the toilet by whistling and scolding Thomas alternately ; which mode of amusement having at length grown wearisome, subsided, on the exit of the last-mentioned individual, into a most inarticulate enunciation of half an "Article," and a confused blending together of Deluges and Creations, Prophets and Evangelists, in one monotonous and protracted hum.

 INVITATION TO AN EVENING WALK.

"There is hardly anything gives me a more sensible delight than the enjoyment of a cool still evening, after the uneasiness of a hot sultry day.

Spectator, No. 425.

Come up the hill, to meet the moon—
 She 'll leave her daylight slumber soon,
 And over mountain, over dale,
 Weep her dewy lustre pale !

Come up the hill, and hear the flowers
 Rustling in their heathy bowers ;
 Closing some, with close of day,
 Waking more to moonlight ray !

Come up the hill, and list the breeze,
 Full of mingled melodies,
 Rising from the glens below,
 Faintly sweet, as up we go !

Come up the hill, and smell the breath
 Of the purple mountain-heath,
 Sweeter than the painted flowers
 Rear'd in artificial bowers !

Come up the hill, and joy with me,
 In the mazy scenery
 That below is sleeping calm,
 Smiling beauty, breathing balm !

Come up the hill, and gaze with me
 On the moon-besilver'd sea,
 That so gently rocking moves
 To cradle the young light it loves !

Come up the hill,—'tis nearer to
 The fields of Heav'n, azure blue,
 Where the spheral minstrels play
 Music wild and sweet, for aye !

Come up the hill,—'t will give to thee
 A view of deep eternity,
 That in the valley's shorten'd ken
 Is never known to minds of men !

Come up the hill—the waterfall
 Is emblem, true to thee, of all :
 'T is tranquil where it flows near Heaven—
 'T is down, with Man,—its peace is riven !

W.

LEGENDS OF THE LOCHS AND GLENS.

Communicated by the Author of "The Subaltern."

NO. I.—THE LINN OF THE CALDRON.

Would that this treason were not, or not I
The detector.

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is perhaps no quarter of Scotland which more abounds in the lore of national tradition than the beautiful glen which lends a local habitation and a name to the subject of this simple history. It lies on the outskirts of the largest and loveliest of the northern counties, just where the hills first rise above the fertile valley of the Forth; and where the small but beautiful straths that meander in every possible direction among the scarcely separated bases of the mountain range, still display, here and there, a sunny corn-field or an emerald meadow, which whispers faintly of the rich *carse* beyond. Strathone is one of the fairest valleys on the eastern side of the Grampians, and though smaller than the general extent of flat ground upon the Lowland side, and far less favourably situated for convenience of access or communication, few, if any, of the glens of Perthshire are comparable to it in natural beauty, climate, or situation.

Loch Boyochd (strange! that so fair a thing should bide so rough a title) occupies about three Highland miles of extent, yet from the peculiarity of its bent, winding as it does round the giant promontory of Skian Var, there is but one-half of the water visible from the entrance of Strathone. The jutting mountains, indeed, close so completely in appearance over its lower half, that the traveller will scarcely guess there is a wider and larger portion of the vale yet unrevealed, and so lets his eye rest lovingly on the little cluster of cottars' houses, which seem the only occupants of the strath. But, in arriving at this conclusion, he will much deceive himself. Beauties as rare, glories not less magnificent than any which have yet delighted him, lie on the farther side of that skreen; and on some other occasion, though not now, due notice may be taken of them.

We have alluded to Skian Var. It is a noble crag, which lifts its huge head far into the sky, and stretches its giant arm so boldly across the lake, that beneath its shelter the breezes rarely come, and the waters lie, for the most part, in waveless sullenness. Yet is there a portion of these same waters even more striking than the rest—so striking, that though he may be ignorant of the tales that attach to it, we defy the stranger to pass it by unnoticed. It is the pool with which our present tradition is connected—the Linn of the Caldron, as it is called; of which, by attending to the following marks, the curious may take cognizance:—Nearly opposite to Skian Var, where the uneven and precipitous banks of the loch approximate, there is a small bay, or hollow, in the shore, into which the waters seem to withdraw that they may avoid the rapid current of the narrow passage. In the centre of that bay is the Linn of the Caldron. It is a round pool, dark, deep, and entirely motionless; the pale, pure, spiritual flowers of the water-lily, which thrive everywhere upon, and stud the margin of, Loch Boyochd, grow in singular beauty on

the edges of that linn, and throw a fair and melancholy radiance over the nook in which it shelters; but on the bosom of the pool itself not a leaf or flower was ever known to float. The circular basin of black still water, seems, in reality, spell-bound; for not one of the weeds which cover the entire surface of the waters near, ever makes its way within that enchanted circle.

According to the legend of the Linn, the goblin of the loch, once a mortal man, sold his being to the Evil One for a pot of broad gold pieces, which lost their value in his eyes as soon as the change came over his human nature. Jealous of the happiness of the simple cottars of Strathone, the spirit resolved within his bitter heart that the base-born avarice that took his own soul captive should be from generation to generation a snare to those who were once his fellows. He sank the caldron of gold in a black pool of Loch Boyochd, crossed two naked swords upon its mouth, and spread abroad the fame of his unholy deposit among the denizens of the glen. The accompanying prophecy was this:—If the treasure should be discovered by numbers, its wealth would turn to fairy gold; if by one alone, each sword would do its work of doom, yet the discoverer would die in wealth and honour. The date of the prophecy is long worn out, but its authenticity is a matter undisputed by the most enlightened among the natives of Strathone, and seeing that a thousand strange tales depend upon it, which, if they serve no other purpose, at least bear testimony to the romantic and imaginative character of the people, I am tempted to give as an illustration of the legend itself, one somewhat more probable in its details than the rest. Here it is:—

Half way between the extremities of Loch Boyochd, just where the headland of Skian Var almost cleaves the lake in two, stand the ruins of an old house, called by the natives in their rude dialect Imer Veolan, or, the "Mill Ledge." The name is not inappropriate to the object of it; for there dashes down the hills just at that point a torrent, near the mouth of which may still be seen the relics of some primitive production of art. Indeed the whole of the little area is a beautiful dove's nest, which clings to the only nook of ground in that quarter which could afford footing for a domicile as lowly even as the Mill Ledge. A tall group of black pines shelters it from behind, a swelling brae slopes down to the margin of the loch in front, while the hills rising bold and sheer on every side, render it the central point in an arena of surpassing beauty. The last occupant of that picturesque domicile, of which nothing now remains but "breckan green and cold grey stone," was Donald Bane, the stout miller of the strath, a wight possessed of all the requisites and perquisites of his vocation, including the only child, that "miller's maid," which seems the prerogative of the craft. A sweet young thing was the miller's daughter, motherless and brotherless, and almost friendless; for though few in the lonely glen but would have nourished and cherished the gentle Annie as their own, yet there was about the pensive maiden of Imer Veolan a sort of fearful timidity—a silent, shrinking, retiring temperament, that cut off every avenue of familiar intercourse with the ruder spirits of the valley, and rendered her, with her small slight figure, pale cheeks, and starry eyes, an object rather of compassionate and somewhat reverential interest, than of intimate companionship.

Annie was yet in her very girlhood when the arrival at his paternal mansion of Colonel Munro of Glenore, the lord of the manor, and chief of the clan, threatened seriously to influence her hitherto untroubled fate. Colonel Munro had spent his early manhood in the wars of other lands; and having carried thence a constitution shattered by the chances of his profession, had come but for a passing visit to the home of his fathers, previous to his departure to a climate more congenial to his debilitated frame. Among the numerous train of strange and foreign attendants who accompanied him on that occasion, there was a soldier named Hugh, a native of the glen, who had followed him through many of the scenes of his warfare, and established a strong interest with his master by some important service rendered him in distant parts. The colonel was desirous of settling Hugh in comfort and independence, and offered him, as the reward of all his wanderings, a farm in Strathone, which, with a pension, the reward of a trifling wound, rendered him a little prince in that lowly community. The natural consequence of a man's settling in life seems pretty generally, in all situations, to be, that he shall look out for a wife; accordingly, even before Hugh's master had left Glenore, or Hugh himself had been discharged from his old duties about his person, the latter cast his eyes about among the fair-haired maidens of the glen, and established his claim to a refined taste and an enlightened judgment by passing by every other, that he might fix his heart, and lay his new possessions at the feet of the gentle Annie. Donald Bane, simple and primitive as were his notions, knew too much of the value of this world's gear to overlook the pretensions of such a suitor, and Hugh found his hopes most unequivocally sanctioned, and his claims allowed by the stout miller of Imer Veolan. Donald Bane saw his darling Annie already a lady in the land, and all the daintiness of her breeding confirmed and justified by the fate in prospect for her; so that Hugh grew in favour from day to day, and the mountain path that led of old from the mansion-house of Glenore to the mill of Imer Veolan was once more cleared of impediments. All this while Annie was left entirely out of the consultations that from time to time occurred between the miller and his new friend: no questions were put as to the probability of her heart falling in with her father's choice; and, in one point of view, this was a judicious proceeding, for Hugh was no favourite with the maiden of the mill; on the contrary, her feelings towards him fell very little short of aversion; and as this is a fact which requires to be accounted for, it is necessary that we should look a little further than we have hitherto done into the conditions of society as it existed in Strathone. Among the cottagers of the glen, very few would have deemed the miller's daughter, even with the dower which Donald might probably bequeath to her, a desirable or thrifty wife; but the Man of the Moon, whose province it is to link people's hearts together by invisible threads of gossamer, had flung an irresistible mesh around one which followed its destiny unresisting to the presence of the solitary maiden; and Eichen Dhu, the boldest, and handsomest, and poorest, and merriest of the youths of Strathone, the best runner, and wrestler, and rower, and climber far or near, became her willing captive. The bashful girl was too young and timid to have given Eichen much ground for hope in his warm affection, but it subsisted on very little. The acceptance, on her part, of a bunch of sweet violets, or a bonnet full of hazel-nuts,

was quite enough to satisfy him; and after the day that she met him in the glen, and besought him of her own accord, with tears and blushes, to climb a neighbouring crag in search of a pet lamb that had strayed, Eichen felt as if he never should despair again.

Hugh's arrival and subsequent pretensions were a cruel blow to poor Eichen. The feebleness of his own claims stared him in the face immediately, for what were a stout arm and a faithful heart when balanced against money and lands like Hugh's? The answer was not far to seek, and, accordingly, Eichen began to hate his rival with all the fervour and fidelity of the Gael. Our mountaineer, however, flattered himself that he had a better reason for his dislike of Hugh than the obvious one of Hugh's better fortune. He argued himself into believing that Hugh was cold, griping, and avaricious; and in a late transaction, by which he had trebled his favour with his master through his activity in investigating the circumstances of a robbery by which Colonel Munro had lost a casket of valuable jewels, Eichen persuaded himself that the worst passions had been displayed; for though the box was never discovered, Hugh had tracked the thief and secured him with a cool satisfaction that revolted the free-born and untutored soul of the Highlander. At all events, Eichen was at no loss to account for his dislike of the man, and, as is very generally the case on such occasions, the sentiment was returned with interest.

One evening in the end of harvest, Eichen Dhu took his melancholy way down the margin of Loch Boyochd at that witching season when the griefs of the sorrowful hang heaviest and the joy of the happy is most intense, the soft dim starlight vesper hour before the moon has yet come forth to chase away all minor influences with her own cold majesty. Eichen was sadder even than his wont, and there was a something desperate in his heart which made it rise proudly and bitterly against the world and its meanness. He had wandered up towards the mill, as he often did at milking-time, in hopes of a kind good even, or at all events a passing nod, from his bashful mistress as she followed the cows which the herd-boy was driving before him, but she had passed at a little distance without remarking him, and a few minutes after Hugh jumped over the stile, and he and Annie entered the house together.

Eichen walked homeward angry and disappointed. The hot, bitter pang of jealousy was at his heart, and it swelled in his bosom with a rebellious recklessness that made him feel as if he could have dared the world. Half an hour with Hugh, hand to hand upon the green-sword, would have settled the turmoil in his breast, but that fair trial was denied him, and in its stead he felt his very being absorbed in the overflowing anxiety to circumvent his rival by other means. Eichen weighed the chances of his unhappy suit with as much and more of reason and judgment than people in his humour often display, and the result was anything but satisfactory. Annie had given him nothing like direct encouragement, yet his own heart whispered hope of her approval on grounds too subtle to be analysed—his brave and tender constancy—his handsome person—his very misfortunes, or most of all, perhaps, the strange fatalism of human sympathy would not suffer him to believe that Annie could really prefer to him a man so stern and warworn and ungenial as her wealthier suitor; but with this conviction came the proud contemptuous consciousness that gold would

buy her troth, or parental authority compel it. His fiery spirit writhed and chafed at the conclusion; he opened his broad chest and stretched his stout arm, and felt that if wealth could be won by honourable exertion, it might yet be his; but to seek it, he must leave Annie the uncontested prize of his rival, and the thought was not to be endured. Oh! why could not some kind spirit bestow upon him a portion of this filthy lucre, if but for a time; and Annie once his, and settled in a home that might set Hugh's vaunted farmhouse at defiance, Eichen felt that the very pith and substance of his frame should be expended to repay it.

The shadows had fallen and deepened, and a cloud was on the moon; and as Eichen Dhu pursued his painful reverie, he stumbled slightly over the long heather in his path, and found, on looking round him, that he had wandered from the pathway, and got among the cliffs exactly overhanging the Linn of the Caldron. At the moment in which he discovered his mistake, the fair moon shone out bright and clear upon the Loch, and revealed the black pool of the goblin's treasure, lying still, and dark, and waveless at his feet. A cold shiver shook the young man's well-strung nerves as he observed this; and with the ready superstition of his country, he felt that the spell of the water spirit was upon him. He had been guided directly to the spot, evil and unholy as it was, where his petulant yearning might be satisfied. His first impulse was to fly, but the clear white moonlight was so re-assuring that he lingered on the crag in reverential dependence on the shelter of its beams. In a few minutes came the first whisper of the tempter. Why should he cast aside the good so thrust upon him? Who could tell that, if the pot of gold were really there, the Kelpie meant evil to him who found it? Did not the prophecy imply that no dishonour could cling to the individual so favoured? And was not the present opportunity a direct intervention of the spirit in his behalf? Then the vision of the naked swords passed across him. Well! but how could even swords work doom unwielded? and what arm was there to put them to the proof save his, whose first effort would be to cast them back again to their unholy resting-place. Eichen's conscience pulled one way, and his inclination another, with the usual alternation of success in like cases, till his moral vision became obscured, and he fairly began to doubt if it were not treason to his love that he should shun a risk so slender. One bright golden vision of the consequence of his success turned the scale, and in a few minutes he had stripped and taken his leap from the edge of the rock.

The cliff was a high one, even for so experienced a head; and Eichen had forgotten that the depth of the Linn had never yet been fathomed. Down, down he went with a velocity and perseverance that seemed as if it were taking him to the very bowels of the earth; and so completely had the length of the dive deprived him of his presence of mind, that on emerging again he was incapable of deciding whether the heavy substance which he grasped between his hands had been lifted from the bed of the Linn itself, or dragged from some of the ledges of rock that reposed under the surface of the water, and over which he had scrambled as he rose again to the air. His breath came fresh and heartily, and with a sensation of devout gratitude for his escape from the horrors of the enchanted pool; and it was not till after many an ejaculation of satisfaction and thanksgiving, that he

turned to examine the mysterious fruits of his expedition to the domain of the water Kelpie.

A caldron it assuredly was not ; and it needed no clearer light than the cloudless moon afforded, to discover to our adventurer a vessel of infinitely less romantic pretensions in the form of a small strong box, well secured by hasps of iron and bolts of oak. The hasps, which were evidently intended to be secured by padlocks, had lost their fastenings, which were supplied by two skean-dhus—the small dagger of the Highlander—which had been thrust through the iron loops, and kept the casket perfectly water-tight. With a little difficulty, because the rust which their immersion had produced, Eichen pulled out the knives and opened the lid of the little chest, his heart throbbing and bounding with the expectation of identifying the treasure of the Kelpie. Folds of strong linen covered the mouth of the casket ; and hastily removing these, he saw the pale and quiet moon-beams glisten softly over a brilliant mass—not of coins or bars of gold—but of jewelled rings, stars, buckles, and sword-hilts, and of articles of modern finery, of which poor Eichen could not so much as surmise the use. He stood for a few minutes in a trance of stupid bewilderment, as if at a loss to account for the caprice of the water spirit in so misnaming the nature of his treasure ; and then the mists of superstition and surprise passed slowly from the intelligent mind of the young Gael, and the conviction flashed across him that he had discovered the jewel-box of Colonel Munro, the plunderer of which it had cost himself and Hugh such pains to trace. The discovery was scarcely a disappointment. He was grateful for the removal of the guilt he had fancied himself to have incurred in the appropriation of the Kelpie's caldron ; and a certain hope of reward for his good fortune came gleaming over him on the restoration of the jewels to their proper owner. After a few minutes' inspection of the glittering heap, Eichen reclosed the lid of the strong box, and turned to look for the skean-dhus which had fastened it. On lifting these from the grass, the moonlight shone full upon them both ; and in the size, material, and peculiar mounting of the one nearest to him, he had not a moment's difficulty in recognising that which had constantly been used by Colonel Munro's confidential servant—even Hugh himself.

Eichen sprang to his feet with a deep exclamation, something between surprise and the confirmation of a previous suspicion ; and then stooped hastily for the other little weapon which he had dropped, and examined it long and earnestly by the moonlight. Eichen's blood ran cold within his veins as he identified the stout buck's horn handle and well-worn blade of the familiar weapon of the stout miller of Imer Veolan.

There was no room for a doubt of its identity ; for on one side the haft Eichen recognised the impression of a wheel, which his own eyes had seen Donald Bane scratch, by way of crest, upon the horn. The suspicion that the miller participated in the guilt which Eichen scrupled not in laying upon Hugh, did not find one moment's rest in his mind ; but the appearance of the skean-dhu in a place so likely to implicate its owner beyond all reach of counterproof, filled him with apprehension, and already Eichen began to experience the evil consequence of little Kelpie's triumph. His first impulse was to return the heavy box and glittering treasure once more into the deep Linn, and leave the future discovery of the real culprit to some other chance or destiny ; but a

vague sense of justice to Colonel Munro, and an indefinable apprehension of mixing himself up with the perpetrators of so base a deed restrained him; and after long and painful reflection on the best means of proceeding, Eichen folded the unlucky chest in his plaid, hid it carefully under the hanging ferns that festooned the face of the crag, and took his way in deep and sorrowful meditation to his home.

So great and terrible a secret had never before burthened the conscience of the simple Highlander, and he tossed all night upon his sleepless pillow without being able to substitute one lighter image for the new and frightful vision that hung upon his brain. He assimilated again and again the goblin's prophecy, and the strange reading of it which his imagination conjured out of the circumstances of the night; the small skean-dhus personified the naked swords in his mind's eye; and he felt as if it were beyond a question that the doom of Annie's father and lover was to finish the parallel and be wrought by their agency. His heart grew cold as it pondered his own instrumentality in the affair, for though the prediction embraced his own ultimate good fortune, yet Eichen's nature revolted, with all the energy of his generous youth, from the means by which the triumph would be gained; and so deeply did the matter affect his happiness, that the early dawn saw him once more on his way to the Kelpie's crag.

The morning was yet in its first blush of autumn beauty—the air was soft and dewy—the water slumbered under the gentle shadow of the cloudy hills, and the mist wreath twined and curled like a veil of gossamer round the rugged forehead of Skian Var. As he sprang over the face of the rock and let himself down upon the cliff where he had deposited the treasure, the flutter of a female garment caught Eichen's eye, and the next moment revealed to him the figure of Annie, with the glittering contents of the jewel-box spread out upon her lap. She smiled and blushed as he approached, and as the gloomy and anxious expression of his countenance became apparent, she said in a pleasant tone, and with the graceful and poetic idiom of the uncouth Gaelic, “I knew the plaid of Eichen, and the pretty things are all safe. Did Eichen get them from the Sassenach?”

The young man stood astounded at the untoward discovery; and for a few moments his look of perplexity might have seemed one of displeasure. Annie had so interpreted it, for she rose slowly and began to replace the jewels in their order, and did not repeat her salutation. “Annie,” said Eichen at last, with a smile, at the same time shutting down the lid, and flinging his plaid over it again,—“Annie, guess ye where I took that box from? I got it in the Kelpie's Linn last night.” The girl uttered an exclamation of horror, and drew back pale and shuddering from the unclean thing, as if its very presence might contaminate her, and then turned appealingly to her companion, as if to learn the cause of its appearance in his keeping.

Eichen felt that the maiden knew already too much to render it safe that she should know no more. He accordingly seated himself beside her on the grass, and by reminding her of the late transaction in reference to the Colonel's jewels, endeavoured to make her understand that they were one and the same with the toys she had been admiring. He found it almost impossible, however, to make her comprehend the suspicion which rested on his own mind. All insinuations of the guilt of Hugh were thrown away upon her; and it was not till her informant had explained in broad terms the evidence of his delinquency, and the accident through which suspicion might rest upon

her father, that she sprang to her feet with a shriek of horror,—her small hands clenched, and her eyes on fire with indignation and surprise. “The black villain!” exclaimed Annie passionately; “Donald Bane would as soon steal the moon from heaven as one of those glittering stones from his master’s house. It is to screen his own foul deed that he has stolen my father’s skean. I knew he was a villain; the spirit within me rose against him. And is it of *him* they would make a farmer in Glenore? Is it to *him* that my father opens his heart and his home?—*he* that will make me turn my back on Eichen Dhu?” and seeming to have forgotten his presence in her violent excitement, after another burst of passionate indignation, she turned flushed and panting with some unspoken purpose to descend the cliff.

Eichen sprang before her, and wiled her back with words of reasoning and entreaty. He trembled for the consequence of her precipitation, and exerted his utmost efforts of persuasion to soothe her natural anger, and engraft prudence and discretion on its youthful violence. It was long before Annie could be induced to defer her appeal to her father till it might be made with most effect. She would have sought him out on the instant, in the face of the whole community—would have brought him to the spot where lay the evidence of his favourite’s treason, and bidden him proclaim himself an honest man, and his secret enemy a thief and a villain. But Eichen prevailed at last, and she promised that her father should hear her strange news in private—that the name of the discoverer should be suppressed—and that beneath the pine shadow of St. Anne’s, Eichen should meet her in the gloaming to hear the miller’s opinion of the discovery, and the course he intended to pursue with regard to it. It was the best arrangement which Annie’s unexpected admission into the fatal secret would permit; and the young people parted with an additional tie to each other, and a sort of tacit understanding that Hugh’s place at Imer Veolan might not long be vacant.

Eichen proceeded slowly and thoughtfully about his morning’s occupations; and if the labour of the youthful mountaineer had been often as imperfectly performed, the reputation of his superiority would have stood but on feeble ground. His very consciousness seemed absorbed by the anticipation of his meeting with Annie, and the possible results of her interview with her father; and he turned up his face again and again to the lazy sun, with the most impatient glance he had ever cast upon its onward progress. At last the red orb of the lingering autumn leant his fiery disk upon Skian Var—the still wave lay crimsoned by his glance—and before the glowing clouds of the west had lost one tittle of their transitory glory, Eichen took his way to the trysting place of St. Anne’s, and cast his keen and earnest glance along the winding pathway that led to the mill of Imer Veolan. The eve was wearing on, and Eichen would have thankfully exchanged a portion of his scanty hopes for the certainty that she would come at all;—night was at hand—the stars grew clearer and more intense in the deep blue heavens, and the dim twilight darkened into approaching night—the last note of the blackbird had died away, and even the melancholy booming of the cushat came at intervals of more lengthened distance. By and by the dull ominous hooting of the owl and the startling croak of the raven were all the symptoms of companionship left to Eichen, and his heart grew heavy with the breathless solitude and the dim vague influence of superstition. He would not leave the spot, however, while it was possible for Annie still to reach it, and he walked

up and down within the shade of the fir trees longing for even a moon-beam to scare the thick darkness; but the moon was hidden by a bank of heavy clouds that curtained the eastern sky, and the free and shadeless azure was occupied alone by the inferior light of the twinkling stars. At last the conviction forced itself upon him that she would not come. Annie was too timid to venture even thus far from home by the starlight only, and slowly and sadly he turned his face towards the path that led to his home in the hamlet.

Some invisible influence was upon him, for he could not seek his pillow without once more assuring himself of the safety of the fatal casket upon which curious eyes might fall with an effect so deadly. He left the homeward path, and sauntered on to the Kelpie's crag—that fated spot, to which, in a moment of madness, he had linked himself by a tie so hateful. As Eichen gazed upon the fated spot, something white and fluttering was distinguishable in the darkness; he fancied it might be an eagle lured by the white fleeces of the valley, and was about to scare him by a whooping cry, when the motion of the object, which appeared to steal along the surface of the ground, convinced him that he was mistaken, and that the apparition was no bird but the likeness at least of a human being.

Eichen Dhu stopped short, and his breath came fast and fitfully, as the image of the water-spirit came to redeem his treasure flitted dimly across his brain; but the recollection that his was not after all the doomed caldron, caused him to smile at so groundless an apprehension, and the suspicion that this might be some more substantial visitant whom he should find it of importance to intercept, induced him to quicken his pace in the direction of the crag itself. A few moments longer, however, and he stopped involuntarily to watch the singular motions of the solitary wanderer. The figure had quite surmounted the cliff, and stood perfectly defined even in the darkness upon its bare summit,—a small light form, which its white garment and floating curls told the trembling heart of Eichen could belong to none but Annie of Imer Veolan. He almost ceased to breathe in his anxiety to discover what had drawn her to a situation so extraordinary. There she stood peering over into the waters below, and every now and then stooping in a vain attempt to raise some object which seemed too weighty for her strength to move. At last the load was lifted in the arms of the delicate maiden, and the eyes that watched her knew it to be the chest of the Kelpie's pool. She quivered for a second on the edge of the precipice as if endeavouring to give her load an impetus. Eichen's heart ceased its motion—the impetus was indeed given, but it was also shared, for the heavy weight carried the feeble heaver along with it—she vibrated one instant on the extremest ledge—there was a sharp noisy plash in the centre of the Kelpie's Linn, and then the thick black waters gurgled over till they slept again never more to be disturbed by the re-appearance of their prey.

* * * * *

Donald Bane's guilt was never proved, nor did the suspicion of it ever extend beyond the depths of Eichen Dhu's own bosom; though, when the first keen pangs of his bereavement passed away, he found in the impression of its truth all the explanation of Annie's unfortunate fate which was awarded him. The old man died shortly after of grief for his daughter's untimely and mysterious end; and the mill of Imer Veolan is now a home for the owl and the bittern. Hugh was

in process of time dismissed the service of Colonel Munro, and made some disgraceful end in the Low Countries. It is affirmed, by such as wish for confirmation to the Kelpie's prophecy, that Eichen turned soldier, and died a gentleman in foreign lands; but the only part of the catastrophe of which there seems but one edition is, that the jewel-box of Colonel Munro still rests in the depths of Loch Boyochd to swell the unholy treasure of the Linn of the Caldron.

THE CREMATION OF SHELLEY, ON THE COAST OF TUSCANY,

UNDER THE DIRECTIONS OF LORD BYRON.

ON a lonely and a foreign shore,
 By a wide and boundless sea,
 Where the sea-born gales come bounding o'er
 A plain of immensity;
 A corse was laid on a funeral pyre,
 Where the flames were rising high,
 And the sentinels paced by that grim watch-fire,
 With a hurried and awe-struck eye.
 Another, too, a mighty heart,
 Stood by the funeral pile,
 And he silently took his gloomy post
 In the rites that were done the while;
 And the red light threw a lurid glare
 On his dark but placid brow,
 But a giant soul lay sleeping there
 As an ember slumbering low.
 And the sea beheld, and the mountains saw
 That sad and solemn sight,
 And the dark waves roll'd in silent awe
 Of that last and awful rite;
 But the smile of Heaven serenely shone
 From the pure transparent sky,
 As if the soul of the corse looked on
 With a mild and tranquil eye!
 And the flames curl'd lightly o'er his head,
 And round each rigid limb,
 But calm was the face of the beautiful dead,
 Though his eye was closed and dim:
 Then they bitterly viewed th' increasing glow
 Of the fierce red flames which bound him,
 As the shipwrecked mariner views the flow
 Of the rising tide around him.
 They gazed on the present, they thought on the past,
 And on what the dead had been,
 To that gloomy scene which was his last
 When he passed to the world unseen!
 And they turned to behold the gift in death
 That burnish'd glory gave,—
 A funeral pile, and a faded wreath,
 A verse, and a sculptured grave!
 The rites are o'er—the train is gone,
 And the sea-breeze sweeps the plain,
 And the tideless ocean murmurs on
 In its hoarse and solemn strain;
 But the spot is still upon the shore,
 On the coast so bleak and bare,
 With a poet's ashes sprinkled o'er,—
 Tread lightly—tread silently there!

W. D. B.

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

THE JEW'S LAST NIGHT ALIVE.

THE court was paved from floor to roof with human faces. Inquisitive and eager eyes peered from every inch of space; from the rail before the dock, away into the sharpest angle of the smallest corner in the galleries, all looks were fixed upon one man—the Jew. Before him and behind, above, below, on the right and on the left—he seemed to stand surrounded by a firmament all bright with beaming eyes.

He stood there, in all this glare of living light, with one hand resting on the wooden slab before him, the other held to his ear, and his head thrust forward to enable him to catch with greater distinctness every word that fell from the presiding judge, who was delivering his charge to the jury. At times he turned his eyes sharply upon them to observe the effect of the slightest feather-weight in his favour; and when the points against him were stated with terrible distinctness, looked towards his counsel in mute appeal that he would even then urge something in his behalf. Beyond these manifestations of anxiety, he stirred not hand or foot. He had scarcely moved since the trial began; and now that the judge ceased to speak, he still remained in the same strained attitude of close attention, with his gaze bent on him as though he listened still.

A slight bustle in the court recalled him to himself, and looking round, he saw that the jurymen had turned together to consider of their verdict. As his eyes wandered to the gallery, he could see the people rising above each other to see his face: some hastily applying their glasses to their eyes, and others whispering their neighbours with looks expressive of abhorrence. A few there were who seemed unmindful of him, and looked only to the jury in impatient wonder how they could delay, but in no one face—not even among the women, of whom there were many there—could he read the faintest sympathy with him, or any feeling but one of all-absorbing interest that he should be condemned.

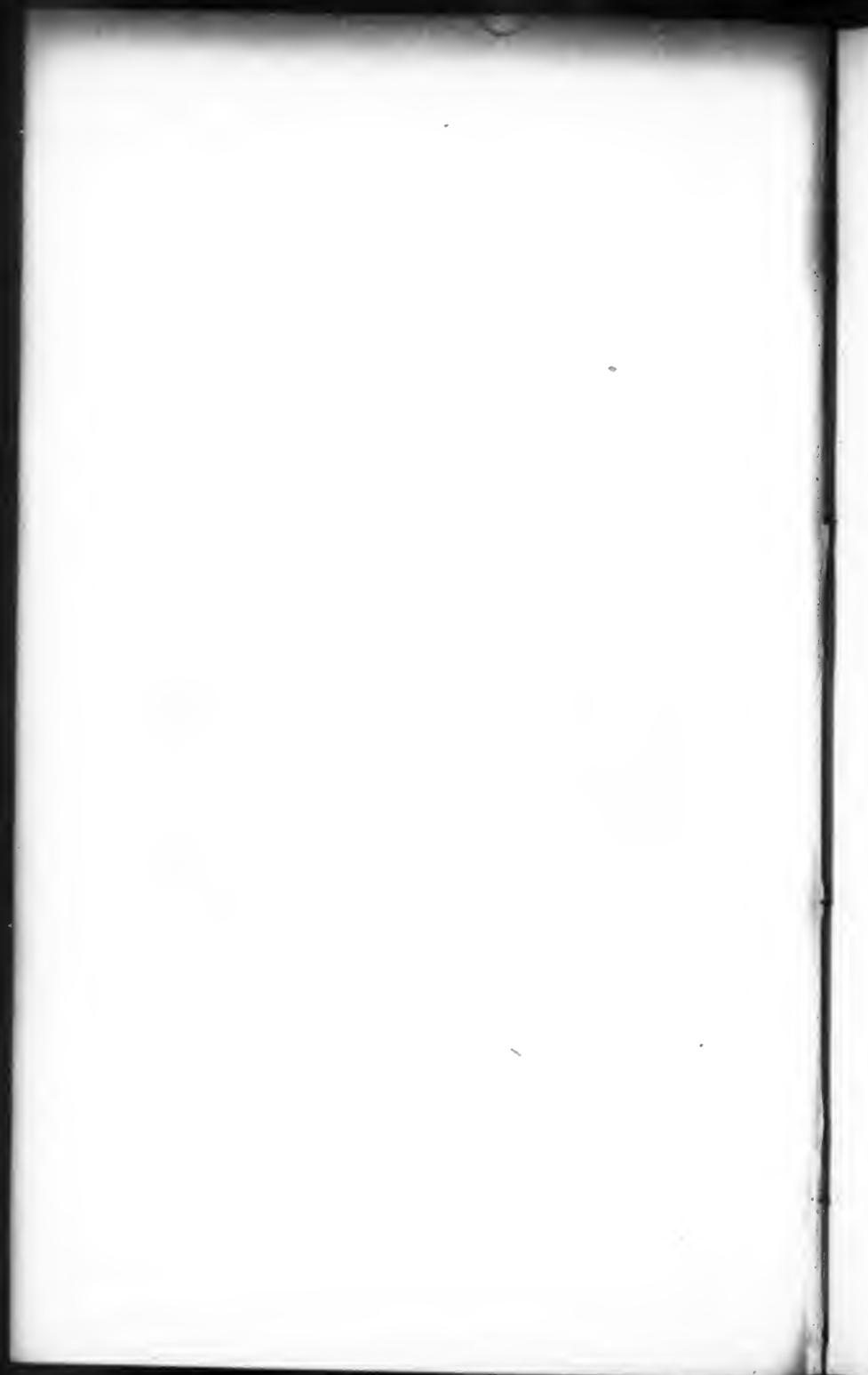
As he saw all this in one bewildered glance, the death-like stillness came again, and looking back, he saw that the jurymen had turned towards the judge. Hush!

They only sought permission to retire.

He looked wistfully into their faces, one by one, when they



Rose, Maylie and Peter.



passed out, as though to see which way the greater number leant; but that was fruitless. The jailer touched him on the shoulder. He followed mechanically to the end of the dock, and sat down on a chair. The man pointed it out, or he should not have seen it.

He looked up into the gallery again. Some of the people were eating, and some fanning themselves with handkerchiefs, for the crowded place was very hot. There was one young man sketching his face in a little note-book. He wondered whether it was like, and looked on when the artist broke his pencil-point and made another with his knife, as any idle spectator might have done.

In the same way, when he turned his eyes towards the judge, his mind began to busy itself with the fashion of his dress, and what it cost, and how he put it on. There was an old fat gentleman on the bench, too, who had gone out some half an hour before, and now came back. He wondered within himself whether this man had been to get his dinner, what he had had, and where he had had it, and pursued this train of careless thought until some new object caught his eye and roused another.

Not that all this time his mind was for an instant free from one oppressive, overwhelming sense of the grave that opened at his feet; it was ever present to him, but in a vague and general way, and he could not fix his thoughts upon it. Thus, even while he trembled and turned, burning hot at the idea of speedy death, he fell to counting the iron spikes before him, and wondering how the head of one had been broken off, and whether they would mend it or leave it as it was. Then he thought of all the horrors of the gallows and the scaffold, and stopped to watch a man sprinkling the floor to cool it—and then went on to think again.

At length there was a cry of silence, and a breathless look from all towards the door. The jury returned and passed him close. He could glean nothing from their faces; they might as well have been of stone. Perfect stillness ensued—not a rustle—not a breath—Guilty.

The building rang with a tremendous shout, and another, and another, and then it echoed deep loud groans, that gathered strength as they swelled out, like angry thunder. It was a peal of joy from the populace outside, greeting the news that he would die on Monday.

The noise subsided, and he was asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. He had resumed his listening attitude, and looked intently at his questioner while the demand was made, but it was twice repeated before he seemed to hear it, and then he only muttered that he was an old man—an old man—an old man—and so dropping into a whisper, was silent again.

The judge assumed the black cap, and the prisoner still stood

with the same air and gesture. A woman in the gallery uttered some exclamation, called forth by this dread solemnity; he looked hastily up, as if angry at the interruption, and bent forward yet more attentively. The address was solemn and impressive, the sentence fearful to hear; but he stood like a marble figure, without the motion of a nerve. His haggard face was still thrust forward, his under-jaw hanging down, and his eyes staring out before him, when the jailer put his hand upon his arm, and beckoned him away. He gazed stupidly about him for an instant, and obeyed.

They led him through a paved room under the court, where some prisoners were waiting till their turns came, and others were talking to their friends, who crowded round a grate which looked into the open yard. There was nobody there to speak to *him*; but as he passed, the prisoners fell back to render him more visible to the people who were clinging to the bars, and they assailed him with opprobrious names, and screeched and hissed. He shook his fist, and would have spat upon them; but his conductors hurried him on through a gloomy passage, lighted by a few dim lamps, into the interior of the prison.

Here he was searched, that he might not have about him the means of anticipating the law; this ceremony performed, they led him to one of the condemned cells, and left him there—alone.

He sat down on a stone bench opposite the door, which served for seat and bedstead, and casting his bloodshot eyes upon the ground, tried to collect his thoughts. After a while he began to remember a few disjointed fragments of what the judge had said, though it had seemed to him at the time that he could not hear a word. These gradually fell into their proper places, and by degrees suggested more, so that in a little time he had the whole almost as it was delivered. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead—that was the end. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead.

As it came on very dark, he began to think of all the men he had known who had died upon the scaffold—some of them through his means. They rose up in such quick succession that he could hardly count them. He had seen some of them die,—and joked too, because they died with prayers upon their lips. With what a rattling noise the drop went down; and how suddenly they changed from strong and vigorous men to dangling heaps of clothes!

Some of them might have inhabited that very cell—sat upon that very spot. It was very dark; why didn't they bring a light? The cell had been built for many years—scores of men must have passed their last hours there—it was like sitting in a vault strewn with dead bodies—the cap, the noose, the pinioned arms—the faces that he knew even beneath that hideous veil—Light, light!

At length when his hands were raw with beating against the heavy door and walls, two men appeared, one bearing a candle, which he thrust into an iron candlestick fixed against the wall, and the other dragging in a mattress on which to pass the night, for the prisoner was to be left alone no more.

Then came night—dark, dismal, silent night. Other watchers are glad to hear the church-clocks strike, for they tell of life and coming day. To the Jew they brought despair. The boom of every iron bell came laden with the one deep hollow sound—Death. What availed the noise and bustle of cheerful morning, which penetrated even there, to him? It was another form of knell, with mockery added to the warning.

The day passed off—day, there was no day; it was gone as soon as come—and night came on again; night so long and yet so short; long in its dreadful silence, and short in its fleeting hours. One time he raved and blasphemed, and at another howled and tore his hair. Venerable men of his own persuasion had come to pray beside him, but he had driven them away with curses. They renewed their charitable efforts, and he beat them off.

Saturday night; he had only one night more to live. And as he thought of this, the day broke—Sunday.

It was not until the night of this last awful day that a withering sense of his helpless desperate state came in its full intensity upon his blighted soul; not that he had ever held any defined or positive hopes of mercy, but that he had never been able to consider more than the dim probability of dying so soon. He had spoken little to either of the two men who relieved each other in their attendance upon him, and they, for their parts, made no effort to rouse his attention. He had sat there awake, but dreaming. Now he started up every minute, and with gasping mouth and burning skin hurried to and fro, in such a paroxysm of fear and wrath, that even they—used to such sights—recoiled from him with horror. He grew so terrible at last in all the tortures of his evil conscience, that one man could not bear to sit there, eyeing him alone, and so the two kept watch together.

He cowered down upon his stone bed, and thought of the past. He had been wounded with some missiles from the crowd on the day of his capture, and his head was bandaged with a linen cloth. His red hair hung down upon his bloodless face; his beard was torn and twisted into knots; his eyes shone with a terrible light; his unwashed flesh crackled with the fever that burnt him up. Eight—nine—ten. If it was not a trick to frighten him, and those were the real hours treading on each other's heels, where would he be when they came round again! Eleven. Another struck ere the voice of the hour before had ceased to vibrate. At eight he would be the only mourner in his own funeral train; at eleven——

Those dreadful walls of Newgate, which have hidden so much misery and such unspeakable anguish, not only from the eyes, but too often and too long from the thoughts of men, never held so dread a spectacle as that. The few who lingered as they passed and wondered what the man was doing who was to be hung to-morrow, would have slept but ill that night, if they could have seen him then.

From early in the evening until nearly midnight, little groups of two and three presented themselves at the lodge-gate, and inquired with anxious faces whether any reprieve had been received. These being answered in the negative, communicated the welcome intelligence to clusters in the street, who pointed out to one another the door from which he must come out, and showed where the scaffold would be built, and, walking with unwilling steps away, turned back to conjure up the scene. By degrees they fell off one by one, and for an hour in the dead of night the street was left to solitude and darkness.

The space before the prison was cleared, and a few strong barriers, painted black, had been already thrown across the road to break the pressure of the expected crowd, when Mr. Brownlow and Oliver appeared at the wicket, and presented an order of admission to the prisoner, signed by one of the sheriffs. They were immediately admitted into the lodge.

"Is the young gentleman to come too, sir?" said the man whose duty it was to conduct them. "It's not a sight for children, sir."

"It is not indeed, my friend," rejoined Mr. Brownlow, "but my business with this man is intimately connected with him, and as this child has seen him in the full career of his success and villany, I think it better—even at the cost of some pain and fear—that he should see him now."

These few words had been said apart, so as to be inaudible to Oliver. The man touched his hat, and glancing at him with some curiosity, opened another gate opposite to that at which they had entered, and led them on through dark and winding ways towards the cells.

"This," said the man, stopping in a gloomy passage where a couple of workmen were making some preparations in profound silence,—“this is the place he passes through. If you step this way, you can see the door he goes out at.”

He led them into a stone kitchen, fitted with coppers for dressing the prison food, and pointed to a door. There was an open grating above it, through which came the sound of men's voices, mingled with the noise of hammering and the throwing down of boards. They were putting up the scaffold.

From this place they passed through several strong gates, opened by other turnkeys from the inner side, and having entered an open yard, ascended a flight of narrow steps, and came into a passage with a row of strong doors on the left hand. Motioning

them to remain where they were, the turnkey knocked at one of these with his bunch of keys. The two attendants after a little whispering came out into the passage, stretching themselves as if glad of the temporary relief, and motioned the visitors to follow the jailer into the cell. They did so.

The condemned criminal was seated on his bed, rocking himself from side to side, with a countenance more like that of a snared beast than the face of a man. His mind was evidently wandering to his old life, for he continued to mutter, without seeming conscious of their presence otherwise than as a part of his vision.

"Good boy, Charley—well done!"—he mumbled. "Oliver too, ha! ha! ha! Oliver too—quite the gentleman now—quite the—take that boy away to bed."

The jailer took the disengaged hand of Oliver, and whispering him not to be alarmed, looked on without speaking.

"Take him away to bed"—cried the Jew. "Do you hear me, some of you? He has been the—the—somehow the cause of all this. It's worth the money to bring him up to it—Bolter's throat, Bill; never mind the girl—Bolter's throat as deep as you can cut. Saw his head off."

"Fagin," said the jailer.

"That's me!" cried the Jew, falling instantly into precisely the same attitude of listening that he had assumed upon his trial. "An old man, my Lord; a very old, old man."

"Here," said the turnkey, laying his hand upon his breast to keep him down. "Here's somebody wants to see you, to ask you some questions, I suppose. Fagin, Fagin. Are you a man?"

"I shan't be one long," replied the Jew, looking up with a face retaining no human expression but rage and terror. "Strike them all dead!—what right have they to butcher me?"

As he spoke he caught sight of Oliver and Mr. Brownlow, and shrinking to the furthest corner of the seat, demanded to know what they wanted there.

"Steady," said the turnkey, still holding him down. "Now, sir, tell him what you want—quick, if you please, for he grows worse as the time gets on."

"You have some papers," said Mr. Brownlow advancing, "which were placed in your hands for better security, by a man called Monks."

"It's all a lie together," replied the Jew. "I haven't one—not one."

"For the love of God," said Mr. Brownlow solemnly, "do not say that now, upon the very verge of death; but tell me where they are. You know that Sikes is dead; that Monks has confessed; that there is no hope of any further gain. Where are these papers?"

"Oliver," cried the Jew, beckoning to him. "Here, here. Let me whisper to you."

"I am not afraid," said Oliver in a low voice, as he relinquished Mr. Brownlow's hand.

"The papers," said the Jew, drawing him towards him, "are in a canvass bag, in a hole a little way up the chimney in the top front-room. I want to talk to you, my dear—I want to talk to you."

"Yes, yes," returned Oliver. "Let me say a prayer. Do. Let me say one prayer; say only one upon your knees with me, and we will talk till morning."

"Outside, outside," replied the Jew, pushing the boy before him towards the door, and looking vacantly over his head. "Say I've gone to sleep—they'll believe *you*. You can get me out if you take me so. Now then, now then."

"Oh! God forgive this wretched man!" cried the boy with a burst of tears.

"That's right, that's right," said the Jew. "That'll help us on. This door first; if I shake and tremble as we pass the gallows, don't you mind, but hurry on. Now, now, now."

"Have you nothing else to ask him, sir?" inquired the turn-key.

"No other question," replied Mr. Brownlow. "If I hoped we could recall him to a sense of his position—"

"Nothing will do that, sir," replied the man, shaking his head. "You had better leave him."

The door of the cell opened, and the attendants returned.

"Press on, press on," cried the Jew. "Softly, but not so slow. Faster, faster!"

The men laid hands upon him, and disengaging Oliver from his grasp, held him back. He writhed and struggled with the power of desperation, and sent up shriek upon shriek that penetrated even those massive walls, and rang in their ears until they reached the open yard.

It was some time before they left the prison, for Oliver nearly swooned after this frightful scene, and was so weak, that for an hour or more he had not the strength to walk.

Day was dawning when they again emerged. A great multitude had already assembled; the windows were filled with people smoking and playing cards to beguile the time; the crowd were pushing, quarrelling, and joking. Every thing told of life and animation, but one dark cluster of objects in the very centre of all—the black stage, the cross-beam, the rope, and all the hideous apparatus of death.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH,

AND LAST.

THE fortunes of those who have figured in this tale are nearly closed, and what little remains to their historian to relate is told in few and simple words.

Before three months had passed, Rose Fleming and Harry Maylie were married in the village church, which was henceforth to be the scene of the young clergyman's labours; on the same day they entered into possession of their new and happy home.

Mrs. Maylie took up her abode with her son and daughter-in-law, to enjoy, during the tranquil remainder of her days, the greatest felicity that age and worth can know—the contemplation of the happiness of those on whom the warmest affections and tenderest cares of a well-spent life have been unceasingly bestowed.

It appeared, on a full and careful investigation, that if the wreck of property remaining in the custody of Monks (which had never prospered either in his hands or in those of his mother) were equally divided between himself and Oliver, it would yield to each little more than three thousand pounds. By the provisions of his father's will, Oliver would have been entitled to the whole; but Mr. Brownlow, unwilling to deprive the elder son of the opportunity of retrieving his former vices and pursuing an honest career, proposed this mode of distribution, to which his young charge most joyfully acceded.

Monks, still bearing that assumed name, retired with his portion to a distant part of the New World, where, having quickly squandered it, he once more fell into his old courses, and, after undergoing a long confinement for some fresh act of fraud and knavery, at length sunk under an attack of his old disorder, and died in prison. As far from home died the chief remaining members of his friend Fagin's gang.

Mr. Brownlow adopted Oliver as his own son, and removing with him and the old housekeeper to within a mile of the parsonage house, where his dear friends resided, gratified the only remaining wish of Oliver's warm and earnest heart, and thus linked together a little society, whose condition approached as nearly to one of perfect happiness as can ever be known in this changing world.

Soon after the marriage of the young people, the worthy doctor returned to Chertsey, where, bereft of the presence of his old friends, he would have been discontented if his temperament had admitted of such a feeling, and would have turned quite peevish if he had known how. For two or three months he contented himself with hinting that he feared the air began to disagree with him, and then finding that the place really was to him no longer what it had been before, settled his business on his assistant, took a bachelor's cottage just outside the village of which his young friend was pastor, and instantaneously recovered. Here he took to gardening, planting, fishing, carpentering, and various other pursuits of a similar kind, all undertaken with his characteristic impetuosity; and in each and all, he has since become famous throughout the neighbourhood as a most profound authority.

Before his removal, he had managed to contract a strong friendship for Mr. Grimwig, which that eccentric gentleman cordially reciprocated. He is accordingly visited by him a great many times in the course of the year, and on all such occasions Mr. Grimwig plants, fishes, and carpenters with great ardour, doing everything in a very singular and unprecedented manner; but always maintaining, with his favourite asseveration, that his mode is the right one. On Sundays, he never fails to criticise the sermon to the young clergyman's face, always informing Mr. Losberne in strict confidence afterwards, that he considers it an excellent performance, but thinks it as well not to say so. It is a standing and very favourite joke for Mr. Brownlow to rally him on his old prophecy concerning Oliver, and to remind him of the night on which they sat with the watch between them waiting his return; but Mr. Grimwig contends that he was right in the main, and in proof thereof remarks that Oliver *did not come back*, after all, which always calls forth a laugh on his side, and increases his good humour.

Mr. Noah Claypole, receiving a free pardon from the crown in consequence of being admitted approver against the Jew, and considering his profession not altogether as safe a one as he could wish, was for some little time at a loss for the means of a livelihood, not burdened with too much work. After some consideration he went into business as an informer, in which calling he realizes a genteel subsistence. His plan is to walk out once a-week during church time, attended by Charlotte in respectable attire. The lady faints away at the doors of charitable publicans, and the gentleman being accommodated with threepenny-worth of brandy to restore her, lays an information next day, and pockets half the penalty. Sometimes Mr. Claypole faints himself, but the result is the same.

Mr. and Mrs. Bumble, deprived of their situations, were gradually reduced to great indigence and misery, and finally became paupers in that very same workhouse in which they had once lorded it over others. Mr. Bumble has been heard to say, that in this reverse and degradation he has not even spirits to be thankful for being separated from his wife.

As to Mr. Giles and Brittles, they still remain in their old posts, although the former is bald, and the last-named boy quite grey. They sleep at the parsonage, but divide their attentions so equally between its inmates, and Oliver, and Mr. Brownlow, and Mr. Losberne, that to this day the villagers have never been able to discover to which establishment they properly belong.

Master Charles Bates, appalled by Sikes's crime, fell into a train of reflection whether an honest life was not, after all, the best. Arriving at the conclusion that it certainly was, he turned his back upon the scenes of the past, resolved to amend it in some new sphere of action. He struggled hard and suffered much for some time; but having a contented disposition

and a good purpose, succeeded in the end ; and, from being a farmer's drudge and a carrier's lad, is now the merriest young grazier in all Northamptonshire.

And now the hand that traces these words falters as it approaches the conclusion of its task, and would weave for a little longer space the thread of these adventures.

I would fain linger yet with a few of those among whom I have so long moved, and share their happiness by endeavouring to depict it. I would show Rose Maylie in all the bloom and grace of early womanhood, shedding upon her secluded path in life such soft and gentle light, as fell on all who trod it with her, and shone into their hearts,—I would paint her the life and joy of the fireside circle and the lively summer group ; I would follow her through the sultry fields at noon, and hear the low tones of her sweet voice in the moonlit evening walk ; I would watch her in all her goodness and charity abroad, and the smiling untiring discharge of domestic duties at home ; I would paint her and her dead sister's child happy in their mutual love, and passing whole hours together in picturing the friends whom they had so sadly lost ; I would summon before me once again those joyous little faces that clustered round her knee, and listen to their merry prattle ; I would recall the tones of that clear laugh, and conjure up the sympathising tear that glistened in that soft blue eye. These, and a thousand looks and smiles and turns of thought and speech—I would fain recall them every one.

How Mr. Brownlow went on from day to day, filling the mind of his adopted child with stores of knowledge, and becoming attached to him more and more as his nature developed itself, and showed the thriving seeds of all he could wish him to become—how he traced in him new traits of his early friend, that awakened in his own bosom old remembrances, melancholy and yet sweet and soothing—how the two orphans, tried by adversity, remembered its lessons in mercy to others, and mutual love, and fervent thanks to Him who had protected and preserved them—these are all matters which need not to be told ; for I have said that they were truly happy ; and without strong affection, and humanity of heart, and gratitude to that Being whose code is mercy, and whose great attribute is benevolence to all things that breathe, true happiness can never be attained.

Within the altar of the old village church there stands a white marble tablet, which bears as yet but one word,—“ Agnes !” There is no coffin in that tomb ; and may it be many, many years before another name is placed above it. But if the spirits of the Dead ever come back to earth to visit spots hallowed by the love—the love beyond the grave—of those whom they knew in life, I do believe that the shade of that poor girl often hovers about that solemn nook—ay, though it is a church, and she was weak and erring.

LE VIN DE CHYPRE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

O, CYPRUS, my heart, re-baptized in thy wine,
 Knows again the blind Archer; the god of the song,
 Venus, Mars, Juno, Pallas, and Jove the divine,—
 All, all in my credo forgotten so long.
 If our authors, who all wrote like pagans 't is true,
 Made me curse in my wrath this old credence of earth,
 'T was because they ne'er quaff'd of thy classical dew :^{*}
 In the wine of gay Cyprus the gods had their birth !

To the Grecian mythology taught in our classes,
 By the logic of Bacchus persuaded, I fly.
 To my songs shall advance all the Muses and Graces,
 And Phœbus shall smile, and the Zephyrs shall sigh ;
 Fauns, Sylvans, and Dryads, a jubilant crew,
 Ye shall waken around me your chorus of mirth—
 With the Naiads my muse shall have nothing to do :
 In the wine of gay Cyprus the gods had their birth !

Methinks, by the glow of the liquor beguiled,
 I approach some old altar of mythical times,
 Where Beauty with green myrtle coronal smiled
 To melt loving hearts beneath soft sunny climes.
 Let us fancy the charm of the azure that lies
 Far away from the cold and the turbulent North :
 Oh, well may they people such beautiful skies !—
 In the wine of gay Cyprus the gods had their birth !

Brave Hesiod of old, with his eyes in the cloud,
 Sought high-sounding names for their godships in vain ;
 For the want of ideas, he commenced at an ode,
 When a wine-skin from Cyprus arrived o'er the main.
 He drinks, and gets drunk, and he hastens to mount
 His Pegasus, prancing in ecstasy forth ;
 All Olympus flows out from that bacchanal fount :
 In the wine of gay Cyprus the gods had their birth !

To the deities fabled of old we oppose
 Our devils—consoling to few, I presume—
 Witches, goblins, and vampires, and ghouls, and all those
 Most amiable playthings of ages of gloom.
 Out, out on the spectres, and tombs, and all that !
 Out, out on the horrible—what is it worth ?
 Let a dove be our emblem instead of a bat :
 In the wine of gay Cyprus the gods had their birth !

The bards of old Greece, all unrival'd so long,
 Have owed to their wine their immortal renown.—
 Quick, fill up my goblet,—perchance that my song
 To the far distant future may also go down.
 But no :—lovely Hebe, descend from the skies
 With a bevy of Loves to encircle my hearth—
 She fills up my cup with a smile in her eyes !—
 In the wine of gay Cyprus the gods had their birth !

Cork.

W. D.

* Or "'T was because they ne'er *reel'd* with thy classical dew,"—which better translates the original.

COLIN CLINK.

CONTAINING THE CONTENTIONS, DISSENSIONS, LOVES, HATREDS,
JEALOUSIES, HYPOCRISIES, AND VICISSITUDES, INCIDENT
TO HIS CHEQUERED LIFE.

BY MASK.

CHAPTER I.

Affords a capital illustration of the way of the world. For whereas, as knaves and fools not unusually take precedence of better men, so this chapter, though placed at the head of a long regiment, is yet inferior to any one that comes after.

THE famous John Bunyan, or Bunion,—for the true orthography of this renowned name is much doubted amongst the learned of the present age,—has laid it down as an axiom in that most glorious of all Progresses, the Pilgrim's Progress, that "He that is down needs fear no fall." And who, in good truth, will undertake to dispute the good pilgrim's remark? Since nothing can be more clear to an eye as philosophic as was that of Mr. Bunyan, that if a man be seated on the ground, he most certainly is not in much danger of slipping through his chair; or that, being already at the bottom of the water, he "needs fear no fall" from the yard-arm.

On this assurance, I take courage for Colin Clink. Down in the world with respect to its goods, down in society, down in the estimation of his own father and mother, and down in that which our modern political ragamuffins are pleased to term the "accident" of birth, he assuredly had not the least occasion for a single instant to trouble his mind with fears of falling any lower. For, happily, it is not in this world of solid matter, as in the world of spirit,—that a deep still lower than the lowest can open its atrocious mouth, and threaten to devour us.

From the very earliest, therefore, he had, and could have, but one prospect before him, and that was, the prospect of rising above his first condition. To be sure, like Bruce's spider, he afterwards fell sometimes; but then he reflected that rising and falling, like standing up and sitting down, constitute a portion of the lot of every man's life.

It is currently related amongst the good folks of the country-side wherein our hero first saw the light, that while three or four officious neighbourly women were stealing noiselessly about the room, attending to the wants of the sick woman, and while the accoucheur of the parish was inly congratulating himself on having introduced his round five-thousandth child to the troublesome pleasures of this world, young Colin turned from the arms of the nurse who held him, and, as though even then conscious of the obligation conferred upon him by his admission to the stage of life, stretched out his hand towards the astonished surgeon, and in a very audible voice exclaimed, "Thank you, doctor—thank you!"

I do not vouch for the truth of this anecdote; but this I do say, —whether or not he had anything to be thankful for will be seen,

much as he himself saw it, during the course of this his own true history.

That he was lucky in opening his eyes, even though in an humble cottage, amidst the scenes that nature spread around him, is certain enough. To be born poor as the spirit of poverty herself, is sufficiently bad; but far worse is it to be thus born in the bottom of some noisome alley of a vast town, where a single ray of sunlight never falls, nor a glimpse of the sky itself is ever caught, beyond what may be afforded by that small dusky section of it which seems to lie like a dirty ceiling on the chimney-tops, and even then cannot be seen, unless (to speak like a geometrician) by raising the face to a horizontal position and the eyes perpendicularly. Fresh air, fields, rivers, clouds, and sunshine, redeem half the miseries of want, and make a happy joyful being of him who, in any other sense, cannot call one single atom of the world his own.

Colin Clink was a native of the village of Bramleigh, about twenty miles west of that city of law and divinity, of sermons and proctors' parchment, the silent city of York.

Some time previous to his birth, his mother had taken a fancy, suggested, very probably, by the powerful pleading of a weak pocket, or, with equal probability, by something else to the full as argumentative, to reside in a small cottage, (as rural landowners are in the habit of terming such residences, though they are known to everybody else as hovels,) altogether by herself; if I except a little girl, of some five or six years of age, who accompanied her in the capacity of embryo housemaid, gruel-maker, and, when strong enough, of nurse to the expected "little stranger."

For the discharge of the more important and pressing duties incident to her situation, she depended upon one or two of those permanently unemployed old crones, usually to be found in country places, who pass the greater portion of their time in "preserving" themselves, like red herrings or hung beef, over the idle smoke of their own scanty fires, and who, as they are always waiting chances, may be had by asking for at any moment. Their minimum of wages depended upon a small sum of money derived by Mistress Clink, the mother of our hero, from a source which, as she then followed no particular employment, we are compelled to pronounce obscure.

The sagacious reader may perhaps, in the height of his wisdom, marvel how so young a child as one of five or six years of age should be introduced to his notice in the capacity above-mentioned; but the practice is common enough, and may be accounted for, in the way of cause and effect, upon the most modern philosophical principles. Thus:—Great states require great taxes to support them; great taxes produce political extravagance; political extravagance enforces domestic economy; and domestic economy, now-a-days, demands that every pair of hands, however small, shall labour for the milk that supports them; and every little heart, however light, shall be filled with the pale cares and yearning anxieties which naturally belong only to mature age.

Of such as these was Mistress Clink's diminutive housemaid, Fanny Woodruff.

Brought up amidst hardships from the first day of her existence, through the agency either of the rod, the heavier stick, or of keener hunger, during at least twelve hours out of every twenty-four that

passed over her head; she presented, at five years of age, the miniature picture, painted in white and yellow,—for all the carnation had fled from Nature's palette when she drew this mere sketch of incipient woman,—she presented, I repeat, the miniature picture, not of what childhood is, a bright and joyful outburst of fresh life into a new world of strange attractive things—not of that restless inquiring existence, curious after every created object, and happy amidst them all; but of a little, pale, solemn thing, looking as though it had suddenly fallen, heart-checked, upon a world of evil—as though its eyes had looked only upon discouragement, and its hands been stretched in love, only to be repulsed with indifference or with hatred. The picture of a little baby soul, prematurely forced upon the grown-up anxieties of the world, and made almost a woman in demeanour, before she knew half the attractive actions of a child.

Notwithstanding all this, and in spite of the unnatural care-worn expression of her little melancholy countenance, Fanny's features retained something of that indefinite quality commonly termed "interesting." Two black eyes, which showed nothing but black between the lids, looked openly but fearfully from beneath the arched browless bones of the forehead, and, with an irrepressible questioning in the face of the spectator, seemed ever to be asking doubtfully, whether there was or was not such a creature as a friend in the world; but her sunken cheeks and wasted arms belied the happy age of childhood, and spoke only of hard usage and oft-continued suffering.

On the eventful day that gave young Master Colin Clink to the world, and about twelve hours previous to the time at which he *should have made* his actual appearance, Mistress Clink, his mother, was lying upon a bed in an inner ground-floor room of her cottage, thinking—if the troubled and confused ideas that filled her brain might be termed thinking—upon her coming trials; while little Fanny, taking temporary advantage of the illness of her mistress, and relaxing, in a moment of happy forgetfulness, again into a child, was sitting upon the ground near the door, and noiselessly amusing herself by weighing in a halfpenny pair of tin scales the sand which had been strown upon the floor by way of carpet, when the abrupt entrance of some one at the outer door, though unheard by the sick woman amidst her half-dreaming reveries, so startled the little offender on the ground, that, in her haste to scramble on to her feet, and recover all the solemn proprieties and demure looks which, in a returning moment of infantile nature, had been cast aside, she upset the last imaginary pound of sand-made sugar that had been heaped up on a stool beside her, and at the same time chanced to strike her head against the under side of the little round table which stood at hand, whereby a bottle of physic was tossed uninjured on to the bed, and a spoon precipitated to the floor. Her countenance instantly changed to an expression which told that the crime was of too black a dye to be forgiven. But patience without tears, and endurance without complaint, were also as visible; virtues which hard necessity had instilled into her bosom long before.

Ill as Mistress Clink may readily be presumed to have been, she started half up in bed, leaning with her elbow upon the pillow, her countenance, pale and ghastly with sickness, rendered still more pale and horrible with anger, and gasping for words, which even then

came faint in sound though strong in bitterness, she began to rate the child vehemently for her accidental disaster.

In another instant a female servant of the squire of the parish stood by the bedside. Mistress Clink fell back upon the pillow, while her face for a moment blushed scarlet, and then became again as white as ashes.

"Don't rate the poor child, if you please, ma'am," said the woman. "Poor thing! it's only a bag of bones at best."

"Oh, I'm ill!" sighed Mistress Clink.

"Ay, dear! you *do* look ill," responded the woman.

"I'll run and fetch the doctor; but, if you please, ma'am, master has sent this little basket of things for you."

"What things?" asked the sick woman, slightly rallying, and in an eager voice.

"Linen, ma'am," observed the servant, at the same time opening the lid of the basket.

"How very good of him!" whispered Fanny.

"Yes, child," replied the serving woman; "he's always very kind to poor women."

The invalid was aroused; she almost raised herself again upon her hand.

"Very kind, is he? Yes, yes—say so, say so. But—" and she hesitated, and passed her hand across her forehead, as though mentally striving to recall her fitting senses—"Take 'em back—away with 'em—tell him—Oh! I'm ill, I'm ill!"

She fell back insensible. The old woman and Fanny screamed first, and then ran for the surgeon. Within a very brief period Master Colin Clink appeared before the world, some half a day or so earlier than, to the best of my belief, nature originally intended he should. But it is the peculiar faculty of violent tempers to precipitate events, and realize prospective troubles before their time.

As the reader will subsequently be called upon to make a more close acquaintance with the professional gentleman now introduced to notice, it may not be improper briefly to observe, that, amongst many other recommendations to the notice and favour of the public, the doctor offered himself as a guardian to "persons of unsound mind," with, of course, the kindest and best mode of treatment that could possibly be adopted. In plain words, he kept a "retreat," or private madhouse, for the especial and peculiar accommodation of those eager young gentlemen who may, perchance, find it more agreeable to shut up their elderly relations in a lunatic's cell, than to wait until death shall have relieved them of the antique burthen. The doctor's establishment was one of the worst of a bad kind; and, as we shall eventually see, he was in the regular practice of making a very curious application of it.

We may now conclude the chapter.

While Doctor Rowel was preparing for his departure, he chanced, in the course of some casual chat with one of the old gossips present, to ask where the sick woman's husband was at this interesting moment of his life; but, unluckily for his curiosity, all the old women were immediately seized with a momentary deafness, which totally prevented them from hearing his question, though it was twice repeated. He then asked how it came about that the Squire had sent such a pretty basket of baby-linen to Mistress Clink? But

their ears were equally impervious to the sound of that inquiry as to the other; thus proving to a demonstration, that while there are some matters which certain ingenious people imagine they thoroughly understand even from the slightest hints and innuendoes, (which is precisely the case with the good reader himself at this moment, so far as our present story is concerned,) there are other matters that, put them into whatever language you will, can never be rendered at all comprehensible to discreet grown-up people.

Nevertheless, the doctor did not depart unenlightened. Though the women were deaf and ignorant, a little child was present who seemed to know all about it. Finding that nobody else answered the great gentleman, little Fanny screwed her courage up to the speaking point, and looking the doctor earnestly in the face, said,

“If you please, sir, the lady that brought the basket said it was because the squire is always so very kind to poor women.”

The doctor burst into a laugh, though what for nobody present could imagine, as all the old women, and the child too, looked grave enough in all conscience.

CHAPTER II.

Involves a doubtful affair still deeper in doubt, through the attempts made to clear it up; and at the same time finds Colin Clink a reputable father, in a quarter the least expected.

SHORTLY after the maid-servant had returned to Kiddal, (a name by which Squire Lupton's family-house had been known for centuries,) and explained to her master, as in duty bound, how she found Mistress Clink, and how she left the linen, and how, likewise, another boy had been added to the common stock of mortals, that benevolent and considerate gentleman assumed a particularly grave aspect; and then, for the especial edification and future guidance of the damsel before him, he began to “improve” the event which had just taken place in the village, and to express his deep regret that the common orders of people were so very inconsiderate as to rush headlong, as it were, upon the increase of families which, after all, they could not support without entailing a portion of the burthen upon the rich and humane, who, strictly speaking, ought to have no hand whatever in the business. His piroration consisted of some excellent advice to the girl herself, (equally applicable to everybody else in similar situations,) not by any means to think of marrying either the gardener or the gamekeeper, until she knew herself capable of maintaining a very large family, without palming any of them upon either generous individuals or on the parish. She could not do better than keep the case of Mistress Clink continually before her eyes, as a standing warning of the evil effects of being in too great a hurry. The girl retired to her kitchen filled with great ideas of her master's goodness, and strengthened in her determination to disbelieve every word of the various slanders afloat throughout the lower part of the house, and through the village at large, which turned the squire's kindness to mere merchandise, by attributing it to interested motives.

That same evening, as the squire sat alone by lamplight taking a glass of wine in his library, he was observed by the servant who had

carried in the decanter to be in a humour not the most sprightly and frolicsome imaginable; and so he told the maid who had been lectured in the afternoon, at the same time going so far as to say, that he thought if master was more prudent sometimes than some folks said he was, it might be that he would not have occasion to be melancholy so often. The maid replied, that she knew all about it; and if the squire was melancholy, it was because some people in the world were so very wicked as to run head-first on to families, and then go for to come on the first people in the parish to maintain them. It was his own supernumerary goodness that got imposed on by deceitful and resolute women, who went about having children, because they knew that the squire was father to the whole parish, and would not let little innocents starve, let them belong to whomsoever they might.

John was about rising to reply to this able defence when the library bell rung, and called him up stairs instead. The squire wanted to see his steward immediately; but the steward was just then getting his dinner, and therefore—as the dinner of a steward, in a great house with an easy master, is not, as Richard Oastler well knows, a matter of very easy despatch—he sent word that he was at that moment very deeply engaged in digesting his accounts, but would wait upon his master as soon as possible. In the mean time, the kitchen was converted into a debating room by John and the maid; but as the same subject was very shortly afterwards much better discussed in the second chamber, we will repair thither and ascertain what passed.

“Come in, Longstaff,” cried the squire, in reply to a tap at the door which announced the presence of the steward, and in another second that worthy approached the table.

“Dined, Longstaff?—take a glass of wine? Sit down, sit down. I’ve a little matter on hand, Longstaff, that requires to be rather nicely managed, and I know of no man so likely to do it well as you are, Longstaff, eh?”

“You flatter me, sir—” began Mr. Longstaff; but the squire interrupted him.

“No, no, Longstaff, no,—I flatter no man. Plain speaking is a jewel; but I know I can depend upon you for a little assistance when it is needed, better than upon any other man that ever entered my service.”

“You flatter—” again began the steward, but a second time was interrupted by his master.

“No, no, Longstaff, no, no,—truth’s no flattery, as everybody knows; and no man need be afraid or ashamed of speaking truth before the best face in all Christendom.”

Mr. Longstaff mistook this last observation, and interpreted it as a compliment to his own beauty; he therefore felt himself bound to repeat his previously intended observation, and accordingly began,

“You flat—” but for the third time was prevented giving utterance to it, through the interruption of Squire Lupton.

“I’ll tell you what, Longstaff,—the thing is here. A little secrecy and a little manœuvring are just what’s required. If you can *Talleyrand* it a little,—you understand me?”

And the squire eked out his meaning with a certain jerk upwards of the head more significant than words, but which, when dimly

translated into English, seemed to mean as much as the mysterious popular phrase, "that's your ticket." He then drank a bumper, and, pushing the bottle to Longstaff, waited in seeming anxiety half a minute before he filled again.

"Well, Longstaff, magistrate as I am, and bound, of course, to carry the law, while it is law, into execution, I must say this,—and I speak from my own observation and experience, as you well know,—while the members of the British Legislature allow that clause of the forty-third of Elizabeth to remain upon the statute-books, they do not do their duty as legislators either to man, woman, or child."

A loud thump on the table, accompanied with corresponding emphasis of speech, made the word *child* sound a great deal bigger than either man or woman. The squire then went on,—

"Look at the effect of it, Longstaff. Any man,—I myself,—you,—any of us, or all of us,—are liable at any time to have fathered upon us a thing, a brat,—any tinker's whelp that ever was bred, very likely in Cumberland or Cornwall, or a thousand miles off,—though, in point of fact, you or I had no more acquaintance with that child's mother—no, no more than we had with Donna Maria! Now, mark, Longstaff. You know I've been something of a teaser in the course of my time to people of that sort. I've made them pay for their whistle, as Franklin says, pretty smartly. Well, what is the consequence?—what ensues? Why, just this. After I've ferreted out some of the worst of them, and put them, as I thought, upon better manners,—the very next time anything of the kind happens again, they lay their heads together, and have the audacious impudence,—the rascality, as I may call it,—the—the—the abominable— However, I should say, to—to go before the overseers of the parish, and persist in swearing every child, without exception,—every one, girl and boy,—to me! Now, Longstaff, I dare say you have heard reports of this kind in the course of your acquaintance with one person or another, though I never mentioned a word about it before. Don't you think it a shame, a disgrace to the Parliament of Elizabeth that passed that law, that all county magistrates were not personally and especially *excepted* from the operation of that clause?—and that it was not rendered a misdemeanour, punishable by imprisonment or the stocks, for any woman, no matter what her degree, to swear a child to any county magistrate? Such a provision, Longstaff, would have effectually secured individuals like me against the malice of convicted persons, and prevented the possibility of such statements being circulated, as are now quite as common in the parish as rain and sunshine."

"Certainly, sir," replied Longstaff, acquiescingly; "but then, sir, might it not have operated, in the case of some individuals of the magistracy, as a sort of warrant of impunity to—"

"Impunity!" exclaimed the squire. "I mean to assert and to maintain it, that if Queen Bess had been a man, as she ought to have been, women would never have had it in their power to swear with impunity one half,—no, nor one-tenth part of that that they are now swearing every hour of their lives. Why, look ye,—here again to-day,—this very morning, that young woman Clink is laid up of another; and, as sure as there's head and tail to a shilling, so sure am I that, unless something be done beforehand to find a father

somewhere or other for the young cub, it'll be laid at *my* door, along with all the rest. But I'm resolved this time to put a stop to it; and, as a man's word goes for nothing, though he be magistrate or anything else, we'll try for once if we cannot fix the saddle on the right horse some other way."

The complying Mr. Longstaff willingly lent himself to the squire's designs; and, after some farther conversation of a similar character to that above given, it was agreed that the steward, acting as Squire Lupton's agent, should make use of all the means and appliances within his power, in order to ward off the expected declaration by Mistress Clink, and to induce her to avow before the overseers the real father of our hero Colin.

Accordingly, as soon as the condition of that good lady would allow of a visit from Mr. Longstaff, he waited upon her, stuffed with persuasions to the very throat; and, after an hour and a half's exhortations, coupled with a round number of slices of that pleasant root, commonly called "the root of all evil," he succeeded, to his great joy and satisfaction, in extorting from her a solemn promise to confer the honour of her son's parentage upon any man in the parish rather than upon Squire Lupton.

As a moral-minded historian, I must confess this whole transaction to be a most nefarious one, regard it in whatever light we may; but the truth is, and with sorrow be it said, that throughout all that part of the country in which the scene of our story is laid, lying is commonly regarded only as a convenient subterfuge, without shame, and without crime. And while something less than the value of a shilling will purchase from even "respectable" inhabitants of that district as plump a lie as any connoisseur need wish to meet with, it is nothing very surprising that Mistress Clink should thus have given way for once to the general failing of her locality.

Longstaff was delighted with the success of his negotiation, and, reflecting that there is nothing like striking while the iron is hot, he would not be satisfied unless Mistress Clink agreed there and then to go with him to Skinwell the overseer, to make her declaration respecting Colin's father.

On the road to that functionary's office, Longstaff employed himself in suggesting to the excellent woman by his side the names of several individuals, with whom secretly he was upon very ill terms, as fit and proper persons from amongst whom to select a parent, chuckling with renewed glee every now and then as the thought came afresh over his mind of taking revenge upon some one or other of his enemies, at the rate of two and sixpence or three shillings per week. Mistress Clink replied to his suggestions by assuring him that she would endeavour to satisfy him in that particular to his heart's content.

Skinwell, besides being overseer of the parish during the year of which we are writing, was by profession a lawyer; and, in order to obtain a living in so small a field, was in the regular practice of getting up petty squabbles in a friendly way, and merely for the sake of obtaining justice to all parties, between his neighbours and acquaintances. A clothes-line across a yard, a stopped-up drain, or the question whether a certain ditch belonged to the right or to the left hand land-owner, would afford him food for a fortnight; and while he laboured most assiduously in order to involve two parties

in litigation, he contrived so ingeniously to gloss over his own conduct with the varnish of "favour to none, justice to all," as invariably to come off without offending either.

On entering Skinwell's office, Longstaff and the lady found that worthy at work on one side of a double desk, face to face, though divided by a miniature railing along the top, with a poor miserable-looking stripling of a clerk, not unlike, both in shape and colour, to a bricklayer's lath.

Skinwell looked vacantly up at Mrs. Clink, recognised the steward by a nod, and then went on with his work. In the mean time Mrs. C. sat down on a three-legged stool, placed there for the accommodation of weary clients, behind a high partition of boards, which divided the room, and inclosed, as in a sheep-pen, the man of law and his slave.

At one end of the mantel-shelf stood a second-hand brown japanned tin box, divided into three compartments, and respectively lettered, "Delivery,—Received,—Post." But there appeared not to be anything to deliver, nor to receive, nor to send to the post; for each division was as empty as a pauper's stomach. The remaining portion of the shelf was occupied by some few fat octavoës bound in dry-looking unornamental calf; while over the fireplace hung the Yorkshire Almanack for the year but one preceding, Skinwell's business not being usually in a sufficiently flourishing condition to allow of the luxury of a clean almanack every twelve months; and even the one which already served to enlighten his office had been purchased at half price when two months old.

"Do take a seat, Mr. Longstaff!" exclaimed the legal adviser of the village, as he raised his head, and, in apparent astonishment, beheld that gentleman still upon his feet, though without reflecting, it would seem, that his request could be much more easily made than complied with, there being not a single accommodation for the weary in his whole office, with the exception of the two high stools occupied respectively by himself and his clerk, and the low one of which Mrs. Clink had already taken possession. Longstaff, however, was soon enabled very kindly to compromise the matter; for while hunting about with his eyes in quest of a supporter of the description mentioned, he beheld in the far corner by the fireplace a few breadths of deal-plank fixed on tressels, by way of table, and partially covered with sundry sheets of calf-skin, interspersed with stumps of long-used pens, and crowned with a most business-like, formidable-looking pounce-box. To this quarter he accordingly repaired, and having placed one high across the corner of the make-shift table, while he stood plump upright on the other leg, began very seriously to stare into the fire.

Some minutes of profound silence ensued.

The ghostly clerk stopped short in his half-idle labour, as though hesitating what to do, and then made this learned inquiry of his employer,

"Pray, sir, should this parchment be cut?"

"Certainly it should," replied the latter testily. "Don't you see it's an indenture?—and an indenture is *not* an indenture, and of no force, until it is cut."

The novice accordingly, at a very accelerated speed, proceeded to cut it. Shortly afterwards he again had to trouble his master.

"Should I say 'before said' or 'above said?'"

"Above, certainly," replied the sage. "'Before said' means the first thing that ever was written in the world,—before anything else that has ever been written since. Write 'above,' to be sure."

The clerk wrote "above" accordingly, while Longstaff and the lady looked up in admiration of Mr. Skinwell's acuteness, and Skinwell himself looked boldly into the steward's face, with all the brass of a knowing one triumphant in his knowledge.

It will be remembered by the reader, if he have any memory at all, that on the occasion of the birth of our hero Colin, Dr. Rowel expressed to those about him some curiosity respecting the little fellow's father. Happily, then, for the doctor's satisfaction, he chanced to enter Skinwell's office upon private business of his own, just as the above brief conversation had terminated, and before that examination of Mrs. Clink had commenced, in which a father was legally to be given him. The doctor, then, was upon the point of being gratified from the very best authority.

Having now concluded the writing with which he had been engaged, the joint lawyer and overseer of the parish called to the woman Clink, and bade her stand up and look at him; and, in order to afford her every facility for doing so to the best advantage, he planted both his elbows firmly upon the desk, rested his chin upon both his hands, which stood up against his cheeks in such a manner as to convey to a casual spectator the idea that he was particularly solicitous about a pair of red scanty whiskers, like moles, which grew beneath, and then fixed his eyes in that particular place above the wooden horizon that inclosed him, in which the disc of Mrs. Clink's head now began slowly to appear. As she came gradually and modestly up, she met first the gaze of the lawyer, then of his clerk, then of Dr. Rowel, and then of Mr. Longstaff; so that by the time she was fully risen, four men's faces confronted her at once, and with such familiar earnestness, that, though not apt to be particularly tender-hearted in others' cases, she burst into tears at her own.

"Ay, ay, doctor," sneeringly remarked Skinwell to that worthy professional, "this is just it. They can always cry when it is too late, instead of crying out at the proper time." Then looking fiercely in the downcast countenance of the yet feeble culprit before him, he thus continued his discourse. "Come, come, woman, we can't have any blubbing here—it won't do. Hold your head up; for you can't be ashamed of seeing a man, I should think."

The surgeon, the steward, the clerk, and the poor brutal wit himself smiled.

"Come, up with it, and let us look at you."

Colin's mother sobbed louder, and, instead of complying with this gratuitously insolent request, buried her face so much lower in the folds of the shawl that covered her neck, and hung down upon her bosom, as to present to the gaze of the inquiring overseer almost a full-moon view of the crown of her bonnet.

"Hum!" growled Skinwell; "like all the rest—not a look to be got at them. Well, now, listen to me, my good woman. You know what you're brought here for? You've got a child, haven't you?"

A long-drawn snuffle from the other side of the partition, which sounded very much like what musicians term a shake, seemed to confess too deeply the painful fact.

"Oh! you have, have you? Very good, very—can't be better. Well, and how did it happen?—that 's the principal question. It *has* a father, I presume."

Mr. Longstaff's merriment was here evinced by a single explosion of the breath, which would have done much better to blow a lamp out with than to convince anybody that he was pleased. The surgeon did not change countenance, while the clerk made three or four discursive flourishes with his pen on the blotting-paper before him, as much as to say, he would take the propriety of laughing into further consideration. Mr. Skinwell then continued.

"Now, now, woman,—*do* attend to me. It is impossible that my valuable time can be wasted in this manner. Who is that child's father?"

"Yes, yes," echoed Mr. Longstaff, tapping the poor woman in joyful expectation upon the shoulder; "just say the word, and have done with it."

Every eye was fixed on Mrs. Clink. After a brief pause, during which the tears yet remaining in her eyes were hastily dried up with the corner of her shawl, she raised her head with a feeling of confidence scarcely to be expected, and directing her eyes through the little palisades which topped the wooden partition full at Mr. Skinwell, she said, in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by all present,—

"If you please, sir, it is Mr. Longstaff, the steward."

The office was amazed; while Mr. Longstaff himself started up in an attitude of mute astonishment, which Chantrey himself could scarcely have equalled.

"Longstaff, the steward!" ejaculated Skinwell.

"Impossible!" observed Dr. Rowel.

"It 's false!" muttered the clerk.

"It *is* false!" repeated the accused man in a faint voice. "Why, gentlemen,—a man with a wife and family,—in my situation;—it 's monstrous and diabolical. If I could pull your tongue across your teeth," he continued, turning to Colin's mother, and shaking his fist in her face, "I 'd cure it and hang it up, as an eternal example to such arrant liars. You *know* I 'm as innocent as a March lamb,—you do, you deceitful woman!"

But Mrs. Clink persisted in her statement, and avowed her readiness to take her oath upon the fact; so that Mr. Longstaff was obliged to submit with the best or the worst grace he might.

This small scrap of experience fully convinced him, however, that Squire Lupton's views upon the subject of the forty-third of Elizabeth, which he had formerly opposed, were not only perfectly correct in themselves, but that they ought to have been extended much further, and that the exemption of which the squire had spoken ought to have embraced not only county magistrates, but their stewards also.

How the matter really was, the reader may decide for himself upon the following evidence, which is the best I have to offer him:—that Mr. Longstaff regularly paid the charge of three shillings per week towards the maintenance of that life which I am now writing, and that he failed not to account for it in the squire's books, under the mysterious, though very ministerial, title of "secret service money."

Possibly, however, Mr. Longstaff might economically consider the squire much more capable of paying it than he was himself. Nor, even in case it was so, would he have been the first steward in these latter days who, for his own use, has kindly condescended to borrow for a brief season his master's money.

CHAPTER III.

Describes the sufferings endured by Mr. Longstaff, in consequence of the diabolical proceedings against him recorded in the last chapter; and also hints at a cowardly piece of revenge which he and his wife planned, in the middle of the night, upon Mrs. Clink and Colin.

MR. LONGSTAFF returned towards the old house of Kiddal vexed, mortified, and ashamed; and while he mentally vowed never again to undertake a piece of dirty work for the best man living, neither for bribe, nor place, nor the hope of favour, he also as firmly, and in a spirit much more to be depended upon, determined to pour, to the very last drop, the phials of his wrath upon the devoted head of Colin's mother. "If there be not power in a steward," thought he, "to harass such a poor, helpless, despicable thing as she is, where in the world is it to be found?—and if any steward knows how to do it better than I do, why, I'll give him leave to eat me." With which bold and magnanimous reflection he bustled along the road, almost heedless of the straggling briars which every now and then caught hold of his face or his ankles, and as though fully conscious only of the pleasing fact that each additional step brought him still a step nearer his revenge. Besides this, had the truth been fully known, his feelings of resentment against Mrs. Clink were in no small degree increased by the thoughts that crowded his brain touching the manner in which he should meet "the partner of his joys and woes," Mrs. Aneasina Macleay Longstaff: a lady, as some years of hard experience had taught him, who well merited the title of a woman of spirit, and with whom in his soul, though he scarcely dare allow himself to believe it, he anticipated no very pleasant encounter.

As for the squire, who naturally enough would wish to know how his steward had sped in the business, Mr. Longstaff did not feel much of the humour of eagerness to visit him, having already about as large a load on his stomach as he could conveniently carry, and being in his own mind fully persuaded that he really should not have a tithe of the requisite courage left to meet Mrs. Longstaff, if he ventured to encounter the jeers of the squire previously. With the view, then, of making the best of his way unobserved down to his own house, he left the high road, and exerted himself in a very unusual manner to leap half a score hedges and ditches which crossed the bird's-flight path he had taken, and ultimately stole privily down the side of the boundary-wall which inclosed the northern side of the plantations, intending to creep through a small private door, placed there for the convenience of the gamekeepers, which conducted to a path in the immediate direction of his own house. But, notwithstanding all his trouble, fortune again turned her wheel upon Mr. Longstaff; he fell into the very trap that he had taken so much trouble to avoid, and what—to a man already in a state of aggravation—was still worse, he fell into it solely because he had

endeavoured to avoid it. Had he taken the common road, he would have arrived at home uninterrupted; as it was, scarcely had he reached within twenty yards of the little door when, to his great alarm, he heard the voice of the squire hailing him from some distance up the fields to the left hand. Mr. Longstaff pushed forwards with increased speed, and without taking more notice of his master's call than if he had not heard it; but ere he could reach the gate of that which had now become as a fortress to him, Mr. Lupton again hallooed in a tone which even a deaf man could not, with any show of grace, have denied hearing something of. Longstaff accordingly stopped, and, on turning his head, beheld the squire on horseback beckoning to him with his hand. There was no alternative; and in a few minutes the steward was by his side.

"Well, Longstaff," said he, as he carelessly twirled the lash of his whip upon its stock like a horizontal wheel, "how is it ended? I suppose you have given a son-and-heir to somebody or other?"

"It has turned out a deal worse job than I expected," dolefully observed the steward.

"Ah!—a bad job is it?"

"Very, sir, very!" sighed the unfortunate go-between.

"Why—what—wouldn't she be persuaded, Longstaff?"

"Oh, yes," replied the steward, with a deep curse on Mrs. Clink, "she took all I was authorised to give her—"

"And gave me the whelp in exchange, eh?" added the squire.

"No, sir, no,"—(he inly wished she had)—"worse than that, sir,—a great deal worse."

"Worse!" earnestly exclaimed Mr. Lupton; "that is impossible. Have you got him, then?"

Mr. Longstaff cast his eyes to the ground, arranged the shoe-tie of his left foot with the toe of his right, and with a dolorous face, drawn nearly as long as his own name, faintly drawled out,

"I have, sir!"

Mr. Lupton burst into a fit of laughter, which lasted two whole minutes, blew out his breath in a prolonged whistle, not unlike an autumn blast through an out-door key-hole, and then dashed away, cracking his whip and laughing as long as he could be heard.

"Dang the woman!" exclaimed the steward, as he began to move off the ground homewards, "I'll kick her and her *barn** out of house and home to-night, or may I be——"

Somehow or other, however, he could not screw up sufficient courage to carry him immediately home, and, as it were, into the very jaws of Mrs. Aneasina Longstaff. He therefore crossed the corners of two other fields again, on to the high-road, and walked into the Cock and Bottle, the only inn in Bramleigh, with the intention of strengthening his shaken nerves with a respectable potation of brandy and water.

On entering, he thought the landlady—with whom he had always been upon the best of terms, not only because of his situation, but also of his excellent moral character,—looked more than usually distant with him. The landlord, too, cast an eye at him, as much as to say, "I hear, Mr. Longstaff, you have had something unpleasant this morning?" While the maid, who formerly used to smile very pret-

* A common Yorkshire corruption of the Scottish *bairn*.

tily whenever he appeared, actually brushed by him as he went down the passage, as though she thought he was a better man half a mile off than between two such walls. As he passed the kitchen-door, everybody within turned to look at him ; and, when he got into the parlour, he beheld four of the village farmers round the table, all of whom were smiling, evidently at something very funny. Mr. Longstaff, by that peculiar instinct which usually attends men in suspicious circumstances, knew, as well as if he had been told, that it was at him. He could not endure the company, the house, the landlord and his wife, nor himself ; and, therefore, he marched out again, and homeward, in a state, as may easily be supposed, of more extraordinary preparation for meeting his lady, than if he had thrice over fulfilled his intention of imbibing at the Cock and Bottle, some two or three glasses of aqua vitæ. The truth was, he had by this time, like a bull with running about, grown very desperate ; and, for the moment, he cared no more about the temper of Mrs. Æneasina Longstaff than he cared for the wind that blew around him.

And well was it for the steward that he did not. Everybody of experience knows that the worst news invariably flies the fastest : and, in the present case, the result of the examination in Mr. Skinwell's office, which has already been described, was made known to poor unhappy Mrs. Longstaff, through such a rapid chain of communication as nearly equalled the transmission of a government despatch by telegraph. By the time her husband arrived at home, then, she was, as a necessary consequence, not only filled with grief at the discovery that had been made, but also was more than filled, — she was absolutely overflowing — with feelings of jealous rage against the faithless barbarian, with whom, as she then thought, the most perverse destiny had united her. Every moment of cessation in the paroxysms of her grief was mentally employed in preparing a very pretty rod in pickle for him : with Cleopatra, she could have whipped him with wire first, and stewed him in brine afterwards ; or she could, with the highest satisfaction, have done any other thing which the imagination most fertile in painful inventions might have suggested.

All this latent indignation, however, Mr. Longstaff braved. He did not relish the undertaking, to be sure ; but then, inly conscious of his own blamelessness, he concluded that, provided he could only get the first word with her, the storm might be blown aside. But, alas ! he could not get the first word, although he had it on his lips as he entered the door. Mrs. L. attacked him before he came in sight : and, in all probability, such an oratorical display of all the deprecatory figures of speech, — such disparagements, and condemnations, and denunciations ; such hatreds, and despisings, and contempts, and upbraidings, — were never before, throughout the whole range of domestic disturbances, collected together within so brief a space of time. In fact, such an arrowy sleet of words was rained upon the unlucky steward, and so suddenly, that, without having been able to force in a single opposing syllable between them, he was at last compelled, after the royal example of some of our too closely besieged emperors and kings, to make good his retreat at the rear of the premises.

According to the good old custom in cases of this kind, it is highly

probable that Mr. and Mrs. Longstaff would that night have done themselves the pleasure of retiring to rest in most peaceable dumb-show, if not, indeed, the additional felicity of sleeping in separate beds, out of the very praiseworthy desire of mutual revenge, had it not so fallen out,—and naturally enough, considering what had happened,—that Mr. Longstaff, contrary to his usual habit, consoled himself as well as he was able, by staying away from home until very late in the evening: so late indeed, that, as Mrs. Longstaff cooled, she really began to entertain very serious fears whether she had not carried matters rather too far; and, perhaps,—for the thing did not to her half-repentant mind, appear impossible,—had driven her husband, in a moment of desperation, to make away with himself. Hour after hour passed on; and the time thus allowed her for better reflection, was not altogether ill-spent. She began to consider the many chances there were of great exaggeration in the report that had been brought to her; the fondness of human kind in general to deal in atrocities, even though one half of them be self-invented; the great improbability of Mr. Longstaff's having really compromised his character in the manner which it was currently related he had; and, above all, the very possible contingency that, as in many other the like cases, open perjury had been committed. Under any circumstances she now felt conscious that she had too suddenly allowed her feelings of jealousy to run riot upon the doubtful evidence of a piece of scandal, probably originating in malice, as it certainly had been repeated with secret gratification.

These reflections had prepared her to hear in a proper spirit a quiet explanation of the whole transaction from the mouth of Mr. Longstaff himself; when, much to her private satisfaction, he returned home not long afterwards.

That gentleman had already commanded a candle to be brought him, and was about to steer off to his chamber without exchanging a word, when some casual observation, dropped in an unexpectedly kind tone by his good lady, arrested his progress, and induced him to sit down in a chair about the same spot where he chanced to be standing. By and by he edged round to the fire; and, shortly afterwards, at her especial suggestion, he consented—much to his inward gratification—to take a little supper. This led to a kind of tacitly understood reconciliation; so that, eventually, the same subject which had caused so much difference in the afternoon, was re-introduced and discussed in a manner truly dove-like and amiable. Mrs. Longstaff felt perfectly satisfied with the explanation given by her husband, that he had undertaken the negotiation with Mrs. Clink solely to oblige the squire; and that that infamous woman had attributed her disaster to him merely out of a spirit of annoyance and revenge, for which he expressed himself perfectly unable to account.

But the steward's wife was gratified most to hear his threats of retaliation upon the little hero of our story and his mother. In these she joined with a degree of cordiality quite unprecedented, with respect to the projects and speculations usually emanating from her husband; still farther urging him on to their immediate fulfilment with so much energy of tongue, that by the time he had taken his usual nightly allowance of punch, he found himself in particularly

high condition, late as was the hour, for the instant execution of his cowardly and cruel enterprise.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Longstaff gets fuddled, and revenges himself upon Mrs. Clink ; together with some excellent discourse of his while in that pleasing condition. The mother of our hero partially discloses a secret which the reader has been anxious to know ever since he commenced this history.

WHILE things were thus progressing elsewhere, the poor and destitute, though erring, creature, over whose head the rod of petty tyranny now hung so threateningly, had passed a solitary evening by the side of her small fire, unnoticed even by the neighbours humble as herself; for adversity, though it is said to make men friends, yet renders them selfish also, and leaves in their bosoms but few feelings of charity for others.

Little Fanny, transformed into a miniature washerwoman, and elevated on two or three lumps of Yorkshire stone to lengthen her out, had been employed since nightfall, by the hazy light of a candle scarcely thicker than her own little finger, in washing some few things for the baby, in a small earthenware bowl, which served, as occasion might require, either in its present capacity, or to bake a pie, a loaf, or a pudding: while young Colin himself, held up in his mother's arms, with his face pressed close to her bosom, was silently engaged in fulfilling, as Voltaire has it, one of the most abstruse laws of natural philosophy. Having at length resolved this problem perfectly to his satisfaction, Master Colin betook himself, with the utmost complacency, to sleep, just as though his mother had had no trouble whatever in the world with him; or, as though Mr. Longstaff, the steward, had been fast asleep in bed, dreaming of felled timbers and unpaid arrears, and utterly regardless of Colin's new existence, and of his mother's crime, instead of preparing, as he was — untimely and heartlessly — to disturb that baby slumber, and to harass with additional pains and fears the bosom of one who had already found too abundantly that vice metes its own punishment.

The child had already been placed in the cradle, and little Fanny had taken her seat on a small stool in the chimney-corner, with her supper in her hand, consisting of a basin of milk and water, thickened with three cold potatoes; while the mother sat before the fire, alternately knitting a ball of black worsted on the floor into a stocking, and giving the cradle an additional push, as the impetus it had previously received died away and left it again almost at rest. Everything was silent, save one or two of those quiet homely sounds, which fall on the ear with a sensation that appears to render even silence itself still more silent. The solitary ticking of an old caseless Dutch clock on the wall was interrupted only by the smothered rocking of the cradle, wherein lay the yet unconscious cause of all I have told, or may yet have to tell. As hand or foot was applied to keep it in motion, the little charge within was tossed alternately against each blanketed side of his wooden prison, and jolted into the utterance, every now and then, of some slight sound of complaint, which as instantly sunk again to nothing as the rocking was increased, and the mother's low voice cried,

"Hush, child! peace, peace! Sleep, barn, sleep!"
And then rounded off into a momentary chant of the old ditty,
beginning,

"There was an old woman, good lack! good lack!"

But out of doors, as the rustic village had long ago been gone to rest, everything was as silent as though the country had been depopulated.

Fatigued by the long day's exertion, Fanny had fallen asleep, with half her supper uneaten in her lap; and Mistress Clink, unconsciously overtaken in a similar manner, had instinctively covered her face with her hand, and fallen into that imperfect state of rest in which realities and dreamy fictions are fused together like things perfectly akin, — when the sound of visionary tongues seemed to be about her.

"Go straight in," said one. "Don't stand knocking."

"Perhaps she's a-bed," observed another.

"Then drag her out again, that's all!" replied the same that had first spoken; "I've sworn to kick her and her young 'un into th' street to-night, and the devil's in it if I don't, dark as it is. It will not be the first time she's lay i' th' hedge-bottom till daylight, I'll swear."

She started up, terrified. The door was pushed violently open, and the village constable, an assistant, and Mr. Longstaff, the steward,—in a state of considerable mental elevation, arising from the combination of punch and revenge,—stood in the middle of the room.

"Now, missis!" bawled the steward, advancing, and clenching his fist before his own face, while he stared at her through a pair of leaden eyes, with much of the expression of an owl in the sun; "You see me, don't you? You see me, I say? Mark that. Did you expect me, I say, missis? No, no, I think not. You thought you were safe enough, but I've got you! I've got you, I tell you, as sure as a gun; and now I'm going to learn you how to put your whelps down i' th' parish books to my account; I am, my lady. I'll teach you how to touch a steward again, you may 'pend on't!"

"Oh, sir!" began Mrs. Clink imploringly, but she was instantly stopped by Mr. Longstaff.

"Ay, ay,—you may *oh, sir!* as long as you like, but I'm not to be *oh, sir'd,* that way. Do you know aught about rent? —rent, I say—rent? —last year? —t' other house? —d' ye know you hav'n't paid it? or are you going to swear *that* to me, an' all? —'Cause, if you are, I wish you may die in a ditch, and your baby under you! Now, look you, I'm going to show you a pretty trick; —about as pretty, missis, as you showed me this morning. What d' ye think of that, now, for a change? How d' ye like that, eh? I'm going to seize on you—"

No sooner did Mrs. Clink hear these words really from the mouth of the intoxicated Mr. Longstaff, then she screamed, and fell on her knees; crying out in broken exclamations,

"Oh, not to-night, sir—not to-night! To-morrow, if you please, sir,—to-morrow—to-morrow!"

But, though joined in this petition by the tears of little Fanny,

and the unintentional pleadings of Colin, who now was screaming lustily in his cradle; the steward disregarded all, until, finding prayers and entreaties vain, the voice of the woman sunk into suppressed sobbings, or was only heard to utter repeatedly,

“What *will* become of my poor baby!”

“Become of him?” exclaimed Longstaff, turning towards her as she yet remained on her knees on the ground. “Why, — take and throw him into th’ horsepond, — that’s my advice. He’ll never be good for aught in this world but to hang on th’ work’us, and pull money out of other people’s pockets. Go on, Bill; — go on, my lad: — put ’em all down, stick and stone; and away with ’em all to-night. There sha’n’t be a single thing of any sort left in this house, for th’ sun to shine on to-morrow morning.”

The excitement produced by Mr. Longstaff’s discourse upon his own stomach and brain had the effect of rendering him, in this brief period of time, apparently much more intoxicated than he was on first entering the cottage, and he now sunk heavily upon a chair, as though almost unable to remain upon his feet any longer.

“Have you put this chair down, Bill?” he asked, at the same time tapping with his fingers the back of that upon which he was sitting, by way of drawing attention to it.

The constable answered in the affirmative.

“That’s right, my boy,—that’s right. And that clock, there, have you got him? Bless his old pendulum! we’ll stop his ticking very soon: — we’ll show him what o’ clock it is, — won’t we, missis?”

But this facetiousness passed unheeded by the poor woman to whom it was addressed, unless one look of reproachful scorn, which she cast in the stupid face of the steward, might be considered as an answer to it.

“Why, you’re looking quite pretty to-night, *Miss Clink*,” said Mr. Longstaff in a more subdued tone: — “I don’t wonder—though he is married, and all that sort of thing,—I don’t wonder at the squire, if he did patronise you a little.”

The cheeks of our hero’s mother blushed scarlet with indignation. She rose from the cradle side, on which she had been sitting, and with an evident struggle so to overcome the sobs that were rising in her throat as to be enabled to speak distinctly, she stood up before the astonished steward, displaying a countenance and figure that would have graced many a far fairer place than that, and thus addressed him:—

“I’m a poor helpless woman, Mr. Longstaff, and you know it; but such men as you are always cowards. You may rob me of my few goods; you may destroy my home, though it is almost too poor to be worth the trouble; you may turn me out of my house, with that baby, without a roof to put my head under, because you have power to do it, and no generosity left in you. But, I say, he is a mean contemptible man, — whether it be you, or whether it be any one else,—who can offer to insult me, bad as I am, besides. I’ll bear anything but that; and that I won’t bear from any man. *Especially*—” and she laid strong emphasis on her words, and pointed with her finger emphatically to the person she addressed.

“—*Especially* from such a man as you: for you know, as true

as I speak these words, that if it had not been for you and your wife—”

Longstaff began to lose his colour somewhat rapidly, and to look half a dozen degrees more sober.

“—Yes, I repeat it,—you, and your wife, that child would never have been born, and I should yet have been what now I can never be again. And yet you’ll be revenged on me—” she continued, growing more passionate as she proceeded,—“you have courage enough to set your foot on such a hovel as this, because it shelters me, and crush it. But, take care: there ’s a sting in that cradle for you, yet. And, though I told *one* lie about him, don’t forget that if you, and your wife, and your master, had not told a thousand lies before, there would have been no occasion for me to tell one at all!”

It was clear beyond dispute, from Mr. Longstaff’s manner, that he had drawn down upon himself a retort which he never intended—especially in the presence of two other persons. He leaned half over his chair-back, with his dull eyes fixed, though evidently in utter absence of mind, upon the ceiling; while a visible nervous quivering of his pale lips and nostrils evinced the working of inward emotions, to which his tongue either could not, or dared not, give utterance.

Meantime, Mrs. Clink had taken little Colin out of his cradle, and wrapped him warmly round with all the clothes it contained. She then led Fanny into the inner room, which was occupied as a bed-chamber.

“Come, Fanny,” said she; “if there be still less charity under a bare sky than under this stripped roof, we cannot do much worse. Put on all the clothes you have, child, for perhaps we may want them before morning.”

And then she proceeded to select from her scantily stored drawers such few trifles as she wished to retain; and afterwards, in accordance with her own injunction, dressed herself as if for a long night-journey.

“Come, lads,” at length remarked Mr. Longstaff, after a long silence, “hav’n’t you done yet? You mustn’t take any notice of this woman, mind;—she ’s had her liquor, and hardly knows what she ’s talking about.”

“Won’t to-morrow do, sir, to finish off with?” asked the holder of the distress-warrant: and at the same moment our hero’s mother, with Colin in her arms, and Fanny by her side, passed out of the doorway of the inner room. Mr. Longstaff looked up, and, seeing them prepared for leaving the place, he observed, in a tone very different to that in which he had before spoken,

“We shall not remove anything now; so you may stay to-night, if you like.”

“No, sir,” replied Mrs. Clink; “your master’s charity is quite enough: I want none of yours. But, before I go, let me tell you I know that Mr. Lupton has never sanctioned this.”

Here again was something which appeared to throw another new light upon the steward’s mind; for, in reality, his passion had not allowed him for a moment to consider what might be the squire’s opinion about such an off-hand and barbarous proceeding. He began to feel some misgivings as to the consequences of his own act,

and eventually even went so far as to request that Mrs. Clink would remain in the house until the morrow, when something more could be seen about it.

"No," said she again, firmly, "whatever I may be now, I was not born to be blown about by every fool's breath that might come across me. Once done is not undone. Come, Fanny."

And, in another minute, Mr. Longstaff, Bill the constable, and his assistant, were the only living creatures beneath that roof, which an hour before, with all its poverty, had seemed to offer as secure a home, as inviolable a hearthstone, as the castle of the best lordling in the kingdom.

ADDRESS TO SPRING.

'Tis the sweet voice of spring,
As o'er each woodland hill, and sunny vale,
'Tis wafted on the balmy southern gale;
Hark! in the whisp'ring breeze, a gentle song
Of softest melody is borne along,
'Tis the sweet voice of spring.

Telling of joy and love,
It lingers fondly o'er the few young flower
That peep abroad in life's young sunny hours,
And hovers o'er each budding forest tree,
(That wakes from winter's sleep to summer's glee,
Telling of joy and love.

Warmed by the balmy air;
The rill, that late in frozen sleep was bound,
Feels the soft breath, and hears the joyous sound;
And, waking from its cold and icy sleep,
Again foams wildly o'er the rocky steep,
Warmed by the balmy air.

In the bright hours of spring,
When the sweet lustre of the sun's mild ray
Beams o'er the earth, and winter flees away,
Oh! there is nothing half so dear to me,
As the wild songster's early melody,
In the bright hours of spring!

Feb. 25th.

KAPPA.



JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD" AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE SECOND.—1715.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MAGDALENE.

THE household of the worthy carpenter, it may be conceived, was thrown into the utmost confusion and distress by the unaccountable disappearance of the two boys. As time wore on, and they did not return, Mr. Wood's anxiety grew so insupportable, that he seized his hat with the intention of sallying forth in search of them, though he did not know whither to bend his steps, when his departure was arrested by a gentle knock at the door.

"There he is!" cried Winifred, starting up, joyfully, and proving by the exclamation that her thoughts were dwelling upon one object only. "There he is!"

"I fear not," said her father, with a doubtful shake of the head. "Thames would let himself in; and Jack generally finds an entrance through the backdoor or the shop-window, when he has been out at untimely hours. But, go and see who it is, love. Stay! I'll go, myself."

His daughter, however, anticipated him. She flew to the door, but returned the next minute, looking deeply disappointed, and bringing the intelligence that it was "only Mrs. Sheppard."

"Who?" almost screamed Mrs. Wood.

"Jack Sheppard's mother," answered the little girl, dejectedly; "she has brought a basket of eggs from Willesden, and some flowers for you."

"For me!" vociferated Mrs. Wood, in indignant surprise. "Eggs for me! You mistake, child. They must be for your father."

"No; I'm quite sure she said they're for you," replied Winifred; "but she *does* want to see father."

"I thought as much," sneered Mrs. Wood.

"I'll go to her directly," said Wood, bustling towards the door. "I dare say she has called to inquire about Jack."

"I dare say no such thing," interposed his better half, authoritatively; "remain where you are, sir."

"At all events, let me send her away, my dear," supplicated the carpenter, anxious to avert the impending storm.

"Do you hear me?" cried the lady, with increasing vehemence. "Stir a foot, at your peril."

"But, my love," still remonstrated Wood, "you know I'm going to look after the boys——"

"After Mrs. Sheppard, you mean, sir," interrupted his wife, ironically. "Don't think to deceive me by your false pretences. Marry, come up! I'm not so easily deluded. Sit down, I command you. Winny, show the person into this room. I'll see her myself; and that's more than she bargained for, I'll be sworn."

Finding it useless to struggle farther, Mr. Wood sank, submissively, into a chair, while his daughter hastened to execute her arbitrary parent's commission.

"At length, I have my wish," continued Mrs. Wood, regarding her husband with a glance of vindictive triumph. "I shall behold the shameless hussy, face to face; and, if I find her as good-looking as she's represented, I don't know what I'll do in the end; but I'll begin by scratching her eyes out."

In this temper, it will naturally be imagined, that Mrs. Wood's reception of the widow, who, at that moment, was ushered into the room by Winifred, was not particularly kind and encouraging. As she approached, the carpenter's wife eyed her from head to foot, in the hope of finding something in her person or apparel to quarrel with. But she was disappointed. Mrs. Sheppard's dress—extremely neat and clean, but simply fashioned, and of the plainest and most unpretending material,—offered nothing assailable; and her demeanour was so humble, and her looks so modest, that—if she had been ill-looking—she might, possibly, have escaped the shafts of malice preparing to be levelled against her. But, alas! she was beautiful—and beauty is a crime not to be forgiven by a jealous woman.

As the lapse of time and change of circumstances have wrought a remarkable alteration in the appearance of the poor widow, it may not be improper to notice it here. When first brought under consideration, she was a miserable and forlorn object; squalid in attire, haggard in looks, and emaciated in frame. Now, she was the very reverse of all this. Her dress, it has just been said, was neatness and simplicity itself. Her figure, though slight, had all the fulness of health; and her complexion—still pale, but without its former sickly cast,—contrasted agreeably, by its extreme fairness, with the dark brows and darker lashes that shaded eyes which, if they had lost some of their original brilliancy, had gained infinitely more in the soft and chastened lustre that replaced it. One marked difference between the poor outcast, who, oppressed by poverty, and stung by shame, had sought temporary relief in the stupefying draught,—that worst "medicine of a mind diseased,"—and those of the same being, freed from her vices, and restored to comfort and contentment, if not to happiness, by a more prosperous course of events, was exhibited in the mouth. For the fresh and feverish hue of lip which years ago characterised this feature, was now substituted a pure and wholesome bloom, evincing a total change of habits; and, though the coarse cha-

racter of the mouth remained, in some degree, unaltered, it was so modified in expression, that it could no longer be accounted a blemish. In fact, the whole face had undergone a transformation. All its better points were improved, while the less attractive ones (and they were few in comparison) were subdued, or removed. What was yet more worthy of note was, that the widow's countenance had an air of refinement about it, of which it was utterly destitute before, and which seemed to intimate that her true position in society was far above that wherein accident had placed her.

"Well, Mrs. Sheppard," said the carpenter, advancing to meet her, and trying to look as cheerful and composed as he could; "what brings you to town, eh?—Nothing amiss, I trust?"

"Nothing whatever, sir," answered the widow. "A neighbour offered me a drive to Paddington; and, as I haven't heard of my son for some time, I couldn't resist the temptation of stepping on to inquire after him, and to thank you for your great goodness to us both. I've brought a little garden-stuff and a few new-laid eggs for you, ma'am," she added, turning to Mrs. Wood, who appeared to be collecting her energies for a terrible explosion, "in the hope that they may prove acceptable. Here's a nosegay for you, my love," she continued, opening her basket, and presenting a fragrant bunch of flowers to Winifred, "if your mother will allow me to give it you."

"Don't touch it, Winny!" screamed Mrs. Wood, "it may be poisoned."

"I'm not afraid, mother," said the little girl, smelling at the bouquet. "How sweet these roses are! Shall I put them into water?"

"Put them where they came from," replied Mrs. Wood, severely, "and go to bed."

"But, mother, mayn't I sit up to see whether Thames returns?" implored Winifred.

"What can it matter to you whether he returns or not, child," rejoined Mrs. Wood, sharply. "I've spoken. And my word's law—with *you*, at least," she added, bestowing a cutting glance upon her husband.

The little girl uttered no remonstrance; but, replacing the flowers in the basket, burst into tears, and withdrew.

Mrs. Sheppard, who witnessed this occurrence with dismay, looked timorously at Wood, in expectation of some hint being given as to the course she had better pursue; but, receiving none, for the carpenter was too much agitated to attend to her, she ventured to express a fear that she was intruding.

"Intruding!" echoed Mrs. Wood; "to be sure you are! I wonder how you dare show your face in this house, hussy!"

"I thought you sent for me, ma'am," replied the widow, humbly.

"So I did," retorted Mrs. Wood; "and I did so to see how far your effrontery would carry you."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry. I hope I haven't given any unintentional offence?" said the widow, again meekly appealing to Wood.

"Don't exchange glances with him under my very nose, woman!" shrieked Mrs. Wood; "I'll not bear it. Look at me, and answer me one question. And, mind! no prevaricating—nothing but the truth will satisfy me."

Mrs. Sheppard raised her eyes, and fixed them upon her interrogator.

"Are you not that man's mistress?" demanded Mrs. Wood, with a look meant to reduce her supposed rival to the dust.

"I am no man's mistress," answered the widow, crimsoning to her temples, but preserving her meek deportment, and humble tone.

"That's false!" cried Mrs. Wood. "I'm too well acquainted with your proceedings, madam, to believe that. Profligate women are never reclaimed. He has told me sufficient of you——"

"My dear," interposed Wood, "for goodness' sake——"

"I will speak," screamed his wife, totally disregarding the interruption; "I will tell this worthless creature what I know about her,—and what I think of her."

"Not now, my love—not now," entreated Wood.

"Yes, now," rejoined the infuriated dame; "perhaps, I may never have another opportunity. She has contrived to keep out of my sight up to this time, and I've no doubt she'll keep out of it altogether for the future."

"That was my doing, dearest," urged the carpenter; "I was afraid if you saw her that some such scene as this might occur."

"Hear me, madam, I beseech you," interposed Mrs. Sheppard, "and, if it please you to visit your indignation on any one, let it be upon me, and not on your excellent husband, whose only fault is in having bestowed his charity upon so unworthy an object as myself."

"Unworthy, indeed!" sneered Mrs. Wood.

"To him I owe everything," continued the widow, "life itself—nay, more than life,—for, without his assistance I should have perished, body and soul. He has been a father to me and my child."

"I never doubted the latter point, I assure you, madam," observed Mrs. Wood.

"You have said," pursued the widow, "that she, who has once erred, is irreclaimable. Do not believe it, madam. It is not so. The poor wretch, driven by desperation to the commission of a crime which her soul abhors, is no more beyond the hope of reformation than she is without the pale of mercy. I have suffered—I have sinned—I have repented. And, though neither peace nor innocence can be restored to my bosom;

though tears cannot blot out my offences, nor sorrow drown my shame; yet, knowing that my penitence is sincere, I do not despair that my transgressions may be forgiven."

"Mighty fine!" ejaculated Mrs. Wood, contemptuously.

"You cannot understand me, madam; and it is well you cannot. Blest with a fond husband, surrounded by every comfort, *you* have never been assailed by the horrible temptations to which misery has exposed *me*. You have never known what it is to want food, raiment, shelter. You have never seen the child within your arms perishing from hunger, and no relief to be obtained. You have never felt the hearts of all hardened against you; have never heard the jeer or curse from every lip; nor endured the insult and the blow from every hand. I *have* suffered all this. I could resist the tempter *now*. I am strong in health,—in mind. But *then*— Oh! madam, there are moments—moments of darkness, which overshadow a whole existence—in the lives of the poor houseless wretches who traverse the streets, when reason is well-nigh benighted; when the horrible promptings of despair can, alone, be listened to; and when vice itself assumes the aspect of virtue. Pardon what I have said, madam. I do not desire to extenuate my guilt—far less to defend it; but I would show you, and such as you—who, happily, are exempted from trials like mine—how much misery has to do with crime. And I affirm to you, on my own conviction, that she who falls, because she has not strength granted her to struggle with affliction, *may* be reclaimed,—may repent, and be forgiven,—even as she, whose sins, 'though many, were forgiven her.'"

"It gladdens me to hear you talk thus, Joan," said Wood, in a voice of much emotion, while his eyes filled with tears, "and more than repays me for all I have done for you."

"If professions of repentance constitute a Magdalene, Mrs. Sheppard is one, no doubt," observed Mrs. Wood, ironically; "but I used to think it required something more than *mere words* to prove that a person's character was abused."

"Very right, my love," said Wood, "very sensibly remarked. So it does. But I can speak to that point. Mrs. Sheppard's conduct, from my own personal knowledge, has been unexceptionable for the last twelve years. During that period she has been a model of propriety."

"Oh! of course," rejoined Mrs. Wood; "I can't for an instant question such disinterested testimony. Mrs. Sheppard, I'm sure, will say as much for you. He's a model of conjugal attachment and fidelity, a pattern to his family, and an example to his neighbours. Ain't he, madam?"

"He is, indeed," replied the widow, fervently; "more—much more than that."

"He's no such thing!" cried Mrs. Wood, furiously. "He's a base, deceitful, tyrannical, hoary-headed libertine—that's what he is. But, I'll expose him. I'll proclaim his misdoings to the world; and, then, we shall see where he'll stand. Marry,

come up! I'll show him what an injured wife can do. If all wives were of my mind and my spirit, husbands would soon be taught their own insignificance. But a time *will* come (and that before long,) when our sex will assert its superiority; and, when we have got the upper hand, let 'em try to subdue us if they can. But don't suppose, madam, that anything I say has reference to you. I'm speaking of virtuous women — of WIVES, madam. Mistresses neither deserve consideration nor commiseration."

"I expect no commiseration," returned Mrs. Sheppard, gently, "nor do I need any. But, rather than be the cause of any further misunderstanding between you and my benefactor, I will leave London and its neighbourhood for ever."

"Pray do so, madam," retorted Mrs. Wood, "and take your son with you."

"My son!" echoed the widow, trembling.

"Yes, your son, madam. If you can do any good with him, it's more than we can. The house will be well rid of him, for a more idle, good-for-nothing reprobate never crossed its threshold."

"Is this true, sir?" cried Mrs. Sheppard, with an agonised look at Wood. "I know you'll not deceive me. Is Jack what Mrs. Wood represents him?"

"He's not exactly what I could desire him to be, Joan," replied the carpenter, reluctantly. "But a ragged colt sometimes makes the best horse. He'll mend, I hope."

"Never," said Mrs. Wood, — "he'll never mend. He has taken more than one step towards the gallows already. Thieves and pickpockets are his constant companions."

"Thieves!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheppard, horror-stricken.

"Jonathan Wild and Blueskin have got him into their hands," continued Mrs. Wood.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the widow, wildly.

"If you doubt my word, woman," replied the carpenter's wife, coldly, "ask Mr. Wood."

"I know you'll contradict it, sir," said the widow, looking at Wood as if she dreaded to have her fears confirmed, — "I know you will."

"I wish I could, Joan," returned the carpenter, sadly.

Mrs. Sheppard let fall her basket.

"My son," she murmured, wringing her hands piteously, — "my son the companion of thieves! My son in Jonathan Wild's power! It cannot be."

"Why not?" rejoined Mrs. Wood, in a taunting tone. "Your son's father was a thief; and Jonathan Wild (unless I'm misinformed,) was his friend, — so it's not unnatural he should show some partiality towards Jack."

"Jonathan Wild was my husband's bitterest enemy," said Mrs. Sheppard. "He first seduced him from the paths of honesty, and then betrayed him to a shameful death, and he has

sworn to do the same thing by my son. Oh, heavens! that I should have ever indulged a hope of happiness while that terrible man lives!"

"Compose yourself, Joan," said Wood; "all will yet be well."

"Oh, no,—no," replied Mrs. Sheppard, distractedly. "All cannot be well, if this is true. Tell me, sir," she added, with forced calmness, and grasping Wood's arm; "what has Jack done? Tell me in a word, that I may know the worst. I can bear anything but suspense."

"You're agitating yourself unnecessarily, Joan," returned Wood, in a soothing voice. "Jack has been keeping bad company. That's the only fault I know of."

"Thank God for that!" ejaculated Mrs. Sheppard, fervently. "Then it is not too late to save him. Where is he, sir? Can I see him?"

"No, that you can't," answered Mrs. Wood; "he has gone out without leave, and has taken Thames Darrell with him. If I were Mr. Wood, when he *does* return, I'd send him about his business. I wouldn't keep an apprentice to set my authority at defiance."

Mr. Wood's reply, if he intended any, was cut short by a loud knocking at the door.

"Odds-my-life!—what's that?" he cried, greatly alarmed.

"It's Jonathan Wild come back with a troop of constables at his heels to search the house," rejoined Mrs. Wood, in equal trepidation. "We shall all be murdered. Oh! that Mr. Kneebone were here to protect me!"

"If it is Jonathan," rejoined Wood; "it's very well for Mr. Kneebone he's not here. He'd have enough to do to protect himself, without attending to you. I declare I'm almost afraid to go to the door. Something, I'm convinced, has happened to the boys."

"Has Jonathan Wild been here to-day?" asked Mrs. Sheppard, anxiously.

"To be sure he has!" returned Mrs. Wood; "and Blue-skin, too. They're only just gone. Mercy on us! what a clatter," she added, as the knocking was repeated more violently than before.

While the carpenter irresolutely quitted the room, with a strong presentiment of ill upon his mind, a light, quick step was heard descending the stairs, and, before he could call out to prevent it, a man was admitted into the passage.

"Is this Misther Wudd's, my pretty miss?" demanded the rough voice of the Irish watchman.

"It is," replied Winifred; "have you brought any tidings of Thames Darrell?"

"Troth have I!" replied Terence; "but, bless your ann-gilic face, how did you contrive to guess that?"

"Is he well?—is he safe?—is he coming back?" cried the little girl, disregarding the question.

“He’s in St. Giles’s roundhouse,” answered Terence; “but tell Misther Wudd I’m here, and have brought him a message from his unlawful son, and don’t be detainin’ me, my darlin’, for there’s not a minute to lose if the poor lad’s to be rescued from the clutches of that thief and thief-taker o’ the wurld, Jonathan Wild.”

The carpenter, upon whom no part of this hurried dialogue had been lost, now made his appearance, and having obtained from Terence all the information which that personage could impart respecting the perilous situation of Thames, he declared himself ready to start to Saint Giles’s at once, and ran back to the room for his hat and stick; expressing his firm determination, as he pocketed his constable’s staff with which he thought it expedient to arm himself, of being direfully revenged upon the thief-taker: a determination in which he was strongly encouraged by his wife. Terence, meanwhile, who had followed him, did not remain silent, but recapitulated his story for the benefit of Mrs. Sheppard. The poor widow was thrown into an agony of distress on learning that a robbery had been committed, in which her son (for she could not doubt that Jack was one of the boys,) was implicated; nor was her anxiety alleviated by Mrs. Wood, who maintained stoutly, that if Thames had been led to do wrong, it must be through the instrumentality of his worthless companion.

“And there you’re right, you may dipind, marm,” observed Terence. “Masther Thames Ditt—what’s his blessed name?—has honesty written in his handsome phiz; but, as to his companion, Jack Sheppard, I think you call him, he’s a born and bred thief. Lord bless you, marm! we sees plenty on ‘em in our purfession. Them young prigs is all alike. I seed he was one,—and a sharp un, too,—at a glance.”

“Oh!” exclaimed the widow, covering her face with her hands.

“Take a drop of brandy before we start, watchman,” said Wood, pouring out a glass of spirit, and presenting it to Terence, who smacked his lips as he disposed of it. “Won’t you be persuaded, Joan?” he added, making a similar offer to Mrs. Sheppard, which she gratefully declined. “If you mean to accompany us you may need it.”

“You are very kind, sir,” returned the widow, “but I require no support. Nothing stronger than water has passed my lips for years.”

“We may believe as much of that as we please, I suppose,” observed the carpenter’s wife, with a sneer. “Mr. Wood,” she continued, in an authoritative tone, seeing her husband ready to depart, “one word before you set out. If Jack Sheppard or his mother ever enter this house again, I leave it—that’s all. Now, do what you please. You know *my* fixed determination.”

Mr. Wood made no reply; but, hastily kissing his weeping daughter, and bidding her be of good cheer, hurried off. He was followed with equal celerity by Terence and the widow.

Traversing what remained of Wych Street at a rapid pace, and speeding along Drury Lane, the trio soon found themselves in Kendrick Yard. When they came to the roundhouse, Terry's courage failed him. Such was the terror inspired by Wild's vindictive character that few durst face him who had given him cause for displeasure. Aware that he should incur the thief-taker's bitterest animosity by what he had done, the watchman, whose wrath against Quilt Arnold had evaporated during the walk, thought it more prudent not to hazard a meeting with his master till the storm had, in some measure, blown over. Accordingly, having given Wood such directions as he thought necessary for his guidance, and received a handsome gratuity in return for his services, he departed.

It was not without considerable demur and delay on the part of Sharples that the carpenter and his companion could gain admittance to the roundhouse. Reconnoitring them through a small grated loophole, he refused to open the door till they had explained their business. This Wood, acting upon Terry's caution, was most unwilling to do; but, finding he had no alternative, he reluctantly made known his errand, and the bolts were undrawn. Once in, the constable's manner appeared totally changed. He was now as civil as he had just been insolent. Apologizing for their detention, he answered the questions put to him respecting the boys, by positively denying that any such prisoners had been intrusted to his charge, but offered to conduct him to every cell in the building to prove the truth of his assertion. He then barred and double-locked the door, took out the key, (a precautionary measure, which, with a grim smile, he said he never omitted,) thrust it into his vest, and motioning the couple to follow him, led the way to the inner room. As Wood obeyed, his foot slipped; and, casting his eyes upon the floor, he perceived it splashed in several places with blood. From the freshness of the stains, which grew more frequent as they approached the adjoining chamber, it was evident some violence had been recently perpetrated, and the carpenter's own blood froze within his veins as he thought, with a thrill of horror, that, perhaps on this very spot, not many minutes before his arrival, his adopted son might have been inhumanly butchered. Nor was this impression removed as he stole a glance at Mrs. Sheppard, and saw from her terrified look that she had made the same alarming discovery as himself. But it was now too late to turn back, and, nerving himself for the shock he expected to encounter, he ventured after his conductor. No sooner had they entered the room than Sharples, who waited to usher them in, hastily retreated, closed the door, and turning the key, laughed loudly at the success of his stratagem. Vexation at his folly in suffering himself to be thus entrapped kept Wood for a short time silent. When he could find words, he tried by the most urgent solicitations to prevail upon the constable to let him out. But threats and entreaties — even pro-

mises were ineffectual ; and the unlucky captive, after exhausting his powers of persuasion, was compelled to give up the point.

The room in which he was detained—that lately occupied by the Mohocks, who, it appeared, had been allowed to depart,—was calculated to inspire additional apprehension and disgust. Strongly impregnated with the mingled odours of tobacco, ale, brandy, and other liquors, the atmosphere was almost stifling. The benches running round the room, though fastened to the walls by iron clamps, had been forcibly wrenched off ; while the table, which was similarly secured to the boards, was upset, and its contents—bottles, jugs, glasses, and bowls were broken and scattered about in all directions. Everything proclaimed the mischievous propensities of the recent occupants of the chamber. Here lay a heap of knockers of all sizes, from the huge lion's head to the small brass rapper : there, a collection of sign-boards, with the names and calling of the owners utterly obliterated. On this side stood the instruments with which the latter piece of pleasantry had been effected, — namely, a bucket filled with paint and a brush : on that, was erected a trophy, consisting of a watchman's rattle, a laced hat, with the crown knocked out, and its place supplied by a lantern, a campaign wig saturated with punch, a torn steenkirk and ruffles, some half-dozen staves, and a broken sword.

As the carpenter's gaze wandered over this scene of devastation, his attention was drawn by Mrs. Sheppard towards an appalling object in one corner. This was the body of a man, apparently lifeless, and stretched upon a mattress, with his head bound up in a linen cloth, through which the blood had oozed. Near the body, which, it will be surmised, was that of Abraham Mendez, two ruffianly personages were seated, quietly smoking, and bestowing no sort of attention upon the new-comers. Their conversation was conducted in the flash language, and, though unintelligible to Wood, was easily comprehended by his companion, who learnt, to her dismay, that the wounded man had received his hurt from her son, whose courage and dexterity formed the present subject of their discourse. From other obscure hints dropped by the speakers, Mrs. Sheppard ascertained that Thames Darrell had been carried off — where she could not make out — by Jonathan Wild and Quilt Arnold ; and that Jack had been induced to accompany Blueskin to the Mint. This intelligence, which she instantly communicated to the carpenter, drove him almost frantic. He renewed his supplications to Sharples, but with no better success than heretofore ; and the greater part of the night was passed by him and the poor widow, whose anxiety, if possible, exceeded his own, in the most miserable state imaginable.

At length, about three o'clock, as the first glimmer of dawn became visible through the barred casements of the roundhouse, the rattling of bolts and chains at the outer door told that some one was admitted. Whoever this might be, the visit seemed to have

some reference to the carpenter, for, shortly afterwards, Sharples made his appearance, and informed the captives they were free. Without waiting to have the information repeated, Wood rushed forth, determined, as soon as he could procure assistance, to proceed to Jonathan Wild's house in the Old Bailey; while Mrs. Sheppard, whose maternal fears drew her in another direction, hurried off to the Mint.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FLASH KEN.

IN an incredibly short space of time,—for her anxiety lent wings to her feet,—Mrs. Sheppard reached the debtors' garrison. From a scout stationed at the northern entrance, whom she addressed in the jargon of the place, with which long usage had formerly rendered her familiar, she ascertained that Blue-skin, accompanied by a youth, whom she knew by the description must be her son, had arrived there about three hours before, and had proceeded to the Cross Shovels. This was enough for the poor widow. She felt she was now near her boy, and, nothing doubting her ability to rescue him from his perilous situation, she breathed a fervent prayer for his deliverance; and, bending her steps towards the tavern in question, revolved within her mind as she walked along the best means of accomplishing her purpose. Aware of the cunning and desperate characters of the persons with whom she would have to deal,—aware, also, that she was in a quarter where no laws could be appealed to, nor assistance obtained, she felt the absolute necessity of caution. Accordingly, when she arrived at the Shovels, with which, as an old haunt in her by-gone days of wretchedness she was well acquainted, instead of entering the principal apartment, which she saw at a glance was crowded with company of both sexes, she turned into a small room on the left of the bar, and, as an excuse for so doing, called for something to drink. The drawers at the moment were too busy to attend to her, and she would have seized the opportunity of examining, unperceived, the assemblage within, through a little curtained window that overlooked the adjoining chamber, if an impediment had not existed in the shape of Baptist Kettleby, whose portly person entirely obscured the view. The Master of the Mint, in the exercise of his two-fold office of governor and publican, was mounted upon a chair, and holding forth to his guests in a speech, to which Mrs. Sheppard was unwillingly compelled to listen.

“Gentlemen of the Mint,” said the orator, “when I was first called, some fifty years ago, to the important office I hold, there existed across the water three places of refuge for the oppressed and persecuted debtor.”

“We know it,” cried several voices.

“It happened, gentlemen,” pursued the Master, “on a particular occasion, about the time I’ve mentioned, that the

Archduke of Alsatia, the Sovereign of the Savoy, and the Satrap of Salisbury Court, met by accident at the Cross Shovels. A jolly night we made of it, as you may suppose; for four such monarchs don't often come together. Well, while we were smoking our pipes, and quaffing our punch, Alsatia turns to me and says, 'Mint,' says he, 'you're well off here.'—'Pretty well,' says I; 'you're not badly off at the Friars, for that matter.'—'Oh! yes we are,' says he.—'How so?' says I.—'It's all up with us,' says he; 'they've taken away our charter.'—'They can't,' says I.—'They have,' says he.—'They can't, I tell you,' says I, in a bit of a passion; 'it's unconstitutional.'—'Unconstitutional or not,' says Salisbury Court and Savoy, speaking together, 'it's true. We shall become a prey to the Philistines, and must turn honest in self-defence.'—'No fear o' that,' thought I.—'I see how it'll be,' observed Alsatia, 'everybody'll pay his debts, and only think of such a state of things as that.'—'It's *not* to be thought of,' says I, thumping the table till every glass on it jingled; 'and I know a way as'll prevent it.'—'What is it, Mint?' asked all three.—'Why, hang every bailiff that sets a foot in your territories, and you're safe,' says I.—'We'll do it,' said they, filling their glasses, and looking as fierce as King George's grenadier guards; 'here's your health, Mint.' But, gentlemen, though they talked so largely, and looked so fiercely, they did *not* do it; they did *not* hang the bailiffs; and where are they?"

"Ay, where are they?" echoed the company, with indignant derision.

"Gentlemen," returned the Master, solemnly, "it is a question easily answered—they are *NOWHERE*! Had they hanged the bailiffs, the bailiffs would not have hanged them. We ourselves have been similarly circumstanced. Attacked by an infamous and unconstitutional statute, passed in the reign of the late usurper, William of Orange, (for I may remark that, if the right king had been upon the throne, that illegal enactment would never have received the royal assent—the Stuarts—Heaven preserve 'em!—always siding with the debtors); attacked in this outrageous manner, I repeat, it has been all but '*up*' with us! But the vigorous resistance offered on that memorable occasion by the patriotic inhabitants of Bermuda to the aggressions of arbitrary power, secured and established their privileges on a firmer basis than heretofore; and while their pusillanimous allies were crushed and annihilated, they became more prosperous than ever. Gentlemen, I am proud to say that *I* originated—that *I* directed those measures. I hope to see the day, when not Southwark alone, but London itself shall become one Mint,—when all men shall be debtors, and none creditors,—when imprisonment for debt shall be utterly abolished,—when highway-robbery shall be accounted a pleasant pastime, and forgery an accomplishment,—when Tyburn and its gibbets shall be overthrown,—capital punishments discontinued,—Newgate, Ludgate, the Gatehouse, and the Compters razed to the ground,—Bridewell and Clerkenwell destroyed,—the

Fleet, the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea remembered only by name! But, in the mean time, as that day may possibly be farther off than I anticipate, we are bound to make the most of the present. Take care of yourselves, gentlemen, and your governor will take care of you. Before I sit down, I have a toast to propose, which I am sure will be received, as it deserves to be, with enthusiasm. It is the health of a stranger,—of Mr. John Sheppard. His father was one of my old customers, and I am happy to find his son treading in his steps. He couldn't be in better hands than those in which he has placed himself. Gentlemen,—Mr. Sheppard's good health, and success to him!"

Baptist's toast was received with loud applause; and, as he sat down amid the cheers of the company, and a universal clatter of mugs and glasses, the widow's view was no longer obstructed. Her eye wandered quickly over that riotous and disorderly assemblage, until it settled upon one group more riotous and disorderly than the rest, of which her son formed the principal figure. The agonized mother could scarcely repress a scream at the spectacle that met her gaze. There sat Jack, evidently in the last stage of intoxication, with his collar opened, his dress disarranged, a pipe in his mouth, a bowl of punch and a half-emptied rummer before him,—there he sat, receiving and returning, or rather attempting to return,—for he was almost past consciousness,—the blandishments of a couple of females, one of whom had passed her arm round his neck, while the other leaned over the back of his chair, and appeared from her gestures to be whispering soft nonsense into his ear.

Both these ladies possessed considerable personal attractions. The younger of the two, who was seated next to Jack, and seemed to monopolize his attention, could not be more than seventeen, though her person had all the maturity of twenty. She had delicate oval features, light, laughing blue eyes, a pretty *nez retroussé*, (why have we not the term, since we have the best specimens of the feature?) teeth of pearly whiteness, and a brilliant complexion, set off by rich auburn hair, a very white neck and shoulders,—the latter, perhaps, a trifle too much exposed. The name of this damsel was Edgeworth Bess; and, as her fascinations will not, perhaps, be found to be without some influence upon the future fortunes of her boyish admirer, we have thought it worth while to be thus particular in describing them. The other *bona roba*, known amongst her companions as Mistress Poll Maggot, was a beauty on a much larger scale,—in fact, she was a perfect Amazon. Nevertheless, though nearly six feet high, and correspondingly proportioned, she was a model of symmetry, and boasted, with the frame of a Thalestris or a Trulla, the regular lineaments of the Medicean Venus. A man's laced hat,—whether adopted from the caprice of the moment, or habitually worn, we are unable to state,—cocked knowingly on her head, harmonized with her masculine appearance. Mrs. Maggot, as well as her companion Edgeworth Bess, was showily dressed; nor did either of them disdain the aid supposed to be lent to a fair skin by the contents of the patchbox. On an empty cask, which served him for a chair, and opposite to Jack Sheppard, whose rapid progress in depravity afforded him the highest satisfaction, sat Blueskin, encouraging the two women in their odious task, and plying his victim with the glass as often as he deemed it expedient to do so. By this time, he had apparently accomplished all he desired; for moving the bottle out of Jack's reach, he appropriated it entirely

to his own use, leaving the devoted lad to the care of the females. Some few of the individuals seated at the other tables seemed to take an interest in the proceedings of Blueskin and his party, just as a by-stander watches any other game; but, generally speaking, the company were too much occupied with their own concerns to pay attention to anything else. The assemblage was for the most part, if not altogether, composed of persons to whom vice in all its aspects was too familiar to present much of novelty, in whatever form it was exhibited. Nor was Jack by any means the only stripling in the room. Not far from him was a knot of lads drinking, swearing, and playing at dice as eagerly and as skilfully as any of the older hands. Near to these hopeful youths sat a fence, or receiver, bargaining with a clouter, or pickpocket, for a *suit*,—or, to speak in more intelligible language, a watch and seals, two *cloaks*, commonly called watch-cases, and a *wedge-lobb*, otherwise known as a silver snuff-box. Next to the receiver was a gang of housebreakers, laughing over their exploits, and planning fresh depredations; and next to the housebreakers came too gallant-looking gentlemen in long periwigs and riding-dresses, and equipped in all other respects for the road, with a roast fowl and a bottle of wine before them. Amid this varied throng,—varied in appearance, but alike in character,—one object alone, we have said, riveted Mrs. Sheppard's attention; and no sooner did she in some degree recover from the shock occasioned by the sight of her son's debased condition, than, regardless of any other consideration except his instant removal from the contaminating society by which he was surrounded, and utterly forgetting the more cautious plan she meant to have adopted, she rushed into the room, and summoned him to follow her.

"Halloo!" cried Jack, looking round, and trying to fix his inebriate gaze upon the speaker,—“who's that?”

"Your mother," replied Mrs. Sheppard. "Come home directly, sir."

"Mother be ——!" returned Jack. "Who is it, Bess?"

"How should I know?" replied Edgeworth Bess. "But if it is your mother, send her about her business."

"That I will," replied Jack, "in the twinkling of a bed-post."

"Glad to see you once more in the Mint, Mrs. Sheppard," roared Blueskin, who anticipated some fun. "Come and sit down by me."

"Take a glass of gin, ma'am," cried Poll Maggot, holding up a bottle of spirit; "it used to be your favourite liquor, I've heard."

"Jack, my love," cried Mrs. Sheppard, disregarding the taunt, "come away."

"Not I," replied Jack; "I'm too comfortable where I am. Be off!"

"Jack!" exclaimed his unhappy parent.

"Mr. Sheppard, if you please, ma'am," interrupted the lad; "I allow nobody to call me Jack—do I, Bess, eh?"

"Nobody whatever, love," replied Edgeworth Bess; "nobody except me, dear."

"And me," insinuated Mrs. Maggot. "My little fancy man's quite as fond of me as of you, Bess—ain't you, Jacky darling?"

"Not quite, Poll," returned Mr. Sheppard; "but I love you next to her, and both of you better than *her*," pointing with the pipe to his mother.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Mrs. Sheppard.

"Bravo!" shouted Blueskin. "Tom Sheppard never said a better thing than that—ho! ho!"

"Jack," cried his mother, wringing her hands in distraction, "you 'll break my heart!"

"Poh! poh!" returned her son; "women don't so easily break their hearts,—do they, Bess?"

"Certainly not," replied the young lady appealed to, "especially about their sons."

"Wretch!" cried Mrs. Sheppard, bitterly.

"I say," retorted Edgeworth Bess, with a very unfeminine imprecation, "I shan't stand any more of that nonsense. What do you mean by calling me wretch, madam?" she added, marching up to Mrs. Sheppard, and regarding her with an insolent and threatening glance.

"Yes—what do you mean, ma'am?" added Jack, staggering after her.

"Come with me, my love, come—come," cried his mother, seizing his hand, and endeavouring to force him away.

"He shan't go," cried Edgeworth Bess, holding him by the other hand. "Here, Poll, help me!"

Thus exhorted, Mrs. Maggot lent her powerful aid, and, between the two, Jack was speedily relieved from all fears of being carried off against his will. Not content with this exhibition of her prowess, the amazon lifted him up as easily as if he had been an infant, and placed him upon her shoulders, to the infinite delight of the company, and the increased distress of his mother.

"Now, let's see who'll dare to take him down," cried Mrs. Maggot.

"Nobody shall," cried Mr. Sheppard from his elevated position. "I'm my own master now, and I'll do as I please. I'll turn cracksmen, like my father—rob old Wood—he has chests full of money, and I know where they're kept—I'll rob him, and give the swag to you, Poll—I'll—"

Jack would have said more; but, losing his balance, he fell to the ground, and, when taken up, he was perfectly insensible. In this state he was laid upon a bench to sleep off his drunken fit, while his wretched mother, in spite of her passionate supplications, and resistance, was, by Blueskin's command, forcibly ejected from the house, and driven out of the Mint.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ROBBERY IN WILLESDEN CHURCH.

DURING the whole of the next day and night, the poor widow hovered like a ghost about the precincts of the debtors' garrison,—for admission (by the Master's express orders,) was denied her. She could learn nothing of her son, and only obtained one solitary piece of information, which added to, rather than alleviated her misery,—namely, that Jonathan Wild had paid a secret visit to the Cross Shovels. At one time, she determined to go to Wych Street, and ask Mr. Wood's advice and assistance, but the thought of the reception she was likely to meet with from his wife deterred her from executing this resolution. Many other expedients occurred to her; but after making several ineffectual attempts to get into the Mint unobserved, they were all abandoned.

At length, about an hour before dawn on the second day—Sunday—having spent the early part of the night in watching at the gates of the robber's sanctuary, and being almost exhausted from want of rest, she set out homewards. It was a long walk that she had to undertake, even if she had endured no previous fatigue, but feeble as she was, it was almost more than she could accomplish. Daybreak found her wending her painful way along the Harrow Road; and, in order to shorten the distance as much as possible, she took the nearest cut, and struck into the meadows on the right. Crossing several fields, newly mown, or filled with lines of tedded hay, she arrived, not without great exertion, at the summit of a hill. Here her strength completely failed her, and she was compelled to seek some repose. Making her couch upon a heap of hay, she sank at once into a deep and refreshing slumber.

When she awoke, the sun was high in heaven. It was a bright and beautiful day: *so* bright, *so* beautiful, that even her sad heart was cheered by it. The air, perfumed with the delicious fragrance of the new-mown grass, was vocal with the melodies of the birds; the thick foliage of the trees was glistening in the sunshine; all nature seemed happy and rejoicing; but, above all, the serene Sabbath stillness reigning around, communicated a calm to her wounded spirit.

What a contrast did the lovely scene she now gazed upon present to the squalid neighbourhood she had recently quitted! On all sides, expanded prospects of country the most exquisite and most varied. Immediately beneath her lay Willesden,—the most charming and secluded village in the neighbourhood of the metropolis,—with its scattered farm-houses, its noble granges, and its old grey church tower just peeping above a grove of rook-haunted trees.

Towards this spot Mrs. Sheppard now directed her steps. She speedily reached her own abode,—a little cottage, standing in the outskirts of the village. The first circumstance that struck her on her arrival seemed ominous. Her clock had stopped—stopped at the very hour on which she had quitted the Mint! She had not the heart to wind it up again.

After partaking of some little refreshment, and changing her attire, Mrs. Sheppard prepared for church. By this time, she had so far succeeded in calming herself that she answered the greetings of the neighbours whom she encountered on her way to the sacred edifice—if sorrowfully, still composedly.

Every old country church is beautiful, but Willesden is the most beautiful old country church we know; and in Mrs. Sheppard's time it was even more beautiful than at present, when the hand of improvement has proceeded a little too rashly with alterations and repairs. With one or two exceptions, there were no pews; and, as the intercourse with London was then but slight, the seats were occupied almost exclusively by the villagers. In one of these seats, at the end of the aisle farthest removed from the chancel, the widow took her place, and addressed herself fervently to her devotions.

The service had not proceeded far, when she was greatly disturbed by the entrance of a person, who placed himself opposite her, and sought to attract her attention by a number of little arts, surveying her, as he did so, with a very impudent and offensive stare. With this person—who was no other than Mr. Kneebone,—she was too well acquainted; having, more than once, been obliged to repel his advances; and, though his impertinence would have given her little





George Cruikshank sculp.

with the Hospital in London & the Hospital in London

concern at another season, it now added considerably to her distraction. But a far greater affliction was in store for her.

Just as the clergyman approached the altar, she perceived a boy steal quickly into the church, and ensconce himself behind the woollen-druaper who, in order to carry on his amatory pursuits with greater convenience, and at the same time display his figure (of which he was not a little vain) to the utmost advantage, preferred a standing to a sitting posture. Of this boy she had only caught a glimpse; but that glimpse was sufficient to satisfy her it was her son, — and, if she could have questioned her own instinctive love, she could not question her antipathy, when she beheld, partly concealed by a pillar immediately in the rear of the woollen-druaper, the dark figure and truculent features of Jonathan Wild. As she looked in this direction, the thief-taker raised his eyes—those grey, blood-thirsty eyes! — their glare froze the life-blood in her veins.

As she averted her gaze, a terrible idea crossed her. Why was he there? why did the tempter dare to invade that sacred spot? She could not answer her own questions, but vague fearful suspicions passed through her mind. Meanwhile, the service proceeded; and the awful command, "*Thou shalt not steal!*" was solemnly uttered by the preacher, when Mrs. Sheppard, who had again looked round towards her son, beheld a hand glance along the side of the woollen-druaper. She could not see what occurred, though she guessed it; but she saw Jonathan's devilish, triumphant glance, and read in it, — "Your son has committed a robbery — here — in these holy walls — he is mine — mine — for ever!"

She uttered a loud scream, and fainted.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S STAR.

In nights calm and clear, 'mid the bright orbs I try
To trace her bright home in the beautiful sky;
And I gaze on some star, till in fancy I see
The far-shining Spirit still smiling on me.—*Mirror. Anon.*

* * * * IT is the fifth, and on the fifteenth I shall be the happiest of mortal men. Ten short days! — no, ten long, long days! — must fade into longer nights, before I can call my Marion mine. Ten days! — why, there are more than two hundred, — almost three hundred hours to be passed; but will not Hope lighten them, will not gentle Sleep enclose some of them within her forgetful curtains, and every moment of time bring me nearer and nearer to the goal of all my wishes and all my prayers? Yet I am wretched with the excess of Joy, — the excess of Joy, at whose approach Fear has grown into excess greater still. Ah! how like to far travel is the journey of life! While distant from its object and its home, the mind feels but languid longings for their attainment, shadowy and unabiding presentiments of possible evil; but as we near them, as the intervening space diminishes, as the thousand miles shorten into one, how beats the pulse as the blood rushes through every vein! how throbs the heart to bursting! how weary seems the way! how dreadfully arise the spectres of unheard-of change or fatal accident! — The last brief tide is the voyage round the world, — the last few hours is the sum and history of human existence.

* * * And well might Henry Sturmond thus dwell on the date
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of his appointed union ; for if ever angel were embodied in an earthly form, it was in the idol of his devoted affections. Marion was the loveliest of the lovely, the sweetest of the sweet : so bright, and yet so soft ; so wise, and yet so simple ; so noble, and yet so tender ; that whilst ardent passion bent in holy warmth before the blooming girl, a feeling allied to adoration hallowed the presence of the perfect woman. What a countenance was hers,—the model fixed, but the expression ever varying ! On her ample brow sat Intellect enthroned ; and round that throne what radiance of auburn gold. In her deep hazel eye now lightened the glance of spiritual essence, now swam the dewy moisture of pity, now rose and fell the indescribable meanings of love. On her rosy lips the smile of playful innocence was cradled ; nor did the suckling leave its treasure-bed unless exiled for a moment by the advent of sympathy for sorrow, or of sorrow for misery. Such was Marion Delmar in face, nor was she in person less admirable. Nature had set her seal upon the most precious casket that ever enshrined an immortal gem—the setting the proudest and most glorious production of earth, the brightness within an emanation of Heaven.

* * * And old Time wore on ; wore on, as from the creation, regardless alike of the sighs of love, the pangs of disappointment, the delights of pleasure, the shrieks of pain, the shouts of mirth, the groans of woe, the revels of sport, the terrors of death.

* * * Of the ten days, eight were flown ; and whither had they flown, laden with all these millions of blessings and curses ? They had flown back in mystery while they seemed to hurry onward,—they had returned to that abyss of eternity from which they sprung, and darkness covered them.

* * * “To-morrow, Henry,” said Marion, clasping his hand in hers, and looking with measureless confiding into his watchful eye, “*to-morrow I would be alone.*” To a glance that seemed of the kindest reproach, she replied, “Yes, my dearest Henry, on the next morn I will be yours for life and unto death. It is a solemn act—an act I will fulfil with a devotedness of heart and soul that would satisfy the most avaricious miser of love ; but let me have only this one day to prepare myself to be worthy of you, to seek that aid which alone can truly make our fate what every human promise tells us it will be,—a fate of lasting affection, and peace and joy. Indeed, my dearest Henry, *I would to-morrow be alone !*”

“Then give me now, for my consent, one more, one last eye of wandering bliss : let us visit together the spots sacred to our loves,—the grove ringing with the song of birds ere they seek their downy nests, the bank redolent of flowers, and the stream gurgling its music in requital for their odours, the romantic fall where first I breathed my vows of eternal truth, and the ruined abbey that o’ertops the scene where these vows were accepted and ratified by her to whom I owe life—more than life ; all that can make life acceptable, what life can never repay.”

* * * The dawn of morning ! On a bed of sickness, of agony, lay Marion Delmar. Writhing in the torture of that fell disease before whose appalling might youth and strength were swept away as grass before the scythe of the mower. Alas, for Henry ! the stern commands of skill forbade him even to approach that bed of infection and of death. Brief was its awful struggle. Distorted were the ghastly features of matchless loveliness, but last night

beaming with intelligence and hope; the rosy tints of health were gone, and that pure colour which had marked the streams of vital principle, like violets strewed among roses on a wreath of snow, no longer natural in motion, had usurped the livid corpse.

* * * The tenth day arrived. The village church was decked with boughs and blossoms; for the dismal tidings had not reached the aged sexton, and he was surveying his cheerful work with an approving glance, when, lo! the summons came to prepare an immediate grave. In that grave, within an hour, was deposited the remains of Marion Delmar, hardly attended to their final abode by the dread-stricken living, whom terror kept from the plague-spotted couch, and whom terror slew in their flight from the danger.

* * * Not even Henry Sturmond was there to see laid in the cold clay, her whom at that very hour he was to have led to the bridal altar. But it was not fear that detained him; it was not despair. The blow had stunned him into utter insensibility; and to have embraced, and kissed, and endeared the horrible wreck of all he loved, or to have witnessed it hurriedly shrouded and tossed into the foul ground, had been the same to him. Reason was dead.

* * * But not for ever. She gradually resumed her empire, and with her came images of Marion, full of life, and warmth, and perception, and thought, and grace, and love—of Marion struck with disease, tormented, dying, passive, dead,—dead even to his love. “To-morrow is here,” he exclaimed, “to-morrow is here, and she is alone!”

* * * The shades of the evening had descended upon the jocund grove, the enamelled bank, the murmuring river, the splashing fall, the mouldering ruin, and Henry trod the paths of yesterday, but *he trod them alone.*

“Oh, God! oh, God!” he cried aloud in his agony, “is there another and a better world?”

He flung himself upon the broken stones, once the tomb of a warrior knight, and scattered near the shrine where kings and abbots had knelt in splendid worship—he flung himself down, and he essayed to pray. But his lips were parched and powerless, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. If he prayed, it was the voiceless aspiration of the crushed and overburthened soul.

* * * As if awaking from a hideous dream, he cast a look towards the calm and starry heaven, and, amazement! to his sight was revealed a new and dazzling Star, bright, and soft, and sweet, and lovely, serene and glorious as his Marion, whom it so splendidly resembled in every attribute and quality. “It is my Marion!” he gasped, “it is herself. She is not lost,—she is not alone! We are together—we are together, for ever and for ever. Come to me, darling of my breaking heart, or take me to thyself.—Come.”

* * * In an instant the orb, the new and brilliant lustre of the sky, burst from the sphere, and sunk to the earth, leaving a long white gleam of light behind. It was but an exhalation of the air—a vision for the moment, more unreal and transitory than the mortal brightness which distempered fancy had elected it to restore.

Prone fell the lover to the dust;—the spark of life, like the perished Star, was extinguished.

* * * Were they united for ever and for ever? They slept together, side by side, in the same village churchyard, and on a single marble tablet was sculptured—“A FALLING STAR.”

ASLEEP WITH THE FLOWERS.

BY J. A. WADE.

Fictis jocari nos meminerit fabulis.—PHÆDR. PROL.

CHAPTER II.

A PAUSE followed the "Curfew Song of the Day-Flowers;" but the silence was at length interrupted by the following

CHORUS OF NIGHT-FLOWERS.

Now do the vulgar flowers of day	Oh! how wildly sweet and soft
Retire in unromantic sleep;	Those faint deep thrills of sound,
And our dear-beloved ray	Come from the airy choirs aloft,
Of moonlight silvers the rough steep	And steal upon the ground;
Of eastern hills; like smiles upon	Quiet as the moss that spreads
The features of some homely one—	Its damask for the weary heads
Some rustic, that e'en lovely seems	Of wandering star-land melodies,
When the heart lights Goodnature's	Stolen by the echo of a breeze!
beams!	Hush! let every dewy number
Hark! 't is the music of the spheres,	Softly sink away to slumber!
Never heard by daylight ears!	

Looking down an avenue on my left, I perceived there was an open glade at the further end that slanted off a dark brown wood, where some old oaks, "remnants of themselves," still seemed to assert their ancient monarchy. A crowd of gently obtrusive tendrils (I hate the term *parasitical*, as applied to weak things seeking succour from the strong) clambered up their sides, like children up a grandfather's knee! As they swung to and fro in the breeze I distinctly caught the

SONG OF THE WOODBINE FLOWERS.

Wild daughters of woodlands are we,	There is not a sweet
Our loves are the zephyr and bee;	To mingle so meet
Our delicate stems	As ours with the song of the bird!
Bear the prettiest gems	See, gently waving in the light air,
That ever graced mountain or lea!	Like fairies on ropes of coral spun,
When fresh summer showers	Our emerald twins their dance prepare,
Just sprinkle the bowers,	Hark! now 't is up — our song is
And robin or woodlark is heard,	done!"

I now imagined I heard a gentle invitation, indescribably communicated to my sense, to visit a sequestered nook. I hesitated for a moment — but impulse, my ruling deity, soon directed me to a retired spot, where I listened with mingled regret and delight to the

SONG OF LA FLEURE D'UNE HEURE.

My floral sisters, fare ye well!	A beauty droop on childhood's stem,
It is not that my blossoms here	As if for Eden it had been
With such companions would not	Predestined long, and life but given
dwell,	That it might die, and enter heaven!
But I am call'd to happier sphere.	Thus I — I and yet, not happier far,
Your trial days all unrequest,	May be my state of untoil'd bliss
I live to die, and then be blest!	Than yours, when for some brighter star
Among the speaking flowers* that	Ye sigh your latest sweets to this:—
gem	But still, in some Elysian bower
This world of yours, have you not	You 'll find the "Blossom of an
seen	hour!"

* In the Malayan language the same word signifies women and flowers.

I searched close around me to catch a glimpse of the short-lived saint before its spirit had quite departed; and was disappointed on finding nothing but a withered flower, that pensively hung its head, as if more in sorrow than resignation.

With a sudden determination to avoid all melancholy minstrels, I struck out into what I imagined was a by-let into the high-road of common-place comfort:—but I was again deceived; for, instead of arriving at any such locality, I was soon labyrinthed, and laid by the ears with the

SONG OF THE HYACINTH.*

AI—AI—AI!

My melancholy song!

In thy broken-hearted numbers

Whisper those sweet leaves among,

But wake no happy flower's slumbers—

AI—AI—AI—AI!

For, my lonely lay!

'T is the worst of bitter feeling,

When, beneath the bright noon-day

Of other smiles, our tears are stealing,†

AI—AI—AI—AI!

But,—my melody!

As thou springest from gentle sorrow,

(Like the tears of music) I

Would have sad flowers thy sadness borrow,

AI—AI—AI—AI!

For, my weeping strain,

E'en in grief there is sweet pleasure,‡

When 't is echo'd back again

By one whose heart beats your heart's measure!

AI—AI—AI—AI!

It was now the twilight noon of a summer's night. I was beginning to be intoxicated with the very air I was breathing—it was so spiritualized by unearthly essences—when another strain with “dying fall” came o'er my ear “like the sweet south,” and—whence? O rapture! from a “a bank of violets,” that seemed anxious to conceal their dark-purple eyes beneath the shadows of some old trees' roots, although they could not prevent the murmur of their melody from lading the air with sweetness far around!

THE LAMENT OF THE VIOLETS.

We cannot bring ourselves to say

A word about our own blue eyes,

Since, in our bower the other day,

A fair and gentle maiden sate—

And, as she doff'd her rustic hat,

Her glance was purer than the skies,

When dewy stars at evening rise!

Abash'd, we closed our purple lights

Within their green lids wet with

shame,

And bade adieu to summer nights,

For which we have been said and

sung:‡

But, hark! some gentle minstrel

tongue

* It may not be wholly unnecessary to remind the classical reader, that it is the ancient poetical hyacinth (generally supposed to be our red martagon lily) that is here alluded to; and, at the same time, to request he will pardon the division of the Greek monosyllabic exclamation AI, for the sake of euphony.

† “Sad souls are slain in merry company.”—SHAKESPEARE.

‡ Et toi, aimable violette, qui ne t'ouvres que pendant le silence de la nuit pour répandre tes odeurs balsamiques.—*French Translation of Gesner.*

<p>Waked Music with a fonder claim, Than ever poets did for fame. And she straight answer'd to the call Of that most sorrow-stricken maid, Who sang so sweet, that echoes all Kept still, the more to drink the strain, [pain! Half sprunk with joy, full dank with Our hearts, not eyes, were sore dis- may'd [play'd. For her lone voice our breaths out-</p>	<p>We 've lost the pride of scent and hue, Since in our bow'r that luckless morn, The melancholy maid we knew ; And heard the music of her sigh, And saw the azure of her eye ! Remembering them we live for- lorn, And all our own poor beauty scorn !</p>
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Looking to the east, I perceived a trickling glow of sunlight coming down the waters of an indolent stream. Morning was up, and all Nature seemed gladly preparing to receive her. Bees were humming in every direction around ; birds, yet silent, were shaking the dew-drops from their wings, exhibiting a various sparkling of gay colours, that had been concealed by the night. Oh, what a beautiful world! said I, in an ecstasy of delight.

"Softly—softly," said a gentle voice,

"This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven :

as you will find by attending to the

"SONG OF THE PANSIES; OR, TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD."

Come hither! come hither! in us you will find
True emblems of all sorts of hearts ;
Sweet woman's, in every change of her mind ;
Proud man's, in his deepest of arts.
When a maiden first time to a fond lover's sigh,
Says "no," in a petulant mood ;
It's a thousand to one, from the glance of her eye,
She has *two faces under a hood!*

When an old maid of sixty on youth of sixteen
Tries hard with affection to gaze ;
Then cries "how extravagant, dear, you have been!"
Same time his extravagance pays :
Why, *he's* deeply grateful ; *she's* proud to assist ;
But, from us, be it well understood,
Take one or the other, whichever you list,
There are *two faces under a hood!*

When two hearts are plighted in one holy vow,
And the hope-wreath of joy has been torn
By death and dishonour from *his* honest brow,
And HEART'S-EASE from *her*—the forlorn !
Oh! think, as a minstrel when ask'd to begin,*
Mid a crowd that is joyous and rude,
Are not "PANSIES FOR THOUGHT" like *her* sorrow within,
For she's *two faces under a hood!*

In truth, there is nothing but falsehood around
In this treacherous planet of yours ;
One moment, with beautiful flowers you are crown'd ;
The next, but a thorn endures.

* "Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!"—MOORE.

And yet you have spirits, whose whimsical spell
 Can charm e'en Variety's mood ;
 Humour, wit, poesy, music, all dwell
 In your *two faces under a Hood*.

A set of pleasant spirits, in good sooth, said I, approaching a tuft of "pansies freakt with jet" now drying their gold and purple velvets in the morning ray. In stepping forward, I unwittingly trod upon a fragrant twig, which suddenly started up, opened the dewy lips of one of its blossoms, and commenced, as if in lieu of the answer I would have sought of the others, the

SONG OF THE BLUSH ROSE.

When earth was in its dawn of light,
 By sages it is told,
 The roses all were virgin white,
 The maidens' hearts all cold :
 LOVE, then a wanderer through the air,
 Look'd down upon its bowers,
 And thought they seem'd so wondrous
 fair,
 He'd like to have a dwelling there
 Amid its fruits and flowers !
 Long time he roved from sweet to sweet,
 But nothing pleased the child :
 Till one May morn he chanced to meet
 A rose that just had smiled !
 Within its snowy leaves he crept,
 And said :—"no more I'll roam."
 Then, brushing off the dews that wept
 Their pearls upon the flower, he slept
 Contented with a home.

Not long he lay before a maid,
 Who shunn'd the noontide hour,
 Sought coolness in a fount that play'd
 Beside his cradle flower.
 She thought herself unseen, unheard,
 As with a graceful leap,
 The fountain's glassy breast she stirr'd.
 But, what light shadow pass'd ?—a bird
 Seem'd startled from its sleep.
 The maid, abash'd, look'd round, for then
 E'en birds waked maidens' fear—
 And, oh ! her blush of beauty when
 She saw Love smiling near !
 With her that hour he went to dwell,
 But first her checks' soft flush,
 He gave to me, and bade me tell :
 "When Love warms maiden hearts,
 farewell

HEART'S-EASE and MAIDENS'-BLUSH !

This was not, in point of fact, an answer to the question I would have put to the "Pansies;" but, *n'importe*, I learned something from it. I turned away, once more bewildered as to the choice of path, and soon found myself in the presence of a flower, which seemed to be so conscious of its anomalous situation, that it thought it necessary to explain, even to another intruder, the cause of its present existence and locality. I accordingly listened with due attention to the

SONG OF THE SNOWDROP.

A snowdrop I 'mid summer flowers !
 How came it thus to be ?
 The life they owe to summer hours,
 Should prove but death to me.
 My cradle should be winter's snow ;
 But, by its whiteness led,
 I thought ALURA'S bosom so,
 And there reposed my head.
 But, ah ! though fair, and cold as
 snow,
 And fitting for my home,
 I found Love warm'd it once ago,
 And there again might come.

Might come !—Oh ! if such fate were
 giv'n,
 For ONE who hopes it be—
 Alas ! although for him 't were heaven,
 'T would be the grave for me.
 So, quickly from my throbbing nest,
 I fled ere Love's return ;
 Lest, finding there a stranger guest,
 He might my blossoms burn.
 But, ah ! I found, though short my stay
 Within that heavenly home,
 I've lost the charm of winter's day,
 And long for summer's bloom !

A GASTRONOMIC SURVEY OF THE DINING-HOUSES IN LONDON.

MUCH has been said, and some little written, on the allurements and advantages held out to the lovers of good feeding by the restaurants of the French capital; yet, while I admit the countless variety of the Parisian establishments, and the ingenuity exercised by the proprietors in their vocation, I cannot be unmindful of the culinary comforts to be met with and enjoyed both east and west of Temple-Bar. In spite of the hyperbolical praises so lavishly bestowed by certain expatriated *gourmands*, on the superiority of French living, I am prepared to show that the cities of London and Westminster (the lawyers have made them two) can vie with the metropolis of France; at all events, in the *quality* of the eatables, if not the talent displayed in their final arrangement.

Gentle reader! I have travelled far and wide,—have visited every quarter of the globe; but on the whole surface of the earth (a wide field, by the way), there is no spot which yields such meat as dear old England. In the whole world there are not any such markets as Leadenhall and Billingsgate. I once inducted a Frenchman to these matchless bazaars, and he was lost in admiration and wonderment. There he saw fish, flesh, and fowl, in perfection; the luscious salmon, the tempting turbot, the rare but racy dory, the delicate smelt, and inimitable mullet; the plump and juicy joints of South-down mutton, the far-famed sirloin, and snow-white veal. His amazement conquered all national prejudice, and he confessed that France could produce nothing equal to the splendid display before him. With such materials to work upon, he (for I speak not of cooks of the softer sex,) must be a butcher indeed who could fail to tickle the palate of the most fastidious. The greater *craft* may, indeed must, be called into requisition on the other side of the Channel, else how could a Parisian *chef* dish you up such appetizing *friandises* out of the tough, skinny, scraggy, tasteless, fatless, mutton and beef, on which he is doomed to waste his talent? In vain will the uninitiated traveller look for the accustomed accompaniment of fat. His *bouilli* and *rôti* are both alike ignorant of such an excrecence. He might as well look for the slippery morsel on the attenuated frame of the living skeleton, as on the flesh of a Continental ox or sheep. A facetious commentator has somewhere remarked that a French cook will concoct a palatable dish out of an old shoe. For myself, I never met with this savoury *morcean*, but the assertion tends to verify the Gallic adage, "*C'est la sauce qui fait manger le poisson*," and this I take to be the *fond* of foreign cookery.

The fund of invention in a Parisian *chef de cuisine* is inexhaustible; his gravies and his sauces are as various as the tastes of his customers; to-day you may at Very's partake of a poulet à la Marengo, and to-morrow the same dish at the Trois Frères Provençaux will be as different as a wild from a tame duck. Our Gallic neighbours begin to discover, that we are rather better versed in the science of gastronomy than we were wont to be, and the cynic who stigmatized us as a nation who had "Vingt religions et qu'une sauce," would be inclined in the present day to reverse the sarcasm. Now nothing

can be so unjust and unmerited as this sweeping censure. The fellow knew nothing about it. It so happens that London is deluged with sauces. Go to any hotel, and the very cruet-stand, containing the pyramidal crystals, will give the lie to the assertion. Why, Burgess alone could furnish a list which would fill a dozen of their *cartes*. I will even ask any disinterested frequenter of a French restaurant, if he have not many a time and oft longed for his anchovy, Harvey, and Soy, while discussing his "portion" of very questionable fish in Paris? I anticipate a ready affirmative to this truly momentous question.

Reader, do you really and truly hold in affection that rarely-to-be-met-with, but never-to-be-sufficiently admired indigenous dish — a well-dressed rump-steak? One question more, and I have done: Did you ever meet with one in perfection out of England? With your good leave I will tell you where your longing may be gratified, and in so doing I beg to premise that I am perfectly unbiassed in the preference I may give to one or more knights of the gridiron; and the valuable information I am about to impart is the result of much research. When Sterne wrote of things being better managed in France than in England, he never bethought him of a rump-steak. To this day a Frenchman knows as little about the mystery of cutting and dressing this dainty as an Esquimaux. Not many years have elapsed since I was asked by the *garçon* at Vefour's, in the Palais Royal, if I preferred a *bifteck de mouton*, or a *bifteck de veau*!!! This is a fact. But, *revenons à nos moutons*.

We have all read of the wisdom of the East. Now, I hold it to be a component part of wisdom to find out where the best eatables are to be found; but, whether the wisdom of the East extended to the *science* of gastronomy, I will not pretend to determine; nevertheless, the men of the East of the present day lack not the wisdom I would glorify, inasmuch as they give proof of their knowledge of the good things of this life, by supporting the purveyors of delicacies in the vicinity of their houses of business.

In a parallel line with Sweeting's Alley is a narrow passage, called Sweeting's Rents, in which stands a small house, having on its door the sponsorial abbreviation of "Joe." In either window may daily be seen, symmetrically arranged, an appetizing assortment of rumps of beef of first-rate quality, flanked by chops and cutlets of every denomination. The eye is rivetted as if by magic upon this tempting display; to resist is impossible. On entering (for enter you *must*), you are accosted by Joe himself, in appropriate costume,—you point to the identical well-trimmed and marbled rump of beef you have selected in your mind's eye, and in a trice the coveted object is before you. A flourish or two on the steel pendant from his apron-string, and the keen blade has severed with a surgical neatness, a steak of just and proper thickness. But, ye lovers of juice and gravy! curb, I pray ye, Joe's barbarous propensity,—he *beats* it: it is a vulgar habit, and breaks the cells in which the gravy of the meat is contained, thereby rendering your steak dry and tasteless. Having rescued the precious object of your choice from the martyrdom I have described, the next process in which you are *visibly* interested, whilst ensconced within a box, six feet by two, is patiently to watch the fiery ordeal the matchless morsel is undergoing. The huge grate and gigantic gridirons are worthy a pilgrimage to the City to behold. The fire-proof worthy

who superintends the grilling department is a living picture, and it is curious to watch the fostering care he bestows upon the succulent slices committed to his charge,—to observe the critical acumen which enables him to judge, ay to a second, when each chop or steak should be confided to the attendant waiter, who, plate and dish in hand, is at his side to transfer the hissing cargo to the longing customer. Then, the never-palling potato, which in floury profusion is cracking under the canopy of the perforated steamer! These are luxuries which the curious in steaks enjoy at immortal Joe's. No meretricious aid is permitted to invade the immaculate cookery, such as eschalots, Harvey sauce, or mushroom-ketchup, with which half the *soi-disant* cooks disguise their abortions, or, more properly speaking, imitations; and, it has even been hinted to me that oyster sauce is interdicted: but this latter prohibition requires confirmation. Here you have the genuine, unadorned rump-steak in perfection, unequalled in quality, and matchless in the dressing.

Now, I beg to be understood that there are many rival establishments where, perchance, a good steak may be had; but this I must and will say—there is a *tact*, or, as the French say, a *chique*, at Joe's, for which you may look in vain elsewhere. The frequenters too, of this *multum in parvo* are of the higher order of gourmands: there is, moreover, less of that admixture of class than you ordinarily encounter in chop-houses. It must be admitted that Joe has some formidable competitors in his immediate neighbourhood where the hungry passer-by may refresh himself most satisfactorily. On the right and on the left some very pretty picking may be found; but the bills of fare are too varied to admit of the *coquus magnus* bestowing his undivided attention to the all-engrossing steak. In Threadneedle-street, within a door or so of the far-famed Le Mann, of crisp biscuit notoriety, is an establishment worthy of notice. It stands *per se* for the extempore diner. For instance, a matter-of-fact gentleman may have his dinner dressed for the moderate sum of one penny,—that is to say, if he bring it with him; and, to those who are choice in the selection of their animal food, this method of self-providing may possess attraction. As far as I am concerned I cannot speak from experience, having an innate antipathy to fingering uncooked meat; but, many a wealthy grazier, farmer, and cornfactor, daily bring their purchased provender to this public kitchen, and there discuss their steak or chop. For the convenience of amateur buyers a butcher of no little renown has a well-stocked shop adjoining, where the tastes of such frequenters can be amply gratified. I am told that a real connoisseur will pronounce this the *ne plus ultra* of philo-rump-steakitiveness.

I could fill a volume in praise of a thoroughly good rump-steak dinner; but, as it is not my intention to confine myself to this branch of English fare, I will take my leave of the interesting subject, and proceed to mention some few establishments where a moderate feeder, with circumscribed means, can procure a wholesome, comfortable, well-dressed meal. I write not of luxuries—such as finger-napkins, silver forks, nor even, perhaps, an unsullied table-cloth—but a plain statement of a cheap and good dinner, of which hundreds partake daily, not only in the City, but at the West End of the town. Beginning with the most moderate in point of price, I shall ascend the scale of epicurism, increasing in expense as well as luxury, until

reason and common sense check my description. I could go beyond the utmost limits that have ever yet met the public eye as to extravagance, costliness, and *recherché* repasts, were I not fearful of compromising some of my acquaintances, who would, I trust, wish such follies kept secret. If I were to transgress in this particular, it would be to prove that the much-vaunted Rocher de Cancale, the whole Palais Royal, and I would even throw in the Tuileries to boot, cannot match a first-rate entertainment in London. But, to return to our humble narrative: Much has been advanced by the advocates for expatriation as to the cheapness of living on the Continent. They are little aware for how moderate a sum the half-pay officer, or ill-paid clerk, can obtain a good dinner in London. The number of eating-houses in the City alone, on a surprisingly economical scale, are incalculable.

Behind the Mansion House are several, and, among others, I can make favourable mention of "Izod's." I was induced some time since to accompany a venerable sub, on half-pay, to this cut-and-come-again establishment. I did so at his earnest solicitation, for, to say the truth, I had a latent aversion to (what I then conceived to be) the cheap system. My provident companion quieted my misgivings, and I am bound, in justice to say, that all scruples vanished before I had been under his roof many minutes. It was easy to discover that my antiquated friend stood high in the favour both of landlord and waiter. He was greeted obsequiously; and, on approaching a particular corner of the snugest box in the room, which the old campaigner had appropriated to himself for many months, all those little preliminary attentions were bestowed upon us, which a casual customer could never command. As soon as the circumscribed spot whereon our frugal meal was to be spread, was duly prepared to the satisfaction of the waiter-in-chief, some whispering took place between this functionary and mine ancient lieutenant, during which cautionary communication I caught the sounds—"best joint"—"sirloin"—"quite hot"—"under part"—"first cut"—"fat"—"gravy." An approving nod from my friend sent the smirking attendant skipping across the room, in an angular corner of which I had observed a machine resembling an ear-trumpet protruding from the wall. To this piece of mechanism he applied his mouth, and, with lungs potential, communicated his orders to the regions below. In an incredibly short space of time we had placed before us two scorching plates, the contents of which were carefully concealed by bright tin covers. These were accompanied by two diminutive oval dishes, on which the presiding deity below had kindly sent us half-a-dozen as farinaceous specimens of Hibernian fruit, as ever greeted the lover of "'taties all 'ot." A tap on one of the aforesaid covers, inflicted by my companion with a tri-pronged weapon, which was to perform the duty of a silver fork, caused their removal, and my sight was gratified by a plentiful supply of as good roasted beef as any private gentleman need wish to feed upon. Of a verity it was excellent: a better meal I never made. I chimed in with the humour of my old friend, and pledged him in a pint of genuine stout. Reader, for this dinner, including bread, vegetables, and the two pints of Barclay and Perkins' best, we paid but *one shilling each!* On expressing my astonishment at the very low price, my military mentor informed me that there were many establishments at which the "low in pocket" are fed for a less

sum. I marvelled much; but such things are. My unambitious friend appeared content with the lot fortune had awarded him; he told me he had a snug little room on a second floor, in an airy situation in the classic regions of the City Road; that he allowed himself one shilling for his dinner, and sixpence for his breakfast; his lodging cost him five-and-sixpence a week, including all extras; so that the pittance afforded him by the Government for many years' hard service, sufficed for all his wants.

Leaving our *militaire*, to whom a nation's gratitude has permitted an indulgence in Mr. Izod's good cheer, I will take another step up the gastronomic ladder, and carry the reader somewhat towards the West, although still within the confines of the Lord Mayor's dominions. Of Fleet-street am I about to write, in which frequented thoroughfare is situated a house of refreshment, combining three advantages under one roof — a tavern, a hotel, and an eating-house. It is dignified by the second denomination, having for its title "Ander-ton's Hotel." Ye lovers of boiled beef pardon me, I beseech ye, for passing unnoticed Williams's celebrated emporium in the Old Bailey; it needeth not any humble attempt of mine to add to its reputation; it lacketh not celebrity, for its three rooms in their several gradations of gentility, are daily thronged by the curious in corned meats. I am informed that the excellence of the saline condiments at this unique house of entertainment is attributable to a peculiar receipt which has been in the family for years, and handed down to the present proprietor, who is as jealous as his forefathers could wish of the unrivalled secret. I have said there are three rooms; they vary in price. The first as you enter on the left is the cheapest, or sixpenny apartment. Here may be seen every day, from twelve to one o'clock, the lean, the hungry, and the unwashed, the out-pouring of the Central Criminal Court — messengers, runners, and the tipstaff's follower. The second, or intermediate Refectory, is at the opposite extremity of the building, the centre room being reserved for visitors of pretension — a class of persons possessing more money than wisdom, who are wont to indulge in the pride of purse, and who vainly imagine that by ordering expensive dinners at a fourth-rate eating-house, and scolding the servants, they impress the public with an idea of their own consequence and gentility. The centre, or coffee-room, is comfortable enough, plentifully supplied with the daily papers and leading periodicals. To define the particular classes of persons who congregate to pay their devotions to the rounds and briskets so inimitably pickled by Mr. Williams, would be impossible. The most remarkable are the dapper linendraper's assistant; the half-pay officer, whose gait and costume but ill conceal his profession; and the tradesman *well to do in the world*. Next in rotation is your regular beef-eater; he of the plump and oily visage, and of Falstaff's make. Watch the impatient twinkle of his small grey eye as he casts a wistful glance at the door through which the savoury slices of his favourite joint are to be conveyed to him. Your would-be dandy also occasionally patronizes Mr. Williams. He invariably addresses the maid in waiting with a "Mary, my dear," or "Fanny, my love, hand us the bill of fare." The undaunted dandy then proceeds, after scanning the said bill, to order what is not included in the list of edibles, such as roast fowl and 'am, or roast lamb and mint-sauce. Upon being informed these delicacies are not attainable, he adds, "Well, then, bring me some b'iled beef and greens, and

don't forget the *arf-an'-arf*," — a beverage much in vogue amongst these walking gentlemen, being equal proportions of ale and porter. During the interval that must elapse before the dandy's wants are supplied, he amuses himself by examining with a mosaic gold eyeglass, the countenance of every individual present. From this occupation his attention is turned to the proffered plate-full: and the contents disappear with amazing celerity. The fair waitresses in Mr. Williams's employ are well-dressed, well-behaved, civil, and obliging; they perform their several duties attentively, noiselessly, no clatter of knives and forks assail and offend the tympanum; yet the divinities are not totally devoid of *bustle*, for I observe it invariably follows their evolutions. I have digressed without intending it, and must crave forgiveness! for having wandered from Anderton's Hotel in Fleet Street to the purlieus of the Old Bailey.

To return: Anderton's is a well-conducted concern, combining the comforts of a hotel with the economy and convenience of a dining-house. The good cheer is adapted to the pockets of all his visitors, from the plate of meat and vegetables, after the fashion of Mr. Izod, to turtle and venison, in humble imitation of the Albion in Aldersgate Street. The moderate man may dine at Anderton's for fifteen-pence, including a pint of malt liquor. The society comprises a heterogeneous mass of hungry mortals of all professions, ages, and denominations. The lawyers, however, from the adjacent inns of court, form the majority.

A few doors further down, on the same side of the way, and up a certain passage, is located an undeniable chop-house — its title the Cheshire Cheese. In a lucky hour was I conducted to this hidden retreat by an ardent worshipper of that rarely-to-be-met-with delicacy, a superlatively broiled and thoroughly hot mutton-chop. Should the fancy stray from mutton to pork, at the aforesaid Cheshire Cheese it will be gratified. The principal director and factotum of this secluded spot is one Ben—a perfect original in his way. He will tell you without the slightest apparent fear of contradiction, that no house in London can vie with his establishment either in the quality or the dressing of his chops, and, in good truth, the fellow is right. I had heard in my youth of things being done to a turn, but I never had ocular proof of the adage until I visited this self-satisfied knight of the gridiron. One abomination is permitted which cannot be sufficiently reprobated, and that is the early hour at which smoking is allowed. This *post prandium* indulgence commences as the clock strikes six—too soon by one hundred and twenty minutes. I know not an infliction more nauseating than being compelled to inhale the fumes of divers yards of clay, and a dozen or so of *native* cigars, during the process of mastication.

Before I pass through Temple-Bar I must not omit to mention two justly celebrated places on either side of the ancient barrier,—"The Cock," and "The Rainbow." They are jointly and severally renowned for the excellence of their brown stout; and the amateurs of tiffins, *Anglicè* luncheons, regale themselves by dozens daily. They are much frequented by "the fancy," would-be coachmen, and genuine dragsmen. The conversation is not of the most refined description, as may be imagined, nor is it untinged with slang. The fraternity of Jehus, however, have admirers, patrons, and imitators: hence the attraction at the "Bow,"—as the Cockneys term it.

The first establishment I shall take leave to notice on my western circuit, is one possessing attractions of the highest order,—most earnestly do I commend the economist to No. 333 in the Strand, directly facing Somerset-House. There is nothing of the kind like it in London. To gentlemen of small fortunes, to officers on half-pay, to those who glory in having as much for their money as possible, the three-threes offer advantages not to be met with in this vast metropolis. For the sum of one shilling and sixpence you have choice of some half-dozen soups, as many kinds of fish, and any joint you may please to name which you are permitted to carve yourself; to which are super-added, vegetables, bread, cheese, and celery. And I think it will be admitted that even an alderman may dine tolerably well on a basin of excellent mock-turtle, a particularly well-fried sole, and haunch of mutton. This is the selection I would recommend. The mock-turtle is a very tolerable imitation of the amphibious luxury of Occidental celebrity. The *chef* fries his fish to perfection, and the joints are invariably well-dressed. Long may Short live: he is a pattern for competitors, and deserves unlimited patronage, if it were only for his punch, which is unimpeachable.

Countless are the dining-houses in this overgrown town, where half-baked half-steamed meats are doled out in slices on damp plates to the uninitiated cheap-dinner hunter. For the benefit of this latter class I have endeavoured to point out such as are worthy of notice, in contra-distinction to the forty-sous houses in the French capital. There may be a greater variety of consumables in these latter; but I question much whether the advantage is not in our favour on this side the Channel. To resume:—Every thoroughfare boasts of one or more dining-houses. From Somerset House to Charing Cross there are several, varying in price from eightpence upwards. Rupert-street is not without this species of attraction; and one house in particular has the merit of nourishing more half-pay officers than any establishment in London. I am told the fare is good and reasonable. Nearly opposite to Fladong's Hotel, in Oxford-street, a similar establishment may be found under the attractive title of the West End Dining-rooms. I have, on more than one occasion, accompanied an old campaigner to this two-storied mansion, and have had no reason to complain, although the interior economy of the arrangements is susceptible of improvement.

Those persons who delight in made dishes, and questionable viands in savoury disguises, can tickle their palates very satisfactorily in London, without the trouble and expense of a trip to the Continent. There are very many French houses where the culinary arrangements are faultless. Fricourt's, in St. Martin's Lane, known formerly as the "New Slaughter's," is an excellent *traiteur's*. Giraud's, in Castle-street, Leicester Square, another. Here you can dine *à la carte*, and most moderately; the cooking is perfect. A cheaper dining house still is Bertolini's, in St. Martin's Street, where foreigners of all nations discuss their frugal meal in shoals,—Italians, French, Germans, Jews, and Gentiles. I confess I should pause before I ventured on a *civet de lapin* at this *gargote*; for I hold in as perfect abhorrence any undistinguishable animal concoction as an insubordinate and drunken soldier does—a cat.

The Sablonière and Jaunay's have their followers. Dubourg's is not to be equalled, if the dinners be ordered by a gnostic Amphy-

trion. The *chef* is an *artiste* of the first water; and the portly *mâitre d'hôtel* himself can produce some glorious specimens of champagne and claret.

The higher order of hotels can compete with the first-rate Parisian restaurateurs. I would thus class them:—

The Albion, Aldersgate Street,	with The Rocher de Cancale,
Mivart's,	with Very's,
Limmer's,	with Vefour's,
Stevens's,	with The Trois Frères Provençaux,
	and
Long's,	with Beauvillier's.

The clubs have greatly injured the hotels. Even boarding-houses are now at a discount.

Of all the national peculiarities which strike the attention of a foreigner, the most remarkable are the harmonic meetings, as they are termed, which nightly are held at the Coal Hole, in the Strand, the Cider Cellars, in Maiden Lane, and Evans's Vaults, under the Grand Hotel (late Joy's), in Covent Garden. A Frenchman may well exclaim, "*C'est inconcevable!*"—and it must appear strange to any rational being that, instead of going home to a comfortable bed, after passing the evening at a theatre, a man can find enjoyment in loading his stomach with superfluities, and submitting to be fumigated in a dense and unwholesome atmosphere: but so it is. In days of yore, the visitors of these subterranean resorts could boast of the best blood in the kingdom,—they came to hear the best singing to be met with in London.—So far there was some excuse. These nocturnal revelries were patronised by the aristocracy; and Rhodes's, Offley's, and Evans's became the fashion, until all the shop-boys in the metropolis thought proper to ape their betters, who are now driven from these places of amusement. In the days of which I speak old Offley was in his glory. He is gone, and with him his inimitable glee-singers. The Saturday dinners at the Coal Hole are still fresh in my memory; for who that has dined there in the olden time can forget the punning landlord, and the jest and glass as they went merrily round? Those were the days when more than one honourable I could name would contribute his vocal powers to the conviviality of the evening. Alas! they will never return! Poor * * * * *, thou too art gone!—What are the Cider Cellars without thee?—Who can ever forget this mirth-inspiring son of Erin? I knew him well, when he was courted by all,—when he was sought after by the lovers of fine singing, who were too happy to have him at their tables. I speak of the time when he was in that dare-devil corps the double eights. I was acquainted with him in Canada, and renewed the intimacy after the battle of Waterloo. His vocal talent and love of conviviality were his bane. He descended by slow degrees the scale of degradation, until he became lost to a sense of shame and every honourable feeling. His commission sold, he became at last a pauper, and was dependent for his subsistence on the charity of strangers. I have watched him begging a shilling of his neighbour at the Cider Cellars. Evans allowed him his board, as a requital for his singing; but it was lamentable to behold an officer and a gentleman sunk in the despicable character of a hireling songster. I have said he felt it not; but his former friends were pained by observing that he allowed himself to be made the butt

and buffoon of the low and vulgar. He who has ever heard a certain song named "The Tinker," never can forget the effect it produced. This inspiring composition was his own; and the trombone accompaniment, embellished with imitations of other wind instruments, was justly accounted the *ne plus ultra* of verisimilitude. He died in St. Martin's workhouse,—a sad example of an improvident amateur singer!

But my paper says, Amen!—On a future occasion I may attempt a sketch of the first-class houses of entertainment, the present notice being confined to the lowest possible ratio of expense; and if I have shown that the moderate man may dine as well and as economically in London as in Paris, I shall have attained my object.

T.

 TO LEONORA.

"Quand un lis verginal penche et se décolore,
 Par un ciel brûlant desséché,
 Sur l'urne qui l'arrose il peut renaître encore ;
 Mais quand un ver rougeur dans son sein est caché,
 Quel remède essayer contre un mal qu'on ignore."
 DE LA VIGNE.

MORE dear, Leonora, more loved art thou now
 Than thou wert in thy happiest years,
 Though the paleness of death overshadows thy brow,
 And I gaze on thy beauty with tears.

I feel thou art stealing away from my arms
 To the cold silent rest of the tomb;
 Yet I know not what grief has thus prey'd on thy charms,
 And wither'd their brightness and bloom.

My white dove lies bleeding and torn at my feet,
 But no trace of the arrow is seen!
 My lily is broken,—but where can I meet
 With a proof who the spoiler has been?

Whate'er be thy sorrow, oh! turn from the thought,
 And repose on a heart that is thine;—
 With falsehood and peril if others are fraught,
 Come, dear one! for shelter to mine.

In grief or in gladness, in shame or in pride,
 Unchanged my devotion will be.—
 I ask not the secret thou wilt not confide;
 But in silence, I suffer with thee. M. T. H.

HANDY ANDY. No. VII.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

WHEN Dick Dawson and Murtough Murphy rowed back up the river with Johnstone, they left Andy in the hands of Squire O'Grady, still threatening vengeance. Andy, as long as the boats remained in sight, heard nothing but his own sweet voice shouting at the top of its pitch, "They're going to murder me!—Misther Dick, Misther Dick, come back for the love o' God!"

"What are you roaring like a bull for?" said the Squire.

"Why wouldn't I roar, sir? A bull would roar if he had as much rayson."

"A bull has more reason than ever you had, you calf," said the Squire.

"Sure there he is, and can explain it all to you," said Andy, pointing after the boats.

"Who is there?" asked the Squire.

"Misther Dick, and the jintleman himself that I dhruv there——"

"Drove where?"

"To the Squire's."

"What Squire's?"

"Squire Egan's, to be sure."

"Hold your tongue, you rascal; you're either drunk still or telling lies. The gentleman I mean wouldn't go to Mister Egan's: he was coming to me."

"That's the jintleman I dhruv — that's all I know. He was in the shay, and was nigh shootin' me; and Micky Doolin stopped on the road, when his brother was nigh killed, and towld me to get up, for he wouldn't go no farther, when the jintleman objected——"

"What did the gentleman object to?"

"He objected to Pether goin' into the shay."

"Who is Peter?"

"Pether Doolin, to be sure."

"And what brought Peter Doolin there?"

"He fell off the horse's ——"

"Wasn't it Mick Doolin you said was driving but a moment ago?"

"Ay, sir; but that was th'other shay."

"What other chaise, you vagabond?"

"Th'other shay, your honour, that I never seen at all, good or bad — only Pether."

"What infernal confusion you are making of the story, to be sure! — there's no use in talking to you here, I see. Bring him

after me," said the Squire to some of his people standing by. "I must keep him in custody till something more satisfactory is made out about the matter."

"Sure it's not makin' a presner of me you'd be?" said Andy.

"You shall be kept in confinement, you scoundrel, till something is heard of this strange gentleman. I'm afraid he's drowned."

"D—l a dhrown'd. I dhruv him to Squire Egan's, I'll take my book oath."

"That's downright nonsense, sir. He would as soon go into Squire Egan's house as go to Fiddler's Green."

"Faith, then, there's worse places than Fiddler's Green," said Andy, "as some people may find out one o' these days."

"I think, boys," said O'Grady to the surrounding countrymen, "we must drag the river."

"Dhrag the river, if you plase," said Andy; "but, for the tendher mercy o' heaven, don't dhrag me to jail! By all the crosses in a yard o' check, I dhruv the jintleman to Squire Egan's!—and there he was in that boat I showed you five minutes agone."

"Bring him after me," said O'Grady. "The fellow is drunk still, or forgets all about it,—I must examine him again. Take him over to the hall, and lock him up in the justice-room till I go home."

"Arrah, sure, your honour—" said Andy, commencing an appeal.

"If you say another word, you scoundrel," said the Squire, shaking his whip at him, "I'll commit you to jail this minute. Keep a sharp eye after him, Molloy," were the last words of the Squire to a stout-built peasant, who took Andy in charge as the Squire mounted his horse and rode away.

Andy was marched off to Neck-or-nothing Hall; and, in compliance with the Squire's orders, locked up in the justice-room. This was an apartment where the Squire in his magisterial capacity dispensed what he called justice, and what he possibly meant to be such; but poor Justice, coming out of Squire O'Grady's hands, was something like the little woman in the song, who having her petticoats cut short while she was asleep, exclaimed on her waking,

"As sure as I'm a little woman, this is none of I."

Only that Justice in the present instance doubted her identity, not from her nakedness, but from the peculiar dressing Squire O'Grady bestowed upon her. She was so muffled up in O'Gradyism, that her own mother, who by the same token was Themis, wouldn't know her. Indeed, if I remember, Justice is worse off than mortals respecting her parentage; for while there are many people who do not know who were their fathers, poets are un-

certain who was Justice's mother:—some say Aurora, some say Themis. Now, if I might indulge at this moment in a bit of rêverie, it would not be unreasonable to suppose that it is the classic disposition of Ireland, which is known to be a very ancient country, that tends to make the operations of Justice assimilate with the uncertainty of her birth; for her dispensations there, are as distinct as if they were the offspring of two different influences. One man's justice is not another man's justice;—which I suppose must arise from the difference of opinion as to who or what Justice is. Perhaps the rich people, who incline to power, may venerate Justice more as the child of Jupiter and Themis; while the unruly worship her as the daughter of Titan and Aurora; for undoubtedly the offspring of *Aurora* must be most welcome to "*Peep-o'-day boys*."

Well,—not to indulge further in rêverie,—Andy, I say, was locked up in the justice-room; and, as I have been making all these observations about Justice, a few words will not be thrown away about the room which she was supposed to inhabit. Then I must say Squire O'Grady did not use her well. The room was a cold comfortless apartment, with a plastered wall and an earthen floor, save at one end, where a raised platform of boards sustained a desk and one high office-chair. No other seat was in the room, nor was there any lateral window, the room being lighted from the top, so that Justice could be no way interested with the country outside—she could only contemplate her native heaven through the sky-light. Behind the desk were placed a rude shelf, where some "modern instances," and old ones too, were lying covered with dust—and a gunrack, where some carbines with fixed bayonets were paraded in show of authority; so that, to an imaginative mind, the aspect of the books and the fire-arms gave the notion of JUSTICE on the shelf, and LAW on the rack.

But Andy thought not of those things; he had not the imagination which sometimes gives a prisoner a passing pleasure in catching a whimsical conceit from his situation, and in the midst of his suffering anticipating the satisfaction he shall have in saying a good thing, even at the expense of his own suffering. Andy only knew that he was locked up in the justice-room for something he never did. He had only sense enough to feel that he was wronged, without the spirit to wish himself righted; and he sauntered up and down the cold miserable room, anxiously awaiting the arrival of "his honour, Squire O'Grady," to know what would be done with him, and wondering if they could hang him for upsetting a post-chaise in which a gentleman *had been* riding, rather than brooding future means of redress for his false imprisonment.

There was no window to look out of—he had not the comfort of seeing a passing fellow-creature; for the sight of one's kind *is* a comfort. He could not even see the green earth and

the freshness of nature, which, though all unconsciously, has still a soothing influence on the most uncultivated mind; he had nothing but the walls to look at, which were blank, save here and there that they were relieved by some grotesque faces, and figures, and rhymes, scratched with rusty nails by rustier policemen, while lounging in the justice-room during the legal decisions of the great O'Grady. These were gone over again and again by Andy till they were worn out,—all but one,—a rough representation of a man hanging, and this possessed a sort of fascination for poor Andy; for at last, relinquishing all others, he stood rivetted before this, and muttered to himself,—

“ I wondher can they hang me. Squire Egan towld me long ago I'd be hanged some day or other. — I wondher does my mother know I'm tuk away—and Oonah too:—the craythur would be sorry for me. Maybe if the mother spoke to Squire Egan, his honour would say a good word for me. 'Thoug that wouldn't do; for him and Squire O'Grady's bitther inimies now, though they wor once good frinds.—Och hone!—sure that's the way o' the world—and a cruel hard world it is—so it is.—Sure 't would be well to be out of it a'most, and in a betther world.— I hope there's no po'-chaises in heaven !”

The soliloquy of poor Andy was interrupted by a low measured sound of thumping, which his accustomed ear at once distinguished to be the result of churning, the room in which he was confined being one of a range of offices that stretched backward from the principal building, and happened to be next door to the dairy. Andy had grown tired by this time of his repeated contemplation of the rhymes and the sketches, his own thoughts thereon, and his long confinement; and now the monotonous sound of the churn-dash falling on his ear, acted as a sort of *husho*,* and the worried and wearied Andy at last lay down on the platform, and fell asleep to the bumping lullaby.

In the mean time how did affairs go on at Merryvale? Murphy, Dick, and Johnstone, having returned from their fishing excursion to dinner, let us suppose them seated round the hospitable board of Squire Egan in high glee, at still successfully hoodwinking Johnstone, and carrying on their mystification with infinite frolic.

The soup had been removed, and they were in the act of enjoying the salmon, which had already given so much enjoyment, when a loud knocking at the door announced the arrival of some fresh guest.

“ Did you ask any one to dinner, my dear ?” inquired Mrs. Egan of her good-humoured lord, who was the very man to invite any friend he met in the course of the day, and forget it after.

“ No, my dear,” answered the Squire. “ Did you, Dick ?” said he.

* The nurses' song for setting a child to sleep, which they pronounce softly, “ *huzzho*.”

Dick replied in the negative, and said he had better go and see who it was; for looks of alarm had been exchanged between him, the Squire, and Murphy, lest any stranger should enter the room without being apprized of the hoax going forward; and Dawson had just reached the door on his cautionary mission, when it was suddenly thrown wide open, and in walked, with a rapid step and bustling air, an active little gentleman dressed in black, who was at Mrs. Egan's side in a moment, exclaiming with a very audible voice and much *empressement* of manner,

"My dear Mrs. Egan, how do you do? I'm delighted to see you. Took a friend's privilege, you see, and have come unbidden to claim the hospitality of your table. The fact is, I was making a sick visit to this side of my parish; and, finding it impossible to get home in time to my own dinner, I had no scruple in laying yours under contribution."

Now this was the Protestant clergyman of the parish, whose political views were in opposition to those of Mr. Egan; but the good hearts of both men prevented political feeling from interfering, as in Ireland it too often does, with the social intercourse of life. Still, however, even if Dick Dawson had got out of the room in time, this was not the man to assist them in covering their hoax on Johnstone, and the scene became excessively ludicrous the moment the reverend gentleman made his appearance. Dick, the Squire, and Murphy opened their eyes at each other, while Mrs. Egan grew as red as scarlet when Johnstone stared at her in astonishment as the new-comer mentioned her name,—she stammered out welcome as well as she could, and called for a chair for Mr. Bermingham, with all sorts of kind inquiries for Mrs. Bermingham and the little Berminghams,—for the Bermingham manufactory in that line was extensive.

While the reverend doctor was taking his seat, spreading his napkin, and addressing a word to each round the table, Johnstone turned to Fanny Dawson, beside whom he was sitting, (and who, by the by, could not resist a fit of laughter on the occasion,) and said, with a bewildered look,

"Did he not address *Madame* as *Mistress* Egan?"

"Yeth," said Fanny, with admirable readiness; "but whither." And as Johnstone inclined his head towards her, she whispered in his ear—"You muthn't mind him—he's mad, poor man!—that is, a *little* inthane,—and thinks every lady is Mrs. Egan.—An unhappy patshion, poor fellow!—but *quite* *harmleth*."

Johnstone uttered a very prolonged "Oh!" at Fanny's answer to his inquiry, and looked sharply round the table; for there was an indefinable something in the conduct of every one at the moment of Mr. Bermingham's entrance that attracted his attention, and the name "Egan," and everybody's *fidgityness*, (which is the only word I can apply,) roused his suspicion. Fanny's answer only half satisfied him; and looking at Mrs.

Egan, who could not conquer her confusion, he remarked,—

“How *vewy* wed Mistwess O’Gwady gwew.”

“Oh, tshe can’t help blutching, poor thoul! when he thays ‘Egan’ to her, and thinks her his *furth* love.”

“How *vewy* widiculous, to be sure,” said Johnstone.

“Haven’t you innothent mad people thumtimes in England?” said Fanny.

“Oh, *vewy*,” said Johnstone; “but this appea’s to me so wema’kably stwange an abbewation—”

“Oh,” returned Fanny with quickness, “I thuppose people go mad on their ruling patshion, and the ruling patshion of the Irish, you know, is love.”

The conversation all this time was going on in other quarters, and Johnstone heard Mr. Bermingham talking of his having preached last Sunday in his new church.

“Suwely,” said Johnstone to Fanny, “they would not pe’mit an iusane cle’gyman to pweach?”

“Oh,” said Fanny, almost suffocating with laughter, “he only *thinkth* he’s a clergyman.”

“How *vewy* dwooll you are!” said Johnstone.

“Now you’re only quithing me,” said Fanny, looking with affected innocence in the face of the unfortunate young gentleman she had been quizzing most unmercifully the whole day.

“Oh, Miste’ O’Gwady,” said Johnstone, “we saw them going to dwoon a man to-day.”

“Indeed!” said the Squire reddening, as he saw Mr. Bermingham stare at Johnstone when he called him O’Grady; so, to cover the blot, and stop Johnstone, he asked him to take wine.

“Do they often dwoon people here?” continued Johnstone, after he had bowed.

“Not that I know of,” said the Squire.

“But are not the lowe’ o’ders wather given to what Lo’d Bacon calls—”

“Who cares about Lord Bacon?” said Murphy.

“My dear sir, you supwise me!” said Johnstone in utter amazement. “Lo’d Bacon’s sayings—”

“By my sowl,” said Murphy, “both himself and his sayings are very *rusty* by this time.”

“Oh, I see Miste’ Muffy.—You neve’ will be sewious.”

“God forbid!” said Murphy,—“at dinner, at least,—or after. Seriousness is only a morning amusement;—it makes a very poor figure in the evening.”

“By the by, said Mr. Bermingham, talking of drowning, I heard a very odd story to-day from O’Grady. You and he, I believe,” said the clergyman, addressing Egan, “are not on as good terms as you were.”

At this speech Johnstone did *rather* open his eyes, the Squire hummed and hawed, Murphy coughed, Mrs. Egan looked into her plate, and Dick, making a desperate dash to the rescue,

asked Johnstone which he preferred, a single or a double barrelled gun.

Mr. Bermingham, perceiving the sensation his question created, thought he had touched upon forbidden ground, and therefore did not repeat his question, and Fanny whispered Johnstone that one of the stranger's mad peculiarities was mistaking one person for another; but all this did not satisfy Johnstone, whose misgivings as to the real name of his host were growing stronger every moment. At last Mr. Bermingham, without alluding to the broken friendship between Egan and O'Grady, returned to the "odd story" he had heard that morning about drowning.

"T is a very strange affair," said he, "and our side of the country is all alive about it. A gentleman that was expected from Dublin last night at Neck-or-nothing Hall, arrived, as it is ascertained, at the village, and thence took a post-chaise, since which time he has not been heard of; and as a post-chaise was discovered this morning sunk in the river close by Ballyslough-gutthery bridge, it is suspected the gentleman has been drowned either by accident or design. The postilion is in confinement on suspicion, and O'Grady has written to the Castle about it to-day, for the gentleman was a government officer.

"Why, sir," said Johnstone, "that must be me!"

"You, sir!" said Mr. Bermingham, whose turn it was to be surprised now.

"Yes, sir," said Johnstone. "I took a post-chaise at the village last night,—and I'm an officer of the government."

"But you're not drowned, sir,—and he was," said Bermingham.

"To be sure I'm not drowned; but I'm the person."

"Quite impossible, sir," said Mr. Bermingham. "You can't be the person."

"Why, sir, do you expect to persuade me out of my own identity?"

"Oh," said Murphy, "there will be no occasion to prove identity till the body is found, and the coroner's inquest sits;—that's the law, sir,—at least in Ireland."

Johnstone's bewildered look at the unblushing impudence of Murphy was worth anything. While he was dumb from astonishment, Mr. Bermingham with marked politeness, said,

"Allow me, sir, for a moment to explain to you. You see, it could not be you, for the gentleman was going to Mr. O'Grady's."

"Well, sir," said Johnstone, "and here I am."

The wide stare of the two men as they looked at each other was killing; and while Johnstone's face was turned towards Mr. Bermingham, Fanny caught the clergyman's eye, and while she twitched her thumb over her left shoulder towards Johnstone, she tapped her forehead with the forefinger of her right hand,

shook her head, and turned up her eyes with an expression of pity, to indicate that he was mad.

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir," said Mr. Bermingham. "I see it's a mistake of mine."

"There certainly is a vewy gweat mistake somewhere," said Johnstone, who was now bent on a very direct question. "Pway, Miste' O'Gwady," said he, addressing Egan,— "that is if you *are* Miste' O'Gwady, — will you tell me *are* you Miste' O'Gwady?"

"Sir," said the Squire, "you have chosen to call me O'Grady ever since you came here,—but my name is Egan."

"What!—the member for the county?" said Johnstone, horrified.

"Yes," said the Squire laughing. "Do you want a frank?"

"'T will save your friends postage," said Dick, "when you write to them to say you're safe."

"Miste' Wegan," said Johnstone, with an attempt at offended dignity, "I conside' myself vewy ill used."

"You're the first man I ever heard of being ill used in Mer-yvale house," said Murphy.

"Sir, it is a gwievous w'ong!"

"What is all this about?" asked Mr. Bermingham.

"My dear friend," said the Squire laughing,—though, indeed, that was not peculiar to *him*, for every one round the table, save the victim, was doing the same thing, (as for Fanny, she *shouted*.)—"My dear friend, this gentleman came to my house last night, and *I* took him for a friend of Moriarty's, whom I have been expecting for some days. *He* thought, it appears, this was Neck-or-nothing Hall, and thus a mutual mistake has arisen. All I can say is, that you are most welcome, Mr. Johnstone, to the hospitality of this house as long as you please."

"But, sir, you should not have allowed me to wemain in you' house," said Johnstone.

"That's a doctrine," said the Squire, "in which you will find it difficult to make an Irish host coincide."

"But you must have known, sir, that it was not my intention to come to your house."

"How could I know that, sir?" said the Squire jocularly.

"Why, Miste' Wegan—you know—that is—in fact—D—n it, sir," said Johnstone at last, losing his temper, "you know I told you all about our electioneering tactics."

A loud laugh was all the response Johnstone received to this outbreak.

"Well, sir," repeated he, "I pwotest it is d—d unfair!"

"You know, my dear sir," said Dick, "we Irish are such *poor ignorant creatures*, according to your own account, that we can make no use of the knowledge with which you have so generously supplied us.

"You know," said the Squire, "we have no *real finesse*."

"Sir," said Johnstone, growing sulky, "there is a certain finesse that is *fair* and another that is *unfair*—and I pwotest against—"

"Pooh! pooh!" said Murphy. "Never mind trifles. Just wait till to-morrow, and I'll show you even better salmon-fishing than you had to-day."

"Sir, no considewation would make me wemain anothe' whou' in this house."

Murphy, screwing his lips together, puffed out something between a whistle and the blowing out of a candle, and ventured to suggest to Johnstone he had better wait even a couple of hours, till he had got his allowance of claret. "Remember the adage, sir—'*In vino veritas*,' and we'll tell you all *our* electioneering secrets after we've had enough wine."

"As soon, Miste' Wegan," said Johnstone, quite chapfallen, "as you can tell me how I can get to the house to which I *intended* to go, I will be weady to bid you good evening."

"If you are determined, Mr. Johnstone, to remain here no longer, I shall not press my hospitality upon you: whenever you decide on going, my carriage shall be at your service."

"The soone' the bette', sir," said Johnstone, retreating still further into a cold and sulky manner.

The Squire made no further attempt to conciliate him, he merely said, "Dick, ring the bell. Pass the claret, Murphy."

The bell was rung—the claret passed—a servant entered, and orders were given by the Squire that the carriage should be at the door as soon as possible. In the interim, Dick Dawson, the squire, and Murphy, laughed as if nothing had happened, and Mrs. Egan conversed in an under-tone with Mr. Bermingham. Fanny looked mischievous, and Johnstone kept his hand on the foot of his glass, and shoved it about, something in the fashion of an uncertain chess-player, who does not know where to put the piece on which he has laid his finger.

The carriage was soon announced, and Mrs. Egan, as Johnstone seemed so anxious to go, rose from table; and as she retired he made her a cold and formal bow. He attempted a tender look, and soft word, to Fanny, — for Johnstone, who thought himself a *beau garçon*, had been playing off his attractions upon her all day, but the mischievously merry Fanny Dawson, when she caught the sheepish eye, and heard the mumbled gallantry of the Castle Adonis, could not resist a titter, which obliged her to hide her dimpling cheek and pearly teeth in her handkerchief as she passed to the door. The ladies being gone, the Squire asked Johnstone, would he not have some more wine before he went.

"No, thank you, Miste' Wegan," said Johnstone; "after being twicked in the manner that a——"

"Mister Johnstone," said the Squire, "you have said quite

enough about that. When you came into my house last night, sir, I had no intention of practising any joke upon you. You should have had the hospitality of an Irishman's house, without the consequence that has followed, had you not indulged in sneering at the Irishman's country. You vaunted your own superior intelligence and finesse over us, sir; and told us you came down to overthrow poor Pat in the trickery of electioneering movements. Under those circumstances, sir, I think what we have done is quite fair. We have shown you that you are no match for us in the finesse upon which you pride yourself so much; and the next time you talk of the Irish, and attempt to undervalue them, just remember how you have been outwitted at Merryvale House. Good evening, Mr. Johnstone. I hope we part without owing each other any ill-will." The Squire offered his hand, but Johnstone drew up, and amidst such expletives as "weally," and "I must say," he at last made use of the word "atwocious."

"What 's that you say?" said Dick. "You don't speak very plain, and I'd like to be sure of the last word you used."

"I mean to say that a——" and Johnstone, not much liking the *tone* of Dick's question, was humming and hawing a sort of explanation of what "he meant to say" when Dick thus interrupted him,—

"I tell you this, Mr. Johnstone, — all that has been done is my doing—I've humbugged you, sir—*humbugged*. I've sold you—dead. I've pump'd you, sir—all your electioneering bag of tricks, *bribery*, and all, exposed; and, now go off to O'Grady, and tell him how the poor ignorant Irish have *done* you: and, see, Mr. Johnstone," added Dick in a quiet under-tone, "if there's anything that he or you don't like about the business, you shall have any satisfaction you like, and as often as you please."

"I shall *conside* of that, sir," said Johnstone, as he left the house. He entered the carriage, and was driven to Neck-or-Nothing Hall, where he arrived as they were going to tea. When O'Grady heard Johnstone's account of his having been living in the enemy's camp, he was rather startled.

"Thunder and 'ounds, sir! I hope you let nothing out about business."

"Why, I weally don't know—I'm not sure—that is, I won't be positive, because when one is thwown off his guard, you know—"

"Pooh, sir! a man should never be off his guard in an election. But, how the d—l, sir, could you make such a thundering mistake as to go to the wrong house?"

"It was a howwid postilion, Miste' O'Gwady—"

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed O'Grady, stamping up and down the room.

At this moment a tremendous crash was heard; the ladies

jumped from their seats; O'Grady paused in his rage, and his poor pale wife, exclaimed "T is in the conservatory."

A universal rush was now made to the spot, and there was Handy Andy buried in the ruins of flower-pots and exotics, directly under an enormous breach in the glass-roof of the building. How this occurred, a few words will explain. Andy, when he went to sleep in the justice-room, slept soundly for some hours; but awoke in the horrors of a dream, in which he fancied he was about to be hanged. So impressed was he by the vision, that he determined on making his escape if he could, and to this end piled the chair upon the desk, and the volumes of law-books on the chair; and, being an active fellow, contrived to scramble up high enough to lay his hand on the frame of the sky-light, and thus make his way out on the roof. Then walking, as well as the darkness would permit him, along the coping of the wall, he approached, as it chanced, the conservatory, but the coping being loose, one of the flags turned under Andy's foot, and bang he went through the glass roof, carrying down in his fall some score of flower-pots, and finally stuck in a tub, with his legs upward, and embowered in the branches of crushed geraniums and hydrangias.

He was dragged out of the tub, amidst a shower of curses from O'Grady; but the moment Andy recovered the few senses he had, and saw Johnstone, regardless of the anathemas of the squire he shouted out, "There he is!—there he is!" and, rushing towards the Englishman, exclaimed, "Now, did I dhrownd you, sir — did I? Sure, I never murdered you!"

'T was as much as could be done to keep O'Grady's hands off Andy for smashing his conservatory, when Johnstone's presence made him no longer liable to imprisonment.

"Maybe he has a vote?" said Johnstone.

"Have you a vote, you rascal?" said O'Grady.

"You may sarche me if you like, your honour," said Andy, who thought a vote was some sort of property he was suspected of stealing.

"You are either the biggest rogue, or the biggest fool, I ever met," said O'Grady. "Which are you now?"

"Whichever your honour plazes," said Andy.

"If I forgive you, will you stand by me at the election?"

"I'll stand anywhere your honour bids me," said Andy humbly.

"That's an infernal rogue, I'm inclined to think," said O'Grady aside, to Johnstone. Then, turning to Andy, he said, "Go down to the kitchen, you blackguard, and get your supper!"

THE FATHER.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REAL MOUNTAIN DECAMERON."

THE interest of the following narrative (if interest it possess) is founded on the parental affection. To many the degree of it therein portrayed may appear morbid; but to those I would submit a few remarks on children considered as a great class of society, not as embryo elements of it—mere things of promise and present pastime. In pleasantry we may designate them as a happy little people, who have no need of laws, pains, and punishments, among them: but when we seriously reflect on the corrupting and hardening effect on our hearts of worldly pursuits and collision with our fellow-men, and then turn to these innocent beings, happy by unerring instinct only, not through false views, or vicious aims, or the sufferings of others—when we grasp the little hand put artlessly into ours, when we look into the fair countenance, and say, "Here is the hand that never did offence, the eye that never looked it, the mind that never thought less innocently than the spirits of heaven!"—I say, when wearied with our worldly conflict, we turn into our domestic circle, and thus muse over these, its purest ornaments, are we not justified in regarding children as a most important body? as a sort of link between our polluted degenerate selves, and that primeval innocence, of which we have on earth no representative or image left, but "little children?" Surely it is something to enjoy daily so beautiful, so pure a spectacle, as a multitude of creatures of our own nature, without a speck of that defilement incident to all adult nature; creatures which realize all the ideas we can form of life in heaven,—of the society of angels.

I cannot but think that this constant presence of human nature, pure and happy, of simple and innocent enjoyment, exerts a great, though little noticed influence on this whole great fighting family of man; and that each member of it forgoes somewhat of his selfishness, abates something of his fury, after every such contemplation of something happier than himself, which never yet regarded *self*, never was infuriated by passions. No wonder that the greatest of men have mostly evinced a passionate fondness for children; neither is it surprising that in some persons, not otherwise of weak character, such fondness should even rise to excess. In our mourning over a lost child the very sources of our comfort bear in them an embittering venom for our grief. The same purity of soul which assures us of its acceptance into the bosom of God, also renders the memory of its vanished prettiness and graces more intolerable by the exemption of every, even the least drawback on our love, from failings or offence. To the busy world what, indeed, is the death of a child? It forwarded—it retarded no human aim; it stood an insignificant little alien by the side of the mighty and dusty arena of life. Not so to the parent:—to him its smile and play were the invigorating spirit that nerved him in the conflict; and the very apathy of the whole world beside, its utter want of sympathy with him in his (to *their* feeling) trifling loss, becomes itself an added source of poignant, lonely, heart-consuming misery.

I was requested by a middle-aged farmer to visit his only son, and set out with him on a ride of nine miles to his mountain home. As a specimen of a numerous class of the *aborigines* of Wales, and the most estimable class — the secluded breeders of sheep and cattle — I must briefly sketch my fellow-traveller. His manner was so reserved as to border on sullenness, until intercourse had dispelled its coldness. He wore a grey coat (of home-dressed wool) of a coarse texture, and a shapeless straw hat; there was an air of negligence about his personal appearance, which betokened habits of solitary life; the moss from the bark of trees had greened his dress in many places; but, being a man of tall and fine person, and his behaviour indicating education above that of a labouring rustic, his whole appearance was not without a homely dignity, primitive, though rather grotesque. There is a pensiveness of look and tone in the more secluded Welsh farmers, almost touching, produced, no doubt, by the solitude in which much of their lives is spent, as well as by the character of their native land. Many of the sequestered Welsh homes have something of the solemnity of a church in their grey antiquity, bowered by huge trees, in the depths of dingles, shut up by mountains so nearly meeting as to almost bulge over the roof of deep thatch. Owls hooting by night from one wild barrier ridge to the other, across these ravines roaring with waterfalls at a little distance, among huge misshapen rocks; and the plover (the bird of ill omen to the Welsh) shrieking from the fern in the still noon, and the kite from the hills' stony tops; the mournful morass, with its black bogs and ever-whistling wind, which beyond those tops cuts off communication with the world to all but resolute hill climbers; — all these cannot fail, while thus surrounding the native almost from birth to burial, to exert a plastic influence on the mind and character of man.

It was to such a home that my master-shepherd, as I shall call him, at last introduced me, after a long descent down a watercourse, called by courtesy a *road*. The short dialogue which passed between us prior to our arrival, may serve to bring the reader acquainted with David Beynon, the hereditary owner of Llandefelach.

"You are a widower, I believe, David?" I remarked. (In rural Wales we exclude the "sir," and the surname, and the "mister," so frequent in Saxon usage.)

"Why, no; but much the same thing. My wife is alive; but her brother and I were on bad terms before our marriage, and worse after; this led to quarrels, which always made things worse, so we parted. Then we had a great dispute about which should have my little Peter. We could not both have him, and I could not part with him, and would not. I have no relations left, she has many; so I thought she could better spare him than I could. So I have been both father and mother to him; always in my lap, in my arms, and in my bed; abroad with me up the hill with the sheep, and in the snow he would toddle after me."

"Is your wife still desirous to have him with her?" I inquired.

"Furious about him still, I hear. I should be sorry for her, but I do hear that she finds a comforter in a fellow who courted her before we were married. I've had thoughts of our coming together again, for little Peter's sake, in case I should die, that he might not have in a mother a stranger to go to; but, since I heard *that*, I've done with her."

On reaching the antique home I found a very sweet little boy, sensible, pale, patient, stretched on what appeared—from the dangerous state of typhus-fever under which he was suffering—too likely to prove his death-bed.

Of terrible and overwhelming evils the mind does not readily admit the probability; but, when this happy incredulity is once overcome by evidence, the transition to absolute despair is rapid, and equally unreasonable with the previous obstinacy of hope. Hence it was that, no sooner had I signified to David that his child was in great danger, than his eyes rolled and dilated as if under some astonishing news, and a wild dismay marked his whole countenance. He stood a minute statue-like; asked again if I meant that his child was actually likely to die, and, without waiting reply, burst forth, "O my God! my God! what shall I do?"—then ran to his child as if he had but a minute more to see him alive, hung over him in dumb agony, and at last vented his agony in a womanlike flood of tears.

Afraid to flatter him with hope, I said something commonplace of his having surely known that his child was mortal.

"Mortal!" he exclaimed; "why, ay; and so am I too, thanks to God! for how could I bear to live without him now? A patient sensible boy! a good boy and a fond! So fond of me, a rough man,—just as if I had been his own soft mother! Oh! sir, what avails it now? Now I wish to God he had been less good, less fond.—I wish I could remember one fault he had; for now every pretty look of his up into my face, and all his pretty ways, do every one come back like a knife at my heart, now that I think I shall never see 'em more. Oh! doctor, bear with me; I am a lone man, and there's no one in my house that is a father but I! No one to feel with me, or for me!"

On my second visit, delirium had supervened in my little patient. The first indication of wandering intellect in a beloved object is, to even the best-regulated mind, dreadful; but to our extravagant recluse it was a gorgon that almost produced a kindred reeling of the mind to that visible in the object he so doated on.

The boy fancied himself on the hill side with the sheep, and the affrighted father tried almost angrily to convince him of the delusion, as if he would steady and hold back by force that reason which he saw departing—that mind of precocious power of which he had been so proud, now wandering and groping in the shadows of a night too likely to prove eternal. A pretty, but vacant smile only answered to the agonised and eager words of the parent thus striving against nature: but once his hollow horror of voice and accent seemed to rouse the sufferer; for he feebly tried to raise his arm as if to wipe away the tears he saw streaming from his father's eyes, and by that pathetic and pretty action brought many more.

Day after day did this impassioned parent sit sleepless, wan, and without food, holding that small hand, and counting the beats of that frightful pulse, watching every turn of those half-extinguished eyes, whose light had been the very light of life to him.

Had David been less beloved by his farm-servants every duty would have been neglected by them, as was every avocation by himself, but that of a nurse; for, taking no longer interest in anything beyond that little bed, he was grown impatient of their attention to even the most needful calls of daily duty. He seemed to fancy that

the aid of every hand and every mind was demanded, in that fearful crisis, on which depended his own future doom of deadly sorrow or restoration to happiness; he was enraged by the presence of mind in others which could any longer recollect milking-time and folding-time, could still hear the cows lowing to be milked at the door, the sheep needing penning down in the valley of the brook; it almost seemed a slight and a cruelty to his darling, to attend to these things, to regard the future or the present, or anything but the moaning and the tossing of that dear sufferer—for any eye, or heart, or hand, to watch, and tend, and tremble, and ache, with a less fearful anxiety than his own.

After all this storm of distress in the house of Llandefelach, and the quiet *cwm* of the Glasnaut, I had the great pleasure of seeing the restored child and father lying on the sunny sod slanting down to the foamy little brook, fringed with cowslips and harebells; the former nearly well and quite happy, surrounded with almost a toy-shop: the various toys procured from a distant town, the promised rewards of good conduct in taking the requisite remedies.

Again I visited that valley and spot. I saw the father with folded arms walking thoughtfully, rather sullenly on by himself, and little Peter calling after him to stop for him, he being still too feeble to hasten much. The father stopped at last; but rather, I thought, as if ashamed that I should see his inattention to the boy, than moved by his eager and half-reproachful call. Never shall I forget the *then* inexplicable fall and change of that man's countenance as it met mine, as he paused, perplexed between reluctance to indulge his child with the usual "jump" as he begged to be "carried," and his shame under my observation of his altered manner toward him—how altered!—and the child more beautiful than ever! for the paleness left by illness harmonised with a certain amiability and gentleness, the fruits, perhaps, of a half-developed superior mind, which my small patient exhibited.

"What has my little friend here done, David?" I inquired. "Nothing very bad, I am sure,"—and the blue and speaking eyes of Peter, suffused each with a tear, seconded my question, earnestly gazing up at the rather stern and deeply sorrowful face of the father.

"*Done?* God bless thee, boy, nothing—nothing! He has done nothing, sir,—as good a child as ever—" The child, delighted, mounted a little bank of wild thyme, ready for a spring into his arms, of which the unaccountable man, after half-extending his arms to his pretty supplicant, disappointed him, letting them slowly fall to his sides, and muttering, "Poor little fellow!—poor little—*wretch!*" Then he seated himself on the ground in strange absence of mind, as if forgetting me, his child, everything.

"I should have thought, David, *your* heart would have bled to draw tears from those beautiful eyes," and I tried to console him by my kiss and a present, for the want of his father's.

Suddenly the latter sprang up out of his disconsolate rêverie, and he broke forth in a hollow voice of frightful energy.

"*Does* not my heart bleed then? Have I shed no tears? Sir, for every tear that my cruelty draws from his, mine shed hundreds—in the night, sir,—in the dead of night,—*lonely*—long and lonely nights! He is no longer my little bedfellow now; oh! no

more now—never more! If ever agony did force blood from a wretch's eyes, I have wept blood!"

While he raved thus, his large melancholy eyes were fixed on the brook; he seemed to be rather in a passionate soliloquy than addressing me, although answering me; and, after a pause, he wept and trembled like an infant, adding in a quieter tone:—"Would to God we had again one bed, even this earth! one grave, one death-hour, to lie shroud by shroud, as hand in hand we used to sleep sweetly! O my boy!—my boy! I had been happy to see you die a few short weeks ago, to suck in death from thy poor black lips, and lay me down for ever by thy side—oh! yes, *then*, while I could have said, 'Farewell *my* boy!' But now—oh! now——" He broke off there, and fixed a stern, yet, I thought, a sort of shame-faced look on me, and recalled by my presence, as it seemed, to more self-recollection, he started, and exclaimed—"How I have been talking to you, a stranger!"

But, lest this change in our master-shepherd should be as bewildering to the reader as it then was to me, let me briefly supply the explanation.

During the boy's convalescence, David, in his fulness of joy, had invited the mother to visit their child. After a sort of reconciliation, the old source of contention (the question with which parent he should live) produced a fresh quarrel. It had happened that Peter was a seven months' child, without very manifest signs of such prematurity. The malignity of Mrs. Beynon's brother, a brutal sort of grazier and drover, had led him to goad his enemy, David, by taunts, at the expense of his sister's character; in short, he had insinuated that the real father of the child was the man who (as David Beynon told me) had wooed her prior to marriage. At this fatal interview, that unhappy mother, either wishing to estrange her husband from Peter, and so effect her object, or urged by mere fury of revenge, forgot decency and herself, and her son's welfare, so far as to avow the truth of this scandal raised by her brother. To prove to the selfish father, who had engrossed to himself their common object of love, that it was in fact hers, and hers only, so that he had been hugging to his heart his bane and his dishonour in what he deemed his pride and blessing. This was a tempting species of revenge, too sweet and keen in point for her mood of the moment to resist. David, breaking up the interview with terrible curses on her head, from that moment never looked into those sweet and innocent eyes, without seeing there the image of that man's countenance, who he believed had wronged him. Those pretty orbs, into which he had rarely looked without an impulse to implant kisses on both, were now become inhabited by a smiling devil—a face that seemed to leer upon him, as the fool and dotard who had fostered another's offspring for his own. That man's eyes, too, were blue; Peter's were of a lovely blue. The mother's eyes were, indeed, of that colour; but David could and would no longer see that mother's eyes in those; for, "Trifles light as air," &c.

The dreadful condition of feelings here depicted has never, that I am aware, filled a page in the biography of human hearts, prolific as is our age of all sorts of histories, real and fanciful, and far-fetched as are the sources of excitement in many of them. To those, then, who may regard in the light of incidents any new and strange harrowing

terms of passion in the mind and heart, it may not be uninteresting to hear a few of the sentiments expressed by our humble hero in a cooler moment, when he had reposed his sad secret with me while we wandered together near the house.

"To find out that we have been cherishing a foul fallen thing, instead of the white blessing we fancied ours in a faithful wife, must be a great trial, but more bearable than mine. A *childless* man, who makes such a discovery, suffers a great shock, but not like mine! He, at least, knows the worst, and he sees the whole of his misery. It is no longer *she*, the pure and beautiful thing he loved, and he begins to loathe, to hate her, and that's his cure. But as for me, what cure is for me? How can I hate *him*, innocent soul! How look on his fair forehead, see his sweet smile, and hate? Sweet child! what has he done that I should hate *him*? And yet—yet," he added, in a hollow whisper, that had in it I know not what of piteous horror, "I feel I *can*—I feel—I—*hate!*"

The terrible conflict within of opposing feelings, here disfigured his face as with an ugly mask. I started at the transfiguration, and for the moment fancied I saw before me the loving murderer of a loving child; that child so recently the object of a love amounting almost to a frenzied passion!

"I feel I hate," he murmured on. "But is it a cure to *me*? No, no; but a very hell of pain! Even the man who *has* children does not suffer like me. He may be made a lone man of a sudden by a wife's crime, but his children—his undoubted own—are left him still. The children of his happy early days, when she was good and faithful, *they* are not altered by her fault. They are round his hearth still to soothe him for his loss; he sees nothing in their eyes but their mother as she looked before she sinned, such as she was when he led her home over his threshold, to live and die with him, as he hoped. But, what is left to me? What do I see when I look into that boy's eyes, where I turned for all my comfort, and all my joy? Oh, sir, what see *I* there?" And the father's features assumed an aspect of the intensest loathing and hate.

Argument, with so fatal an impression, was vain.

"Now, tell me, doctor, if you can," he resumed vehemently, "how is this to be borne, or what am I to do? You cured him once, can you cure me? All your art is for bodies; yet there are plagues, fevers, cancers of a man's mind more unbearable far than any the body suffers. To shun what I cannot live without; to drive him from me that I couldn't bear an hour from my sight; I say, who can bear this? Is it a state to be borne by a creature that the Almighty has gifted with the power to live or die—to die—or kill? No—no, you cannot tell me what to do,—how to bear it; not you, nor all mankind will ever find a cure for such a state of living damnation as this!"

From that day the wretched father, wandering and muttering to himself, absented himself almost wholly from home and Peter, hiding his misery in the deeper chasms of fractured rocks, by the high sources of the waterfalls, in solitudes and shadows, savage and solitary, and gloomy as his view of life or death to come. Whether it arose from some neglect to which the tenderly-reared but now deserted boy became exposed by this desertion, or that his sensitive nature, pining under the change in his father's feelings, and not yet

wholly recovered from the effects of his illness, the fact was, from one of these two causes, a relapse took place, and my poor little patient was once more a prisoner of the sick chamber.

Meanwhile the wife, who had inflicted all this agony on the father, was suffering scarcely less. Even the fulness of revenge, indulged against those for whom love still lingers in the heart (and such was the case with Margaret Beynon) is like the recoil of a gun in an unskilful hand, which, bursting with its overcharge, proves more fatal to the party aiming to wound, than to the object aimed at. A terrible sort of compunction preyed on her mind from the moment of her fatal, self-criminating folly. As soon as news reached her (at the distance of some miles) of the new illness of the child (she being at the time herself dangerously ill), she despatched a most earnest request for an interview with her husband. He at last reluctantly assented, and they met.

Their meeting was solemn and affecting. She extended a thin and pallid hand toward her husband, while she sat propped in the bed for shortness of breath. He stopped, reluctant even to be near her. He had come a long way from his boy—*his* boy, as, melted by pity, he now, under his illness, could not bear but to call him. His heart was full of him, his thoughts were all on him,—the more so, that, being now out of sight, that fatal conceit of a likeness no longer could have the effect of chilling or enraging his heart. At home he had been agonised between his longing to act to him the part of a nurse, as before, and his half maniacal impression that every one knew the secret of the child's paternity, which forbade his manly and proud mind to become the apparent dupe of another, by thus cherishing another's offspring with a father's fondness. Thus tortured at home and abroad, David altered, haggard, unshorn, and stern, recoiled from that fatal woman. He stood aloof, and saw, unmoved, (if he saw at all,) the spectacle of a fearful hæmorrhage in her who had been the wife of his choice; and neither extended his hand in return, nor could bear to speak to, or even look at her.

"Pray, come nearer," she said faintly; "I cannot lift up my voice, and I have much to say, and little time to——"

He advanced one step, no more.

Panting for breath, she needed a helping arm to upraise her in the bed, and looked imploringly toward his (that which for a brief space had enfolded, had upheld her, and tenderly too, and might still have embraced her, but for a vindictive brother); but he still withholding his help, she desperately, in a sort of angry despair, erected herself by one effort, and brushed away one tear from her eye, that he might not see it stand there. The exertion caused a fresh and more frightful effusion of the vital fluid. The husband, somewhat touched, perhaps, by her reproachful look and wild action, stooped to hand her the cup, already nearly filled with the crimson horror. Even this tardy and cold courtesy affected the unhappy wife; she wept bitterly.

"Once more, David, but once, support me upright. A little touch of your arm will lift me higher, or I cannot say what I would not die without saying for all the world."

David felt once more the touch of that hand (in its unnatural bloodless white), which he had received before God at the altar, and

all the past came over him like a dream just remembered. The wedded happiness of a year, the after solitude of years; the strange transfer of his whole soul's affection to an infantile object; his pensive sort of bliss in the few years passed with him; the recent shocking wrench from his heart of that last consolation. Her frailty and its consequence, more fatal than itself, was now forgotten in this retrospect of a moment, and he even returned that hand's pressure while awaiting the disclosure she had to make.

"Oh! husband, hear me with patience, while I confess——"

It was a luckless beginning.

"Heaven's curse on your confessings!" he broke forth. "I'll hear no more of them! Would to God I had never heard them! Such confessions as yours, after such treachery, are fitter for hell than heaven. Your confessions have made me childless, and your child fatherless; made me unnatural to him,—his beauty hateful to me! Having fooled me so long, you should have held your peace for ever, and died in the sin and secrecy of incontinence, as you lived in the shame of it! Truth from your lips is a crime *now*; it has wrought a more devilish mischief than the foulest lie ever did! Lie on, *now*, you wretched woman, and die in your perjury,—you'll be sooner pardoned by a pitying God than for these accursed confessions."

Faint, and wringing her hands, she had not breath to interrupt him, except with a word or two.

"Oh, hear me! oh, I was false!"

"False to me! Don't I know it? Why again? Have you not said it already to kill all the father in my heart? Wretch! I tell you once again, you ought *now* to persuade me, were it possible, that you never *had* been false! Restore me my blessed ignorance, if you can; fool me again into the belief that he is my own; cheat me to take him back to my bosom and bed! Would you make your peace with God before you die?—die with that merciful lie upon your lips, crying 'He is your own,—he is your own!' but, no; it is too late."

With brilliant, yet ghastly smile, and her hectic blush now heightened to a burning crimson, Margaret sprang up of her own sudden strength, supplied by the violence of her emotion, and threw her arms round her husband's neck ere he was aware, and cried,

"And so he is! on the word and oath of a dying woman he is your own! I meant, that I confess a wicked lie told to you lately; I meant, that I was false when I joined my cruel brother in his wicked lie; but you stopped me short. And I *was* false when I accused myself,—on my life, and my soul's life, I was!" He shook his head as if incredulous. "You don't believe me, then?" said she, still wringing her hands. "Then it is indeed too late. My poor wronged little boy!"

"Foolish, miserable woman," he said mournfully, "did you think me earnest when I said you ought to deceive me? Are you obeying that foolish, wild injunction of mine? 'Twas but my passion."

"Alas! what can I say?—how undo what I have done?—and my breath is spent. Oh, God of truth, speak for me! Some pitying mother, now a saint in heaven, witness for me; whisper to his heart, convince my husband, do my dear child right before I die!"

A dawn of comfort grew visible in the gloomy eyes of the father.

"Wife!" he said solemnly, "remember—this is perhaps your death-bed."

"I do—I do! I hope it is, for I have nothing to live for; and, revenging God so deal with me as I speak true or false when I say—He is your own! he is your own! And I too, I am—*was*—your own, ever yours; but that you regard not. I was true to you, David,—loved you,—love you, David *back!* I came to your bosom even as I left my mother's at weaning time, pure as a child; and I go to my bed in the cold ground just as I left yours! Believe no other, David,—do me justice when I am there laid, husband dear! I feel we shall have no more dispute about the keeping of poor Peter. Death will soon settle that now—for ever."

David pored on her face as she spoke, as if to read her inmost soul. He was a suspicious man, and deep melancholy now made him slow to hope, and, therefore, to believe.

"Margaret!" he said tremulously, and held her hand, "I implore you not to deceive me in kindness! Truth—truth is what I pant for. Can you—dare you take an oath that that sweet and precious child is mine?"

"For God's sake bring me a Bible! There lies one—hand it me, quick!" she exclaimed, smiling brightly, though her agitation increased the frightful expectation every moment. "Invent any form of oath the most dreadful," she continued. "On the soul's peril of a dying woman, one who knows herself dying, I kiss this word of God, and swear he is your child. Look! I have sealed it with my blood; the impression of a bloody lip is on the leaf! Yours, David, your own dear boy! Now shall I be believed? Now do you—can you forgive my foul—my unnatural lie? If you can indeed, kiss me once—once more in token of it, and that we part in—peace, in love—"

"A hundred, my own dear Margaret," he cried rapturously; "from my heart I forgive you—from my soul I believe you," and kissed her as rapturously, while the happiness of being at last believed lit up the careworn features of the wife with such a beauty from within, that every vestige of sickness and impending death flew before it.

"You have heaved a mountain from off my breast, my dear—dear Peggy. 'Twas I who wronged *you*, by separating you from our darling. But we shall have no more dispute; we shall all three be happy yet."

She shook her head, and wept, for her extreme exhaustion now admonished her against indulging that hope of life which this new incident prompted so powerfully.

"Now, hear me swear, Margaret, solemnly swear, and believe me, you never had rival in my heart or bed, but that dear child—never! You shall come to Llandefelach,—we will nurse him together,—we will—"

As he spoke, the chamber-door was thrown open in haste, and one of his shepherds entered, who had ridden after him in haste, to say that the "womankind" thought there was a "change" in little Peter, by which expression David too well knew that the Welsh attendants mean some indication of approaching death, although their observation is sometimes fallacious. To David the words struck dismay through his very soul, and a ghastliness like death's own over-

spread his face, while all the husband forsook his heart, and he once more saw only before him the woman who had estranged him from his child, who had caused him to be at this moment at a distance from him.

"And I must be here,—at this horrid distance! I must leave him among strangers in perhaps his last—," and he scowled a dumb curse of infuriated misery at his ill-fated wife, who once more seemed to him the murderess of his life's companion,—his life's darling.

Abruptly he broke from her. Not a kiss, or embrace, or word more did he vouchsafe, but almost while her face yet remained turned after him, he vanished through the door. She was shocked by the sound of his horse's hoof rattling with reckless and dangerous speed along the naked and rugged rock of the mountain track which gave access to the wild residence of a mountain farm which she had chosen. Her heart seemed to die within her, as the sound died away in the high distance of the declivity he was ascending.

Little did the impatient father see or heed of his road, except its dreadful length. An obstructed journey of many mountain miles was before him. He pictured to himself his darling turning his poor wan face incessantly to the door for him each time it opened; he heard him faintly asking for him; he imagined his life ebbing fast away, and only strangers round; and every craggy water-course, every broken gully, where the dingy peat-water formed a rivulet; every round of pale green verdure indicating the dangerous quagmire which he must avoid; the clogging soil of the mountain's base, spongy with springs: all these seemed to his sad eye and soul as so many inhuman foes deaf and blind to his agony, and groan, and sweat, rising up between him and that house, (that deathbed to his fancy,) wherein and by which he had already arrived in mind, and stood—a childless man. His soul, indeed, was there, but round him, eternally recalling it, was the same dismal far-stretching distance, the fading horizon of mountain rock (for it grew dark), while the only life near was that of creatures alien to the nature of man, and his strong sympathies—the kite, the fern-owl, and the dismal bittern of the dark-brown marsh. No severer trial of mortal patience can perhaps exist than that he was doomed to suffer; that constant conflict between the fond spirit stretching forward, and throwing behind all obstacles, and the hindering body, in its gradual tardy, laborious progress, impeded by every one, even the least.

This trial, however, like all human trials, had its end. He approached his house. And now every unkind look and tone of the few last dismal weeks, which he had been betrayed into toward his uncomplaining, unoffending boy, were to be atoned for in one delightful embrace. For David had made a helpmate—a companion of him, young as he was; and therefore felt no less compunction and real remorse toward him, although a child, than toward an adult. With beating heart he pulled the string of the door-latch, paused to listen, and had the joy to find all noiseless within, proving that at least the worst had not yet occurred,—that death was not in the house. It seemed that such an event must have caused something at least of confusion, akin to that tremendous commotion in his own nature which its mere conceit had been producing during the whole of his journey. He was already at his child's bedside ere any knew of his return. All was dim, by the light of the small rush taper. What

was his sudden ease of heart to see one woman, only a nurse, tying on his darling's cap, in all tranquillity! The very suddenness of that ease, that stop of his heart's long palpitation was of itself a shock.

"Going to sleep, my precious? One kiss first, mine own darling, —*mine own* sweet boy! Forgive foolish father,—forgive him all his cruel——"

Bending over him in the dusk, he saw a pretty quiet smile on the wan little face, but it was not at him. The lips had a dreadful formality in their closure; it was the *chin-band* applied to the falling jaw which the woman was tying, and which he mistook for the cap. The truth flashed upon him just as he uttered the word father, and he knew that he was *now*, indeed, no father. The frightful appearance of two *eyeholes* instead of eyes (those beautiful eyes!) produced by two small coins, which the woman had placed there, (according to idle custom,) confirmed the sad impression. He jerked back his head, in horror, for his own lips and those of clay, his eyes and those eye-sockets, had nearly met. He uttered one deep groan, expressive of combined agony and horror, and fell at full length on the floor. It was but a minute's respite. Again he was on his feet, standing at the bedfoot, like some effigy, with its stony eyes fixed on vacancy, gazing stupified on the sad object which the officious nurse had now covered with a sheet, so that he looked only on the ghastly outline of the small corpse, with projecting face and feet.

Up to the day of his child's burial David hardly left the fatal chamber, and moved about, looking a thousand dreadful emotions, but venting none in almost total dumbness. He would not look on that last frightful duty imposed by a foul and dire necessity for the sake of survivors, but mounting horse, rode off in the direction of Cwm Carneddau, his wife's residence. Whether revenge for the fatal lie which had desolated it was up and raging in his breaking heart, and hurried him toward that miserable mother, or that a reeling mind led to rush abroad without object, while a depth of earth was being interposed between that fair object, now becoming a horror and an offence, and the living, whom its beauty had so lately gratified—from one of these causes, David was absent till the middle of the second night. But of his return I shall speak in the conclusion.

I was summoned in haste soon after to Llandefelach. I was led up stairs, where I found the haggard form of the master, apparently searching everywhere for something lost, and followed mournfully by two of his shepherds. He turned his hollow eyes on me with a look of confused recollection, then giving up his search, said disconsolately. "He is not here: can you tell me where is Peter — *my* Peter? I look across the world, and he is not there. I look up to Heaven, and ask him of God, and God will not hear me—not answer me. I listen for his little voice all night, and cannot hear it; yet I hear it calling in my heart for ever. I shall never see him more, —never hear it more!"

The unhappy man had, I learned, reached Carneddau, and found his wife in her coffin. The shock of his furious and abrupt parting had quickly overpowered her remains of life. Whether or no his intellects were at that time already gone, must for ever remain unknown, and unknown, therefore, what was the aim of his visit. On his return he was wild in his deportment and looks; he had lost his hat; he appeared to have been immersed in a bog; his horse was

discovered loose on the hill, among the pits of black peat (or *mawn*), where, doubtless, his frenzied rider had passed one dismal night.

Some years after the death of the child I was entering a town at a little distance from Llandefelach, one fine summer's night, by a cloudless moon. A peal of bells (a rather rare accompaniment of our Welsh churches,) reached my ears, from the church seen dim on an eminence above the humble town, shrouded by venerable trees, from amidst which the mossy thatches of the houses, in their grey antiquity, peeped through thick foliage. Cows wandered about the rude streets of half green rock, steeply sloping down to a little river tumbling in a craggy channel, and keeping a perpetual gentle roar, which, deadened by the banks, produced an effect as lulling, if not as melancholy, as those distant bells. The voices of a few children, tempted out to play round a huge oak-tree, on a greensward in the middle of this lonely village town, alone broke the monotony of those mingled sounds, except when an owl was heard from a small ruin of a castle on a mound beyond that mountain brook.

Knowing this to be the native place of David Beynon, where his aged mother still resided, I thought of that unfortunate man, whom the last report I heard stated to be in the condition of raving insanity, in a receptacle for the mad. I thought of the time when he played like one of those little ones, round that tree, and obeyed the pretty summons, which I now heard from them, in English,

“Boys and girls come out to play,
Now the moon shines bright as day,” &c.

On their chanting their song, I was startled by the sudden appearance of a tall old man, in tattered clothes, with long hair and beard quite white, who had been sitting at the foot of the tree, and who, on the children pulling him by the withered hands, laughed shrilly, and awkwardly joined in their wild dance, to their seeming great amusement. Nothing but his stature, and something mournful and infantile in his half hysterical laugh, distinguished his manners from those of the real children, whose companion rather than sport, he seemed to be.

It was not till I had inquired about this poor harmless being at the rustic inn, that I knew that this was David Beynon come home to his decrepit mother, to finish his mindless existence under the roof where it began.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

“Se la mia vita dall' aspre tormonte.”

LADY, if all the torments I sustain—

This bitter misery—these ceaseless tears,

Do not destroy my life—I may with pain

View thy bright eyes grow dim in after years ;

See silver threads mix with thy golden hair ;

Youth's garlands wither from their summer glow,

And thy cheek fade. The wreck of one so fair

Will in its sadness mock each lighter woe.

Then, love will give me courage to reveal

(When all thy pride of beauty will be gone,)

The martyrdom that I have felt, and feel

For hours, days, years of anguish lingering on.

If this, my future hope, may never be,

These sighs relieve me, though they reach not thee.

M. T. H.

THE QUARANTINE.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

BE it known to all travellers that there is, or was, a steam-boat to Civita Vecchia from Marseilles. I had passed the winter there, if winter it can be called,—for the myrtle, indigenous to that coast, never loses its flowers, in bud or blossom, and the orange and the citron, and many of the most delicate of the tropical productions were growing in the open air.

The carnival was drawing to a close, and I was anxious to reach Rome in time for the offices and ceremonies of the *Settimana Santa*,—to hear the *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel,—to receive the *Benedicite* in the Great Square of St. Peter's,—to behold the illumination of that greatest of temples, and the fire-works on St. Angelo. Another cause for my departure was, that I had become tired of green peas,—excuse my being so unsentimental as to name them,—and, for these reasons,—you will think me very confidential,—I embarked on board this steamer for Genoa.

It was the month of April. I basked in the sunshine, and inhaled with delight the genial breeze, as we ran along the shore. The deck was covered with flowers; and it seemed to me that the pilgrim voyage from the *Pyræum* to Delphi could not have been a more continual fête.

And now the dark blue waves of the Mediterranean glittered in the distance, whilst the water, placid as that of a lake, appeared to fly behind the vessel. In front that key to the two seas, the stupendous rock of Gibraltar, presented itself; whilst to the right those of Tetuan and Ronda lifted their aerial summits into the clouds. There is not on the face of the whole world a spot that in sublimity can match with this, uniting, as it does, in one point of view, outlines so varied and picturesque; exciting emotions so profound, and reviving recollections so heroic. For we behold, on either hand, two continents, where civilization and barbarism meet; two quarters of the globe the most dissimilar, and hostile to, each other.

As we rounded the peninsula of Gibraltar the giant mountains of Africa developed themselves, and the last rays of the setting sun gleamed on the old ramparts of Tarifa. Further off could be descried Algeiras and its smiling plains, where was fought the celebrated battle of Rio Salado, in which Don Alfonso annihilated the innumerable armies of the Moors; where, and at Las Novas di Toledo, was decided the question whether the cross should triumph over the crescent, or all Europe bow to the Mahomedan yoke. But, without here indulging in any further reflections,—which, after those of Gibbon, would be trite and superfluous,—I will introduce you to one of our party, our "*pars maxima rerum*."

The lady was of a certain age,—which means no age, or any age; one of those old maids who, to the astonishment of foreigners, swarm about the Continent, without either servant or protector, singly, as in this instance, or in twos or threes, in innumerable others. I had fallen in with her more than once during my Swiss tour, and we passed the night together—I mean no scandal—in a cowhouse on the Grimsal, the wretched accommodation of its solitary

inn having been pre-engaged by a large family ; so that our faces, at least, were familiar to each other.

Speaking of Switzerland, she had traversed almost every pass on the Alps ; slept among the snows, and crossed fissures in the avalanche on a single plank : exploits that obtained for her among the guide the name of the "*Cheval Anglaise*." Pierre Terraz told me he had once saved her from congelation by the animal magnetism of one of his legs, — a strange mode of keeping up the vital heat, and a hint taken from the practice of the brigands of Calabria—*vide* "*Tales of a Traveller*." Only think of putting into the same sentence a brigand and a spinster, — *necessitas non habet leges*, without the *c.* It is an applicable adage ; and, I hope, if she sees this mention of hers, she will not be so much offended as Henry Quatre's queen was, when the cotton-spinners at Dijon presented her with a pair *des bas* — to cover what queens should not be supposed by their subjects ever to have—legs.

Mauvaise honte was a feeling to which you may suppose our maiden lady was a stranger. Her height and figure, happily by no means common among our countrywomen, rendered her sex, to outward appearance, extremely problematic ; she was scraggy withal ; her small sunken eyes, of a sombre hue, were tinged with circles even deeper in colour ; and her complexion, either from exposure to the weather, spleen, or excess of bile in the *rete mucosum*, was about as dark as that of a Chichi, or Anglo-Asiatic.

This will not be thought a flattering likeness. All I can say is, that none of our party would have thought the portrait overcharged, or wanting in fidelity ; and, if it were, caricature is pardonable in some cases. There *are* wrongs— Let me keep my temper.

Morning had just dawned when Genoa rose out of the sea, and its coast in the distance seemed spotted with luminous points that grew more distinct at every revolution of the wheels, till her palaces, domes, spires, villas, and convents, with the barrier of her fortresses in the horizon, were revealed to sight.

She may well be called the *Superba* ; and Alfieri was for once a poet when he thus addressed her :—

" O, thou who sitt'st in haughtiest majesty,
 Glassing thyself in the Ligurian sea,
 And towering from thy curved shores to the sky,
 I count at thy back, the mountains mantling thee,
 In moles and palaces proud, which Italy,
 Though great and fair, boast not to rival. Why
 Are not thy *governors*, as thine should be
 In thought, mind, conduct, somewhat worthier thee ?"

It was only the beginning of the sonnet that suggested itself to the mind. We were soon doomed to learn the truth of the two last lines of the apostrophe from sad experience.

And now the boat entered between the two Moles ; gigantic outworks of the time when she was queen of the Mediterranean. I had never visited that magnificent city ; and, as Madame de Staël exclaimed with enthusiasm, "*Demain je m'éveillerai en Rome !*" so, as I gazed on the glorious spectacle, I said to myself, " In half an hour I shall be *there*."

I was well acquainted with the convulsive scenes of which that

republic had been the arena. The struggles for power of the Adorne and Fregose, its Guelphs and Ghibellines.

Here stood the Doria Villa, with its terraces, quarries of marble; its frescos, painted by Perin del Vaga, one of Raphael's most distinguished pupils. To the left I saw the San Pier D'Arena, through which old Andrea fled after the death of his nephew Giannettino. On the hill to the right was pointed out to me the site of La Inviolata, the palace of his rival, the princely Fieschi.

I visited, in thought, the D'Arena, where he sank in all his armour, on crossing a plank to a mutinous galley; and the gate against which was nailed the head of the Brutus of the conspiracy, Verrina.

I walked in idea through these streets of marble palaces. The Balbi, Nuova, Novissima, and Carlo Felice, entered the splendid churches of San Lorenzo and San Sirio. Just as I was indulging in all these reveries the harbour-master came on board.

I did not acquaint you, as I should have done, that the cholera had broken out at this time in England, and thence extended itself to some of the sea-ports on the south of France. I imagine it is owing to the ravages which the plague has made in Italy, especially at Genoa, that the quarantine laws are there enforced with a rigour unknown in any other part of the world.

The first inquiry this officer made was for the list of the passengers, in order to identify it with the passports.

We were marshalled on the deck, and of course the *vieille demoiselle* appeared among us.

The lady had the precedence, and our inquisitor, addressing her, said,

"Signora, et suo passaporto—"

"Here," said Miss Pigou.

He took it and read—

"Laissez passer librement, Mademoiselle Pigou et son domestique."

"Dove é il domestico?" asked the harbour-master.

"I had no servant," said the lady, with embarrassment.

"She had no servant!" exclaimed the captain in alarm.

"She had no servant!" echoed the passengers all, with one breath, in consternation.

The servant might well be missing, since he was a mere *nominis umbra*,—not even his ghost could have been raised,—no servant of her's ever came on board. Either vanity or thoughtlessness had led her to falsify her passport.

"The domestico, then, died on the passage," said the officer, trembling lest he should have caught the infection,—“died of the cholera. Produce the servant, or go into quarantine,” added he, addressing the captain.

It was in vain that we all asserted the truth. Entreaties, threats were of no avail. He ordered that we should immediately be set on shore at the lazaretto, and that the vessel should be moored in the quarantine ground, under the *Lanterna*.

At this moment I no longer wondered at the surprise of Iphigenia. In barbarous times, our ancient virgin would certainly have met with the fate of Arion, without a chance of being saved by a dolphin. As it was, the captain's curses were loud, and our own not less deep, though less vigorously expressed.

Behold us, then, landed at the Place of Dolour. The spot chosen for the lazaretto makes it certainly not the most desirable or sanatory of residences. It stands in a swamp below the ramparts, but separated from them first by the general Campo Santo, or cemetery, and nigh by a deep drain, always full of back-water in a state of putrescence, that washes the side of the prison. In front is the beach, whose accumulated shingles have attained such a height as almost to exclude the sea-breeze, and consequently the fetid odours of the ditch have no chance of being neutralized by ventilation.

Owing to the arrival of several vessels from the Barbary coast, the lazaretto was so crowded, that only one room was vacant, or rather, perhaps, our intemperate denunciations against the harbour-master had obtained for us as a penance the infliction of one general ward, like that of an hospital. I will endeavour to describe it. The apartment was about sixty feet long by forty wide. It had originally been white-washed; but time, and the *mal-propreté* of its numerous sets of occupants, tobacco and other stains, not mentionable, made it difficult to guess what had been the original dye of the walls,—so that an artist (and there was one among us) might have found any colour that his canvass required. The brick floor had been innocent of water for some generations, and was covered with marks innumerable and indelible, that gave it the appearance of a tortoise's back, or a chess-board, without its regularity. There were three grated windows, of ample size, looking out into a narrow yard, bounded by lofty walls rising high above the roof of the building; and in the court was posted a sentinel who paraded in front, in order to remind the *détenus* of what they were.

You may imagine our despair when we were shown into this barrack. We stared at each other in blank astonishment. But scarcely had we entered when we were visited by an upholsterer, who undertook to fit up our quarters, and soon commenced his operations. By means of wood and canvass, he contrived to cut the room unequally in two with a partition eight feet high, and behind it were ranged some iron bedsteads. Here was to be our dormitory. Outside this screen a *salle à manger*, as he dignified the place, was furnished with a table and some wooden chairs; whilst one of the corner windows was allotted to the cause of all our woes. Only speaking a few words of Italian, and her French not being very legitimate, Miss Pigou was heard storming at the top of her voice, and in high altercation with the concierge.

"Where is my bed-room, Camera?" said the antiquated spinster.

"Your bed-room!" replied the keeper with a sneer. "Signora quì," pointing to the corner.

"I am not a signora," said the lady,—a "ragazza."

"Che," said the man, with the most imperturbable effrontery, "una ragazza—you are all fellow passengers," and, eyeing her with attention, added, "There is no danger."

"What a brute!" exclaimed the lady.

"Si," muttered the keeper, "é molto bruta."

"I will appeal to the ambassador," menaced Miss Pigou.

"The ambassador has nothing to do with our quarantine laws: I am supreme here," said the man, and immediately turned on his heel.

C'était beau cuir. If circumstances will not yield to you, says Lord Bacon, you must yield to circumstances,—so with us. We soon

became reconciled to our situation :—we had books, a chess-board, and very agreeable society, composed of French and English. The term fixed for our detention was ten days, and the party promised to be an harmonious one. The restaurateur was a man of great promise. Our antiquated virgin ensconced herself in her corner ; and we did not much regret the loss of her company. There is an anecdote told of Hoffman, that perhaps might not have been inapplicable had she joined our mess. Whenever it chanced that at dinner he was placed next to a *bas bleu*, he would tuck his napkin under his arm, whisk his plate off the table, and go and post himself as far as possible from her, looking wildly out of his little keen eyes, as though he had escaped being bit by an asp. This by the bye.

We found the cook a distinguished *artiste*. He gave us little oysters, almost equal to those of Ostend. They are found imbedded in the rocks, and it must require a most experienced eye to detect them ; red mullet *en papillote*—they proved, at least, if the Genoese are *uomini senza fede*, their sea is not *senza pescé* ; quails, with their envelope of vine leaves, &c. The champagne and Burgundy were excellent in quality ; and, after the cloth was removed, we proposed to pass the evening in recounting to each other our several adventures.

THE LOST BATTLE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

Oh Allah ! who will give me back my terrible array ?
 My emirs and my cavalry that shook the earth to-day ;
 My tent, my wide-extending camp, all dazzling to the sight,
 Whose watch-fires, kindled numberless beneath the brow of night,
 Seem'd oft unto the sentinel that watch'd the midnight hours,
 As heaven along the sombre hill had rain'd its stars in showers ?

Where are my beys so gorgeous, in their light pelisses gay,
 And where my fierce Timariot bands, so fearless in the fray ;
 My spotted khans, my spahis brave, swift thunderbolts of war ;
 My sun-burnt Bedouins, trooping from the Pyramids afar,
 Who laugh'd to see the labouring hind stand terrified at gaze,
 And urged their desert horses on amid the ripening maize ?

These horses with their fiery eyes, their slight untiring feet,
 That flew along the fields of corn like grasshoppers so fleet—
 What ! to behold again no more, loud charging o'er the plain,
 Their squadrons, in the hostile shot diminish'd all in vain,
 Burst grandly on the heavy squares, like clouds that bear the storms,
 Enveloping in lightning fires the dark resisting turms !

Oh ! they are dead !—their housings brave are trail'd amid their gore ;
 Dark blood is on their manes and sides, all deeply spotted o'er :
 All vainly now the spur would strike these cold and rounded flanks,
 To wake them to their wonted speed amid the rapid ranks :
 Here the bold riders red and stark upon the sands lie down,
 Who in their friendly shadows slept throughout the halt at noon.

Oh Allah ! who will give me back my terrible array ?
 See where it lies along the fields for leagues on leagues away,
 Like riches from a spendthrift's hand flung prodigal to earth,
 Lo ! steeds and riders ;—Tartar chiefs, or of Arabian birth,

Their turbans, and their rapid course, their banners, and their cries,
Seem now as if a troubled dream had pass'd before my eyes.

My valiant warriors and their steeds, thus doom'd to fall and bleed !
Their voices have no echo now, their footsteps have no speed ;
They sleep, and have forgot at last the sabre and the bit—
Yon vale, with all its corpses heap'd, seems one wide charnel-pit.
Long shall the evil omen rest upon this plain of dread—
To-night the smell of solemn blood, to-morrow of the dead.

Alas ! 'tis but a shadow now—that noble armament !
How terribly they strove, and press'd from morn till eve unspent,
Amid the fatal fiery ring enamour'd of the fight !
Now o'er the dim horizon sinks the solemn pall of night :
The brave have bravely done their work, and calmly sleep at last ;
The crows begin, and o'er the dead are gathering dark and fast.

Already through their feathers black they pass their eager beaks,
Forth from the forest's distant depth, from bald and barren peaks,
They congregate in hungry flocks, and rend their gory prey.
Woe to that gorgeous army's pride, so vaunting yesterday !
That formidable host, alas ! is coldly nerveless now
To drive the vulture from his gorge, or scare the ghastly crow.

Were now that host again mine own, with banner broad unfurl'd,
With it I would advance and win the empire of the world.
Monarchs to it should yield their realms, and veil their haughty brows ;
My sister it should ever be, my lady, and my spouse.
Oh ! what will unrestoring Death, that jealous tyrant-lord,
Do with the brave departed men that cannot wield a sword.

Why turn'd the balls aside from me?—why struck no hostile hand
My head within its turban green along the bloody sand ?
I stood all potent yesterday ; my bravest captains three,
All stirless in their tiger'd selle, magnificent to see,
Hoisted before my gilded tent, full-flowing to the gales,
Shorn from the tameless desert steeds, three dark and tossing tails.

But yesterday a hundred drums were heard when I went by ;
Full forty agas turn'd their looks respectful on mine eye,
And trembled with contracted brows within their hall of state.
Instead of heavy catapults, of slow unwieldy weight,
I had bright cannons rolling on their wheels in threatening tiers,
And calm and steady by their sides my English cannoniers.

But yesterday, and I had towns, and castles strong and high,
And Greeks in thousands, for the base and servile Jews to buy.
But yesterday, and arsenals and harems were my own ;
While now, defeated and proscribed, deserted and alone,
I flee away, a fugitive, and of my former power,
Allah ! I have not now at last one battlemented tower.

And must I fly—the grand vizier—the pacha of three tails !
O'er the horizon and the hills, where distant vision fails,
All stealthily, with eyes on earth, and shrinking from the sight,
As a nocturnal robber holds his dark and breathless flight,
And thinks he sees the gibbet spread its arms in solemn wrath,
In every tree that dimly throws its shadow on his path !

Thus, after his defeat, pale Reschid speaks.
Among the dead we had a thousand Greeks.
Lone from the field the Pacha fled afar,
And, musing, wiped his reeking scimitar,
His two dead steeds upon the sands were flung,
And on their sides their empty stirrups rung.

RAMBLES AMONG THE RIVERS.—No. II.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE THAMES AND HIS TRIBUTARIES.

So taken up were we at the conclusion of the last chapter with the woes of Mary d'Este, recalled to our memory by the ancient church wall of St. Mary's, Lambeth, that we were nigh passing over, with less notice than their importance demands, the historical purlieus of Thorney Island, on the opposite bank of the river.

This spot was originally the most desolate and barren of any in the neighbourhood of London. In the time of the Romans, it was a waste, overgrown with weeds and thorns, bounded on two sides by a dirty stream, afterwards called the Long Ditch. One of the first buildings erected upon it was a minster, undertaken by the converted King Sibert, in the year 610. To this minster the now famous city of Westminster owes all its greatness, and even its name. The seat of a bishop, it soon drew a busy population around it, who built upon and cultivated the waste, and in process of time filled up the ditch. King Rufus was the next to add to its dignity by the erection of his handsome banqueting-hall, where he used to keep his Christmas in great style with his court and retainers. Then the judges began to hold their sittings there, and finally the parliaments, until, in the course of time, all these advantages made Westminster the first city of the empire. A good story is related of James the First and one of the Lords Mayor, in reference to the prosperity of the twin cities, and which, for its happy, quiet laudation of the Thames, it would be unpardonable to omit. James being in want of twenty thousand pounds, applied to the corporation of London for a loan of that sum. The corporation refused, upon which the king in high dudgeon sent for the Lord Mayor and some of the aldermen, and, rating them in severe terms for their disloyalty, insisted upon their raising the money for him. "Please your majesty," said the Lord Mayor, "we cannot lend you what we have not got."—"You *must* get it," replied the King.—"We cannot," said the Lord Mayor.—"I'll compel you," rejoined the King.—"But you cannot compel us," retorted the Lord Mayor.—"No!" exclaimed the King; "then I'll ruin your city for ever. I'll make a desert of Westminster. I'll remove my courts of law, my parliament, and my court to York or to Oxford, and then what will become of you?"—"Please your majesty," rejoined the Lord Mayor meekly, "you may remove yourself and your courts wherever you please; but there will always be this consolation for the poor merchants of London,—*you cannot take the Thames along with you.*"

Leaving Westminster and all its reminiscences behind us,—for they are too many for our purpose, and would occupy as much space as we have to bestow upon the Thames itself, we continue our course upward to Vauxhall Bridge, passing the gloomy Penitentiary of Milbank on the right, and the low shores of ancient Lambeth on the left. How squalid and how miserable they look!—and how well do the lines of Pope, written more than a hundred and twenty years ago, describe their present appearance;—

In every town where Thanis rolls his tide
 A narrow pass there is, with houses low,
 Where ever and anon the stream is dyed,
 And many a boat soft sliding to and fro,—
 There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
 The short, thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall—

And on the broken pavement here and there
 Doth many a rotten sprat and herring lie ;
 A brandy and tobacco shiop is near,
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by ;
 And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
 At every door are sun-burnt matrons seen
 Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
 Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between—
 Scold answers foul-mouth'd scold : bad neighbourhood, I ween.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
 Woolwich, and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch,
 Such Lambeth—

The years that have rolled by since the time of Pope have made little or no difference in the habits or habitations of the poor. The progress of civilisation does nothing for them. Noble mansions may lift themselves on either side, bridges may be built, railways constructed ; but the dwellings of the poor experience no improvement. A thousand years can effect nothing more for them than to change the wigwam into the hovel, and at the latter point they stop. It is hard to say whether their change of habits is even so much in their favour. As "noble savages," they had at least the advantages of health and fresh air ; as independent labourers, doomed to the gas-work or the factory, they have neither,—besides wanting the contentment which was the lot of their naked progenitors of the woods and wilds. However, this is merely a hint for the political economists, and has nothing to do with Vauxhall, at which point we have now arrived, and caught, for the first time since we left London Bridge, a view of the green fields and the open country. Of Vauxhall itself there is little to say, and that little not worth repeating, except in the pages of a parish history. But its gardens, a glimpse of whose tree-tops we can just obtain from the river, how shall we describe them? Where in all England is there a spot more renowned among pleasure-seekers than

"This beauteous garden, but by vice maintained,"

as Addison, paraphrasing Juvenal, expresses it? Famous is Vauxhall in all the country round for its pleasant walks, its snug alcoves, its comic singers, its innumerable lamps, its big balloons, its midnight fireworks, its thin slices, its dear potatoes, its greedy waiters, and its ladies fair and kind, and abounding with every charm, except the greatest which can adorn their sex, and the want of which renders their beauty coarse, their kindness selfish, and their very presence an offence to the well-minded. In Addison's time, Spring Gardens, as they were then called, were noted for their nightingales and their sirens ; and Sir Roger de Coverley is represented as having wished there were more of the former and fewer of the latter, in which case he would have been a better customer. But in our day there are no

nightingales, and the sirens have it all to themselves. But let that pass. If the age will not mend its manners, it is no fault of ours; and we must take Vauxhall, like other things, as we find it. Sterner moralists than we are, or wish to be, have thought it a pleasant place, and the old guide-books invariably designate it "an earthly paradise." Addison called it a Mahometan paradise,—choosing the epithet, no doubt, from the numerous *houris* before mentioned, and the admixture of sensual and intellectual enjoyments which it afforded. In our day its claim to so high a character cannot be supported: it is the paradise only of fools, or at best of servant girls and apprentices.

On the opposite bank of the river the country is open, and we obtain a fine view of the western suburbs of the great capital. Further up the stream to the left we arrive opposite to the Red House, Battersea Fields, a spot which is noted for amusements of a very different kind. Here men, calling themselves gentlemen, assemble frequently during the summer months and murder pigeons, calling it *sport*. Here they stand in the court-yard of a public-house, and shoot pigeons by the hundred, let out of a box for the purpose, forgetting that all the enthusiasm, all the excitement, all the health, exercise, and pleasure of true sport disappear, and that the wholesale slaughter is left without any one excuse to be urged in its favour. If these men *will* shoot, let them hie to the mountains, let them tread the heather, or wade among the shallow waters for the wild fowl, and they will strengthen their limbs, cheer their spirits, and, if they try, improve their minds by the contemplation of nature in her solitudes. They will, at all events, be something better than a poulterer's assistant, which is the very highest rank that can be conferred upon pigeon-shooters.

These fields also are the scene of the marvellous adventure which befell Evans the astrologer, in the year 1663, as related in Lilly's Memoirs of his Life and Times. This Evans resided in the Minorities, and being visited one day by Lord Bothwell and Sir Kenelm Digby, was desired by them to raise a ghost. Evans drew the magic circle accordingly, and stepping inside with his visitors, commenced his invocation. "Not having," quoth Lilly, "made any suffumigation, the spirits were vexed," and resolving to punish him for his neglect, whisked him out of the circle in an instant, carried him up the chimney, over the houses, over St. Paul's, over Westminster Abbey, and right over the Thames, until they arrived at Battersea Causeway, where they bumped him down from the height of a few hundred feet, and left him to die or recover, as he thought best. He was found the next morning by a countryman, of whom he inquired where he was, and how far from London? On being informed, he explained that he had been drinking with some friends in Battersea the previous night; that he had got drunk, and did not know what he did with himself afterwards;—an explanation which was perfectly satisfactory to the countryman, and will, no doubt, be so to the modern reader. It was not so, however, with Lilly, who was a great stickler for the truth of the supernatural version of the story.

On the opposite shore of the river stands Chelsea Hospital, the last refuge of the old soldier—

"Seul refuge, après tant de combats."

Englishmen are justly proud of this establishment, though being a

sea-faring people, they rank it after Greenwich Hospital, which holds the first and highest place in their affections. Here the veterans bask themselves in the sun, and eat, and drink, and sleep, and gossip, having nothing else in the world to do. Though they never spared gunpowder, whose legitimate food the poet called them, gunpowder has spared them. Having made a full meal of their fellows now sleeping under the sod, he picked off the leg of one, the arm of another, and scooped out the eye of a third, just to show his willingness to devour, and that these were the dainties which were most to his mind. The history of this building is odd enough. The college, founded by a charter of James the First, in the year 1610, was intended as a seminary for polemical divines, who were to be employed in opposing the doctrines of papists and sectaries. Skillful combatants they were in the war of words; but fate had decreed the spot as a dwelling-place for combatants of another description. A king might intend it for a nursery to train up men in the art of opposing his enemies by the arguments of the tongue and the pen; but fate had said it should be the nursery of those who had employed their lives in using the still stronger arguments of the sword and the gun. The original scheme was not productive of much benefit; and the college having become tenantless, it was granted in the year 1669 to the Royal Society. It was again tenantless in the year 1680, and was fixed upon as the site of the present edifice. The foundation-stone was laid by Charles the Second, in 1682, and it was built from the design of Sir Christopher Wren. There is a tradition that it was owing to the influence of the beauteous Eleanor Gwynne that Charles the Second was induced to establish this institution, and the old soldiers to this day speak of her memory with the utmost respect.

Chelsea itself abounds in reminiscences, having been the residence of Sir Thomas More, of Holbein, of Pym, of St. Evremond, of Walpole, of Sir Hans Sloane, and also of Nell Gwynne and the Duchess of Mazarin, the mistresses of Charles, with a hundred other personages, celebrated for their virtue, their genius, their patriotism, their benevolence, or their beauty. There is an air of antiquity and sobriety about that portion of it which is seen from the river that is highly pleasing. The solemn, unassuming church, the sedate houses, and the venerable trees on Cheyne Walk, throw a charm around it quite delightful to the eye, which has dwelt too long upon the flaunting elegance of modern buildings, and the prim precision of new streets, that never by any chance afford room for a tree to grow upon them, and rarely within sight of them. The visiter's eye cannot fail to remark about the middle of the walk a tavern, inscribed with large letters along its front, "Don Saltero's—1695." This is the place celebrated in No. 34 of the Tatler, which was opened in the year above mentioned by one Salter, a barber, made a *don* by the facetious Admiral Munden, who, having cruised for a long period on the coasts of Spain, had contracted a habit of *donning* all his acquaintance, and putting a final *o* to their names. This barber had a taste for natural history, and adorned his coffee-room with stuffed birds, reptiles, and dried beetles; and the singularity of his taste, for a person in his condition of life, drew him many customers. The Tatler describes the room as being covered with "ten thousand gimcracks on the walls and ceiling," and Don Saltero himself as a sage-looking man, of a thin and meagre aspect. Its appearance is

somewhat different now. The gimcracks, the old curiosities of the don, have dwindled away to two which still ornament the walls,—an old map of London and its environs; a painting of a ferocious Welshman with a Bardolphian nose riding on a goat, and armed with a leek and a red-herring, instead of sword and gun; and a label here and there about ginger-beer and soda-water. Instead of the meagre-looking sage, a bluff waiter enters at your summons, upon whose character you cannot speculate, so dull is he, and so like the thousands you may daily meet. The old host offered, on the contrary, a very fertile subject for the theorist. "Why," said the Tatler, "should a barber, and Don Saltero among the rest, be for ever a politician, a musician, and a physician?" Ah, why, indeed?—who can tell? To this day the barber is still the same. Go into a barber's anywhere, no matter in what district, and it is ten to one you will hear the sounds either of a fiddle or a guitar, or see the instruments hanging up somewhere. You will also find him a politician; or if not a politician, a great friend and small critic of the drama. Had we space, and it were part of our subject, we could discourse upon this matter lengthily if not learnedly, and also upon another question equally luminous, which has puzzled philosophers for many ages, "Why do all poor old women wear *red cloaks*?" But we refrain, and continue our reminiscences of Chelsea.

In a house fronting the river, the site of which, to our no little mortification, we could not ascertain, resided Sir Thomas More, about the year 1520. Erasmus, who was his frequent guest, describes it as having been "neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent enough. There he conversed with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There was not any man living," continues Erasmus, "who was so affectionate to his children as he; and he loveth his old wife as well as if she were a young maid." Here Holbein shared this great man's hospitality for three years; and here also the royal brute his master, when he was in the mood to do him honour, came in regal state, and sometimes privately, to dine with him. Here also the noble-minded daughter of the philosopher buried the grey head of her unfortunate father, after having at great risk stolen it from the pike on which it was fixed at London Bridge, by the order of the blood-thirsty Henry VIII. If there are occasions in which the insensible sod can become hallowed and consecrated, an incident like this ought in all true hearts to render it holy for evermore,—thither should pilgrims resort, and there should monuments be erected. Never did soil receive a more affecting deposit than when the head of that sage and Christian, with its long white beard, was laid by filial hands in the garden at Chelsea. Pity it is that there is no memorial on the spot to guide the steps of the thousands who would think it a labour of love to visit it. The body was buried at Chelsea, in the south side of the chancel.

Of the bridge connecting Chelsea with Battersea, useful, no doubt, but certainly not very ornamental, it is unnecessary to say more than merely mention the fact of its existence. Battersea, whose simple unpretending church-steeple peeps modestly from amid surrounding houses, requires more notice. Here at one time Pope had a favourite study fronting the Thames, and here was born the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke. Some portraits of the St. Johns, ancestors of

this nobleman, adorn the windows of the church. There is also a monument to his memory executed by Roubiliac.

The etymology of the word Battersea has often puzzled commentators. Doctors have differed as to whether St. Patrick or St. Peter, or plain Batter-pudding, or even butter, should have the honour of bestowing a name upon the village. Aubrey derives it from St. Patrick, it having, in William the Conqueror's time, been written Patrice-cey, afterwards Batrichsey, and then Battersea. Lysons battles in favour of St. Peter, and the etymology seems plain enough ;— Petersea, Pattersea, Battersea ; which is rendered more likely to be the true one, by the manor having once belonged to the abbey of St. Peter's, at Chertsey. This village used to be famous for asparagus, and that the following song was written in praise of some bright-eyed daughter of the spot, real or imaginary.

Of all the broad rivers that flow to the ocean,
 There's none to compare, native Thames I unto thee ;
 And gladly for ever,
 Thou smooth-rolling river,
 I 'd dwell on thy green banks at fair Battersea.
 'T was there I was born, and 't is there I will linger,
 And there shall the place of my burial be,
 If fortune, caressing,
 Will grant but one blessing,
 The heart of the maiden of fair Battersea.
 I seek not to wander by Tyber or Arno,
 Or castle-crown'd rivers in far Germanie ;
 To me, Oh, far dearer,
 And brighter, and clearer,
 The Thames as it ripples at fair Battersea.
 Contentment and Hope, spreading charms all around them,
 Have hallow'd the spot since she smil'd upon me—
 O Love ! thy joys lend us,
 O Fortune, befriend us,
 We 'll yet make an Eden of fair Battersea.

A little farther on to the left, a small stream discharges itself into the Thames. This is the Wandle, the "blue transparent Vandalis" of Pope, and famous for trout. Pleasant places there are on its banks, between Carshalton and Wandsworth, where the angler may take his station, and be rewarded with something more substantial than mere nibbles. The stream is also renowned for the great number of dye-houses and manufacturing establishments upon its banks. Poetry, too, has striven to celebrate it. Witness the following ditty, made upon some charmer, whose beauty seems to have been the only witchcraft that she used :—

Sweet little witch of the Wandle !
 Come in my bosom and fondle,
 I love thee sincerely,
 I 'll cherish thee dearly,
 Sweet little witch of the Wandle !
 Sweet little witch of the Wandle !
 All our life long let us fondle ;
 Ne'er will I leave thee,
 Ne'er will I grieve thee,
 Sweet little witch of the Wandle !

Close by Wandsworth is a long lane, the name of which has become famous in all the country, since Foote wrote his admirable burlesque, "The Mayor of Garratt." Garratt Lane runs parallel for a considerable distance with the river Wandle, and used to be the scene in former years, of the election of a mock member of parliament, whenever there was a general election. The Mayor of Garratt was the name given to their president by a club of small tradesmen, who had formed an association about the year 1760, to prevent encroachments upon the neighbouring common. Afterwards, when Foote had given celebrity to the name, a mayor was elected by all the ragamuffins of the vicinity, who assembled in a public-house for that purpose; and later still, a member of parliament was elected instead of the mayor. Upon these occasions, there was generally a goodly array of candidates, who had their proposers and seconders, and made long burlesque speeches in the regular form. Thousands of persons from London used to meet in the lane, to the great profit of the innkeepers, who willingly paid all the expenses of flags, placards, and hustings. But these proceedings, which commenced in good humour, ended very often in broken heads and limbs; and the magistracy, scandalised by the scenes of debauchery, drunkenness, and robbery that were so frequent, determined to put a stop to the exhibition; and it was finally suppressed about the year 1796.

The next place we arrive at is Putney, famous as the head-quarters of Cromwell's army, when the royal forces were stationed at Hampton Court. Putney was also the birth-place of the other and less celebrated Cromwell, Earl of Essex, whose father was a blacksmith in the village. Drayton, in his *Legend of Thomas Cromwell*, says there was an unusual tide of the river at his birth, which was thought to predict his future greatness:—

Twice flow'd proud Thames, as at my coming woo'd,
Striking the wondering borderers with fear,
And the pale Genius of that aged flood
To my sick mother, labouring, did appear,
And with a countenance much distracted stood,
Threatening the fruit her pained womb should bear.

There used to be a ferry at Putney in very early ages. It is mentioned in *Domesday Book* as yielding an annual toll of twenty shillings to the lord of the manor. When the bridge was built in 1729, the ferry yielded to the proprietor about four hundred pounds per annum, and was sold for eight thousand pounds. The spot has always been famous for its fishery, and, according to Lysons, is mentioned as early as the time of the Conquest. In 1663, the annual rent of the fishery was the three best salmon caught in the months of March, April, and May. When the estates of Sir Theodore Janssen, the noted South Sea Director, and lord of the manor of Putney, were sold, the fishery was let for six pounds per annum. It is still a favourite spot for anglers. The salmon are not reckoned very plentiful now-a-days; but there are great quantities of very fine smelts, as well as shad, roach, dace, barbels, gudgeons, and eels.

It was formerly the custom for persons travelling to the west of England from London to proceed as far as Putney by water, and then take coach. We learn from Stowe, that when Cardinal Wolsey was dismissed from the chancellorship, he sailed from York Place (Whitehall) to Putney, on his way to Hampton Court, to the great

disappointment "of the wavering and newfangled multitude," who expected that he would have been committed to the Tower. So great was the crowd when he embarked at Privy Stairs, that, according to Stowe, a man might have walked up and down on the Thames, so covered was it with boats filled with the people of London. The scene that took place on his arrival will always render Putney a memorable spot. As he mounted his mule, and all his gentlemen took horse to proceed to Hampton, he espied a man riding in great haste down the hill into the village. The horseman turned out to be one Master Norris, charged with a message from the king to the cardinal, bidding him be of good cheer, for that his present disgrace was not so much the result of the king's indignation as a measure of policy to satisfy some persons, over whose heads he should yet arise again in new splendour. "When the cardinal," to use the quaint and forcible language of Stowe, "had heard Master Norris report these good and comfortable words of the king, he quickly lighted from his mule all alone, as though he had been the youngest of his men, and incontinently kneeled down in the dirt upon both his knees, holding up his hands for joy of the king's most comfortable message. 'Master Norris,' quoth he, 'when I consider the joyful news that you have brought me, I could do no less than greatly rejoice. Every word pierces so my heart, that the sudden joy surmounted my memory, having no regard or respect to the place; but I thought it my duty, that in the same place where I received this comfort to laud and praise God upon my knees, and most humbly to render unto my sovereign lord my most hearty thanks for the same.' And as he was talking thus upon his knees to Master Norris, he would have pulled off a velvet night-cap, which he wore under his black hat and scarlet cap, but he could not undo the knot under his chin: wherefore with violence he rent his laces off his cap, and pulled his said cap from his head, and kneeled bare-headed. This done, he mounted again on his mule, and so rode forth the high way up into the town."

What a picture this would make!—and, were our voice potential with an artist, we would advise him to try his hand upon it. But we must conclude the story. When they arrived at Putney heath, Master Norris presented the cardinal with a ring, telling him that the king had sent it as a token of his good will. "Oh!" exclaimed the ambitious old man, "if I were lord of all this realm, Master Norris, the one half thereof would be too small a reward to you for your pains and good news." He then presented him with a gold chain which he usually wore round his neck, with a gold cross, in which was inclosed a small fragment of the true cross on which Jesus was crucified, "wear this about your neck continually for my sake," said he, "and remember me to the king when ye shall see opportunity." Upon this, Master Norris took his departure; but the cardinal was still unsatisfied, and before he was out of sight sent one of his gentlemen in all haste after him to bring him back again. "I am very sorry," said he, "that I have no token to send to the king; but if you will at my request present the king with this poor fool, I trust he will accept him, for he is for a nobleman's pleasure, forsooth, worth one thousand pounds."—"So Master Norris," [we again quote Stowe,] "took the fool, with whom my lord was fain to send six of his tallest yeomen to help him to convey the fool to the

court; for the poor fool took on like a tyrant, rather than he would have departed from my lord. But, notwithstanding, they conveyed him, and so brought him to the court, where the king received him very gladly." This fool, from the value set upon him, appears to have been supereminent in his folly. A fool after the fashion of him in Shakspeare, whom Jacques met in the forest,

"A fool—a fool—a motley fool—
A noble fool—a worthy fool."

The cardinal, for aught we know to the contrary, might have concealed a deep meaning under his present. "You will not take wise men into your favour, O king, therefore take this fool." His head, however, we are justified in believing, would not have been of much worth, if his master had perceived the satire. At all events the fool showed that he had some sense by his dislike to enter the service of a king whose propensity to taking off heads was so remarkable.

Among other reminiscences of Putney, we must not omit that it was the birth-place of the great historian Gibbon, and that Pitt died on Putney heath. Here also, in a small house near the bridge, resided the novelist, Richardson, and here he wrote "Sir Charles Grandison."

THE WITNESS-BOX.

THE nominal purpose of a court of justice is to seek the *truth*; but I question whether the *truth* is ever in other places more attacked, sneered at, brow-beaten, ridiculed, and put out of countenance. It is the *truth*, which every one in his turn finds it his interest to conceal. It is truth that every one is afraid of. Even the party most unequivocally in the right is anxious to exclude the *truth* from the other side, lest it may seem to contradict his own; and all the lawyers, and even the judge, seem as much on the watch to stop the witness's mouth every two minutes, as they have been to make him come there to open it. To me, one of the most ridiculous things in the world is a witness in the box, trying (poor fellow!) to give in his testimony. He is, we will suppose, not in the slightest degree interested in either of the parties, and, doubtless, wishes them both tied together by the neck, and at the bottom of the Thames. He comes into court, not voluntarily, but dragged if he resists, by two or three scowling ministers of the law, who, from the mere fact of his being presumed to know something about the pending suit, think themselves entitled to treat him as if he had been brought up for robbing a hen-roost. He is forced from his business or his amusements for the purpose of speaking the truth, and he inwardly resolves to tell the whole story as soon as possible, and get rid of the business. He thinks he knows the worst. He thinks the loss of time, and the awkwardness of speaking for the first time of his life in public, are the extent of his sufferings. Unsuspecting victim! He no sooner enters the box than he finds himself at once the centre of a circle of enemies, and holding a position not greatly unlike that of a prisoner in an Indian war-dance. He tries to tell his story.

WITNESS. I was going down Maiden-lane—

MR. SERGEANT BOWWOW. Stop, sir.

COUNSELLOR BOTHERALL. Don't interrupt the witness.

COUNSELLOR BADGER. The witness is ours.

COUNSELLOR BLUSTER (fiercely and indignantly). We want *the fact*.

JUDGE. Let the witness tell his story.

WITNESS. I was going down Maiden-lane, where I live—

BOWWOW. We don't want to know where you live, sir.

BOTHERALL. That is a part of his testimony.

BADGER. You can take the witness into your own hands when we have done with him; at present he is ours.

BLUSTER (sarcastically). Very well, sir.

JUDGE. Gentlemen, I beg you will sit down.

ONE OF THE ALDERMEN. Officer, keep order.

OFFICER (*in a tone of thunder, and with a scowl of more than oriental despotism upon the spectators, who are not making any noise that they are aware of*). Silence!

WITNESS. I was going down Maiden-lane, where I reside, as I said before, when—

BOWWOW. You don't come here, sir, to repeat what you said before?

BOTHERALL. I beg—

BADGER (*starting to his feet*). I demand—

BLUSTER. My lord, I appeal to you to protect me from the impertinence of this witness.

ALL THE COUNSELLORS AND JUDGE TOGETHER. The witness must—

OFFICER (*looking at the audience again, and in a voice of thunder*). Silence!

JUDGE. Gentlemen, it seems to me that the best way to come *at the truth* is to let the witness go on, and I will call him to order if he wanders from his duty.—Witness!

WITNESS. My lord.

JUDGE. Tell the plain fact of this assault—tell the jury what you know about it. Remember you are here to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Raise your voice, and turn your face to the jury. What do you know of this affair?

Again the witness commences, the lawyers continuing to skirmish around him all the while, like a parcel of wild Arabs fighting for the clothes of some unhappy prisoner. So far from getting a chance to say the truth, the poor man cannot get a chance to say anything. At length, bewildered out of his recollection, —frightened, insulted, and indignant,—however really desirous of telling the truth, he stumbles upon some inconsistency; some trifling, or not trifling paradox,—accounted for at once, and to every one's entire satisfaction, by the idea that he has forgotten. But then comes the cross-examination; then the scientific artillery of a cool, able lawyer, sharpened by thirty years of similar practices, is brought to bear upon one trembling and already nervous stranger,—perhaps ignorant, perhaps a boy. Then comes the laugh of judge and jury, the murmur of astonishment from the crowd, that a person could be found degraded and base enough to say that "the defendant wore a *little-rimmed hat*," when he acknowledged subsequently, off his guard, that the hat had "a *tolerably large rim*."

Then the poor fellow, sore all over, and not quite sure that he will not be sent to prison and hard labour, for perjury, before the week has rolled away, although he is the only person in court who does not in a greater or less degree merit that punishment, is dismissed to a bench a few yards off, where he is obliged to remain to hear the lawyers, in their address to the jury, tear his character to pieces with fine turns of rhetoric, and yet finer gesticulations.

"What, gentlemen of the jury," says Mr. Serjeant Bowwow, in a tone of the deepest contempt, "what does the next witness, this Mr. John Raw, say? Gentlemen, he comes forward under the most peculiar circumstances. A dark mystery shrouds his motives, which I shall not endeavour altogether to dissolve; but he comes forward, and he takes his place in that witness-box with the open, the avowed, the undisguised, the unaffected, the determined resolution to fix upon my client, the injured Mr. Savage, this foul and unnatural assault and battery. You saw him, gentlemen, when I cross-examined him, tremble under my eye—you saw him hesitate and turn pale at my voice." (*Serjeant Bowwow, very probably, has a voice that would intimidate a bear.*) "You heard him stammer and take back his words, and say he did 'not recollect.' Is this, gentlemen of the jury, an *honest* witness? The language of *truth* is plain and simple,—it requires no previous calculation. If I ask you if you saw the sun set to-day, you answer yes or no,—you do not hesitate, you do not tremble. You do not say, 'yes, I did,' and in the very next breath, 'no, I did not.' You do not at first tell me, 'I walked ten miles yesterday,' and afterwards say, 'yesterday I was all day ill in bed.'"

(Here one of the jurors puts his nose by that of another, and utters something in approbation of this argument, and the other one nods his head, and looks at the speaker, as much as to say, "there is no use in trying to elude the sagacity of this keen-sighted lawyer. The witness had much better have told the truth.")

"Now, gentlemen, what does this witness say? He commenced by telling you, gentlemen, that he lived in Maiden-Lane; that he was going home on the day when this ridiculous and unnatural assault is said to have taken place; that he saw a crowd; that he approached; that he saw Mr. Savage, my client, the defendant in this action, come up to the plaintiff, Mr. Wiggins, and give him, Wiggins, the said plaintiff, a blow with a bludgeon. But, gentlemen, when I come to sift this plausible story, you heard him equivocate, and contradict himself. 'What sort of a hat had Mr. Savage on?'—'A black one.'—'Of what breadth was the rim?'—'About an inch.' He thought, doubtless, that he was to have everything his own way, till I brought into the witness-box to confront him the hatter who made and sold the hat, and who proves to you that the rim was broad. You cannot morally doubt that the hat worn on that day by Savage was a broad-brimmed hat; all the witnesses for the defendant swear it, and even Mr. John Raw himself, when closely questioned, acknowledged that it *might* have been a broad-brimmed hat. Next, gentlemen, the pantaloons. 'What colour were Mr. Savage's pantaloons?'—'Black,' said this Mr. John Raw. Gentlemen, I have produced these pantaloons in court. They have been identified beyond the possibility of doubt. What was the result? You saw, yourselves, gentlemen, the pantaloons were *pepper and salt.*"

A cry of admiration throughout the court. The officer cries order.

The poor witness unfortunately occupies a conspicuous seat, and all eyes are fixed upon him with the most virtuous indignation.

"Furthermore, gentlemen, I asked this witness to describe the bludgeon. He could not. 'Had it ivory or gold on the handle?' He could not tell. 'Was there a ferule upon the end?' Did not know. 'Was it heavy?'—'Yes.' 'Had he ever handled it?'—'No.' How could he tell the weight of a thing which he had never handled?" (Another buzz of admiration.) "'Was he personally acquainted with Mr. Savage?'—'No.' 'Had he ever seen him before?'—'No.' 'Since?'—'No.' 'Could he tell whether he had an aquiline nose or not?'—'No.' 'Was he not a friend of Mr. Wiggins's?'—'Yes.' 'Had he not expressed an opinion upon this case?'—'Yes; he had said the scoundrel ought to have been ashamed of himself.' 'Was Mr. Wiggins's hat knocked off?'—'No.' But, before he left the witness-box, he said he saw the blood on the top of the plaintiff's head. How could he see the top of his head unless the hat had been knocked off?"

Another buzz. The witness here rose, and said, "Mr. Wiggins took it off to show me."

OFFICER. Silence, there!

JUDGE. Witness, you must not interrupt the counsel. You have had the opportunity of saying whatever you pleased. If you are again guilty of so great an indecorum, I shall be obliged to commit you.

Witness stands stupid.

OFFICER. Sit down! (*in a tone of indignant command.*) Witness sits down. Officer scowls at him as if he would snap his head off.

I shall not follow the learned gentleman further. I only appeal to every witness that has ever been brought into a court of justice, whether he has not found it often the most difficult place in the world to tell the truth in, and whether, when the truth was at length told, there ever were so many attempts made to mystify it? Whether so much of what every one present knew in his heart to be the truth, could anywhere else be so deliberately rejected, and whether, when this poor, belaboured, mutilated, unhappy truth, so much demanded, was at length produced, it did not have such an aspect, so disguised that its own mother might not have known it?

T. S. FAY.

SONNET.

How do I bear thine absence? Ah! my love,
 What sleepless nights! what dull and cheerless days!
 I reason with myself, and would remove
 The serpent Jealousy, which fiercely preys
 And eats into my soul, but have no power
 To tear it from my bosom. It lies there,
 Whispering to me, alas! that every hour
 Of *thine* is pass'd amid the gay and fair,
 While *I* am absent. Oh! thou false of heart!
 Do others charm thee? Dost thou gaze around
 With roving eyes, inconstant as thou art!
 Forgetting me,—where fairer may be found?
 Return! return! In *absence* I may hate;
 But love must still on thy dear *presence* wait.

M. T. H.

A SPANISH ROBBER.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH.

A NOTED Spanish brigand a short time ago, at Madrid, expiated on the scaffold the atrocities of his life. His history, as it transpired on his trial, is sufficient to furnish the ground-work of a romantic tale or melo-drame, according to the most approved fashion of the day; though its incidents are of themselves wild and strange enough, even without any aid from fiction.

The name of Beltran Labrador had long spread terror through the country round Madrid. He was not content with the vulgar crimes of robbery and murder, but took a fiend-like pleasure in putting his victims to the most horrible tortures. All the inventions of the ruffians who, under the name of *chauffeurs*, perpetrated such horrible cruelties in France during the Revolution, were poor and commonplace compared to his devices for protracting the agony of the wretches who fell into his hands. At the head of a band of followers as ruthless as himself, he suddenly surprised the unsuspecting inmates of some peaceful dwelling, and, having done his work of plunder and death, disappeared, leaving no clue by which his footsteps could be traced. His security was no doubt owing to his exterminating policy; for he always took care to leave behind him no living witness of his crimes.

In the village of Alameda del Valle, near Madrid, there lived a respectable farmer of the name of Ramon Espinosa, who passed for a man of substance, and was understood to keep in his house a considerable sum of money. He lived, with his wife, his daughter, and his son, a child of eight years old, in a house at some short distance from the other houses of the village. One day he had brought home some oranges, and, wishing to put them out of the little boy's reach, he laid them on the top of a large press which stood in the kitchen; but this difficulty was not sufficient to baulk the appetite of a boy of that age. In the evening, finding himself left alone for a few minutes, he began to scramble to the top of the press, in order to get at the oranges, and had just reached it when he heard the door open. Afraid of being caught in the act of theft, and not having time to get down, he laid himself flat on the top of the press, concealed by the ledge which ran along its front. His mother and sister came in and noticed his absence, but without uneasiness, thinking he had gone into a neighbour's house; and they were preparing to go for him, when they heard a knocking at the house-door. They both ran to open it, when three men, masked and armed, rushed in and seized them, threatening them with instant death if they uttered a sound. The ruffians then commanded the women, with horrible threats and imprecations, to show them where Ramon kept his money. There either was none, or the women did not know where it was kept, and they accordingly protested their ignorance. The robbers beat them savagely, and set about ransacking every place they could think of, even the press on the top of which the poor child lay trembling, but without being able to discover the object of their search. Their disappointment rendered them furious. Labrador, finding a pair of pincers, began using it as an instrument of

torture to compel the women to speak. They continued to protest their ignorance of any money being in the house; and the robber, thrusting the pincers into the fire, heated them red-hot, and with them tore the flesh in large pieces from the bones of his victims. Even this horrid cruelty failed in its effect. The miserable women in their agony could only cry that they had nothing to tell; and, to complete the tragedy, the miscreant, having put a vessel of oil on the fire, poured the boiling liquid on the most tender parts of their bodies, till they expired under the violence of their torments.

The ruffians, thinking themselves now without witnesses, set about their work of plunder, having previously taken off their masks; so that the little boy, who had escaped their search almost by a miracle, and had witnessed the whole dreadful scene, obtained a view of their hideous faces. They packed up the most valuable articles they could find, and departed.

The poor child, half dead with grief and horror, crept down from his hiding-place, and gave the alarm. A pursuit immediately took place, but without effect. It was discovered that the robbers had entered Madrid; but at the gates of the city all traces of them were lost. Descriptions of their persons and of their horses were given to the police; strict search was made in all the inns and stables of Madrid; but for a considerable time every effort at discovery was fruitless.

At last, in the night of the 19th November 1836, Don Francisco Huerta, the commandant of the city patrol, making his rounds, and going along the Passage of the Conservatory (*Travesia del Conservatorio*), observed near the door of one Gabriel Catalan, a working mason, a quantity of stable-litter, which had not been swept away. The commandant entered this man's house to reprove him for his negligence, when Catalan said he had no horses. This denial appeared suspicious; and, being urged and threatened by the commandant, the man at length confessed that he had three horses in his stable, of which he delivered up the key. The horses were recognised as belonging to Labrador and his gang; and Catalan, being closely pressed, declared that one of them belonged to Jose Perez, a Galician, who lived in the street of the *Panaderos*, at No. 14, in the second floor; another to Leandro Portigo, in the street Santa Briggita; and the third to a Catalonian, whose residence he could not point out. He added that, four days before, these men had returned from the country with their horses, and that they were in the habit of taking frequent journeys.

Having obtained these particulars, Don Francisco Huerta immediately repaired to the residence of Jose Perez, whom he arrested. Perez denied that he possessed any horse, but his servant admitted that he did. He was carried to prison, and judicial investigations set on foot. On being examined, he declared that his name was Jose Perez, and that he was born at Oviedo. All the parish registers of that city and its neighbourhood were searched, but no entry of any such name was found in them; and in the course of the proceedings he was identified by several persons as the famous robber Beltran Labrador, a Frenchman by birth, and a tinker by trade. He was also recognised as having been formerly condemned, on one occasion to four years' imprisonment, and on another to the same punishment for ten years, though he had on both occasions found means to make

his escape. But his career was now ended. After a long time spent in collecting the necessary evidence, he was at length brought to trial, and condemned to die by strangulation (*el garrote vile*). On the 27th of October last this sentence was executed.

This man's fate inspired none of the compassion usually felt even for great criminals, when they are about to expiate their misdeeds by a shameful death. The ferocity of his countenance excited disgust; his small and hollow eyes gleamed with extraordinary brightness; and his whole deportment was marked with that brutal indifference, which showed that he was capable of committing every enormity without emotion and without remorse.

His deportment in his last hours was marked by several characteristic traits. When his sentence was read to him in prison, he continued smoking with great calmness, and heard it to the end with indifference. When it was finished, he declared that his name was not Beltran Labrador, but Jose Perez; that he was no Frenchman, but a Spaniard, born and baptized at Orense. Some moments afterwards he appeared to be suddenly excited, and uttered several indecent and blasphemous expressions, but almost immediately resumed his usual quiet and careless manner. He was visited by a priest, who began to exhort him to penitence and amendment. "Amendment!" cried he, laughing; "what is the use of resolving on amendment? I shall not sin any more; they won't give me time for that now." The priest endeavoured to rouse him by describing the eternal tortures of the damned. "I hope," was his answer, "that I shall get a discount of the two years I have been kept in prison; for there," he added, laughing again, "I have been in hell to all intents and purposes, and have seen the very devils themselves. They came to me every Saturday, in the shape of officers and alguazils — a set of as ugly devils as there are in hell!"

The day before his execution he was in a somewhat better frame of mind. He confessed his crimes, and recounted a fearful tissue of enormities. The priest endeavoured to persuade him to marry a woman who had lived with him a long time, and by whom he had a daughter, sixteen years old. He obstinately refused, till he was about to proceed to the scaffold, when he gave his consent. A delay of a few hours was obtained, a notary was sent for, the marriage ceremony was performed, and the certificate drawn up and signed. This solemnity seemed to have some effect on the ruffian's mind; and he now declared that his real name was Bertrand Bué, and that he was a native of a small village in France.

When the moment of his departure for the scaffold was come he walked with a firm step, and an air of the utmost composure. He took leave of his companions in prison with some appearance of feeling, requesting them to pray for him, and to say a "*salve*" to the Virgin for the repose of his soul. When he was mounted on the ass (according to the usual manner in which criminals in Spain are conveyed to the scaffold) he adjusted himself carefully in his seat, and then, turning to the escort, said to them, "Now, gentlemen, let us move on, if you please." He maintained the same demeanour to the last, and, without the slightest change of countenance, yielded his neck to the executioner.

This man met his fate with a semblance of courage and firmness worthy of a martyr to some great or holy cause. His very jocular

actually brings to mind the last moments of Sir Thomas More. How little is to be gathered from mere manner! A monster, whose life was stained with the blackest and basest crimes, and whose mind must really have possessed the cowardice which is constantly allied to cruelty, could not have had a glimmering of the sentiments which have enabled so many of the best and bravest of men to conduct themselves, in outward show at least, precisely as he did. In this, as in other things, extremes may meet, and brutal insensibility may assumet he semblance of exalted virtue.

 THE FOREST TREE.

HAIL to the lone old forest tree,
 Though past his leafy prime!
 A type of England's past is he,—
 A tale of her olden time.
 He has seen her sons, for a thousand years,
 Around him rise and fall;
 But well his green old age he wears,
 And still survives them all.
 Then long may his safeguard the pride and care
 Of our children's children be;
 And long may the axe and tempest spare
 The lone old forest tree!

The Norman baron his steed has rein'd,
 And the pilgrim his journey stay'd,
 And the toil-worn serf brief respite gain'd
 In his broad and pleasant shade:
 The friar and forester loved it well;
 And hither the jocund horn,
 And the solemn tone of the vesper bell,
 On the evening breeze were borne.

Friar and forester, lord and slave,
 Lie mouldering, side by side,
 In the dreamless sleep of a nameless grave,
 Where revelling earthworms hide:
 And Echo no longer wakes at the sound
 Of bugle or vesper chime;
 For castle and convent are ivy-bound
 By the ruthless hand of Time.

But gentle and few, with the stout old tree,
 Have the spoiler's dealings been;
 And the brook, as of old, is clear and free,
 And the turf beneath as green.
 Thus Nature has scatter'd on every hand
 Her lessons, since earth began,
 And long may her sylvan teacher stand,
 A check to the pride of man.
 And long may his safeguard the pride and care
 Of our children's children be;
 Long, long may the axe and tempest spare
 The lone old forest tree!

A VISIT TO HOLKHAM HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PARISIAN SABBATH."

Here Holkham rears in graceful pride
 Her marble halls and crested towers,
 And stretches o'er the champaign wide
 Her lengthen'd suit of social bowers. ROSCOE.

"You will not leave this part of the country," said a fellow-traveller, "without seeing Holkham Hall."—"And be assured," added another, "your reception will be gratifying. There is not a house of equal hospitality in the kingdom. Strangers or acquaintances,—none are neglected. Ah, and the proprietor is a nice old gentleman—eighty-three years old, and still hearty as a man of fifty. Thirteen years ago he, childless, married a lady aged nineteen. He has now five children."

The grounds, including gardens, and park, and forest, and meadows, and fields of *corn*, are bounded by a circumference of ten miles. Within this circumference is an artificial lake, regarded by many as the most superb in England. Walks and rides intersect these grounds in every convenient direction. Here you move under a triumphal arch; before you arises soon a lofty obelisk; upon your right spread out five hundred acres of barley; and anon you enter Lady Anne Coke's beautiful flower-garden, planned by the taste of Chantry. Sheep, whereof here are twenty-two hundred of the veritable South Down breed; cattle, of which there are three hundred belonging to the stock of Devon; milch-cows, whereof thirty constitute the dairy; horses, whereof fifty enjoy stalls at Holkham; tenantry, of whom two hundred are happy to acknowledge this excellent landlord; and labourers, of whom two thousand are said to be continually employed by him, meet your eye wherever it is turned; and nearly in the centre of this circumference stands the House of Holkham—a magnificent pile. It was erected about eighty years since by the Earl and Countess of Leicester. It consists of a large central building with four wings, and you are informed that, "measuring closely by all the angles," it is just one mile in circumference. The house is open for public inspection on two days of each week; and well may it thus be opened; for it contains treasures in tapestry, sculpture, and painting, that richly repay the visiter for his time and trouble. In this respect, as a repository of art, Holkham is one of the many valuable houses in England. There is in England no Louvre. England is truly rich in works of art; but they are scattered,—a Claude here, a Titian there, and distant a hundred miles or more, amidst sculpture both ancient and modern, may be found a *Salvator Rosa* and a *Raphael*.

Of all sight-seeing in England, that which includes statuary and painting is the least satisfactory. If haply you have an acquaintance with a possessor of worthy products of art, and hence enjoy free and frequent admission to his collection, it is all very well. If, however, like a thousand other travellers, you must content yourself with a single visit, that visit will afford little pleasure, and less instruction. You will by pampered servants be hurried hastily through the halls; and when at length you leave them, the master-pieces just seen are scattered here and there through your memory, in as much disorder

as they are throughout the kingdom. Blenheim House suggests a very apt illustration of this. But far better is Hampton Court. "I should be happy to see the cartoons of Raphael," you mildly say to a youthful portress sitting at the door. "Will you please to wait a moment sir?" asks the damsel insinuatingly. Now you are requested to wait this moment, sometimes a rather long one, in order that other company arriving, the course of the attendant through the rooms may be a profitable one. She takes with her a key, and so soon as the door leading into one apartment is opened, that through which you have passed is closely locked. Hence you must keep close at the heels of the inexorable guide. This guide walks onwards enumerating rapidly, "This is by Sir Peter Lely,—this is by Holbein,—this is a Rubens,—here is a Weenix." It is contrary to all regulations for you to remain behind, in admiration of a particular work, and you are thus constrained to hurry along with the hurrying attendant and the stranger party. A little surprised to find that you have despatched fifty or more paintings of the masters in less than ten minutes, you resolve that the cartoons at least shall be properly seen and enjoyed. Vain resolution! The party in whose company you unfortunately chance to be a visiter of the rooms, caring little perhaps for these productions, are now anxious to get out; and certainly you cannot be so ungenerous as to detain them all, merely for the sake of gratifying your own private curiosity. Raphael is, of course, left behind with the others; and you find all at once that you have made the entire circuit of the apartments, and, moreover, that you enjoy therefrom just that degree of satisfaction which one derives from walking through a large library, and hearing the title of the books composing it announced. You rejoice, however, that you know *what* pictures may here be seen; although that knowledge might be furnished as completely by a catalogue, as a visit of thirteen miles from London to Hampton Court. As the establishment is hardly a private one, if, while you are depositing the *consideration* within the damsel's palms, you do not pronounce this system of exhibition a disgraceful humbug, be assured it is because your sensibility to art is for the moment quite overcome by your sensibility to a very good-looking countenance before you. I could never imagine why these rooms were not left open somewhat like those of the Borghese palace at Rome, where the visiter might linger at his pleasure, and stand some chance of having his love for art in some degree gratified.

The stranger who desires to visit merely the *apartments* at Holkham House may meet, as he enters the magnificent Egyptian Hall, a portly dame in most aristocratic turban and white gloves, who is no less, nor indeed no greater, than *next* to the mistress of the whole establishment. She has the true quiet of English good breeding; and when you consider that, out of the sixty servants belonging to the hall, twenty-six of the females are subject to her single control, you can understand why authority sits not merely in her eye, but in all her motions. Nothing, however, can exceed the civil grace with which she conducts you through thirty-one apartments, remarkable either for architecture, paintings, sculpture, or tapestry. I paused some time in the rooms composing part of the "Stranger's Wing." There were the "red and yellow bed-chamber," and the "blue and yellow bed-chamber," and the "crown bed-chamber," and appended to them were "dressing-rooms," all furnished in most costly style,

and adorned with numerous paintings; while in the story above were many similar rooms, designed for a similar purpose, to which the mere visiter has not access. That purpose, as the name indicates, is the accommodation of numerous strangers, who, at any season of the year, may sojourn beneath the hospitable roof of Holkham Hall, and of the private and noble friends of its proprietor, who, in the shooting months of October and November, throng hither from many parts to enjoy their favourite sport. The "brown dressing-room" is curious, as containing a goodly number of original sketches with the pen, and in white, black, and red chalk, by such masters as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Perugino, Carlo Maratti, the Caracci, Lanfranco, and others.

I was next extremely interested in the statue gallery, its tribune, and vestibule. This gallery is more than one hundred feet in length, and contains twenty-eight antiques, of which many are full-sized statues. I was pleased with one of Diana. It is conjectured to have been the property of Cicero. It was purchased by the Earl of Leicester at a great price, and *secretly* sent out of Rome. For this offence the earl was arrested, but soon released, at the solicitation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It is of Parian marble, in excellent preservation, and is infolded in that drapery, that *glorious* drapery, which could have come from none other than the Grecian chisel. There is likewise here a very pretty specimen of art by Chantrey, the model of which I had seen in the artist's studio in London. Sir Francis, whose shooting feats have given the name of "Chantrey hills" to certain rising grounds near the triumphal arch, happening on one occasion to bring down two woodcocks at a shot, in commemoration of the event transferred them into marble, and presented them to Mr. Coke. Nothing can exceed the sweet delicacy of this composition. And then so natural! The birds are done not indeed to the life, but truly to the death.

The landscape-room, as it is called, gave me much pleasure. The ceiling and chimney-piece are exquisitely wrought, and the walls are hung about with richest crimson embossed Genoa velvet. It contains, among others, a landscape by Salvator Rosa, another by Domenichino, three by Caspar Poussin, and seven by Claude Lorraine. Of this last master there are thirteen productions at Holkham; a number altogether extraordinary for a private collection, and most of them possess extraordinary merit. Having fully enjoyed these admirable landscapes, and caught a glimpse through the window of one still fairer without, we walked into the manuscript library.

Here is a full-length portrait of the celebrated Roscoe. To this gentleman's taste and zeal are the eight hundred volumes of manuscripts in this library indebted for many excellent literary notes, and for numerous facts respecting their age and value. This collection is extremely curious, and such as I hardly expected to find in the possession of one who, while he has served fifty years in Parliament, has never been particularly devoted to literature. What particularly excites attention and admiration is, the marvellous beauty with which some of these manuscripts are executed. Here are Latin copies of the four Evangelists on vellum, preserved in covers of gold and silver, adorned with coloured stones, and richly illuminated. These are more than six hundred years old. And yet what clear and polished beauty is in the material! how distinct is the hand! how surprisingly brilliant are the illuminations! I was likewise attracted

by a miniature missal of the fifteenth century, supposed to have been the work of the skilful Julio Clovio, whose caligraphy and poetical illustration seemed to me to surpass the finest achievements of the press at the present day. Then was shown a copy of the Pentateuch three hundred years old, written on deerskin, extending its single leaf one hundred and six feet, in a width of twenty-five inches. There are many other curious compositions similar to these within this library, which is moreover very rich in the Greek Fathers and the Latin Classics. In this mansion are two other libraries, one of which is scrupulously classical, and the other miscellaneous. The literary part of the establishment seems to be indeed princely, and in harmonious keeping with that magnificence, which an immense income enables its proprietor to sustain.

That proprietor, as already stated, is eighty-three years of age. He receives you with extreme cheerfulness, and even vivacity, as if he had a great deal to expect from your friendship. Hospitality seems to shine forth in every expression. He completely embodies your idea of the real old English gentleman. The character of the landlord pervades all around him: no one can fail to be impressed by the mild and hospitable deportment which marks his numerous tenantry; and then, with what enthusiastic love do they all speak of him! My experience extended beyond that tenantry to the inhabitants of the little town of Wells, three or four miles distant. There is among them but one accordant voice respecting the good heart and condescending bearing of the venerable man. Every one speaks of the "hall" as of some central source of enjoyment. None pass near it without calling to shake the porter by the hand, and look into the ever open treasures of the larder. The feeling of good-will is common to old and young; and while the proprietor takes his evening drive among his extensive grounds, you are pleased to see the laughing children of his tenantry running before his carriage with rival steps to open the various gates through which it is about to pass.

I have never seen happier faces or plumper forms than in my rambles of to-day: the servants of the establishment, particularly, are in admirable condition—really one feels healthier in merely looking at them; but of all the jovial expressions there, what one can match the visage of the old butler? It is a prodigy of good humour. You cannot call it intensely red—it is rather a brilliant copper. It images

"The shadowy livery of the burnish'd sun."

With the round body beneath, it proclaims a life passed among mugs, and bottles, and tankards. It is indeed irresistible. You actually feel warmed in its presence. You know not how to describe it. In despair, you pronounce it the word *jolly* melted down, and are ready to burst forth into admiration of that ale which can work such marvellous results.

As the turrets of Holkham Hall faded for the last time from my sight, I reflected that soon its worthy proprietor must pass away. And what a glorious evening is this to the day of his life!—a life long spent in the service of his country, and in sowing within the condition of the humble around him seeds whose fruits are their own contentment and unbounded love of him. I cannot but believe their happiness well based, and their affection sincere.

THE ORIGINAL JIM CROW.

EN Amérique j'ai fait des sauts,
 En Angleterre aussi ;
 En France j'irai, s'il le faut,
 Pour sauter quand je cris,—
 Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole,
 Je fais des sauts ;
 Chaque fois je fais le tour,
 Je saute "Jim Crow."

Depuis mon émigration
 J'ai vu des choses si drôles,
 J'en ferai la relation
 En faisant mes caracoles ;
 Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole, &c.

En Angleterre on aime la bière,
 En France on aime la danse,
 En Irlande les pommes-de-terre
 Et "visky" à l'outrance.
 Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole, &c.

Dans ce pays d'agitation
 O'Connell fait les lois,
 Il aime l'émancipation
 Et se moque du Vice-roi.
 Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole, &c.

Il va son train—de mal en pis—
 Cet "Agitateur," "Dan ;"
 Mais avant peu, c'est mon avis,
 Il se mettra *dedans*.
 Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole, &c.

Parmi toutes les nations
 Si j'ai une préférence ?
 (On a fait l'interrogation,)
 Voici la différence ;
 Jc tourne, re-tourne, je caracole, &c.

Je dis sans hésitation,
 (Je sens la vérité,)
 J'adorerai la nation
 Qui me donne la liberté.
 Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole, &c.

J'ai bien des vers à chanter,
 C'est pour demain au soir,
 Des contes que j'ai inventé ;
 Adieu ! donc—au revoir !
 Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole,
 Je fais des sauts ;
 Chaque fois je fais le tour,
 Je saute "Jim Crow."

TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

WITH THE ADVENTURES OF THE AUTHOR IN SEARCH OF THEM.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER, ESQ.

I MET my friend Mr. Winterblossom, by appointment, at Southampton to commence a visit to the Isle of Wight together. He had a visit to pay in the town, which delayed us some time; however, we got on board the steamer about two o'clock.

As we walked down to the water he remarked to me. "It was here that Canute the Great reproved his courtiers when they assured him that even the waves of the sea would obey him."

I observed to the antiquary that I had hoped to have left Southampton in the forenoon.

"There was a time," he replied, "when two o'clock was in the forenoon.

"How can that be possible?" said I.

"Noon," he replied, "was anciently the *hora nona*, or ninth hour of the Romans, which corresponded with our three o'clock. But the *hora nona*, or noon, was gradually changed, till at length it got put back to mid-day. The reason of this change is rather singular: the monks by their rules could not eat their dinner until they had chaunted their noon-song, which was a service regularly said at three o'clock; but they, after a while, anticipated their devotions and their dinner, by chaunting their noon-song immediately after their mid-day song; by which means they got their dinners three hours earlier. Look! what a number of jelly-fish there are swimming about, looking like large bubbles in the water."

"They are what we call Portuguese men of war," said a man in a sailor's jacket, who was standing near us. "There are always a vast number of them in Southampton water, though I do not know that they are common anywhere else."

"I have lived in this neighbourhood for upwards of thirty years," said another, "but I never remember any year when there were not thousands and thousands of them swimming about. When I was a little boy we used to call them "chopped ham:" and you know, that when you take them up, they give a kind of stinging feel to the hand; we used to call that the mustard that was put upon it."

"That is exceedingly curious,—very remarkable—very," said the antiquary, speaking to himself half aloud; "chopped ham—chop Hamo.

"I must confess," I observed, "that I cannot see anything at all remarkable or curious about it. It seems to have been just a common childish nickname, probably suggested to them in this way:—The stinging reminded them of mustard, and mustard is eaten with the fat of ham, which a child might easily think like these animals; just as there was once a time when I used to call a walnut-shell in a basin a man of war, and my grandfather's walking-stick a horse."

"Well—well—well," said the antiquary, "now you have finished what you had to say, I will just inform you, that the childish appellation of chopped ham, or rather, as it should be called, "chopped Hamo," is derived from a very ancient and curious tradition,—from which both the town of Southampton, and the county in which

it is situated, have derived their name; but it would be as well here to observe, that many things that appear at first trivial, or, as in the present instance, childish, may be derived from an origin both important and curious.

Here the captain of the steamer got upon the paddle-box, and said to the man on deck, "go a-head." The man on deck said to the engineer below, "Go a-head;" and away we steamed down Southampton Water. I left the antiquary a little time to himself; for his temples had evidently been slightly ruffled by my last observation: and then I hinted to him how much I wished to hear

THE STORY OF CHOPPED HAMO.

"The account of the death of Hamo," replied the antiquary, "as I have read it in ancient chronicles, is as follows:—Guiderius, the eldest son of Cimbelinus, king of England, began his reign in the year of our Lord 17; and, having great confidence in his riches and power, refused to pay tribute to the Romans, as had been tendered annually since the time of Julius Cæsar. In consequence, Claudius, Emperor of Rome, came over with a strong force to recover it.

"In the Roman army was a great captain, of the name of Hamo, who in the battle put on the armour and dress of a Briton; by which means he obtained access to where the British king fought in person. He slew the king, and escaped.

"The king's brother, Arviragus, being told what had happened, armed himself with the cognizance of the dead king, and continued the battle with such valour that in the end he put the Romans to flight. Arviragus succeeded him in the throne, continued to make war upon the Romans, and afterwards, in a battle, slew Hamo, near to a haven, or port of the sea, and afterwards caused his body to be cut into small pieces, and thrown into the haven, from which circumstance it was called Hamo's haven, afterwards Hamton, and Southampton.

"It is very evident that this story must originally have given to these curious animals the appellation of chopped ham."

As we passed down the river, Mr. Winterblossom pointed out to us Netley Abbey, embosomed among lofty trees on the left of the Southampton Water.

Here the old man, who was before eloquent upon the subject of chopped ham, stepped forward. "It is called Netley Abbey, or the Abbey of Nettles, from the vast quantity of nettles that grow all about the ruins."

"Abbey of Nettles!—Abbey of Fiddlesticks!" said the antiquary. "The word Netley is a corruption of the word Natanleod. Natanleod was the name of a celebrated British chief, who was defeated and slain, together with five thousand of his men, somewhere in the New Forest, by Cerdic, the Saxon. After this was the land called Natanleod from him as far as Charford.* Here was the first abbey of Natanleod, or Netley, built. It was first endowed by Peter de Rupibus; and, in 1239, Henry the Third removed the monks to where the ruins now stand, and built that beautiful abbey for them.

The man of chopped ham now again put in his word. "They tell very curious stories about the abbey—Sir Bartlet Lacy, to whom it formerly belonged, sold it once to a tailor of Southampton, who

* Vide Saxon Chronicles, p. 21.

bought it with a view of making a profit of the materials. His descendants, who are still resident in that place, relate the following story :—

“The tailor lay awake one night, thinking how he could turn his purchase to the best advantage ; gradually he fell into a doze. At length he fancied he was walking about the ruins ; the moon had lighted up the walls of the old abbey, and the trees spread a dark shadow all round it.

“After a little time he saw a number of twinkling lights approaching him. As they came nearer, there appeared a long procession of the ancient inhabitants of the abbey. He could plainly distinguish the abbot by his crozier and splendid robes. The lights which he saw were wax-torches, which lighted them on their way. They came nearer ; at length the abbot walked straight up to him, and looked him full in the face. His countenance was pale and sad ; he shook his head solemnly three times, pausing between each shake, he then said, ‘Mr. Tailor, beware ! Mr. Tailor, beware ! Mr. Tailor, beware !’

“The procession then retired, and he thought that a mournful chaunting of psalms fell upon his ear.

“Well, he got up in the morning, and said to himself, ‘It’s only a dream, and it’s of no consequence at all.’

“The next night again he was thinking how he might best dispose of his materials, when he fell asleep, and his dream again took him to the ruins of the old abbey. He was wandering through its roofless aisles, calculating the value of his purchase. He was looking up to take a guess at the height of the building, when he caught sight of a ridiculous caricature head carved in stone, poking out from the wall. The face suddenly relaxed from the fixed grin that had marked its countenance for the last six centuries. It shook its head three times, and then opened its mouth, and said, ‘Master Tailor, beware ! beware ! beware !’

“Well, the tailor awoke in the morning, and said to himself, ‘What does it signify, it was only a dream?’

“He went to bed the third night. He thought of his purchase again, and fell asleep. He was walking round the ruins again. Suddenly an old man stepped from behind a wall : his legs were bare ; but a cloak lined with foxes’ fur covered his shoulders. His beard was long and grey, reaching to his waist, and his lanky white hair floated round his head like a mist. He was very tall, and his countenance was deadly pale. In a melancholy rumbling voice, he said, ‘My name is Ambrosius. I am the guardian spirit of Netley. In a fine clear night I love to see the pale beams of the moon light up its mouldering walls ; and, when the storm comes up from the sea, I listen to hear it rustling among the ivy, and moaning through the empty walls and ruined windows. While these things remain they remind me of the past, and I hover round them—I am a thing of days long gone by, and the past is my present ; and shall a tailor come and destroy the illusion ? HA ! HA ! HA !’ and with a loud shriek it disappeared.

“Well, he awoke in the morning, and said to himself, ‘Never mind, it is only a dream.’

“His wife afterwards said to him, ‘It is very odd, John, but the last three nights I dreamt every night, that the moment you tried to pull out a single stone, the whole abbey would fall upon you.’

“Never mind, my dear, it is only a dream. What can it signify?”

“So, disdainful to attend to warnings that came in so questionable a shape, he set to work to pull the building down; but, no sooner had he got out the first stone, than the whole window and the top of a wall fell, part of which struck his head, and he died a few days afterwards.— There is another dreaming story they tell about the old abbey.”

“Ah! the money-digger, I suppose?” said the antiquary.

“The same,” said the other, hurrying on, for fear the antiquary should take the story out of his mouth and tell it for him:— Not a great many years ago, a labouring-man dreamed that he saw a very old man in a threadbare great coat or cloak, creeping about the ruins, leaning upon a stick. When he came to a particular spot, he stooped down, and began removing the stones and rubbish that covered the place. He then set to work, scratching with his hands, and digging the earth with a huge knife that he brought out of his pocket, till at length he had made a considerable hole. The next thing he did was to lift out of the hole an earthenware vessel with a lid to it, which seemed to be very heavy. He placed this between his knees as he sat upon the ground, took off the lid, and counted one by one into his lap a vast number of gold coins, so many that the dreamer almost thought that he would never get to the end of them. In the course of time, however, the pot was empty, and he then began carefully putting them back into the pot. When he had finished, he put it all into the hole again, filled up the hole, and placed the stones and rubbish as nearly as possible in the same situation as that in which he had found them. He then walked away.

“This dream was repeated in exactly the same form for three successive nights; so the labourer thought that he might as well take a walk round the ruins, and see if he could make out where the corner was that the old man came to every night to scratch up his pot of gold. He soon pitched upon the exact spot. It was so like what he had seen in his dream, that there could be no mistake. It was, nevertheless, odd, he thought, that there was not the smallest trace of the rubbish and stones having been removed for ages; nettles and weeds were growing and flourishing all round the place. Notwithstanding this, he determined to dig there, and see what he could find. At first he thought of going there at night with a lantern, so as to be sure of not being interrupted: but he could not bring his courage up to this point; everybody knew that the abbey was haunted—besides, the old man that he had seen in his dreams would certainly meet him there when he came to pay his nightly visit; so he settled to go there at daybreak, and set to work with a pickaxe and spade. At daybreak he was there. The rubbish was soon removed, and a hole dug, about the size of the one made by the old man in the dream. He now began to use his spade with more caution. Presently it tapped upon something that sounded hollow. It was evidently the top of an earthenware vessel. He loosened the earth round about it carefully, and lifted it out. It was very heavy; and when he opened the lid he saw it was quite full of gold coins—very curious old-fashioned looking money, broader, and thinner, and quite different from either guineas or sovereigns. He carried them home, and thought that his fortune was made.

“He was in the act of disputing with his wife whether they should

drive black horses or grey horses in their carriage, when his master called upon him, and insisted upon the poor dreamer delivering up his whole treasure to him: and, at length, the fear of being utterly ruined by the lawsuit with which he was threatened induced him reluctantly to comply."

"Ah!" said the antiquary, "I remember when I was in the neighbourhood some five-and-thirty years ago, I met a man, who actually declared to me, that he had himself seen the earthenware vessel with all the gold in it."

"There are many dark mysterious things connected with that old abbey," continued the story-teller, addressing his numerous audience; for the passengers of the steamer had been all this while crowding round, to hear the stories that Mr. Brown of Cowes was telling. Even some of the deck-passengers passed the rubicon of the funnel, and thus made themselves liable to the higher price, to hear what it was that excited so much interest abaft.

Mr. Brown, then singling out the antiquary, observed, "You are doubtless well aware that, anciently, in most of the old monasteries of any magnitude, there were underground passages and chambers, the entrance to which, and in many cases their very existence, was known only to the prior or abbot, and two or three monks in his confidence. It was death to reveal what passed in these underground chambers, or even to show the entrance to them.

"The other inmates of the convent knew little more than this, that sometimes strangers suspected of sacrilege or heresy were brought into the convent in the evening, and were never seen to leave it again—were never heard of afterwards. All they knew more was, that at midnight the passing-bell was tolled, betokening that some human soul was casting off its mortal coil. Sometimes, but more rarely, one of the convent would be suddenly sent for, and never appeared again to his companions, and the monks would be startled at their prayers by the solemn booming of the bell of death.

"It is very generally supposed that one of the entrances to the subterraneous passages of Netley, leads out of the chamber that is now known by the name of the kitchen. It is nearly a century ago that a gentleman of the name of Slown determined to explore these underground passages to their innermost recess; he went accordingly with several labourers to clear away the opening. After some hours' hard labour, they came to the entrance of the passage; it was very narrow, so that there was but just room for a man to pass through, and about seven feet high.

"The only fear that Mr. Slown had, for he was a man of great personal courage, was of meeting with foul air. In order to guard against this, he fixed a lighted candle at the end of a longish stick, which he pushed on before him, in order that if the flame burned dimly, it might warn him of the air being unfit to breathe. With this precaution, and carrying a lantern in his other hand, he entered the aperture, and appeared to descend some steps. The workmen, however, soon lost sight of both him and his lights. He remained underground so long that they began to fear that he had met with some misfortune. At length he appeared again, looking dreadfully pale and haggard. The lantern fell from his hands, and he dropped senseless on the ground. When he began to recover a little, he said, 'Block up the entrance!—block up the entrance!—for God's sake

block up the entrance! He was carried home, for he was unable to walk. He told his family that his nerves had received such a shock from what he had seen, that he felt he should never get over it. Between his fainting-fits, which were frequent, he made some arrangements for the disposal of his property. When he had settled all this to his satisfaction, he said, 'I will now endeavour to relate to you what I saw;' but, before he had completed his first sentence, he fell into another fainting-fit, from which he never recovered."

"Is that all?" said a fat lady, who had been stopped midway in the eating of a sandwich, by the intense interest she felt in the story obliging her to keep her mouth open.

"It is all," said Mr. Brown offering a pinch of snuff to the antiquary.

Here another character introduced himself to the notice of the company. He was about five-and-thirty years of age, and was dressed in a snuff-coloured single-breasted coat, rounded off into a kind of sporting cut, with rose-buds embossed upon the buttons. He bore the appearance of a London tradesman trying to pass himself off for a country squire, or a commercial traveller affecting the airs of a fine gentleman,—a character very commonly to be met with in all kinds of public conveyance. He addressed himself to the fat lady, who had now resumed her sandwich. "Indeed, madam," said he, "we ought to be prepared for these sort of disappointments in this part of the country. The fact is, there is very little of the supernatural to be met with now in the south of England; but there is plenty of it to be found still in the Highlands of Scotland, and, I am told, in some parts of Ireland; but, of Scotland I can speak from my own experience."

There was an immediate crowding of all the passengers round the snuff-coloured coat.

"Did you ever see anything yourself, sir?" said a romantic young lady, who was evidently come touring and sketching to the Isle of Wight.

"I saw something of the sort once, madam," was the reply.

"Pray, sir, what was it? What did you see?" came from many voices at once.

The gentleman then placed himself in an elegant attitude, and paused for a considerable time, to allow curiosity to rise to its highest pitch, and before it subsided, he began,—

"I was once visiting a friend in the neighbourhood of Cromarty, in the Highlands of Scotland. After having partaken of a most hospitable supper I retired to my room. That night I washed my feet, and left the foot-tub standing in the corner of the room. I had nearly got to sleep when I was startled by a sort of splashing sound, as if somebody was dabbling about the water in the foot-tub. I raised my head gradually up to see what was going on. I saw three wizen old women, so thin and shrivelled, that they appeared to have shrivelled and shrivelled away till there was scarcely anything left of them. They were bathing by turns in the foot-tub, and, so wasted were their forms, that the foot-tub was big enough to hold them, petticoats and all."

"Pray, sir, did they wear bathing-dresses, or their common clothes?" asked the romantic young lady.

"A mere bundle of rags as far as I could see. Perhaps they wear their worst clothes when they go on bathing expeditions.—

At length I sat upright in bed to take a good look at them; but the moment they observed me watching them, their forms faded gradually away, till at length they only appeared like thin mists waving about. When I laid my head down again, they appeared to be more at their ease, dipping, and splashing, and throwing the water about at one another. After amusing themselves in this manner for about an hour, one of them took hold of the hearth-broom, and sat herself astraddle on it; the two others got on behind her, and they all three flew up the chimney together, broom and all. I could hear the thick end of the broom knocking against the sides of the chimney all the way up to the top, first on one side, and then on the other."

"Pray, sir, did not the fire burn blue all this time?" asked an old woman in a plaid cloak, who had been listening with breathless interest.

"Very blue," was the reply.

"When I went down to breakfast in the morning, I told my host that something very extraordinary had happened to me in the night, and I related to him all that I had seen."

"There is nothing at all extraordinary in that," was his reply. "If you leave your foot-tub in your room, the witches *always* do come and bathe in it. Nobody in the Highlands ever leaves a foot-tub that he has washed his feet in, in the room. I do not know that I can remember an instance of it of late years, except, indeed, one, and that was a man in Inverness gaol, who was sentenced to solitary confinement—and he did it for society."

The story being concluded, its hero passed through his cluster of listeners, lounged up and down the deck, affecting a kind of aristocratic superiority. He felt conscious that his story had told well, and that he was for the moment the lion of the party; he flattered himself that he had thrown both Mr. Winterblossom and Mr. Brown altogether into the shade. His triumph, however, was but short-lived; for soon afterwards, as we were looking towards the island, I observed to the antiquary,

"That high peak that we see is St. Katherine's, the highest point of the island, is it not?"

"Yes," he replied, "St. Katherine's *is at present* the highest point of the island."

"*Is at present!* Why, you do not mean to say that there ever was a time when its elevation was different?"

"That I know nothing about," he replied; "but it appears very probable that Shanklin Down will soon overtake it in height."

"Why, you don't mean to say that Shanklin Down is growing higher?"

"That, indeed, appears to be the case, or, at any rate, relatively to other heights in the island. The inhabitants of Chale will tell you that formerly Shanklin Down, from the interference of Week Down, could only be seen from the top of St. Katherine's, whereas it is now visible from Chale Down, which is much lower; consequently, unless Week Down has sunk lower than it was, Shanklin Down must have risen considerably. Now, if Week Down is sinking, it is very probable that St. Katherine's is slipping down too; so that, whether Shanklin Down is growing higher or not, it seems very probable that it will in the course of time overlook all the rest of the Isle of Wight."

"Very curious," said the hero of the foot-tub, with a kind of supercilious air. "I suppose the two hills playing at see-saw.—Now we go up, up, up; and now we go down, down, down. Very curious,—very," picking his teeth incredulously between the two last words.

"There is no animal," thought I to myself, "so jealous of another of the same species as your regular story-teller."

STANZAS.

"Remember, it is *now* considered both ignorant and inelegant to mention any flower except by its *botanical name*."—*Work on Education*, 1839.

FAIR flowers! beloved flowers!
 Charm of the summer hours!
 In all her freshness the exulting earth,
 Like a young mother, joys in your sweet birth.
 The stars with loving eye
 Gaze on you from on high,
 And the soft breezes leave the waves at rest,
 To sink with deep delight into your fragrant breast.

Fair flowers! ye brilliant things!
 The fond imaginings,
 Of which the restless heart is ever full,
 Can fancy nought in heaven *more* beautiful.
 Oh! ye were sent to prove
 Envoys of peace and love.
 Your presence were a mockery here, sweet flowers!
 If guilt and grief had claim on *all* our mortal hours.

Even your *names* are fraught
 With treasures of deep thought.
 The poets of our land have sung your praise,
 Linking your charms with their celestial lays.
 The golden cowslip well
 Might lift her pendent bell
 In pride, to be by Shakspeare's hand impress'd
 With the same crimson drops as Imogen's white breast.*

For me each flower that blows,
 From the voluptuous rose
 To the meek daisy, with its starry eyes,
 That has inspired such gems of poesy,†
 Has some peculiar claim,—
 And each accustom'd name
 Seems of the *flower itself* a beauteous part,
 That, like its rich perfume, sinks deep into the heart.

But they exist no more,
 Those charm'd sounds of yore,
 Familiar to my fancy. *Science grave*
Recalls those simple names our fathers gave;
 And my *own* favourite flower
 (Chosen in childhood's hour)
 Now fades within my bosom—loved too well!—
 With a long *Latin name* I cannot speak or spell!

M. TORRE HOLME.

* "A mole cinque spotted, like the crimson drops in the bottom of a cowslip."—*Cymbeline*.

† Chaucer, Burns, Montgomery, &c.





The mob attacking the building.

COLIN CLINK.

BY MASK.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER V.

Introduces to the reader two new characters of considerable importance, and describes a scene between them to which a very peculiar interest is attached.

AMONGST all those who were most materially concerned in the circumstances detailed in the preceding chapters, I must now name one person who has hitherto only been once passingly alluded to in the most brief manner, but whose happiness was (if not more) at least as deeply involved in the events which had taken place as was that of any other individual whatever, not excepting even our hero's mother herself. That person—for Mr. Longstaff has already hinted that his master was married—was Squire Lupton's wife.

Should the acute reader's moral or religious sensibilities be shocked at the discovery of so much human depravity and turpitude, as this avowal must necessarily uncurtain to him, it is to be hoped he will lay the blame thereof upon the right shoulders, and not rashly attack the compiler of this history, who does only as Josephus, Tacitus, and other great historians of the earth have done before him,—make use of the materials which other men's actions prepare ready to his hands, and with the good or evil of which he himself is no more chargeable, than is the obedient workman who mouldeth a pot with clay of the quality which his master may please to put before him.

At the same time he will allow himself free to confess, that, speaking with all the candour which confidence in the reader's trustworthiness can inspire, he himself is not in the least astonished at the heinousness of Mr. Lupton's sins, seeing that every year's experience furnishes the world with numerous additional instances of a similar kind.

During a period of some weeks prior to the time at which our story commences, Mrs. Lupton had been upon a visit to the family of Mr. Shirley, a resident in York, with whom she was intimately acquainted previously to her marriage with the heir of Kiddal House. Owing, however, to circumstances of a family nature, with which she had early become acquainted after her destiny had been for ever united with that of Mr. Lupton, she had hitherto found it impossible to introduce to her own house, with any degree of pleasure to herself, even the dearest companions of her youth; and no one was more so, for they had known each other from girlhood, than Miss Mary Shirley, the only daughter of her esteemed friend. Like many others in similar circumstances, she long strove to hide her own unhappiness from the world; but, in doing so, had been too often compelled

to violate the most cherished feelings of her bosom, and—when at home—had chosen to remain like a recluse in her own house, when else she would gladly have had some one with whom to commune when grief was upon her mind; and he who had sworn at the altar of God to be all in all to her, was in reality the cause, instead of the allayer, of her sorrows.

On the afternoon when those events took place which have been chronicled in the last chapter, Mrs. Lupton returned to Kiddal, accompanied, for the first time, by Miss Mary Shirley.

“Here we are at last,” remarked the lady of the house, as they drove up to the gate, and the highly ornamented oaken gable-ends of the old hall became visible above the garden walls. “I have not a very merry home to bring you to, Miss Shirley, and I dare not promise how long you may like to stay with us; but I hope you will enjoy yourself as well as you can; and when that is over,—though I could wish to keep you with me till I die,—when the time comes that you can be happy here no longer, then, my dear Mary, you must not consider me;—leave me again alone, for I shall not dare to ask you to sacrifice another hour on my poor account, in a place so infinitely below the happy little home we have left in yonder city.”

“Nay,” replied the young lady, endeavouring to hide some slight feelings of emotion, “you cannot forebode unhappiness here. In such a place as this, these antique rooms, these gardens, and with such a glorious landscape of farms and hamlets, as lies below this hill, farther almost than the eye can reach,—it is impossible to be otherwise than happy.”

“Ay, and so *I* said,” replied Mrs. Lupton, “when Walter first brought me here; and so *he* told me too, as we passed under this very gateway. But I have learned since then that such things have no pleasure in them, when those we love and with whom we live are not that to us which they ought to be.”

Miss Shirley remained silent, for she feared to prolong a conversation which, at its very commencement, seemed to recall to the mind of her entertainer and friend such painful reminiscences.

On their introduction to the hall, Miss Shirley could not fail to remark the cold, unimpassioned, and formal manner in which Mr. Lupton received his lady; while towards herself he evinced so much affability and kindness, that the degradation of the wife was for the moment rendered still more striking and painful by the contrast. But, out of respect for the feelings of her friend, she affected not to notice it; although it was not without difficulty that she avoided betraying herself, when she observed Mrs. Lupton suddenly retire to another part of the room; because she was unable any longer to restrain the tears which now burst, in the bitterness of uncomplaining silence, from her eyes.

Perhaps no feelings of mortification could readily be imagined more acute than were those which arose from this slight inci-

dent in the bosom of a sensible, a sensitive, and, I may add, a beautiful woman, too,—for such Mrs. Lupton undoubtedly was. To be thus slighted when alone, she had already learned to bear; but to be so slighted, for the first time, and, as if by a studied refinement of contempt, before another individual, and that individual a woman, to whom extraordinary attentions were at the same moment paid, was indeed more than she could well endure; though pride, and the more worthy feeling of self-respect, would not allow her openly to confess it. But while the throbbings of her bosom could scarcely be repressed from becoming audible, and the tears welled up in her large blue eyes until she could not see distinctly for the space of half a minute together, she yet stood at one of the high-pointed windows of the antique room, and affected to be beckoning to one of the gallant peacocks on the grass before her, as he stretched his brilliant neck towards the window, in anticipation of that food, which from the same fair hand was seldom expected in vain.

In the mean time, seated at the farther end of the room, Mr. Lupton was endeavouring, though, after what had occurred, with but ill success, to engage the whole attention of the young lady who sat beside him. They had met some twelve months before at the house of her father, in York, during the time that he was paying his addresses to her friend, Miss Bernard, now his wife, and some short period before their ill-fated marriage.

After inquiring with great particularity after the health of her family and relatives, and expressing the very high pleasure he felt in having the daughter of one of his most esteemed friends an inmate of his house, the squire proceeded to descant in very agreeable language upon the particular beauties of the situation and neighbourhood of his house, and to enlarge upon the many pleasures which Miss Shirley might enjoy there during the ensuing summer,—a period over which, he fully trusted, she would do himself and Mrs. Lupton the honour and pleasure of her company.

“But shall we not ask Mrs. Lupton to join us?” remarked Miss Shirley. “It is unfair that we should have all this conversation to ourselves. I see she is at the window still;—though I remember the time, sir,” she added, dropping her voice to a more sedate tone, and looking archly in his face, “when there would have been no occasion, while you were in the room, for any other person to have made such a request.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Mr. Lupton, “she is happy enough with those birds about her. She and they are old friends, and it is now some time since they saw each other. Shall I have the pleasure of conducting you over the gardens, Miss Shirley?”

“I thank you,” replied she—“if Mrs. Lupton will accompany us.”

“She cannot be better employed,” rejoined the squire, “nor, very probably, more to her own satisfaction than she is.”

“ But shall we not know that best on inquiry ? ” rejoined the young lady, as she rose from her seat, and, without farther parley, bounded across the room towards the object of their discourse.

A brief conversation, carried on in a subdued tone of voice, ensued, during which Miss Shirley took a seat by the window, and appeared to sink into a more pensive mood, as though the contagion of unhappiness had communicated itself to her from the unfortunate lady with whom she had been speaking. The proposed walk in the gardens was eventually declined; and shortly afterwards Mrs. Lupton and her friend retired to their private apartment.

“ In this passage,” remarked the lady of the house, as they passed along towards the great oaken staircase, “ under these stones,” and she slightly tapped the pavement on which they stood with her foot, “ lie buried all the family of the Luptons during the last three or four hundred years.”

“ What ! in the house ? ” exclaimed Miss Shirley.

“ Yes,” replied Mrs. Lupton, “ directly beneath our feet. Old as this building is, not a single funeral ever passed from its gates; and if you observe the injunction of the pious founder of the building, you will wish peace to the bones that lie here.”

“ That I shall very sincerely, for my own sake,” interrupted Miss Shirley. “ What a horrible conceit it is to have graves under the house-floor ! ”

“ When we walk out,” continued Mrs. Lupton, “ you will see upon that projecting part of the great hall where the stained windows are, a long inscription, carved in stone, just under the parapet, with the date of 1503 upon it, asking everybody to pray for the souls of Roger Lupton and of Sibylla his wife, whom God preserve ! I hope,” pursued Mrs. Lupton, “ they will never think of burying *me* here. Not that I dislike the place itself so much, nor the custom either; but then, to think that I should lie here, and that my spirit might see the trailing silks that would pass above my face, and unhallowed dames stepping lightly in the place where an honest wife had been a burthen, — and to hear their revelry and their false laughter of a night ! O, Mary ! I should get out of my coffin and knock against these stones till I frightened the very hearts out of them. I should haunt this house day and night, till not a woman dare inhabit it.”

“ Nay,” ejaculated Miss Shirley, “ you will frighten me, before all this happens, till I shall not sleep a wink. Let us go up stairs.”

“ But wherefore frighten *you* ? ” asked Mrs. Lupton, pertinaciously taking her stand upon the identical stone below which, though all were without mark of any kind, it was known lay old Roger himself, — “ why, Mary, should you fear ? You would not flaunt over me if I did lie here, — you would not sit in my

chair, and simper at my husband :—I say it touches not you. I should not have your heels upon my face, whoever else might be there ; for your mother never bore you to idle wanton hours with a mock widower, while your old friend, his honest hated wife, lay fresh under the floor of the next corridor. Leave those to fear who have need ;—but for you—no man can touch those cheeks till he has seen the altar, and had Heaven’s approval.”

Mrs. Lupton’s manner, as well as language, so alarmed the young lady, that she trembled violently, and burst into tears. Her friend however did not appear to observe it ; for it was just at that time of the evening when, in such a place, the turn of darkness obliterates the individual features of things, and leaves only a shadowy phantom of their general appearance. She then resumed :

“ And, not that alone. There is another reason why I would not be buried *here*.” The sound of her foot upon the pavement made the gallery ring again. “ Though I have been wed, it has not made me one of this family ; and you have seen and known to-day that, though I am the poor lady of this house, I am still a stranger. In two months more that man will have quite forgotten me ; and, if I remember myself to the end, why, I shall thank him, dear heart, I shall. But *you* are beautiful, Mary ; and to paint such as you the memory is an excellent artist. *I* saw—oh ! take care, my girl. There is bad in the best of men ; but the worst of them may make a woman’s life not worth the keeping, within the ticking of five minutes. When *we* go out we will walk in the gardens together. Now we will go up stairs.”

And, so saying, she clasped Miss Shirley by the wrist, much more forcibly than the occasion rendered needful, and hurried her, notwithstanding her fears, to her own dressing-room. When both had entered she closed the door, and locked it,—an action which, under present circumstances, threw her visitor into a state of agitation, which she could scarcely conceal ; though, while she strove to maintain an appearance of confident indifference, she took the precaution of placing herself so as to command the bell-rope in case—(for the horrible possibility did come over her mind)—it might be needful for her, though at the instant she knew not why, to summon assistance.

Though, as I have before hinted, the first shadows of night had fallen on the surrounding lower grounds and valleys, and already hidden the ill-lighted corridors and rooms on the eastern side of the hall in a kind of visible darkness, a dull reflection of red light from the western sky still partially illuminated the upper portion of the room in which the two ladies now were ; sufficiently so, indeed, to enable them perfectly to distinguish each other ; a circumstance which, however slight in itself,

enabled Miss Shirley to keep up her courage much better than otherwise she would have been enabled to do.

Having, as before observed, turned the key in the lock, Mrs. Lupton walked on tip-toe, as though afraid of being overheard, towards her visitor, and began to whisper to her, very cautiously, as follows:—

“I have brought you here, Mary, to tell you something that I have heard since we came back to-day. But, my dear, it has confused my mind till I forget what I am saying. You will forgive me, won't you?”

Her companion begged her to defer it until another time, and not to trouble herself by trying to remember it; but Mrs. Lupton interrupted her with a laugh.

“The pain is not because I forget it, but because I can do nothing but remember it. I cannot be quit of it. It haunts me everywhere I go; for, do you know, Mary, Walter Lupton grows worse and worse. I can never live under it; I know I cannot! And, as for beds, you and I will sleep in this next chamber, so that if there be women's feet in the night, we shall overhear it all. Now, keep awake, Mary, for sleep is of no use at all to me: and, besides that, she told me the baby was as like her master as snow to the clouds; so that what is to become of me I do not know.—I cannot tell, indeed!”

Here the unfortunate woman wrung her hands, and wept bitterly.

Miss Shirley grew terrified at this incoherent discourse, and with an unconscious degree of earnestness begged her to go down stairs.

“Never heed, — never heed,” said she, turning towards the table, and apparently forgetting her grief. “There will come an end. Days do not last for'ever, nor nights either.”

“Do not sigh so deeply,” observed her companion. “I have heard say it wears the heart out, though that is idle.”

“Nay, — nay,” replied Mrs. Lupton, “the woman that first said that spoke fair, for she had a bad husband. It wears mine out, truly; though not too soon for *him*. You know now that he cares nothing for me.”

“But, let us hope it is not so,” replied Miss Shirley, somewhat re-assured from the more sane discourse of her entertainer.

“And yet,” continued Mrs. Lupton as though unconscious of the last remark, “I have striven to commend myself to him as my best abilities would enable me. Mary, turn the glass to me. It is almost dark. How is this bodice? Is the unlaced shape of a country girl more handsome than the turn of this?”

“Oh, no—no—no!” answered the young lady, “nothing could be more handsome.”

“Nay,” protested Mrs. Lupton, “it is not what you think, or what I think; but what eyes do the men see with? Does it sit ungracefully on me?”

"Indeed, dear lady, I heard my father say that one like you he never saw—"

"Do not tell me — do not tell me!" she exclaimed emphatically; "it is nothing to me, so that he who ought to say everything says not one word that I please him."

And again she burst into a flood of hysterical tears, beyond the power of the failing judgment to control.

"Come," at length observed Miss Shirley, "it is too dark to see any longer here. Look, the little lights are beginning to shine in the cottage-windows yonder; let us go below. I dare say those poor labourers are making themselves as happy by their firesides as little kings; and, why should not we, who have a thousand times more to be happy with, endeavour to do at least as much?"

"Why not?" repeated Mrs. Lupton, "you ask why not?—Ay, why not, indeed? Let me see. Well, I do not know just now. This trouble keeps me from considering; or else I could answer you any questions in the world; for my education was excellent; and, ever since I was married, I have sat in the library, day and night, because Mr. Lupton did not speak to me. Now, Mary, you go down stairs, and take supper; but I shall stay here to watch; and, if that child comes here, if he should come to make me more and more ashamed, I will stamp my foot upon him, and crush him out: and then I will put him for the carrion-crows on the turret top!"

"But, you said before," observed Miss Shirley, "that you and I should always go together."

"Oh! — yes, — so I did; truly. I had forgotten that, too! My memory is good for nothing: an hour's lease of it is not worth a loose feather. To be sure, Mary, I will go down with you. There is danger in waiting for all of us; and if your father should find you harmed under my care, he would never—never forgive me!"

So saying, she rose, and took her visitor by the hand; unlocked the door, and, resisting every proposal to call for a lamp, groped her way down stairs in utter darkness.

Although, as might naturally be expected, the alarm experienced by Miss Shirley under the circumstances above related was very great, yet far deeper was her grief on being thus unexpectedly made aware for the first time that some additional unanticipated cause of sorrow, (communicated most probably to her friend in a very incautious manner by some forward ignorant menial of the house,) had had the appalling effect, — if for no long period, at least for the moment, — of impairing her senses to a very painful degree. What the real cause of that sorrow might be, — evident as it is to the kind reader who has accompanied me thus far, — Miss Shirley could not fully comprehend, from the broken exclamations and the incoherent discourse of Mrs. Lupton; though enough had been conveyed, even in that man-

ner, to give her the right end of a thread, the substance of which, however, she was left to spin out from conjecture and imagination. She felt extremely irresolute, too, as to the peculiar course most proper to be adopted by herself; for, though she had left her home with the intention of staying at Kiddal during a period of at least some weeks, the impropriety of remaining under the circumstances that had taken place, impressed itself somewhat strongly upon her mind. It might be that Mr. Lupton would secretly regard her as a kind of familiar spy upon his conduct and actions; and as one who might possibly report to the world those deeds of his life which he himself wished to lie buried, like the bones of his ancestors, within the same walls that saw their birth. Or, in case these conjectures were utterly groundless, it yet remained to be decided how far her conduct might be considered prudent and becoming, if she continued to tarry at the residence of a gentleman of Mr. Lupton's character, while his wife, — for thus, very possibly, it might happen, — was confined to her chamber in consequence of either bodily or mental afflictions. These and similar considerations doubtfully occupied her mind during the whole evening; but at length the ties of friendship and of feminine pity prevailed over all objections. She felt it to be impossible to leave the once happy companion of her girlish days in such a fearful condition as this; and inwardly resolved, in case of Mrs. Lupton's increased indisposition, to request permission of the squire that she might be allowed to send for her mother from York, to keep her company.

With these thoughts revolving in her mind much more rapidly than the time it has occupied the reader to become acquainted with them, Miss Shirley, followed by Mrs. Lupton, entered a side-room adjoining the great banquetting-hall, wainscotted from roof to ceiling with oak, now almost black with age, and amply filled throughout with ponderous antique furniture in corresponding taste. An old carved arm-chair, backed and cushioned with crimson velvet, stood on the farther side of the fire-place; and as it fitfully caught the glimmering of occasional momentary flames, stood out with peculiar, though only instantaneous, distinctness, from the deep background of oaken panels, ample curtains, and dimly visible mirrors, beyond. On this seat — her favourite place — Mrs. Lupton threw herself; while Mary Shirley — as though anxious to evince still more attention to her in proportion as she failed to receive it from others, — seated herself, with her left arm laid upon the lap of her friend, on a low ottoman by her side.

As the lady of the mansion persisted in refusing that lamps should be brought, the apartment remained shrouded in that peculiarly illuminated gloom, which, to some temperaments, is the very beau idéal of all imaginable degrees of light; and which gives to even the most ordinary scenes all the fulness and rich beauty of a masterpiece from the hand of Rembrandt.

The ladies had been seated, as I have described, scarcely longer than some few minutes, and had not yet exchanged a word with each other, when the door of the apartment slowly opened, and the squire himself entered. Fearful of the consequences of an interview at this particular time, between that gentleman and his unhappy wife, Miss Shirley hastily rose as he entered, and, advancing towards him before he could open his lips to address them, requested in a whisper that he would not heed anything Mrs. Lupton might say, lest his replies should still farther excite her, as she certainly had not the proper command of her senses some short time ago; and the least irritation might, she dreaded, render her still worse. The squire expressed a great deal of astonishment and concern, though not, it is to be supposed, very deeply felt, as he took a seat somewhat in the darkness beyond the table.

"Who is that man?" asked Mrs. Lupton, in a voice just audible, as she bent down to Miss Shirley, in order to prevent her question being overheard.

"My dear, you know him well enough, though you cannot see him in this light—it is your husband, Mr. Lupton."

"No, no!" she exclaimed in a loud voice, and with a penetrating look at the indistinct figure beyond the table; "he cannot be come back again! I always feared what judgment he would come to, in spite of all my prayers for him; and to-night I saw a foul fiend carry his ghost away. You are not he, are you?"

"Be assured I am, indeed, dear wife," said the squire, rising from his chair, and advancing towards her; "you know me now. Give me your hand."

"If you be a gentleman, sir, leave me. The manners of this house have been corrupted so, that even strangers come here to insult me. Send him out, Mary; call William. I won't have men coming here, as though we were all disciples in the same school."

Mr. Lupton began to act upon the hint previously given by his fair visitor, by leaving his seat, and retreating towards the door:—

"Yes, sir," continued his wife, "begone! for, as the sun shines in the daytime, and the moon by night, Mary, so I shall be to the end; and never wed again—never again,—never! Hark! I heard the rustling of a gown below that window. They are coming!" and she held up her hand in an attitude bidding silence, and listened. The dull roaring of the wind in the chimney-top, and the creak of the door-latch as Mr. Lupton closed it after him, were alone audible to the young lady whom she addressed.

"Stay!" continued Mrs. Lupton, "perhaps his mother is bringing him home."

Her voice was at that instant interrupted by the unequivocal

and distinct cry of a babe, uttered apparently within very few yards of them.

"It is he!" shrieked the lady, as she strove by one energetic and convulsive spring to reach the window; but nature, overstrained so long, now failed her, and she fell like a stone, insensible, on the ground. Miss Shirley had started to her feet with terror, on hearing the first sound of that little living thing, which seemed to be close upon them in the room, or hidden behind the oaken panels of the wainscot: but before she could recover breath to raise an alarm, several of the domestics of the house rushed into the room; and seeing the situation of their mistress, raised her up, and by the direction of the squire, conveyed her up-stairs to her own apartment. While this was going on, others, at the bidding of Miss Shirley, examined both the room itself, and the outside of the premises; but as nothing could be seen, or even heard again, it was concluded either that the ladies had been deceived, or that the ghost of some buried ancestor from the corridor had adopted this strange method of terrifying the present master of Kiddal into better morals. The logic, however, of this argument did not agree with Miss Shirley's conceptions; since, in that case, the squire, and not his lady, would have been the proper person for the ghost of his grandmother to appeal to.

The messenger who, meanwhile, had been despatched into the village of Bramleigh to summon Doctor Rowel to the assistance of his mistress, returned with another conjectural interpretation of the affair. He had passed on the road a pedlar woman, with a little girl by her side, and a child wrapped up in her arms: was it not possible that she had been lurking about the house for reasons best known to herself, until the crying of her child obliged her to decamp, through fear of being detected? The doctor declared it must have been so, as a matter of course; but the maids, who had other thoughts in their heads, resolved, for that night at least, to huddle themselves, for reciprocal security, all in one room together.

CHAPTER VI.

Explains the last-recorded occurrence, and introduces Mistress Clink to an individual whom she little expected to see. Scene in a hedge pothouse, with a company of poachers. They are surprised by very unwelcome visitors. A terrible conflict ensues, and its consequences described.

At the time when Mrs. Clink, with little Fanny by her side, and Colin snugly wrapped up, like a field-mouse in its winter's nest, in her arms, was driven away from her humble home, as related in the fourth chapter, and forced to seek a retreat for the night wherever chance or Providence might direct her, the hand of Bramleigh church clock pointed nigh upon eleven. By and by she heard the monotonous bell toll, with a startling sound, over the deserted fields and the sleeping village; while she, divided between the stern resolution of an unconquered spirit, and the

yearnings of Nature to provide a pillow for the heads of the two helpless creatures who could call no other soul but her their friend, paced the road which led towards the highway from York to Leeds, in painful irresolution as to the course most proper to pursue. To solicit the charity of a night's protection from any of the villagers with whom she was acquainted, appeared at once almost hopeless in itself, and beneath the station which, however criminally, she had once held amongst them, when her word of praise or of blame would have gone almost for life or death, with him who held the whole neighbourhood in a state of practical and absolute serfdom. Those whom she had served had nothing more to expect from the same hand; and, one half at least of the world's gratitude is paid, not so much in requital of past, as in anticipation of future, and additional favours. Amongst such as had received nothing at her hands, she felt it would be a bootless task to solicit assistance in her present condition.

With her thoughts thus occupied, the distance over which she had passed seemed swallowed up; so that, somewhat to her surprise, an exclamation from the lips of little Fanny unexpectedly reminded her of the fact that they were now close upon the grounds adjoining the old hall of Kiddal. Its groups of ornamented stone chimneys, and its high-pointed roofs, stood black against the sky; while its lightless windows, and its homestead hushed in death-like silence, which not even the bark of a dog disturbed, appeared to present to her mind a gloomy, though a fitting, picture of the residence of such a tenant.

"Here, at least," thought she, "if I can find a barn open, or a bedding of dry straw to place under the wall between some of the huge buttresses of the house, we shall be most secure from molestation; for even should they find us in the morning, the master will scarcely deny, even to me, the pitiable shelter of his walls for a creature that is indebted to him for its existence."

Thus thinking, she passed through the gateway adjoining the road, and thence on to the lawn and garden in front of the house, intending to make her way beyond the reach and hearing of the dogs, to a more remote and unfrequented portion of the outbuildings; but, as she passed the windows of the old wainscotted room before-mentioned, the sound of voices within caught her ear. Was it not possible that the squire might be speaking in some way or other of her?

We are ever jealous of those who have done us wrong; and never more so, however little we may credit it, than when the sense of that wrong lies most keenly upon us. Colin was soundly asleep in her arms; she had nothing to fear. Leaving Fanny, therefore, under cover of a laurel-tree, she stepped lightly but rapidly up, and placed herself close by the window, about the same moment that, as previously described, Mr. Lupton had entered the room. Of the conversation that passed she could only catch occasional

portions ; and, in her endeavours to press still closer to the casement, young Master Colin got squeezed against the projecting moulding of the stone wall, in a manner which called forth that instantaneous expression of complaint and resentment, by which Mrs. Lupton and her friend had been so dreadfully alarmed. It was now no time for Mrs. Clink to stay any longer ; she smothered her baby's head in its clothes to stifle the sounds ; and having again taken the hand of little Fanny, made the best of her way over ditch and briar in the direction of the highroad.

Beyond the boundary of Mr. Lupton's grounds she came upon a by-way, originally intended, as the blackthorn hedges on either side denoted, to be used as a kind of occupation lane, by the farmers who held the fields adjacent ; but which, from the abundant grass with which it was overgrown, save where, in the middle, a narrow path meandered, like a packthread along a strip of green cloth, was evidently but little used, except as a foot-way by the straggling bumpkins who so thinly populated that remote territory. Mrs. Clink remembered, from the local features of the place, that, at about a mile or so further up this road, stood a small hedge pothouse, of no very brilliant repute, to be sure, amongst those to whom such an accommodation was needless, but highly necessary and useful to a certain class of persons whose convenience was best attained in places beyond the immediate reach and inspection of all descriptions of local and legal authorities. It stood upon a piece of ground just beyond the domains of Squire Lupton, and, though pretty generally known as the resort of many lawless characters, was maintained by the proprietor of the soil in pure spite to his neighbour, the squire, whom he hated with that cordial degree of hatred not uncommonly existing between great landed proprietors, and the jealous little freeholders who dwell upon their skirts. Towards this house, then, Mrs. Clink, in her extremity, bent her way ; and after half an hour spent in stumbling over the irregularities of a primitive road, winding amongst a range of low hills, studded with thick plantations and close preserves for game, she arrived in sight of the anticipated haven ; but it was not without some degree of fear, that, several times in the course of this journey, when she chanced to cast her eyes back upon the way she had passed, the shadowy figure of a human being, skulking along under cover of the hedgerows, and apparently dodging her footsteps, had appeared to her ; though under an aspect so blended with the shadows of night as left it still doubtful whether or not the whole was a creation of imagination and imperfect vision.

A small desolate-looking hut, with a publican's sign over the door, put up more for pretence than use, now stood before her. At the same moment the figure she had seen shot rapidly forward up a ditch by the road-side, and disappeared behind the house.

As she approached, the sound of several boisterous voices reached her ear; and then the distinct words of part of an old song, which one of the company was singing:—

“As I and my dogs went out one night,
The moon and the stars did shine so bright,
To catch a fat buck we thought we might,
Fal de ral lu ra la!”

A rushing blast of wind bore away a verse or two of the narrative; but, as she had by this time reached the door, she stood still a moment, while the singer went on—

“He came all bleeding, and so lame,
He was not able to follow the game,
And sorry was I to see the same,
Fal de ral lu ra la!”

“I’ll take my long staff in my han’,
And range the woods to find that man,
And if that I do, his hide I’ll tan,
Fal de ral lu ra la!”

The singer stopped.

“Go on—go on!” cried several voices, “finish it, somehow; let’s hear th’ end on’t!”

“Dang it!” exclaimed the singer, in a sort of good-natured passion. “I don’t remember it. This isn’t the next verse, I know it isn’t; but I’ll try.

“Next day we offer’d it for sale,
Fal de ral lu ra li to la!
Unto an old woman that did sell ale,
Fal de ral lu ra la!”

“Next day we offer’d it for sale
Unto an old woman that did sell ale,
But she’d liked to have put us all in gaol,
Fal de ral lu ra la!”

There!” he exclaimed again, “I know no more if you’d fee me to sing it, so good b’ye to that, and be dang’d to it! as th’ saying goes.” At the same time the sound of a huge pot, bounced upon the table, bore good evidence that the speaker had not allowed his elegant sentiment to pass without due honour.

Mrs. Clink scarcely felt heart enough to face such a company as this without some previous notice. She accordingly knocked at the door somewhat loudly, whereupon every voice suddenly became silent, and a scrambling sound ensued, as of the gathering up of weapons; or, as though the individuals within were striving, upon the instant, to put themselves, from a state of disorder, into a condition fitted for the reception of any kind of company that might, at such an hour, chance to do them the honour of a visit.

“Who’s there?” cried a sharp voice inside the door, which

Colin's mother recognised as that of the landlady of the house. She applied her mouth near the keyhole, and replied,

"It's only me, Mrs. Mallory — only Anne Clink. I want a bed to-night, if you can let me have one."

"A bed!" repeated Mrs. Mallory. "This time o' night, and a bed! Sure there's nobody else?"

Mrs. Clink satisfied the inquiries of the landlady in this particular, and gave her very full assurances that no treachery was intended; still farther giving her to understand that Long-staff, the steward, had turned her out of house and home, late as it was, not an hour before. The bolt was undrawn, and Mrs. Clink walked in. The first greeting she received was from a dogged-looking savage, in a thick old velveteen shooting-jacket, who sat directly opposite the door.

"It's well for you, missus, you aren't a gamekeeper, or I should have put a leaden pill in your head afore this." Saying which, he raised from his side a short gun that had been held in readiness, and put it up the sleeve of his coat,—to which its construction was especially adapted, for security.

"Yes; we tell no tales here," observed another: "a ditch in th' woods is longer than th' longest tongue that ever spoke."

"What, you think," added the first speaker, "a crack on th' scull, and two or three shovelfuls of dirt, soon stops a gabblor, do ye? Ay, by Go! you're right, lad, there; and so it does."

An uncouth laugh, which went nearly round the company, at once evinced their sense of the facetiousness of this remark, and showed the feeling of indifference with which nearly all present regarded a remedy for tale-telling of the kind here suggested; but, in the mean time, the individual whose appearance in the house had elicited these remarks, had been conducted, with her young charge, into a small inner room, where we will leave her conversing with Mrs. Mallory, or preparing for very needful rest, as the case may be. Scarcely, however, had she passed out of hearing, before some inquiry was made by the ruffian who had first spoken, and whose name, it may be observed, was David Shaw, as to the family and genealogy of old Jerry Clink, "Because," he observed, "this woman called herself a Clink; and, as Jerry will be here to-night, I thought they might be summut related."

The explanation given by another of the company in reply, went on to state that at the time when Jerry was doing well in business he had two daughters, whom he brought up like two ladies: "But I thought there would soon be an end of that," continued the speaker, "and so there was. The old man was getting on too fast by half; so that when his creditors came on him, and he'd all this finery to pay for, he found he'd been sailing in shallow water; and away he went off to prison. What became of the gals I don't know exactly; but, if my memory be right, one of 'em died; and t' other was obliged to take up with

a place in a confectioner's shop. I don't know how true it is ; but report said, after that, that Mrs. Longstaff here, the steward's wife at th' hall, persuaded her to go over as a sort of schoolmissis to her children ; though, if that had been the case, she could not have been coming to such a house as this at twelve o'clock at night, and especially with two of th' children along wi' her. Thou mun be mistaken, David, i' th' name, I think."

"Am I?" said David sourly ; "then *I* think not."

A signal-sound near the door, in imitation of the crowing of a pheasant, announced the arrival at this instant of old Jerry Clink. David drew the bolt without stay or question, and the individual named walked in. Below the middle height, and not surpassingly elegant in shape, he still bore in his features and carriage some traces of the phantom of a long-vanished day of respectability. His habiliments, however, appeared, by their condition, cut, and colour, to have been gathered at various periods from as many corners of the empire. A huge snuff-coloured long coat, originally made for a man as big again as himself, and which stood round him like a sentry-box, matched very indifferently with a red plush waistcoat adorned with blue glass buttons, which scarcely kissed the band of his inexpressibles ; while the latter, composed of broad-striped corduroy, not unlike the impression of a rake on a garden-path, hung upon his shrivelled legs in pleasing imitation of the hide of a rhinoceros. Blue worsted stockings, and quarter-boots, laced tightly round his ankles with leathern thongs, completed the costume of the man.

Should the classical reader feel curious after a portrait of this gentleman, we refer him — unless our friend Cruikshank supply a better — to a profile which he will find prefixed to Conyers Middleton's *Life of Cicero*, which bears no contemptible resemblance to Jerry, save that it lacks the heavy weight of animal faculties in the occipital region, which, in the head of our friend, seemed to toss the scale of humanities in front most wholly up into the air.

"Well, how are you to-night,—all on you together?" asked Jerry, in a tone of voice which Dr. Johnson himself might have envied, when he brow-beat the very worst of his opponents, at the same time assisting himself to about a drachm of snuff from a tin case drawn from his coat-pocket, the contents of which he applied to his nasal organ by the aid of a small ladle, turned out of a boar's tusk, much as a scavenger might shovel dust into a cart. A general answer having been returned that all were in good health,

"Well, well," replied Jerry, "then tak' care to keep so, and mark I clap that injunction on you. What the dickens should you go to make yourselves badly for ! Here, stand away."

And so saying, he pushed Mr. David Shaw on one side, and elbowed half a dozen more on the other, as he strode forward

towards the fire with the sole but very important object in view of poking it. He then sat down upon a seat that had purposely been vacated for him near the fire, and inquired in the same surly tone,

“What are you drinking?”

“Here’s plenty of ale, Jerry,” replied David.

“Now, now,” objected Mr. Clink, “what are you going to insult me for? Talk of ale!—you know I’ve tasted none now these thirteen year, and shan’t again, live as long as I will.—Mrs. Mallory, here, d’ye hear! bring me a glass of gin; and then, David,” giving that amiable character a good-humoured poke under the right ribs, “you can pay for it, if you like.”

“Can I?” asked the person thus addressed, when he was suddenly cut short by old Jerry.

“Nay, nay, now!—I shall appeal to the company,—I never asked you; so don’t go to say I did. Can you insure me four brace of birds and a few good tench by to-morrow morning? ’Cause if you think you can, the sooner you set about it, the sooner we shall get rid of you.”

“Well, I’ll try, Jerry, if you want ’em particular.”

“Particular or not particular, what’s that to you? I give you an order, and that, you’ll admit, is the full extent of your business. Have you been up to them woods close to the house since t’other night?” he inquired; and, on being answered in the negative, thus continued,—“Then go to-night; for I’ve spread a report that’ll draw most of them that you have to fear down into the valley; and there’s plenty of time for you to go, and to get home again before they find out the mistake.”

I need scarcely remind the reader that every part of this conversation which related to the sports of the field, was carried on in a tone of voice scarcely audible even half across the room, and also that the door had been effectually secured, and the candles removed, some minutes before the bell in Bramleigh tower struck twelve. For the accommodation, however, of those who might have business to transact abroad after that hour, a private road, known only to those in whom confidence could be placed, had been constructed underground, commencing from the back of an old closet in the place, now occupied as a coal-house, and opening again, in order the better to avoid detection, in a pig-sty at the rear of the premises. Through this passage Mr. Shaw now steered his course, chanting, rather than singing, to himself as he left the room,

“We’ll hunt his game
Through field and brake;
His ponds we’ll net,
His fish we’ll take;
His woods we’ll scour
In nutting time;
And his mushrooms gather
At morning prime;

Since Nature gave—deny 't who can—
These things in common to ev'ry man."

"Ay, ay," remarked old Jerry, as the man departed, "if every man understood his trade as well as David does, there would be a good deal more sport by night, and less by light, than there is: but every dog to his varmint; he knows all the beasts of forest, beasts of chase, beasts and fowls of warren, and the laws of them, as well as the best sportsman in England that ever was, is, or will be."

"But I'll tell thee what he don't know," remarked the same individual who, prior to Mr. Clink's appearance, had given a brief sketch of the last-named gentleman's previous career; "he don't know, any more nor some o' the rest of us, whether or no there's any relations of yours living up in this quarter?"

"Why, as to that," replied Jerry, "if he'd wanted to be informed whether I had any relations here, and I had been in his company at the time, I could have stated this here. My youngest daughter, Anne, was sent for by Mrs. Longstaff, wife to Squire Lupton's steward, considerably above twelve months ago, to eddicate her children, and, to the best of my knowledge, she's there yet. There is but one action of my life that gives me anything like satisfaction to reflect on, and that is, I spared neither expense nor trouble, when I had the means in my power, to fit my children for something better in the world than I myself was born to. And well it was I did so; or else, as things have come to this, and I'm not quite so rich as I once was, I can't say what might have become of them. What, wasn't it So-crates, the heathen philosopher, that considered learning the best portion a man could bestow on his children?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the other, "what he considered; but if that's your daughter, and you don't know what's become of her, I can tell you she *isn't* at Mrs. Longstaff's now. Well, you may put your pipe down, and look at me as hard as you like, but it will not alter the truth. I believe she's under this roof, in that back-room there, with Mrs. Mallory, at this very minute."

"Confound it!" exclaimed Jerry, rising and striding towards the door of the room alluded to, "how is this? Foul play, my lads? By G—! if there is—" and, before the sentence was finished, he had walked in and closed the door behind him. At that moment a faint shriek of surprise was heard within, and a cry of—"Oh, father, father!"

The reader will perhaps readily see through the secret of all this without my assistance. It may, nevertheless, not be without its use, if, by way of summing up, I briefly state, that during the time the mother of our hero was placed, as had been hinted in the previous conversation, in a shop in the great manufacturing town of Leeds, her appearance had attracted the

attention of Mr. Lupton, when on his visits there in his magisterial capacity, and that he had ingeniously contrived, with the aid, counsel, and assistance of the debased and complying Mr. Longstaff, to entice her thence by the offer of a far better situation, in the capacity of governess to the steward's children, than that of which she was already in the enjoyment. When the consequences of the fatal error into which she had been led became evident to herself, she instantly quitted Mr. Longstaff's house ; and, by the consent of Mr. Lupton, retired to a cottage in the village ; where she maintained herself during some months by the small profits of needlework, which was sent to her regularly from the hall ; and, in the vain hope of keeping secure the secret of her own bosom, she had purposely forborne to acquaint any one of her friends of the cause of the change which had taken place, or even of the change itself. So far as the events of the night I am describing were concerned, although Mrs. Mallory was perfectly well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and also with the fact that the leading man of the night-company who assembled during the season at her house was Miss Clink's father, she had sufficient reasons, in the wish to keep that unfortunate young woman's secret, to prevent her from discovering to him any portion of her knowledge. The same feeling had caused her also to conceal the fact from both father and daughter that accident,—or misfortune rather,—had now brought them together under the same roof.

After some time had elapsed, during which we may imagine the old man was made fully acquainted with the situation in which his daughter was placed, he re-entered the room where his companions were assembled.

"Lads!" said he, striking the table violently with his fist, while his lips quivered as with an ague, and his eyes rolled with an expression of unusual ferocity, "if I live to go to th' gallows for it, old as I am, I'll cool the blood of that man up at yonder hall for what he's done to me and mine! To go in there, and see that wench a mother before she is a wife,—her character gone for ever,—ruined,—lost,—and she the only one left to redeem the character of the family!—why, I say, sink me to perdition this instant! if I don't redden his own hearthstone with his own blood, though I wait for it to the last day of my life. As sure as he sees the day, I'll make his children fatherless—I'll have my knife in him!"

"Stop! stop! Mr. Clink!" cried Mrs. Mallory, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "*do* cool yourself, and do not threaten so terribly."

"Threaten!" he exclaimed; "I say you are as bad as them; and it is high time somebody not only threatened, but did it.—What! isn't it enough that they ruin me as a tradesman for ever, and compel me to this beggarly night-work, in defiance of both them and their laws, for the sake of a paltry existence,

not worth holding from one day to another? Is n't this, I say, enough, but must they ruin our children, and degrade us still lower besides? What! — we are *poor*, are we? — and it does not matter what a child be done to, so that she is poor. They can bribe us, and buy us, and sell us; and if we be neither bribed, nor bought, nor sold, they can crush us under their feet! Well, well, it may do for some of *you*, — it may mix with your dastardly spirits very well; but *I* am of a different metal, lads; and when you see him bribe me, it will be with a redder coin than ever his gold was yet, or ever will be, — that you may depend upon. I never passed by an injury unrevenged yet; and my memory has not yet got so bad as to let that man slip through it. There's some men I should never forgive, if I lived a thousand years, and some that I would lay my own life down to do five minutes' justice on; but, above them, there is one shall NEVER slip me, though I go the world over after him!"

"Surrender! at the peril of your lives!" exclaimed a bluff coarse voice behind them, while, to the almost speechless astonishment and dismay of the company, the speaker advanced from the doorway of the coal-house above alluded to, discovering the person of a giant-looking fellow, considerably above six feet in height, clothed in a thick dress for the night air, armed with a long pistol in each hand, and guarded by a ferocious mastiff at his side.

"Down with the lights, and defend yourselves, lads!" cried Jerry; "we are betrayed!"

Almost before these words had passed his lips, half a dozen shots whizzed at the intruder, several of which lodged in Mrs. Mallory's bacon and hams, that hung from the ceiling of the room. One of the men on the far side of the table fell from the second shot of the head keeper of Kiddal, for he it was; while the dog he had brought with him attacked with the ferocity of a tiger old Jerry himself, who by this time had drawn a knife nearly nine inches long from his pocket, and stood prepared in the middle of the room for the reception of his four-footed antagonist. Meanwhile, five or six other keepers had found their way through the underground passage before described, and now rushed into the room to aid their leader. Filled with smoke, as the place was, from the discharged firearms, it became almost impossible to distinguish friends from foes. The lights were extinguished, the fire threw out only a dull red illumination upon the objects immediately contiguous to it, and the momentary glare of discharged guns and pistols alone enabled each party to distinguish, as by a lightning flash, the objects of their mutual enmity. At the same time the fierce worrying and howling of the dog, mingled with the terrific and thick-coming curses of old Jerry, as those two combatants rolled together upon the floor in fearful contention for the mas-

tery, together with the shrieks of the two women on the stairs, made up a chorus too dismal almost for the region of purgatory itself.

In the midst of this, succour arrived for the invaded party in the person of no less a hero than Mr. David Shaw. In a state of exasperation amounting almost to frenzy, that individual rushed into the house by the same way he had left it, crying out as he impetuously advanced, "Where is she?—where is she?"—the idea that Mrs. Clink had purposely betrayed them being alone uppermost in his mind. Making his way, as if instinctively, towards the stairs, he beheld something like the figure of a woman standing three or four steps above him, for the light was not sufficient to discover more. A plunge with his right hand, which grasped a common pocket-knife, was the work of an instant, and the landlady of the house—for he had mistaken his object—fell with a dead weight under the blow. At the same instant the fingers of his right hand became fast bound, and the blood ran down his arm in a bubbling stream. Instead of doing the murder he intended, the knife blade had struck backwards, and closed tightly upon the holder, so that three of his fingers and the fleshy part of the thumb were gashed through to the bone. Regardless of this, he extricated his hand, cast the knife fiercely amongst the combatants, and fell to the attack in right good earnest.

Pope, if I recollect aright, very highly extols some of those similes, which Perrault describes as similes with a long tail, introduced by the greatest of epic poets into his descriptions of the combats between the Trojans and the Greeks. In humble imitation, then, of father Homer, let me proceed to say, that as a platoon of maggots on a cheese-plate contend with violent writhings of the body for superiority, as they overrun each other, and alternately gain the uppermost place, or roll ingloriously to the bottom in the ambitious strife for mastery;—so did the preservers and the destroyers of game in the parlour of the poacher's ken mingle, together in deadly strife, amidst the fall of tables and the wreck of kegs.

Securely seated, after the struggles of an unequal war, old Jerry Clink might now, by the aid of some friendly candle, have been seen reposing himself between the legs of a round table, his countenance and hands so deeply besmeared with blood as to give him all the grimness of a red Indian squatting after a job of scalping, the huge mastiff stretched before him, with its head bruised until its features were not discernible, and a gaping wound behind the left fore-leg, into which had been introduced the weapon that had let out his life; while around lay strewn in confusion the fragments and ribands of nearly every portion of dress that Mr. Clink had previously worn. Nothing was left of his large snuff-coloured coat, save the collar and a small portion of the upper ends of the arms; his red waistcoat lay in twenty

pieces around ; and his unmentionables hung about him like the shattered bark of some old tree, that has been doomed to experience the lacerating power of a lightning-stroke. Jerry could do no more. He saw David Shaw, after a desperate struggle worthy of a more noble cavalier, subdued, and pinioned like a market-fowl across the back, without the power to make even an effort in his favour ; while of the remaining portion of his men some had made their escape, and the rest, having exhausted their means of defence, were surrendering at discretion.

“ Well, if I could I would not leave you, lads,” thought Jerry, as he witnessed the defeat of his companions, — “ I’ve stood by you in good, and I’ll stand by you in evil. Sooner than be guilty of a mean action, like that, I’d do as the great Cato did, and fall upon my own pocket-knife. Here,” he cried in a loud voice, addressing himself to the head gamekeeper, “ here, you big brute ! pick me up, will you ? I’m going along with all th’ rest.”

“ I know that,” responded the individual thus addressed, with an allusion to Mr. Clink’s eyes, which would not have benefited them, if carried into effect, quite so materially as might a pinch of Grimston’s snuff ; “ I’ll take care of you soon enough, old chap, trust me for that.”

So saying, he cast a cord round Jerry’s body, binding his arms to his sides ; an operation which the latter underwent with the most heroic fortitude and good will. Not so, however, with the next proceeding ; for the gamekeeper, having by this time discovered the carcass of his murdered dog under the table, seized hold of the loose end of the rope with which Jerry was tied, and fell to belabouring him without mercy.

The remaining portion of his confederates being now secured in two bunches of three and four respectively, the whole were marched off under a strong escort of their conquerors, to a lock-up in the village, where they remained under guard all night ; two or three hours of this time being expended in a hot dispute between Jerry and David Shaw, upon the point whether Mrs. Anne Clink did, or did not, wilfully and maliciously betray them into the hands of their enemies.

That individually she was innocent, the reader is fully aware ; although, in reality, she still had been the unconscious cause of all the disasters that had occurred. No sooner had she left her house on this eventful night, as described at the conclusion of a preceding chapter, than Mr. Longstaff, being fearful that he might have stretched his authority somewhat too far, appointed his assistant, the constable, to steal out, and trace her footsteps wherever she might go, until he found her in a resting-place for the night ; since, by this precaution, the steward would be enabled, in case of need, to find her again at any moment he might think proper. The constable discharged his

commission so well, that he carried back a great deal more than he went for ; and not only reported the lodging which Mistress Clink had taken up ; but also discovered that a number of poachers, as he believed, against whom he had long held a warrant granted for offences against the game-laws, were there and then assembled in mischievous cogitation, as he had actually seen one of them emerge from a pigsty at the back of the premises. To be able to detect the unfortunate woman, whom he had deprived of a home, in the very act of patronizing a house of poachers upon the squire's manor, was the very thing for Mr. Longstaff. He lost no time in informing the guardians of the woods what a pretty garrison might be taken by surprise ; and they, in accordance with that information, and the direction of the constable, accordingly advanced to the attack with such success as has already been related.

The injury sustained by Mrs. Mallory when knocked down on the staircase was not very material ; nor did she feel it half so much as the additional one inflicted on her by the magistrates, when she was, some short time after, called up and fined ten pounds for the share she had taken in this little business. Longstaff struggled hard to involve Mrs. Clink in the same difficulty, on the plea that she had aided and abetted Mrs. Mallory either in having game in her possession, or in eating it ; but he failed to make out a case : and, as the squire entirely disapproved of the step he had taken in breaking up that lady's house, the steward had the additional mortification of hearing himself commanded not only to reinstate her therein, but also to make ample restitution for the loss and misery he had occasioned to her.

In conclusion of this chapter, and of the events recorded therein, I may briefly observe, that, early on the following morning, old Jerry Clink, and seven of his associates, were conveyed to the castle at York ; and that, after soliloquizing there during some weeks, they underwent their trial. Now, if any man can escape an infringement of the game-laws, especially if accompanied by the show of violence, he can escape anything—in the items of burglary, manslaughter, and arson, he may be considered invulnerable. They all were found guilty : and, while some of the lesser offenders were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment at home, Mr. David Shaw, and Jerry Clink, were accommodated with a fourteen years' residence in New South Wales. This judgment served only to sharpen the fangs of Jerry's resentment ; but, as revenge is a commodity which, like Thorn's Tally-Ho Sauce, may be warranted to keep in all climates with equal freshness, Jerry not only carried his resentment out with him, and preserved it while abroad, but likewise brought it back again, for the purpose of making use of it, as we shall have occasion to see, after his return to his own country.

THE THREE LITERARY GRACES :

A RHAPSODY.

HERE'S a health to Madge Ebony, strictly call'd Maga,
 A term, I think, meaning a witch or a "Saga"
 In Horace's words; in plain English, a woman,
 With a spice of the devil, and shrewder than common.
 She's just twenty-two, in the flower of her years,
 And may live to a hundred, for aught that appears.
 A fine strapping lass in the masculine style,
 With a clear-ringing brogue, you might hear her a mile,
 Can bring down a black-cock, or brander him too,
 And when once on the heather, out-fag me or you :
 Can chop metaphysics, or wade in the water
 A salmon to slaughter;
 And many have thought her
 The *beau idéal* of M'Callum More's daughter.
 I never was yet in the snug penetratia,
 Where her guardian, Kit North, holds his famed saturnalia
 Or sat at a Noc-
 -tes till three of the clock,
 With a whisky-proof noddle as hard as a rock,
 To see her indulge, as some boast to have seen,
 A taste epicene
 For beef-steaks and oysters, strong ale and potheen ;
 But I've danced a strathspey
 With Madge in my day,
 Sung her old songs of Oxford, and whisk'd her away
 To our watering-places
 To laugh at queer faces,
 Cards, loungers, and scandal, and second-hand graces ;
 And treasured a note from her—" Faithfully yours,
 Dear Buller ; pray join us next month on the moors."
 She's the Madame de Stael
 Of the laud of the Gael,
 The scourge of all humbugs and prophets of Baal ;
 As piquant as Vestris,
 As bold as Thalestris,
 And sometimes as savage as old Queen Amestris,
 Of Persia, whose taste lay in scorching and playing ;
 But when any generous impulse obeying,
 She speaks out her mind without banter or quizz,
 Like a fine open-hearted Scotch lass, as she is.

Regina's a dame of pretensions and style,
 And a bit of a Tartar, in spite of her smile,
 With decided opinions on politics, chess,
 Clubs, sporting, and dress,
 And statistics no less,
 With a tone and a manner of conscious success,
 Chats quite at her ease,
 Retailing "on dits"
 Of cabinets, courts, and May Fair coteries ;
 Picks up a good thing from a clever young sub.,
 Or a new-arrived Turk at the Travellers' Club.
 Witty and lyrical,
 Keen and satirical,
 Apt to demolish pretensions empirical.
 Oh ! how I've laugh'd, like a person insane,
 To hear her run on in the yellow plush vein !
 Yet she goes, I confess it, a little too far,
 Occasioning war,
 Broil, battery, and scar,
 To the friends and true lovers who ride in her car,
 For her ukase is that of an absolute Czar.
 Then she handles the crayon as well as the pen,
 And shows us up sketches of eminent men,
 Our eyes to allure,
 Though one hardly feels sure
 That each head is not meant as a caricature ;
 Her foes cry, " Regina ! her name should be Regan—
 A termagant vixen, who slangs like Pierce Egan."
 They would fain draw the cork
 Of her fancy man, Yorke,
 Who gobbles up noodles, like ruthless King Stork.
 And, now that her faults and her merits are weigh'd,
 Here's a hearty good health, for my part, to the jade.

 And here's to our Missy, the goddess of mirth—
 Some call her Miss Cëllány, other Cëllány ;
 But all men agree, no companion on earth
 Enlivens you so, when the weather's too rainy
 For hunting the fox,
 And we sit dull as blocks,
 As if dreaming of typhus, or falls in the stocks ;
 Then in she comes, drest with such very good taste,
 In her habit of buff, with a quaint pattern graced,
 To clear our ideas, and open our eyes,
 And give us a taste of the merry and wise,
 And says, introducing a good-looking man,
 " Of course you know Cruikshank,—he's one of our clan. "
 Quite a lady-like drawing-room pet is our Missy,
 Frank, jocund and sociable, cozy and kissy,

And not metaphysical,
 learn'd, or busy
 In party polemics, which turn your head dizzy.
 She knows her department, which never need clash
 With other young ladies who dictate and dash,
 And opines that it argues a love of dominion
 When Misses assert a decided opinion.
 Her maiden good name is unsullied—and yet
 She passes, I fear, for a rampant coquette ;
 That flirts unrestricted with Tories and Whigs,
 And is only exclusive to prosers and prigs,
 Who run their dull rigs
 On poor-laws and pigs,
 When they ought to be laughing, or dancing Scots jigs,
 And bore you with matters they don't understand,
 As if there were not plagues enough in the land.
 Yet Missy, I ween, can be grave on occasion,
 And tell a sad tale with such gentle persuasion,
 That the Blues all agree, neither Tasso nor Monti
 Are better adepts in the "art de bien conter."
 And as for the children, wly, bless their young hearts !
 They run to the door from their playthings and tarts,
 When tripping as gaily
 As pretty Rose Maylie,
 With flowers in her hair, like Serena, in Hayley,
 She comes once a-month to one's house on a visit ;
 And Laura cries out, " Is it Missy ? Oh, is it ?
 Dear Missy, pray take me the first on your knee ;
 Don't talk to mamma, but take notice of me,
 And tell me, oh ! tell me the ending, do, pray,
 Of the beautiful tale you began t' other day ;
 That wicked man Bumble!—and Fagin the Jew !—
 Is it all your own fancy, or actually true ?"
 While Alfred in petticoats stands all attention,
 And swallowing for gospel each vivid invention,
 Looks grave as a lion, and doubles his fist
 To thrash the oppressors of Oliver Twist.
 Then her style of narration (the best thing of all)
 Bears not the least mark of peculiar locale.
 Whate'er she considers as worth noting down
 Comes equally welcome from country or town ;
 And thus she's as honour'd a guest in the counties
 As the members themselves, with their smiles and their bounties.
 The Countess at breakfast observes to her Earl,
 " She has really no tinge of a cockneyfied girl ;
 And so very *au fait* in our legends ! Remember,
 My Lord, we must ask her down here in December.

She is so amusing,—such anecdotes brings
 Of very equivocal persons and things,
 Yet worded in language so pure and well-bred,
 And the moral so good, that the heart and the head
 Are mended alike.”—“How exactly she traces
 The site,” says my Lord, “of those pickpocket places,—
 Jacob’s Island, to wit, and that horrible Mint!
 As if the fair lady had really been in ’t!
 Her names, too, are always well-chosen and good;
 The Traffords, I know, are high Lancashire blood:
 So write by this post, and inform her, my dear,
 I shall be quite delighted to welcome her here.”
 In the evening, my lord’s jolly tenant at tea
 Rolls chuckling about in his chair, and says he,
 “As sure as a gun,
 This is ’nation good fun
 As I ever yet read or heard under the sun.
 This Missy must come down to see us, that’s clear;
 Why, wife, ’tis but poor thirty shillings a-year.”
 ’Tis strange, brother Rookwood, I really can’t say,
 Why I scribbled this lay
 Upon April Fool’s day;
 But yet, as it cannot appear before May,
 Esteem it a votive May garland, intended
 For Missy’s fair brow, to whom hold me commended,
 And tell her from me she’s the Ariel, the Peri
 Of all the Peri-odicals—are you not, Deary?

BULLER, SEN.

April 1, 1839.



JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD" AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE SECOND.—1715.

CHAPTER XVI.

JONATHAN WILD'S HOUSE IN THE OLD BAILEY.

JUST as Saint Sepulchre's church struck one, on the eventful night of the 10th of June, (to which it will now be necessary to recur,) a horseman, mounted on a powerful charger, and followed at a respectful distance by an attendant, galloped into the open space fronting Newgate, and directed his course towards a house in the Old Bailey. Before he could draw in the rein, his steed — startled apparently by some object undistinguishable by the rider, — swerved with such suddenness as to unseat him, and precipitate him on the ground. The next moment, however, he was picked up, and set upon his feet by a person who, having witnessed the accident, flew across the road to his assistance.

"You're not hurt, I hope, Sir Rowland?" inquired this individual.

"Not materially, Mr. Wild," replied the other; "a little shaken, that's all. Curses light on the horse!" he added, seizing the bridle of his steed, who continued snorting and shivering, as if still under the influence of some unaccountable alarm; "what can ail him?"

"I know what ails him, your honour," rejoined the groom, riding up as he spoke; "he's seen somethin' not o' this world."

"Most likely," observed Jonathan, with a slight sneer; "the ghost of some highwayman who has just breathed his last in Newgate, no doubt."

"Maybe," returned the man gravely.

"Take him home, Saunders," said Sir Rowland, resigning his faulty steed to the attendant's care, "I shall not require you further. Strange!" he added, as the groom departed; "Bay Stuart has carried me through a hundred dangers, but never played me such a trick before."

"And never should again, were he mine," rejoined Jonathan. "If the best nag ever foaled were to throw me in this unlucky spot, I'd blow his brains out."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Trenchard.

"A fall against Newgate is accounted a sign of death by the halter," replied Wild, with ill-disguised malignity.

"Tush!" exclaimed Sir Rowland, angrily.

"From that door," continued the thieftaker, pointing to the

gloomy portal of the prison opposite which they were standing, "the condemned are taken to Tyburn. It's a bad omen to be thrown near that door."

"I didn't suspect you of so much superstition, Mr. Wild," observed the knight, contemptuously.

"Facts convince the most incredulous," answered Jonathan, drily. "I've known several cases where the ignominious doom I've mentioned has been foretold by such an accident as has just befallen you. There was Major Price — you must recollect him, Sir Rowland,—he stumbled as he was getting out of his chair at that very gate. Well, *he* was executed for murder. Then there was Tom Jarrot, the hackney-coachman, who was pitched off the box against yonder curbstone, and broke his leg. It was a pity he didn't break his neck, for he was hanged within the year. Another instance was that of Toby Tanner——"

"No more of this," interrupted Trenchard; "where is the boy?"

"Not far hence," replied Wild. "After all our pains we were near losing him, Sir Rowland."

"How so?" asked the other, distrustfully.

"You shall hear," returned Jonathan. "With the help of his comrade, Jack Sheppard, the young rascal made a bold push to get out of the roundhouse, where my janizaries had lodged him, and would have succeeded too, if, by good luck, — for the devil never deserts so useful an agent as I am, Sir Rowland, — I hadn't arrived in time to prevent him. As it was, my oldest and trustiest setter, Abraham Mendez, received a blow on the head from one of the lads that will deprive me of his services for a week to come, — if, indeed, it doesn't disable him altogether. However, if I've lost one servant, I've gained another,—that's a comfort. Jack Sheppard is now wholly in my hands——"

"What is this to me, sir?" said Trenchard, cutting him short.

"Nothing whatever," rejoined the thieftaker, coldly. "But it is much to me. Jack Sheppard is to me what Thames Darrell is to you — an object of hatred. I owed his father a grudge: that I settled long ago. I owe his mother one, and will repay the debt, with interest, to her son. I could make away with him at once, as you are about to make away with your nephew, Sir Rowland, — but that wouldn't serve my turn. To be complete, my vengeance must be tardy. Certain of my prey, I can afford to wait for it. Besides, revenge is sweetened by delay; and I indulge too freely in the passion to rob it of any of its zest. I've watched this lad — this Sheppard — from infancy; and, though I have apparently concerned myself little about him, I have never lost sight of my purpose. I have suffered him to be brought up decently — honestly; because I would make his fall the greater, and deepen the wound I mean to inflict upon his mother. From this night I shall pursue a

different course ; from this night his ruin may be dated. He is in the care of those who will not leave the task assigned them — the utter perversion of his principles — half-finished. And when I have steeped him to the lips in vice and depravity ; when I have led him to the commission of every crime ; when there is neither retreat nor advance for him ; when he has plundered his benefactor, and broken the heart of his mother — then — but not till then, I will consign him to the fate to which I consigned his father. This I have sworn to do — this I will do."

"Not unless your skull's bullet-proof," cried a voice at his elbow ; and, as the words were uttered, a pistol was snapped at his head, which, — fortunately or unfortunately, as the reader pleases, — only burnt the priming. The blaze, however, was sufficient to reveal to the thieftaker the features of his intended assassin. They were those of the Irish watchman.

"Ah ! Terry O'Flaherty !" vociferated Jonathan, in a tone that betrayed not the slightest discomposure. "Ah ! Terry O'Flaherty !" he cried, shouting after the Irishman, who took to his heels as soon as he found his murderous attempt unsuccessful ; "you may run, but you'll not get out of my reach. I'll put a brace of dogs on your track, who'll soon hunt you down. You shall swing for this after next sessions, or my name's not Jonathan Wild. I told you, Sir Rowland," he added, turning to the knight, and chuckling, "the devil never deserts me."

"Conduct me to your dwelling, sir, without further delay," said Trenchard, sternly, — "to the boy."

"The boy's not at my house," replied Wild.

"Where is he, then ?" demanded the other, hastily.

"At a place we call the Dark House at Queenhiithe," answered Jonathan, "a sort of underground tavern or night-cellar, close to the river-side, and frequented by the crew of the Dutch skipper, to whose care he's to be committed. You need have no apprehensions about him, Sir Rowland. He's safe enough now. I left him in charge of Quilt Arnold and Rykhart Van Galgebok — the skipper I spoke of — with strict orders to shoot him if he made any further attempt at escape ; and they're not lads — the latter especially — to be trifled with. I deemed it more prudent to send him to the Dark House than to bring him here, in case of any search after him by his adoptive father — the carpenter Wood. If you choose, you can see him put on board the Zeeslang yourself, Sir Rowland. But, perhaps, you'll first accompany me to my dwelling for a moment, that we may arrange our accounts before we start. I've a few necessary directions to leave with my people, to put 'em on their guard against the chance of a surprise. Suffer me to precede you. This way, Sir Rowland."

The thieftaker's residence was a large dismal-looking habitation, separated from the street by a flagged court-yard, and defended from general approach by an iron railing. Even in the

daylight, it had a sombre and suspicious air, and seemed to slink back from the adjoining houses, as if afraid of their society. In the obscurity in which it was now seen, it looked like a prison, and, indeed, it was Jonathan's fancy to make it resemble one as much as possible. The windows were grated, the doors barred; each room had the name as well as the appearance of a cell; and the very porter who stood at the gate, habited like a gaoler, with his huge bunch of keys at his girdle, his forbidding countenance and surly demeanour seemed to be borrowed from Newgate. The clanking of chains, the grating of locks, and the rumbling of bolts must have been music in Jonathan's ears, so much pains did he take to subject himself to such sounds. The scanty furniture of the rooms corresponded with their dungeon-like aspect. The walls were bare, and painted in stone-colour; the floors, devoid of carpet; the beds, of hangings; the windows, of blinds; and, excepting in the thieftaker's own audience-chamber, there was not a chair or a table about the premises; the place of these conveniences being elsewhere supplied by benches, and deal-boards laid across joint-stools. Great stone staircases leading no one knew whither, and long gloomy passages, impressed the occasional visiter with the idea that he was traversing a building of vast extent; and, though this was not the case in reality, the deception was so cleverly contrived that it seldom failed of producing the intended effect. Scarcely any one entered Mr. Wild's dwelling without apprehension, or quitted it without satisfaction. More strange stories were told of it than of any other house in London. The garrets were said to be tenanted by coiners, and artists employed in altering watches and jewelry; the cellars to be used as a magazine for stolen goods. By some it was affirmed that a subterranean communication existed between the thieftaker's abode and Newgate, by means of which he was enabled to maintain a secret correspondence with the imprisoned felons: by others, that an underground passage led to extensive vaults, where such malefactors as he chose to screen from justice might lie concealed till the danger was blown over. Nothing, in short, was too extravagant to be related of it; and Jonathan, who delighted in investing himself and his residence with mystery, encouraged, and perhaps originated, these marvellous tales. However this may be, such was the ill report of the place that few passed along the Old Bailey without bestowing a glance of fearful curiosity at its dingy walls, and wondering what was going on inside them; while fewer still, of those who paused at the door, read, without some internal trepidation, the formidable name — inscribed in large letters on its bright brass-plate — of JONATHAN WILD.

Arrived at his habitation, Jonathan knocked in a peculiar manner at the door, which was instantly opened by the grim-visaged porter just alluded to. No sooner had Trenchard crossed

the threshold than a fierce barking was heard at the farther extremity of the passage, and, the next moment, a couple of mastiffs of the largest size rushed furiously towards him. The knight stood upon his defence; but he would unquestionably have been torn in pieces by the savage hounds, if a shower of oaths, seconded by a vigorous application of kicks and blows from their master, had not driven them growling off. Apologizing to Sir Rowland for this unpleasant reception, and swearing lustily at his servant for occasioning it by leaving the dogs at liberty, Jonathan ordered the man to light them to the audience-room. The command was sullenly obeyed, for the fellow did not appear to relish the rating. Ascending the stairs, and conducting them along a sombre gallery, in which Trenchard noticed that every door was painted black, and numbered, he stopped at the entrance of a chamber; and, selecting a key from the bunch at his girdle, unlocked it. Following his guide, Sir Rowland found himself in a large and lofty apartment, the extent of which he could not entirely discern until lights were set upon the table. He then looked around him with some curiosity; and, as the thieftaker was occupied in giving directions to his attendant in an undertone, ample leisure was allowed him for investigation. At the first glance, he imagined he must have stumbled upon a museum of rarities, there were so many glass cases, so many open cabinets ranged against the walls; but the next convinced him that if Jonathan was a virtuoso, his tastes did not run in the ordinary channels. Trenchard was tempted to examine the contents of some of these cases, but a closer inspection made him recoil from them in disgust. In the one he approached was gathered together a vast assortment of weapons, each of which, as appeared from the ticket attached to it, had been used as an instrument of destruction. On this side was a razor with which a son had murdered his father; the blade notched, the haft crusted with blood: on that, a bar of iron, bent, and partly broken, with which a husband had beaten out his wife's brains. As it is not, however, our intention to furnish a complete catalogue of these curiosities, we shall merely mention that in front of them lay a large and sharp knife, once the property of the public executioner, and used by him to dissever the limbs of those condemned to death for high-treason; together with an immense two-pronged flesh-fork, likewise employed by the same terrible functionary to plunge the quarters of his victims in the caldrons of boiling tar and oil. Every gibbet at Tyburn and Hounslow appeared to have been plundered of its charnel spoil to enrich the adjoining cabinet, so well was it stored with skulls and bones, all purporting to be the relics of highwaymen famous in their day. Halters, each of which had fulfilled its destiny, formed the attraction of the next compartment; while a fourth was occupied by an array of implements of housebreaking almost innumerable, and utterly

indescribable. All these interesting objects were carefully arranged, classed, and, as we have said, labelled by the thieftaker.

From this singular collection Trenchard turned to regard its possessor, who was standing at a little distance from him, still engaged in earnest discourse with his attendant, and, as he contemplated his ruthless countenance, on which duplicity and malignity had set their strongest seals, he could not help calling to mind all he had heard of Jonathan's perfidiousness to his employers, and deeply regretting that he had placed himself in the power of so unscrupulous a miscreant.

Jonathan Wild, at this time, was on the high-road to the greatness which he subsequently, and not long afterwards, obtained. He was fast rising to an eminence that no one of his nefarious profession ever reached before him, nor, it is to be hoped, will ever reach again. He was the Napoleon of knavery, and established an uncontrolled empire over all the practitioners of crime. This was no light conquest; nor was it a government easily maintained. Resolution, severity, subtlety, were required for it; and these were qualities which Jonathan possessed in an extraordinary degree. The danger or difficulty of an exploit never appalled him. What his head conceived his hand executed. Professing to stand between the robber and the robbed, he himself plundered both. He it was who formed the grand design of a rogue's corporation, of which he should be the sole head and director, with the right of delivering those who concealed their booty, or refused to share it with him, to the gallows. He divided London into districts, appointed a gang to each district, and a leader to each gang, whom he held responsible to himself. The country was partitioned in a similar manner. Those whom he retained about his person, or placed in offices of trust, were for the most part convicted felons, who, having returned from transportation before their term had expired, constituted, in his opinion, the safest agents, inasmuch as they could neither be legal evidences against him, nor withhold any portion of the spoil of which he chose to deprive them. But the crowning glory of Jonathan, that which raised him above all his predecessors in iniquity, and clothed his name with undying notoriety—was to come. When in the plenitude of his power, he commenced a terrible trade, till then unknown—namely, a traffic in human blood. This he carried on by procuring witnesses to swear away the lives of those persons who had incurred his displeasure, or whom it might be necessary to remove.

No wonder that Trenchard, as he gazed at this fearful being, should have some misgivings cross him.

Apparently, Jonathan perceived he was an object of scrutiny; for, hastily dismissing his attendant, he walked towards the knight.

"So, you're admiring my cabinet, Sir Rowland," he remarked, with a sinister smile; "it is generally admired; and,

sometimes by parties who afterwards contribute to the collection themselves,—ha! ha! This skull," he added, pointing to a fragment of mortality in the case beside them, "once belonged to Tom Sheppard, the father of the lad I spoke of just now. In the next box hangs the rope by which he suffered. When I've placed another skull and another halter beside them, I shall be contented."

"To business, sir!" said the knight, with a look of abhorrence.

"Ay, to business," returned Jonathan, grinning, "the sooner the better."

"Here is the sum you bargained for," rejoined Trenchard, flinging a pocket-book on the table; "count it."

Jonathan's eyes glistened as he told over the notes.

"You've given me more than the amount, Sir Rowland," he said, after he had twice counted them, "or I've missed my reckoning. There's a hundred pounds too much."

"Keep it," said Trenchard, haughtily.

"I'll place it to your account, Sir Rowland," answered the thief-taker, smiling significantly. "And now, shall we proceed to Queenhithe?"

"Stay!" cried the other, taking a chair, "a word with you, Mr. Wild."

"As many as you please, Sir Rowland," replied Jonathan, resuming his seat. "I'm quite at your disposal."

"I have a question to propose to you," said Trenchard, "relating to——" and he hesitated.

"Relating to the father of the boy—Thames Darrell," supplied Jonathan. "I guessed what was coming. You desire to know who he was, Sir Rowland. Well, you *shall* know."

"Without further fee?" inquired the knight.

"Not exactly," answered Jonathan, drily. "A secret is too valuable a commodity to be thrown away. But I said I wouldn't drive a hard bargain with you, and I won't. We are alone, Sir Rowland," he added, snuffing the candles, glancing cautiously around, and lowering his tone, "and what you confide to me shall never transpire,—at least to your disadvantage."

"I am at a loss to understand you, sir," said Trenchard.

"I'll make myself intelligible before I've done," rejoined Wild. "I need not remind you, Sir Rowland, that I am aware you are deeply implicated in the Jacobite plot which is now known to be hatching."

"Ha!" ejaculated the other.

"Of course, therefore," pursued Jonathan, "you are acquainted with all the leaders of the proposed insurrection,—nay, must be in correspondence with them."

"What right have you to suppose this, sir?" demanded Trenchard, sternly.

"Have a moment's patience, Sir Rowland," returned Wild;

“and you shall hear. If you will furnish me with a list of these rebels, and with proofs of their treason, I will not only insure your safety, but will acquaint you with the real name and rank of your sister Aliva’s husband, as well as with some particulars which will never otherwise reach your ears, concerning your lost sister, Constance.”

“My sister Constance!” echoed the knight; “what of her?”

“You agree to my proposal, then?” said Jonathan.

“Do you take me for as great a villain as yourself, sir?” said the knight, rising.

“I took you for one who wouldn’t hesitate to avail himself of any advantage chance might throw in his way,” returned the thieftaker, coldly. “I find I was in error. No matter. A time *may* come, — and that ere long, — when you will be glad to purchase my secrets, and your own safety, at a dearer price than the heads of your companions.”

“Are you ready?” said Trenchard, striding towards the door.

“I am,” replied Jonathan, following him, “and so,” he added in an undertone, “are your captors.”

A moment afterwards, they quitted the house.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NIGHT-CELLAR.

AFTER a few minutes’ rapid walking, during which neither party uttered a word, Jonathan Wild and his companion had passed Saint Paul’s, dived down a thoroughfare on the right, and reached Thames-street.

At the period of this history, the main streets of the metropolis were but imperfectly lighted, while the less-frequented avenues were left in total obscurity; but, even at the present time, the maze of courts and alleys into which Wild now plunged, would have perplexed any one, not familiar with their intricacies, to thread them on a dark night. Jonathan, however, was well acquainted with the road. Indeed, it was his boast that he could find his way through any part of London blindfolded; and by this time, it would seem, he had nearly arrived at his destination; for, grasping his companion’s arm, he led him along a narrow entry which did not appear to have an outlet, and came to a halt. Cautioning the knight, if he valued his neck, to tread carefully, Jonathan then descended a steep flight of steps; and, having reached the bottom in safety, he pushed open a door, that swung back on its hinges as soon as it had admitted him; and, followed by Trenchard, entered the night-cellar.

The vault, in which Sir Rowland found himself, resembled in some measure the cabin of a ship. It was long and narrow, with a ceiling supported by huge uncovered rafters, and so low as scarcely to allow a tall man like himself to stand erect beneath it. Notwithstanding the heat of the season, — which

was not, however, found particularly inconvenient in this subterranean region, — a large heaped-up fire blazed ruddily in one corner, and lighted up a circle of as villainous countenances as ever flame shone upon.

The guests congregated within the night-cellar were, in fact, little better than thieves; but thieves who confined their depredations almost exclusively to the vessels lying in the pool and docks of the river. They had as many designations as grades. There were game watermen and game lightermen, heavy horsemen and light horsemen, scuffle-hunters, and long-apron men, lumpers, journeymen coopers, mud-larks, badgers, and rat-catchers — a race of dangerous vermin recently, in a great measure, extirpated by the vigilance of the Thames Police, but at this period flourishing in vast numbers. Besides these plunderers, there were others with whom the disposal of their pillage necessarily brought them into contact, and who seldom failed to attend them during their hours of relaxation and festivity; — to wit, dealers in junk, old rags, and marine stores, purchasers of prize-money, crimps, and Jew receivers. The latter formed by far the most knavish-looking and unprepossessing portion of the assemblage. One or two of the tables were occupied by groups of fat frowzy women in flat caps, with rings on their thumbs, and baskets by their sides; and no one who had listened for a single moment to their coarse language and violent abuse of each other, would require to be told they were fish-wives from Billingsgate.

The presiding divinity of the cellar was a comely middle-aged dame, almost as stout, and quite as shrill-voiced, as the Billingsgate fish-wives above-mentioned. Mrs. Spurling, for so was she named, had a warm nut-brown complexion, almost as dark as a Creole; and a moustache on her upper lip, that would have done no discredit to the oldest dragoon in the King's service. This lady was singularly lucky in her matrimonial connexions. She had been married four times: three of her husbands died of hempen fevers; and the fourth, having been twice condemned, was saved from the noose by Jonathan Wild, who not only managed to bring him off, but to obtain for him the situation of under-turnkey in Newgate.

On the appearance of the thieftaker, Mrs. Spurling was standing near the fire superintending some culinary preparation; but she no sooner perceived him, than hastily quitting her occupation, she elbowed a way for him and the knight through the crowd, and ushered them, with much ceremony, into an inner room, where they found the objects of their search, Quilt Arnold and Rykhiart Van Galgebok, seated at a small table, quietly smoking. This service rendered, without waiting for any farther order, she withdrew.

Both the janizary and the skipper arose as the others entered the room.

"This is the gentleman," observed Jonathan, introducing

Trenchard to the Hollander, "who is about to intrust his young relation to your care."

"De gentleman may rely on my showing his relation all de attention in my power," replied Van Galgebok, bowing profoundly to the knight; "but if any unforeseen accident—such as a slip overboard—should befall de jonker on de voyage, he mushn't lay de fault entirely on my shoulders—haw! haw!"

"Where is he?" asked Sir Rowland, glancing uneasily around. "I do not see him."

"De jonker. He's here," returned the skipper, pointing significantly downwards. "Bring him out, Quilt."

So saying, he pushed aside the table, and the janizary stooping down, undrew a bolt and opened a trap-door.

"Come out!" roared Quilt, looking into the aperture. "You're wanted."

But as no answer was returned, he thrust his arm up to the shoulder into the hole, and with some little difficulty and exertion of strength, drew forth Thames Darrell.

The poor boy, whose hands were pinioned behind him, looked very pale, but neither trembled, nor exhibited any other symptom of alarm.

"Why didn't you come out when I called you, you young dog?" cried Quilt, in a savage tone.

"Because I knew what you wanted me for," answered Thames firmly.

"Oh! you did, did you?" said the janizary. "And what do you suppose we mean to do with you, eh?"

"You mean to kill me," replied Thames, "by my cruel uncle's command. Ah! there he stands!" he exclaimed as his eye fell for the first time upon Sir Rowland. "Where is my mother?" he added, regarding the knight with a searching glance. "Your mother is dead," interposed Wild, scowling.

"Dead!" echoed the boy. "Oh no—no! You say this to terrify me—to try me. But I will not believe you. Inhuman as he is, he would not kill her. Tell me, sir," he added, advancing towards the knight, "tell me this man has spoken falsely?—Tell me my mother is alive, and do what you please with me?"

"Tell him so, and have done with him, Sir Rowland," observed Jonathan coldly.

"Tell me the truth, I implore you," cried Thames. "Is she alive?"

"She is not," replied Trenchard, overcome by conflicting emotions, and unable to endure the boy's agonized look.

"Are you answered?" said Jonathan, with a grin worthy of a demon.

"My mother!—my poor mother!" ejaculated Thames, falling on his knees, and bursting into tears. "Shall I never see that sweet face again,—never feel the pressure of those kind

hands more — nor listen to that gentle voice! Ah! yes, we shall meet again in heaven, where I shall speedily join you. Now then," he added more calmly, "I am ready to die. The only mercy you can show me is to kill me."

"Then we won't even show you that mercy," retorted the thieftaker brutally. "So get up, and leave off whimpering. Your time isn't come yet."

"Mr. Wild," said Trenchard, "I shall proceed no further in this business. Set the boy free."

"If I disobey you, Sir Rowland," replied the thieftaker, "you'll thank me for it hereafter. Gag him," he added, pushing Thames rudely towards Quilt Arnold, "and convey him to the boat."

"A word," cried the boy, as the janizary was preparing to obey his master's orders. "What has become of Jack Sheppard?"

"Devil knows!" answered Quilt; "but I believe he's in the hands of Blueskin, so there's no doubt he'll soon be on the high-road to Tyburn."

"Poor Jack!" sighed Thames. "You needn't gag me," he added, "I'll not cry out."

"We won't trust you, my youngster," answered the janizary. And, thrusting a piece of iron into his mouth, he forced him out of the room.

Sir Rowland witnessed these proceedings like one stupified. He neither attempted to prevent his nephew's departure, nor to follow him.

Jonathan kept his keen eye fixed upon him, as he addressed himself for a moment to the Hollander.

"Is the case of watches on board?" he asked in an under tone.

"Ja," replied the skipper.

"And the rings?"

"Ja."

"That's well. You must dispose of the goldsmith's note I gave you yesterday, as soon as you arrive at Rotterdam. It'll be advertised to-morrow."

"De duivel!" exclaimed Van Galgebok. "Very well. It shall be done as you direct. But about dat jonker," he continued, lowering his voice; "have you anything to add con-sarmin' him? It's almosht a pity to put him onder de water."

"Is the sloop ready to sail?" asked Wild, without noticing the skipper's remark.

"Ja," answered Van; "at a minnut's nodish."

"Here are your despatches," said Jonathan with a significant look, and giving him a sealed packet. "Open them when you get on board—not before, and act as they direct you."

"I ondershtand," replied the skipper, putting his finger to his nose; "it shall be done."

“Sir Rowland,” said Jonathan, turning to the knight, “will it please you to remain here till I return, or will you accompany us?”

“I will go with you,” answered Trenchard, who, by this time, had regained his composure, and with it all his relentlessness of purpose.

“Come, then,” said Wild, marching towards the door, “we’ve no time to lose.”

Quitting the night-cellar, the trio soon arrived at the riverside. Quilt Arnold was stationed at the stair-head, near which the boat containing the captive boy was moored. A few words passed between him and the thieftaker as the latter came up; after which, all the party—with the exception of Quilt, who was left on shore—embarked within the wherry, which was pushed from the strand and rowed swiftly along the stream—for the tide was in its favour—by a couple of watermen. Though scarcely two hours past midnight, it was now perfectly light. The moon had arisen, and everything could be as plainly distinguished as during the day. A thin mist lay on the river, giving the few craft moving about in it a ghostly look. As they approached London Bridge, the thieftaker whispered Van Galgebrok, who acted as steersman, to make for a particular arch—near the Surrey shore. The skipper obeyed, and in another moment, they swept through the narrow lock. While the watermen were contending with the eddies occasioned by the fall below the bridge, Jonathan observed a perceptible shudder run through Trenchard’s frame.

“You remember that starling, Sir Rowland,” he said maliciously, “and what occurred on it, twelve years ago?”

“Too well,” answered the knight, frowning. “Ah! what is that?” he cried, pointing to a dark object floating near them amid the boiling waves, and which presented a frightful resemblance to a human face.

“We’ll see,” returned the thieftaker. And, stretching out his hand, he lifted the dark object from the flood.

It proved to be a human head, though with scarcely a vestige of the features remaining. Here and there, patches of flesh adhered to the bones, and the dank dripping hair hanging about what had once been the face, gave it a ghastly appearance.

“It’s the skull of a *rebel*,” said Jonathan, with marked emphasis on the word, “blown by the wind from a spike on the bridge above us. I don’t know whose brainless head it may be, but it’ll do for my collection.” And he tossed it carelessly into the bottom of the boat.

After this occurrence, not a word was exchanged between them until they came in sight of the sloop, which was lying at anchor off Wapping. Arrived at her side, it was soon evident, from the throng of seamen in Dutch dresses that displayed themselves, that her crew were on the alert, and a rope having been

thrown down to the skipper, he speedily hoisted himself on deck. Preparations were next made for taking Thames on board. Raising him in his arms, Jonathan passed the rope round his body, and in this way the poor boy was drawn up without difficulty.

While he was swinging in mid air, Thames regarded his uncle with a stern look, and cried in a menacing voice, "We shall meet again."

"Not in this world," returned Jonathan. "Weigh anchor, Van!" he shouted to the skipper, "and consult your despatches."

"Ja—ja," returned the Hollander. And catching hold of Thames, he quitted the deck.

Shortly afterwards, he re-appeared with the information that the captive was safe below; and giving the necessary directions to his crew, before many minutes had elapsed, the Zeeslang spread her canvas to the first breeze of morning.

By the thieftaker's command, the boat was then rowed toward a muddy inlet, which has received in more recent times the name of Execution Dock. As soon as she reached this spot, Wild sprang ashore, and was joined by several persons,—among whom was Quilt Arnold, leading a horse by the bridle,—he hastened down the stairs to meet him. A coach also was in attendance, at a little distance.

Sir Rowland, who had continued absorbed in thought, with his eyes fixed upon the sloop as she made her way slowly down the river, disembarked more leisurely.

"At length I am my own master," murmured the knight, as his foot touched the strand.

"Not so, Sir Rowland," returned Jonathan; "you are my prisoner."

"How!" ejaculated Trenchard, starting back and drawing his sword.

"You are arrested for high treason," rejoined Wild, presenting a pistol at his head, while he drew forth a parchment,—
"here is my warrant."

"Traitor!" cried Sir Rowland — "damned — double-dyed traitor!"

"Away with him," vociferated Jonathan to his myrmidons, who, having surrounded Trenchard, hurried him off to the coach before he could utter another word,—
"first to Mr. Walpole, and then to Newgate. And now, Quilt," he continued, addressing the janizary, who approached him with the horse, "fly to St. Giles's roundhouse, and if, through the agency of that treacherous scoundrel, Terry O'Flaherty, whom I've put in my Black List, old Wood should have found his way there, and have been detained by Sharples as I directed, you may release him. I don't care how soon he learns that he has lost his adopted son. When I've escorted yon proud fool to his new quarters, I'll proceed to the Mint and look after Jack Sheppard."

With this, he mounted his steed and rode off.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW JACK SHEPPARD BROKE OUT OF THE CAGE AT WILLESDEN.

THE heart-piercing scream uttered by Mrs. Sheppard after the commission of the robbery in Willesden church was productive of unfortunate consequences to her son. Luckily, she was bereft of consciousness, and was thus spared the additional misery of witnessing what afterwards befell him. Startled by the cry, as may be supposed, the attention of the whole congregation was drawn towards the quarter whence it proceeded. Amongst others, a person near the door, roused by the shriek, observed a man make his exit with the utmost precipitation. A boy attempted to follow; but as the suspicions of the lookers-on were aroused by the previous circumstance, the younger fugitive was seized and detained. Meanwhile, Mr. Kneebone, having been alarmed by something in the widow's look before her feelings found vent in the manner above described, thrust his hand instinctively into his coat in search of his pocket-book,—about the security of which, as it contained several letters and documents implicating himself and others in the Jacobite plot, he was, not unnaturally, solicitous,—and finding it gone, he felt certain he had been robbed. Turning quickly round, in the hope of discovering the thief, he was no less surprised than distressed—for in spite of his faults, the woollen-draper was a good-natured fellow—to perceive Jack Sheppard in custody. The truth at once flashed across his mind. This, then, was the cause of the widow's wild inexplicable look,—of her sudden shriek! Explaining his suspicions in a whisper to Jack's captor, who proved to be a churchwarden and constable, by name John Dump,—Mr. Kneebone begged him to take his prisoner into the churchyard. Dump instantly complied, and as soon as Jack was removed from the sacred edifice, his person was searched from head to foot—but without success. Jack submitted to this scrutiny with a very bad grace, and vehemently protested his innocence. In vain did the woollen-draper offer to set him free if he would restore the stolen article, or give up his associate, to whom it was supposed he might have handed it. He answered with the greatest assurance, that he knew nothing whatever of the matter—had seen no pocket-book, and had no associate to give up. Nor did he content himself with declaring his guiltlessness of the crime imputed to him, but began in his turn to menace his captor and accuser, loading the latter with the bitterest upbraidings. By this time, the churchyard was crowded with spectators, some of whom dispersed in different directions in quest of the other robber. But all that could be ascertained in the village was that a man had ridden off a short time before in the direction of London. Of this man Kneebone resolved to go in pursuit; and leaving Jack in charge of the constable, he proceeded to the small inn,—which bore then, as it bears now,

the name of the Six Bells,—where, summoning the hostler, his steed was instantly brought him, and, springing on its back, he rode away at full speed.

Meanwhile, after a consultation between Mr. Dump and the village authorities, it was agreed to lock up the prisoner in the cage. As he was conveyed thither, an incident occurred that produced a considerable impression on the feelings of the youthful offender. Just as they reached the eastern outlet of the churchyard—where the tall elms cast a pleasant shade over the rustic graves—a momentary stoppage took place. At this gate two paths meet. Down that on the right the young culprit was dragged—along that on the left a fainting woman was borne in the arms of several females. It was his mother, and as he gazed on her pallid features and motionless frame, Jack's heart severely smote him. He urged his conductors to a quicker pace to get out of sight of the distressing spectacle, and even felt relieved when he was shut out from it and the execrations of the mob by the walls of the little prison.

The cage at Willesden was, and is—for it is still standing—a small round building about eight feet high, with a pointed tiled roof, to which a number of boards, inscribed with the names of the parish officers, and charged with a multitude of admonitory notices to vagrants and other disorderly persons, are attached. Over these boards the two arms of a guide-post serve to direct the way-farer—on the right hand to the neighbouring villages of Neasdon and Kingsbury, and on the left to the Edgeware Road and the heathy heights of Hampstead. The cage has a strong door, with an iron grating at the top, and further secured by a stout bolt and padlock. It is picturesquely situated beneath a tree on the high road, not far from the little hostel before mentioned, and at no great distance from the church.

For some time after he was locked up in this prison Jack continued in a very dejected state. Deserted by his older companion in iniquity, and instigator to crime, he did not know what might become of him; nor, as we have observed, was the sad spectacle he had just witnessed, without effect. Though within the last two days he had committed several heinous offences, and one of a darker dye than any with which the reader has been made acquainted, his breast was not yet so callous as to be wholly insensible to the stings of conscience. Wearied at length with thinking on the past, and terrified by the prospect of the future, he threw himself on the straw with which the cage was littered, and endeavoured to compose himself to slumber. When he awoke, it was late in the day; but though he heard voices outside, and now and then caught a glimpse of a face peeping at him through the iron grating over the door, no one entered the prison, or held any communication with him. Feeling rather exhausted, it occurred to him that possibly some provisions might have been left by the

constable; and, looking about, he perceived a pitcher of water and a small brown loaf on the floor. He ate of the bread with great appetite, and having drunk as much as he chose of the water, poured the rest on the floor. His hunger satisfied, his spirits began to revive, and with this change of mood all his natural audacity returned. And here he was first visited by that genius which, in his subsequent career, prompted him to so many bold and successful attempts. Glancing around his prison, he began to think it possible he might effect an escape from it. The door was too strong, and too well secured, to break open, — the walls too thick: but the ceiling, — if he could reach it — there, he doubted not, he could make an outlet. While he was meditating flight in this way, and tossing about on the straw, he chanced upon an old broken and rusty fork. Here was an instrument which might be of the greatest service to him in accomplishing his design. He put it carefully aside, resolved to defer the attempt till night. Time wore on somewhat slowly with the prisoner, who had to control his impatience in the best way he could; but as the shades of evening were darkening, the door was unlocked, and Mr. Dump popped his head into the cage. He brought another small loaf, and a can with which he replenished the pitcher, recommending Jack to be careful, as he would get nothing further till morning. To this Jack replied, that he should be perfectly contented, provided he might have a small allowance of gin. The latter request, though treated with supreme contempt by Mr. Dump, made an impression on some one outside; for not long after the constable departed, Jack heard a tap at the door, and getting up at the summons, he perceived the tube of a pipe inserted between the bars. At once divining the meaning of this ingenious device, he applied his mouth to the tube, and sucked away, while the person outside poured spirit into the bowl. Having drunk as much as he thought prudent, and thanked his unknown friend for his attention, Jack again lay down on the straw, and indulged himself with another nap, intending to get up as soon as it was perfectly dark. The strong potation he had taken, combined with the fatigue and anxiety he had previously undergone, made him oversleep himself, and when he awoke it was just beginning to grow light. Cursing himself for his inertness, Jack soon shook off his drowsiness, and set to work in earnest. Availing himself of certain inequalities in the door, he soon managed to climb up to the roof; and securing his feet against a slight projection in the wall, began to use the fork with great effect. Before many minutes elapsed, he had picked a large hole in the plaster, which showered down in a cloud of dust; and breaking off several laths, caught hold of a beam, by which he held with one hand, until with the other he succeeded, not without some difficulty, in forcing out one of the tiles. The rest was easy. In a few minutes more he had



George Cruikshank

W. W. Sheppard engraver of the above



made a breach in the roof wide enough to allow him to pass through. Emerging from this aperture, he was about to descend, when he was alarmed by hearing the tramp of horses' feet swiftly approaching, and had only time to hide himself behind one of the largest sign-boards before alluded to, when two horsemen rode up. Instead of passing on, as Jack expected, these persons stopped opposite the cage, where one of them, as he judged from the sound, for he did not dare to look out of his hiding-place, dismounted. A noise was next heard, as if some instrument were applied to the door with the intent to force it open, and Jack's fears were at once dispelled. At first, he had imagined they were officers of justice, come to convey him to a stronger prison; but the voice of one of the parties, which he recognized, convinced him they were friends.

"Look quick, Blueskin, and be cursed to you!" was growled in the deep tones of Jonathan Wild. "We shall have the whole village upon us while you're striking the jigger. Use the gilt, man!"

"There's no need of picklock or crow-bar, here, Mr. Wild," cried Jack, placing his hat on the right arm of the guide-post, and leaning over the board, "I've done the trick myself."

"Why, what the devil's this?" vociferated Jonathan, looking up. "Have you broken out the cage, Jack?"

"Something like it," replied the lad carelessly.

"Bravo!" cried the thieftaker approvingly.

"Well, that beats all I ever heard of!" roared Blueskin.

"But are you really there,?"

"No, I'm here," answered Jack, leaping down. "I tell you what, Mr. Wild," he added, laughing, "it must be a stronger prison than Willesden cage that can hold me."

"Ay, ay," observed Jonathan, "you'll give the keepers of his Majesty's jails some trouble before you're many years older, I'll warrant you. But get up behind Blueskin. Some one may observe us."

"Come, jump up," cried Blueskin, mounting his steed, "and I'll soon whisk you to town. Edgeworth Bess and Poll Maggot are dying to see you. I thought Bess would have cried her pretty eyes out when she heard you was nabbed. You need give yourself no more concern about Kneebone. Mr. Wild has done his business."

"Ay—ay," laughed Jonathan. "The pocket-book you prigged contained the letters I wanted. He's now in spring-ankle warehouse with Sir Rowland Trenchard. So get up, and let's be off."

"Before I leave this place," said Jack, "I must see my mother."

"Nonsense," returned Jonathan gruffly. "Would you expose yourself to fresh risk? If it hadn't been for her you wouldn't have been placed in your late jeopardy."

"I don't care for that," replied Jack. "See her I *will*. Leave me behind: I'm not afraid. I'll be at the Cross Shovels in the course of the day."

"Nay, if you're bent upon this folly," observed Wild, who appeared to have his own reasons for humouring the lad, "I shan't hinder you. Blueskin will take care of the horses, and I'll go with you."

So saying, he dismounted; and flinging his bridle to his companion, and ordering him to ride off to a little distance, he followed Jack, who had quitted the main road, and struck into a narrow path opposite the cage. This path, bordered on each side by high privet hedges of the most beautiful green, soon brought them to a stile.

"There's the house," said Jack, pointing to a pretty cottage, the small wooden porch of which was covered with roses and creepers, with a little trim garden in front of it. "I'll be back in a minute."

"Don't hurry yourself," said Jonathan, "I'll wait for you here."

CHAPTER XIX.

GOOD AND EVIL.

As Jack opened the gate, and crossed the little garden, which exhibited in every part the neatness and attention of its owner, he almost trembled at the idea of further disturbing her peace of mind. Pausing with the intention of turning back, he glanced in the direction of the village church, the tower of which could just be seen through the trees. The rooks were cawing amid the boughs, and all nature appeared awaking to happiness. From this peaceful scene Jack's eye fell upon Jonathan, who, seated upon the stile, under the shade of an elder tree, was evidently watching him. A sarcastic smile seemed to play upon the thieftaker's lips; and, abashed at his own irresolution, the lad went on.

After knocking for some time at the door without effect, he tried the latch, and to his surprise found it open. He stepped in with a heavy foreboding of calamity. A cat came and rubbed herself against him as he entered the house, and seemed by her mewings to ask him for food. That was the only sound he heard.

Jack was almost afraid of speaking; but at length he summoned courage to call out "Mother!"

"Who's there?" asked a faint voice from the bed.‡

"Your son," answered the boy.

"Jack," exclaimed the widow, starting up and drawing back the curtain. "Is it indeed you, or am I dreaming?"

"You're not dreaming, mother," he answered. "I'm come to say good b'ye to you, and to assure you of my safety before I leave this place."

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"I hardly know," returned Jack; "but it's not safe for me to remain much longer here."

"True," replied the widow, upon whom all the terrible recollections of the day before crowded, "I know it isn't. I won't keep you long. But tell me how have you escaped from the confinement in which you were placed—come and sit by me—here—upon the bed—give me your hand—and tell me all about it."

Her son complied, and sat down upon the patch-work coverlet beside her.

"Jack," said Mrs. Sheppard, clasping him with a hand that burnt with fever, "I have been ill—dreadfully ill—I believe delirious—I thought I should have died last night—I won't tell you what agony you have caused me—I won't reproach you. Only promise me to amend—to quit your vile companions—and I will forgive you—will bless you. Oh! my dear, dear son, be warned in time. You are in the hands of a wicked, a terrible man, who will not stop till he has completed your destruction. Listen to your mother's prayers, and do not let her die broken-hearted."

"It is too late," returned Jack, sullenly; "I can't be honest, if I would."

"Oh! do not say so," replied his wretched parent. "It is never too late. I know you are in Jonathan Wild's power, for I saw him near you in the church; and if ever the enemy of mankind was permitted to take human form, I beheld him then. Beware of him, my son! Beware of him! You know not what villainy he is capable of. Be honest, and you will be happy. You are yet a child; and though you have strayed from the right path, a stronger hand than your own has led you thence. Return, I implore of you, to your master,—to Mr. Wood. Acknowledge your faults. He is all kindness, and will overlook them for your poor father's sake—for mine. Return to him, I say—"

"I can't," replied Jack, doggedly.

"Can't!" repeated his mother. "Why not?"

"I'll tell you," cried a deep voice from the back of the bed. And immediately afterwards the curtain was drawn aside, and disclosed the Satanic countenance of Jonathan Wild, who had crept into the house unperceived. "I'll tell you, why he can't go back to his master," cried the thieftaker, with a malignant grin. "He has robbed him."

"Robbed him!" screamed the widow. "Jack!"

Her son averted his gaze.

"Ay, robbed him," reiterated Jonathan. "The night before last, Mr. Wood's house was broken into and plundered. Your son was seen by the carpenter's wife in company with the robbers. Here," he added, throwing a handbill on the bed,

“are the particulars of the burglary, with the reward for Jack’s apprehension.”

“Ah!” ejaculated the widow, hiding her face.

“Come,” said Wild, turning authoritatively to Jack,—“you have overstayed your time.”

“Do not go with him, Jack!” shrieked his mother. “Do not—do not!”

“He *must!*” thundered Jonathan, “or he goes to gaol.”

“If you must go to prison, I will go with you,” cried Mrs. Sheppard: “but avoid that man as you would a serpent.”

“Come along,” thundered Jonathan.

“Hear me, Jack!” shrieked his mother. “You know not what you do. The wretch you confide in has sworn to hang you. As I hope for mercy, I speak the truth!—let him deny it if he can.”

“Pshaw!” said Wild. “I could hang him now if I liked. But he may remain with you if he pleases: *I sha’n’t hinder him.*”

“You hear, my son,” said the widow eagerly. “Choose between good and evil;—between him and me. And mind, your life,—more than your life,—hangs upon your choice.

“It does so,” said Wild. “Choose, Jack.”

The lad made no answer, but left the room.

“He is gone!” cried Mrs. Sheppard despairingly.

“For ever!” said the thieftaker, preparing to follow.

“Devil!” cried the widow, catching his arm, and gazing with frantic eagerness in his face, “how many years will you give my son before you execute your terrible threat?”

“SEVEN,” answered Jonathan sternly.

END OF THE SECOND EPOCH.

SONG.

Oh! Love is like the cistus flower,
That blossoms for a day;
Oh! Love is like the summer shower,
That sunbeams kiss away.
’T is but a wild delusive dream,
Dispersed by reason’s power;
’T is but an evanescent gleam
In youth’s enchanting hour.
Yet, oh! ’t is all we have of bliss,
A vision bright and dear,
As warm as Beauty’s gentle kiss,
As transient as her tear.
And woe be to those lonely hearts
That feel Love’s fires decay;
The feathery flake the snow-cloud darts
Is not more cold than they.
The blighted hope, the ruin’d mind,
All darkened and o’ercast;
These are the traces left behind
Where passion’s storm has past.

VINCENT EDEN ;

OR, THE OXONIAN.

BY QUIP.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY MORNING.

AMONG the many dim reminiscences of our versifying school-days, which float from time to time before us, is that of a certain fanciful figure of speech by which any astonishing change in the personal appearance of the poetical heroes of our creation was invariably summed up in a delicate hint as to the moral impossibility of any recognition of the heroes in question on the part of their own maternal parents. Whence the custom arose, —whether it was merely a plagiarism from Byron's

“ Christian or Moslem, which be they?
Let their mothers see and say,”—

or an original deduction from the bold fancy of some enterprising schoolboy, it would be of little avail now to inquire ;— suffice it that we found it on our first arrival the established form of expression throughout the seminary, and such we left it at our departure. If Ulysses came home in an Alcaic ode with a swelled face, sea-sick, and, in short, looking altogether none the better for his voyage, — why, his own mother would not have known him ! If Achilles had been taking Hector's body for a quiet drive round the walls of Troy, throughout a copy of “ longs and shorts,” it was sure to come out in the last couplet that Hecuba could not possibly have had the slightest suspicion of the deceased warrior ever having had the honour of belonging to the family. In short, there was no other mode of expressing any strange alteration in the looks of any lady or gentleman but this ; and so fashionable had the hyperbolic figure at one time become, that we are to this day haunted by the poem of a contemporary, commemorative of the “ Expulsion from Paradise,” in which the author's fervid imagination had pictured the changed and panic-stricken features of the First Man as likely to have furnished a decided poser to any attempt on the part of *his* mother to establish the personal identity of her son, previous to his setting forth on his wanderings.

To these reminiscences have we been led by the strange alteration which had taken place in the appearance of our own hero within the last twelve hours ; and although we should be sorry to go so far as to express any doubt as to the likelihood of his recognition by the female head of the family, could she have beheld him in his present state, nevertheless, as faithful biogra-

phers, we feel bound to admit, that no two persons could be much more unlike each other than the Freshman of Saturday night and the Freshman of Sunday morning. His dreams throughout the night had, as we have before hinted, been as pleasant as the fancied presence of the antagonist of mankind in academical costume could be supposed to render them; nor had any peculiarly gratifying change come over the spirit of them, when towards morning they shifted to an imaginary expedition from Dover to Calais in a sleep-built steam-boat, with Raffleton singing "Rule Britannia" on the paddle-box, and all the accompanying sensations complete, — the first long, dull, heavy swings of the chapel-bell easily identifying themselves with the motion of the engine, and the short hurried strokes indicating its close, and denominated by profane undergraduates "swearing," representing, by an equally natural analogy, the oaths and adjurations of the captain and ship's company. Quickly and quaintly did Sleep body forth its ever-varying figures to his view, like the forms displayed on the shifting sides of an Italian image boy's tray; till Fancy finished by conjuring up a ferocious-looking customhouse officer out of the diminutive figure of his scout, who had utterly forgotten his new master's existence till the bell ceased, and only roused him just in time to present himself in his shirt at the sitting-room window, and catch a glimpse of the last scholar, as he spread the wings of his white surplice, and flew furiously towards the already closing doors of the chapel.

The Freshman returned to his bedroom, said it was pleasant, and looked as if it was anything but pleasant, — sighed, sate down, and rested his head on his hand for a few minutes. He then rose, looked in the glass, saw a very pale face, and a pair of eyes which looked like glazed miniatures of themselves, — rushed suddenly to the water-jug, poured its contents into the basin, inserted his head in it, and drank himself nearly high and dry before he withdrew it again, — sate down once more, sighed once more, — commenced dressing very slowly, — made a most unsatisfactory bow to his neckcloth, — looked at his hand, — it was shaking, — so he shook his head to keep it company, and then tapped it gently with his fore-finger, as if he was knocking up Memory to consult her on the occurrences of the preceding evening. The attempt was a failure. There was no concealing the fact any longer, — either the mulled claret had been too aristocratic, or the gin-punch too plebeian for him.

He sank upon the sofa, and gazed out upon the quiet quadrangle and green garden beyond it. Above, around, beneath, all was sunny, and soft, and tranquil. The stillness of the Sabbath blended sweetly with the brightness of summer, and the Freshman's dim gaze roved vacantly over the broad beauty of earth and heaven, and his ear drank in half unconsciously the faint song of the distant spring-bird, till something seemed to

tell him that his own feverish head and languid pulse were not exactly in keeping with the general harmony of the picture. Besides, the light hurt his eyes. He drew down the blind, and retired from the window to try and remember what great scholar it was of whom it was recorded, that having taken somewhat more than was good for him at some annual college festival, he was discovered in the morning with his night-cap placed on the candle by way of extinguisher.

A knock at the door. "It must be the president and fellows come to ask why I wasn't at chapel," thought the Freshman to himself. Must he put on his gown to receive them? He half rose for the purpose.

Another knock.

"Come in," said Eden, scarcely daring to lift his eyes up. "Oh, how sick I do feel!"

It was only the boy with the letters. One from home.

Abstractedly he broke the seal, and released the folds of the letter from each other's embrace. The proctor could not have written home! How silly! — why, it was but last night,—and a two-days' post from Dover. Absurd! Besides, his mother had promised to write. He stretched the epistle on the mantel-piece, and read as follows:

*"Riversleigh, near Dover,
April 183 .*

"MY DEAR VINCENT,

"I hope and trust, as well for your sake as mine, that this will find you safely arrived at Oxford, and also that your packet of sandwiches lasted till you got to London. What a day it turned out after you left us! The next, to be sure, was heavenly; but all this, of course, you know already, so it is of no use my telling you. Let me, however, entreat you, my dearest boy, to let no fine but fallacious weather induce you to leave off your flannel waistcoats, (of which you have left one behind,) or to begin your summer trousers too prematurely! Your absence has made a great blank in the old house, particularly in your bedroom; but I try to console myself by thinking, that however sorry we may be to lose you, we cannot be too grateful for the blessings we enjoy in those great and good institutions, which, by their strictness of discipline and soundness of learning, conduce so much to the morality of the youth of this favoured country!

"We dined yesterday with Mrs. Myrtleby, who told us she could not expect that you would see much of her young friend, Mr. Rattlestone (or whatever his name is), till after his degree, as he tells her he never stirs out till after dinner, and then only walks twice round the parks. Are there any deer in them? If so, I wonder they trust you young men with keys. We also met a Reverend Doctor something or other there, who told me something about some men at Oxford who wore peas in their

shoes ; but whether this is the peculiar practice of any religious sect, or, as I suspect, merely a new punishment of the Proctor's, to keep unruly undergraduates from walking about at night, I could not exactly gather from what he said. I was also glad to hear from him that the sottish custom of wine-parties is greatly on the decrease, the young men not drinking one quarter so much as they did when he was there. Your father, however, desires me to tell you that yours (the two dozen of port and one of sherry) is on the road by the Hoy. I hope they give you good dinners. Do you carve for yourselves?—or does the head of your college do it for you? And who cleans your shoes? How I should like to see you in your cap and gown!

“ I had a thousand more things of the utmost importance to say to you, but am unfortunately interrupted by the cook. She (the cook) desires her duty, and begs me to say, with all respect, that a young man whom she kept company with (I must look to this, or she will be leaving me) was nearly choked once by trying to swallow a ‘college pudding’ whole, so hopes, with all humility, ‘Mr. Vincent will be careful of his self at meals.’ What strange creatures servants are!

“ I must now conclude, my dearest boy, by requesting you to be very cautious in the choice of your circle of acquaintance, in which, I dare say, Mr. Rattlestone will assist you; and by signing myself, in which your father joins me,

“ Ever your most affectionate parent,

“ CAROLINE EDEN.

“ P.S.—Pray write immediately; and don't forget, above all things, to let me know how your new shirts do. Nothing, believe me, can be so interesting to a mother's feelings as anything that concerns her son's welfare.”

Eden finished the letter, and ventured to indulge a surmise, that if the Reverend Doctor Somebody or other's contemporaries *did* drink four times as much as the heroes of the last night's symposium had found room for, there must assuredly have been “giants in the land in those days,” if not drunkards; and then went on to wonder why society is always called a “circle” of acquaintance; which important problem being at length solved to his own satisfaction, by the hypothesis that it must be because they were always “going round” calling upon each other, he proceeded to insert his mother's epistle at the side of the looking-glass which was stationed over the mantel. This custom, by the by, although Eden was not aware of it at the time, is one much adopted in the University, and to be recommended to all undergraduates as a most efficient coadjutor in the diffusion of useful knowledge, and the cause of truth generally, answering, as it does, the twofold purpose of letting people know that you really have friends, and actually are worth writing to; and furthermore, of affording a considerable degree

of enlightenment to the scout concerning the names, manners, morals, and social position of the said friends, which cannot fail to enliven the monotony of his domestic duties, and convince him, notwithstanding any opinion which the college habits of his master may have led him to form to the contrary, that at the delicious retreat of Boughton-cum-Bangaway, or whatever appellation the "governor's" village or vicarage may rejoice in, the young gentleman does not run steeple-chases and in debt every day before dinner, and drink an indefinite quantity of claret after, — that leather breeches and larking, shilling a-mile hacks, and desserts for twenty-five at eighteen-pence a-head, exclusive of ice, are treated as vague rumours, — and that unlimited credit is uniformly considered as a privilege confined to those gentlemen who have the care of the national debt.

Meanwhile the little scout brought breakfast, and had just done condoling with his master on the fact of his having missed chapel, when the quadrangle became once more alive with the quick feet and quicker voices of undergraduates. Eden looked from the window; the chapel was over. Two scholars were playfully strangling a third in his own surplice, and a knot of commoners were getting an appetite for breakfast by rivalling each other in futile attempts to stone a brace of green and gilt griffins, which represented the Trinity arms, and frowned spitefully down from the top of the garden-gates at the impotent efforts of their anti-heraldic assailants.

Suddenly there was heard a Siamese-twin-like sort of rush upon the Freshman's staircase, as of one person closely pursued by another. A desperate plunge was made at the Freshman's door-handle, a forcible entry effected, and the outer door clutched convulsively to by a tall figure, which instantly threw itself into a position as much like a lion rampant as a man with his "commons" in one hand, and two eggs in the other, can be supposed to assume, — and then applying the digits of the last-mentioned hand, eggs and all, to his nose, telegraphed a triumphant gesture of defeat and discomfiture to some person or persons outside.

There was no mistaking him. In spite of the disorganised cap, with its fragments of broken board shifting and rattling about in it like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, — in spite of the faded silk dressing-gown, representing a peripatetic ménagerie of all the Egyptian monsters that ever lived, and a few more besides, — Eden easily recognised in his visiter the "capital fellow of his own college," — the Worcestershire yeoman in his undress, — Mr. Richardson Lane in his morning costume.

For about a minute the intruder remained listening at the door in the position we have described, and which would have immortalised any modern tame lion, and made the fortune of three or four Van Amburghs into the bargain. He then turned round, transferred his finger from his nose to his lip, by way of

impressing Eden with the necessity of silence, — expressed a whispered opinion “that that drink was a devil,” and told Eden he was come to breakfast with him, if he would allow him.

“The reason of my intrusion,” said Mr. Richardson Lane, after the Freshman had whispered back an assurance that he was very happy to see him, and looked very unhappy notwithstanding; “the infernal little reason is now listening outside, in the shape of a small boy with a chapel-list and a message from the Dean. Your scout tells me you missed chapel this morning — so did I. Funny that, isn’t it?”

Eden thought of the evening’s amusements, and answered with a faint smile, that he didn’t think it was particularly funny, all things considered.

“That boy always catches me in my own room,” continued Mr. Richardson Lane; “so I thought, as yours lay handy at the top of the same staircase, I’d give him the slip for once, and come and feed with you. Down upon me, though, he was — gave chase directly I put my head out. He’ll knock presently. There he goes!”

A single knock here confirmed Mr. Lane’s statement, and with it the Freshman’s mental state became strongly analogous to the bodily one of a boy seated upon a quickset hedge in a pair of summer trousers.

“It’s no use,” said Mr. Richardson Lane; “he knows we’re here. “We’ll have a brace of colds, and I’ll toss you up who shall have the odd sore-throat. Heads! — it’s mine. Weevil, sir, is that you?”

“Yes, sir,” said the voice of a boy outside, shuffling his feet at the same time, to make it seem that he had only just come up, and had not been listening. “Yes, sir, it’s me. The Dean’s compliments to you and Mr. Eden, sir, and you’re to go to St. Mary’s and annihilate Dr. Tittlebat’s sermon for him, for missing chapel.”

“Do what to the sermon?” asked Eden, who had heard something of religious zeal in Oxford, but had no idea it was carried to such an extent as the phrase just used would seem to indicate.

“Only a figure of speech,” said Mr. Richardson Lane, in explanation. “Analyse he means — not annihilate. Mr. Eden’s and my compliments, Weevil, and he’s got a bad cold, and I’ve got a *very* bad one and a sore throat. Both bad, — but mine rather the worst, if anything — you understand. Oh — not called in time, weren’t you? Weevil, sir, — Mr. Eden’s cold will keep till next Sunday — his scout did not call him — do you hear?”

“Yes, sir,” said the Dean’s ambassador, as he withdrew with the two excuses duly impressed upon his mind. If the inward faculties were equally susceptible of disease with the outward frame, the bare carrying Mr. Richardson Lane’s catalogue of disorders backwards and forwards to the Dean would have been

enough to have turned the messenger's head into a hospital, and his memory into a sick-ward, some time ago.

"I have been resident in Oxford only one term," said that gentleman, seating himself at the breakfast-table, "and in that time I have had five colds, two coughs, one catarrh, and a colic; a mild case of gout, and three sprained ankles; four stomachs without coats, (and I don't know but what I should have had 'em without waistcoats, ah, or trousers either, if it had been necessary;) tongues with fur collars to them, and headaches unlimited; in short, most of the diseases incident to humanity, and a few fancy cases besides. I began term with something mild,—say a cold and sore throat, as to-day; then I put the steam on gradually every week,—and at the end of last term, being rather hard up for a praiseworthy indisposition, I was obliged to confine myself to my bed with a severe Ignis Fatuus, accompanied by a strong tendency to Phantasmagoria.—Shall I make tea, or will you? Peaky you look—let me."

"Yes," continued Mr. Lane, fishing the tea out of a very new caddy, "that's my way. Measles, too, are respectable in their way,—highly so; but then they're not what you can count upon as a standard malady. They're like a man's degree,—he can only take them once.—So you've had a letter already, I see," added he, glacing at the mirror as he rose to fill the teapot.

"Yes," said Eden,—"yes. How do we settle for them, by the by? The boy didn't wait to be paid."

"No; they go down in the Battel bill," said Mr. Richardson Lane. "You know why they're called Battels, I suppose?"

Eden expressed his ignorance, accompanied by a wish to be enlightened.

"Battels mean all such things as these," proceeded his informant, pointing as he spoke to the commons of bread and triangles of butter, which, together with an importation of Mr. Lane's, in the shape of the half of a somewhat superannuated-looking college cock, formed their breakfast. "They're called Battels because we always quarrel so with the Bursar about paying them. Spelt the same, did you say? Of course not. In the Duke of Wellington's and Deaf Burke's battles the *l* comes first, and the *e* afterwards. In our's the *e* comes first, because it stands for "*eating*;" and the *l* last, because it stands for "*lug out*," which is the natural order of things, and fully accounts for the transposition. Eh? Funny that, isn't it?"

The Freshman thought it was funny this time, and said so; after which he tried to raise a laugh, and feeling somewhat exhausted with the effort, commenced making a sort of Chinese puzzle of his head and arms by throwing them into every possible relative position which they could be induced to assume, apparently without ascertaining the right one. Being at length persuaded by the advice and example of his friend to try the effect of a cup of weak tea, he felt himself so far restored as to

be able to eat a little, and to enter into a joint investigation as to the nature of their pilgrimage home on the preceding night. And then it came out, after a great deal of comparing notes, that Eden had asked Mr. Richardson Lane the way, Mr. Richardson Lane had asked a policeman, and the policeman had asked half-a-crown, which that gentleman was of course not far enough gone to have about him. After which Mr. Lane began to rejoice exceedingly at the shops being all shut up on their return home, and to slap his legs and rub his hands very hard, as if to get them up to the rejoicing mark too; till at last, Eden, who had by this time recovered wonderfully, ventured to inquire the reason of his extraordinary self-gratulation at so trifling a circumstance.

"Why, the fact is," said Mr. Richardson Lane, "I hav'n't many weaknesses, and I think this is an amiable one, so I don't mind if I tell you. To tell you the truth, I never find myself the least — what shall I say? — the least as I was last night, but I invariably go and order a fresh supply of trousers on the strength of it; one pair for one bottle, two pair for two bottles, and so on. Military stripe down them when I'm not quite certain as to the quantity."

Having admitted which little peculiarity, and the breakfast being finished, Mr. Lane entered upon a calculation as to the probable shape of vengeance which the Proctor's wrath was likely to take on the morrow; a process in which he was interrupted by a second message from the Dean, stating that Mr. Eden's excuse was accepted, but that, by a new college regulation, the Dean had made it morally and physically impossible for any one to be ill on a Sunday.

"Oh! can't be ill on Sunday, can't we?" said Mr. Richardson Lane. "Very well. See if I don't have St. Vitus' dance all the other days in the week — that's all. Well, I must go to church if that's the case," continued he, turning to Eden, "and so, good morning."

"I feel better now," said the Freshman. "I think I should like to go too, if you'll show me the way." To which proposition Mr. Richardson Lane readily acceding, on condition that the Freshman would wait till he had effected the necessary changes in his apparel, they started together for St. Mary's.

"He must have been through the Insolvent Court," said Mr. Richardson Lane to his companion, as they came out of church together, after a sermon of an hour and a quarter.

"Who?" asked Eden.

"That emphatic little gentleman in the pulpit," replied his friend. "Wasn't he just pithy about debt, eh? I may be mistaken," added Mr. Lane, "but I must say between ourselves, I think nobody could ever have preached that sermon, without having taken the benefit of the Act, once at least — if not oftener."

With similar remarks Mr. Lane enlightened his new associate's mind, and enlarged his ideas, during a stroll which they took together round the parks; a place which, after his mother's epistolary questions touching the deer supposed to inhabit them, Eden was rather surprised to find nothing more or less than a tolerably healthy-looking potato-garden, bounded on one side by a quickset hedge, and on the other by a row of trees overlooking the road; and devoted, as his friend informed him, to the peregrinations of nursery-maids and reading-men by day; and policemen, and the sort of people who make policemen necessary by night. After which Mr. Lane proposed a visit to Raffleton's lodgings; and they had just turned into the High Street, when that gentleman, happening to cast his eyes down in the direction of the Angel, affirmed that he beheld the object of their search, standing in the crowd by the side of the "Berkeley Hunt," which was about to start for London; and, expressing an opinion that "something must be going on," dragged Eden forthwith to the scene of action.

As they approached the Angel, it became very evident that Mr. Richardson Lane was right in his conjecture. Something was clearly going on; and the coachman of the Berkeley Hunt was apparently doing his best to make the coach go off; in pursuance of which design, he was trying to extract some one from a small crowd which had collected, and induce him to mount the roof; an honour which this some one, being very busily engaged in abusing some one else, as resolutely declined to avail himself of till he had done; while Raffleton, who was standing outside the circle convulsed with laughter, which he tried every now and then to modify into a smile of admiration at a chambermaid in a window above, shouted to them to make haste, or the fun would be all over.

"Why, it's Pichantosch!" ejaculated Mr. Lane, as they reached the spot, half breathless with running; "and there's Liefbiwitz on the box-seat;—and there's the Marshal—look!"

"Hold your tongue," said Raffleton. "The Proctor has sent the Marshal to see them off. Isn't it rich? Just listen!"

"I tell you, sare," cried the Count to the Marshal, as the coachman dragged him away in the direction of the coach, "I tell you, sare, it is one dam shame. What your poltron of a master mean by treat us so, eh? We nevér in station-house before—jamais—nevér."

"It is—certainement—it is de most uncomfortable—vat you call—station-house I évér was in in my life, sare!" screamed Liefbiwitz, rather contradicting his friend's last statement. "Mais—but—I tell you, sare, we sall be revenged—oh! beaucoup—when we do get to Londres. I sall indite you, sare. Monsieur Sare Frédéric Roe—Monsieur Townsend—Monsieur Gregory—Monsieur Rawlinson—dey all my friends les plus intimes—de most intimate."

If intimacy consisted (as London intimacies generally do, by the by) merely in an occasional visit, the statement of the Chevalier would have been extremely true; inasmuch as the nature of his professional occupations in London generally led to a call on one or other of these worthies, at least once a-week.

"Here's ingratitude!" said the Marshal, as soon as he saw them well established on the coach,— "to think that Mr. Birch should have given them gentlemen a night's lodgings gratis, and sent me in the morning with a penny roll, a prayer-book, and a pint of milk each, to be abused in this way. Here's ingratitude!"

Here the Marshal held up both his hands, which process was immediately after exchanged for an attempt to hold up both his feet instead; for the Chevalier, wishing for some more practical means of expressing his indignation than was contained in mere words, and not having any luggage except one lean carpet-bag, which, as the joint property of himself and friend, he probably had some scruples about using, borrowed an old gentleman's portmanteau, and dropped it very heavily on the Marshal's toes. And then the Marshal swore a good deal, and the old gentleman put his head out from inside; and as soon as the portmanteau and the head were both replaced, the coach drove off to the tune of a chorus of huzzas, headed by Messrs. Lane and Raffleton, and cordially taken up by the hostlers and other spectators.

"I say," roared the Count to Raffleton, as they went away, you no forget — will you?"

"Oh no!" said that gentleman; "I'll manage it all. Good b'ye!"

CHAPTER VI.

A MORNING CALL.

It was Monday morning. At a table partially covered with the remains of a most substantial breakfast sate, or rather reclined, the Reverend Burnaby Birch. His position was luxurious in the extreme; his body reposed upon a most capacious arm-chair, his feet upon another and a smaller one, his elbow on the table, and his head upon his hand. The Reverend Burnaby was ruminating.

Plato tells us that all earthly things are but emanations from, and copies of, some divine original,— chips, in fact, of the old block,— and that while the bodily senses are busied with the visible shapes and shadows of this world of things, the mind ought to be engaged on their invisible archetypes in the higher world of thought. According to this theory, the Reverend Burnaby Birch's body being seated upon an earthly arm-chair, his mind ought to have been seated upon the archetype of one, or, in plain language, to have been equally at ease with its vulgar associate, the body.

But the mind of the Reverend Burnaby Birch was by no means seated upon the archetype of an arm-chair. Perhaps the worthy Proctor was no Platonist. Certain it is, that beneath the mingled air of gratitude and repletion with which from time to time he affectionately stroked down the inequalities of his half-unbuttoned waistcoat, an accurate observer could not have failed to discern that, in spite of the excellence of his breakfast, and the luxuriousness of his position, the mind within was not altogether at ease.

Such was in sober earnest—we say sober, because the Reverend Burnaby had by this time quite recovered the effects of his Saturday night's potations—the plain state of the case. The reverend gentleman was moralizing. Eating had brought on digestion, and digestion had paved the way for reflection; and a very pretty paved way it was, tessellated with all the various ills and inconveniences attendant upon human life in general, but more particularly upon that of Proctors of the University. Few were the weeks that the Reverend Burnaby had been in office, and those moreover in the vacation time; yet, few as they were, they had amply sufficed to convince him that that office was by no means a sinecure (the only situation, perhaps, for which either by nature or education the reverend gentleman was exactly qualified). Ever and anon, as he cast his eyes upon the proctorial velvet suspended over the door, some fresh source of annoyance, either in the way of reminiscence or anticipation, seemed to strike him, and a fresh shade of horror to pass over his substantial face. Growing wearied at last, however, of these ill-arranged and indefinite speculations on the miseries of his official situation, the Reverend Burnaby betook himself to arithmetic, and went off into the following ingenious calculation, by means of a sum in the Double Rule of Three, viz. :—Supposing that the running after fifty young men, stopping up in the vacation, takes seven pounds out of a man's weight in one month, how many pounds will the running after twelve hundred take out of it in a year? Arithmetic, however, being a branch of knowledge which (among others) had been rather overlooked in the course of the Reverend Burnaby's education, he soon gave the investigation up as a bad job, and relapsed for a while into his former musings.

“And, as if I hadn't got enough to do already,” suddenly ejaculated he, kicking at the same time from under him the chair which supported his feet, and laying violent hands upon a large packet of manuscripts which were lying beside him on the table,—“as if I hadn't got enough to do already, what with hat-hunting and house-searching, and one thing or another, in all lights and all weathers, why, they must needs send me this cargo of nonsense to read through. I wonder what makes men write for prizes. I don't see why they should. I never did.”

So saying, the reverend gentleman caught up one of the

manuscripts, which were no less than the essays and poems destined to compete for the annual prizes, and prepared somewhat pettishly to peruse it.

"I don't suppose, after all," said he, as he replaced his legs on the lately discarded chair,— "I don't suppose, after all, that my opinion 's good for much. I wish the other examiners would settle it among themselves. It would save me a world of trouble—that it would."

This remark being, like many others which people are in the habit of making, exceedingly true, but nothing to the purpose, the Reverend Burnaby was proceeding with his perusal, when he was interrupted by a timid tap at the door, to which he immediately advanced, took down his gown from the peg, put it on, with an extra frown to correspond, buttoned his waistcoat, and struck terror to the soul of the visiter by a ferocious "Come in!"

"Oh," said he, as a submissive-looking undergraduate obeyed the summons,— "oh—ah—yes—Mr. Fluke, of Christ Church, I believe."

The Reverend Burnaby had a very bad memory, by the by; and, by a consequence not unfrequent in the moral world, piqued himself exceedingly on it.

"No, sir," stammered the undergraduate; "Mr. Stifles, of Pembroke."

"Oh—ah—yes," said the Proctor, — "yes—Mr. Stifles, of Pembroke. Mr. Stifles of Pembroke, you were tying two cows' tails together during the hours of Divine service yesterday."

"No, sir," said the astonished Stifles, who was a very quiet and orderly young man, but had been caught by the Proctor returning in his hat from a walk, — "no, sir; indeed I was at church, and—"

"Not tying two cows' tails together?" said the Reverend Burnaby. "Why, the farmer came to complain last night."

"It wasn't me, sir, indeed," meekly rejoined Stifles. "It was for wearing a hat you told me to call on you."

"Oh—ah—yes," said the Proctor, who had meanwhile consulted his black book, and found the account true,— "here it is. Mr. Stifles—hat in High Street—said he 'd come from a walk—didn't believe him. Yes. Mr. Stifles, a hundred lines of Homer. Bring 'em to me to-morrow morning. Good day."

"I thought we might wear hats out walking, sir," expostulated the retreating Stifles.

"You may wear anything you please out walking, sir," said the Proctor; "but you mustn't wear anything but a cap and gown either going out or coming in to the town. If you like to keep a hat at a cottage outside the town, and pull your cap and gown off there, and put them on as you come back, I've no objection. A hundred lines of Homer, Mr. Stifles. Good morning."

As Mr. Stifles retreated, the Reverend Burnaby composed himself once more to the attentive consideration of the manuscript which he had resumed, and which consisted of about two hundred and fifty lines of English rhymes, written out very neatly on gilt-edged paper, with a very large margin, which looked as if it had been left open on purpose for each individual one of the five examiners to write his own private and peculiar panegyrics upon the beauty of any particular passage which might happen to strike his fancy. It was bound, moreover, in a very neatly-stitched, blue, satin-paper cover, (evidently the work of some young lady unknown, who was interested in its success—terrible flirts these young poets are—) and being distinguished by the delicate and chivalrous motto of “All for love,” presented altogether such a gay and pretty appearance, that it really seemed as if it meant not only to get the prize, but by its cheerful looks to express, moreover, the gratitude which it felt to the examiners for the honour afterwards.

“Here she is again!” suddenly roared the Reverend Burnaby, in the tone of a man who has just hooked an enormous fish,—“here she is again—that eternal moon! Stars, too, by Jove!” shouted he, after another couplet. “Oh! this will never do. I don’t know how it is,” said the reverend gentleman, after a short pause, “I don’t know how it is, but somehow or other all the Latin poems began with *Ergo*, or *Audin’*, or *Jamdudum*, or some stick-jaw word of that sort, and ended with *Cælum*, or *Jehovam*, or something in the religious line; and now all the English ones seem to open with the moon—ah—and then the young man compares the moon to his own pale face, eh?—and so gets up a little private interest on his own account—and then a touch at the planets, eh?—just as if he was a sucking astronomer—lunatic I should call him—never mind. Well, and then a little about the subject, perhaps, and a sly hit or two at patriotism—ah—and then woman’s love, of course—kiss and bliss, eh?—and so wind up with heaven. Well, I suppose it’s all right. My opinion isn’t worth much. I never wrote poetry,—except,” added he, “those lines I wrote at school to the young woman across the counter at the pastry cook’s,—and perhaps they could hardly be called poetry.” Perhaps they could not—meanwhile the Reverend Burnaby resumed his labours.

“I’m not so sure that it is all right, though,” exclaimed he presently, as if a new idea had struck him. “How come young men to write such a lot about the moon, unless they’re always out at night looking at her—eh? Ah!—Morality before poetry, any day in the week. I sha’n’t vote for any poem with a moon in it getting the prize. Ah! I forgot, though,” added he, looking rather disappointed; “they might have seen her out of the window,—or in vacation time either, for the matter of that—yes.”

Another interruption now took place, caused by the arrival of

the atrocious criminal and real cow-connector during Divine service, Mr. Fluke, of Christ Church, to whom the proctor forthwith began to read a long lecture concerning cruelty to animals; which said lecture having been originally delivered by a metropolitan magistrate, on the occasion of a recent private cat-masacre with a view to making public meat-pies in town, had been purloined by the Reverend Burnaby from the evening paper belonging to the common room, and ingeniously adapted to the present case. This over, Mr. Fluke was dismissed with an imposition which would inevitably prevent any such waste of time on his part for two or three Sabbaths to come at least.

A continued succession of involuntary visitors from various colleges and halls cut short the reverend gentleman's literary labours for the morning, and from the equally continued succession of ejaculations, all more or less resembling in sound the French translation of the English word "lady," which invariably escaped such visitors on their departure, the general opinion seemed by no means in favour of the new Proctor's justice or humanity, as exemplified in the nature and length of his impositions. Only one case — the most important of all — remained to be disposed of; and, as the time for Raffleton and Co.'s appearance drew nigh, the Reverend Burnaby began to feel what in a common individual would have been termed nervousness, but which in a Proctor, of course, was nothing more than a laudable anxiety to discharge his duty in the most efficient and praiseworthy manner.

At this juncture the Marshal, whom, in consequence of his transferred attendance on his brother Proctor, the Reverend Burnaby had not seen since the departure of the illustrious foreigners, slid quietly into the room. In the quickness and, at the same time, utter noiselessness of his motions, as well as in the natural cunning of his character, this functionary strongly resembled that domestic and useful animal, the cat; a similitude which he carried out still further, by invariably emitting a sort of purring noise whenever anything particularly pleased him, and respect for his superiors prevented his indulging in an open laugh.

"Oh," said the Proctor, as he entered, "you, is it? Well, did you see them safe off?"

"Yes, sir," said the Marshal.

"That 's right," said the Reverend Burnaby. "Go quietly, did they?"

"Middling, sir, middling. That Pitch-and-toss, or whatever his name is, dropped a portmanteau on my toes on purpose," replied the Marshal, stooping down and trying to rub the injured appendages to his feet into a share of his superior's sympathy.

"Oh," said the Reverend Burnaby, "ah—yes. It was to be expected they 'd show temper. Yes — that 's of no consequence."



George Cruikshank

The Doctor at home, a Visitator and a Jester



Here the Marshal did anything but pur.

"I think," continued the Reverend Burnaby, in a musing tone, and half soliloquising, "I think those must have been real moustachios."

"No doubt of it, sir," said the Marshal. "I had a good pull at 'em on Saturday night. No bees-wax there — all nature and oil of Macassar."

"Yes," said the Proctor, "yes, I 'm glad they 're gone. I don't think we could have proved anything against them if they 'd stayed. So excitable, too, those foreigners are."

This, by the by, was the reason why the Reverend Burnaby had not been to see them off himself.

"Dreadful excitable, sir," said the Marshal, drawing a general conclusion from the particular pain he still felt in his toes from the portmanteau. "Some one at the door, sir."

"Why, what can this be?" said the Reverend Burnaby, as an invitation to enter introduced a porter with a long game-basket carefully corded and covered with straw, which, after some little haggling on the part of the Proctor respecting the rate of portorage, he deposited upon the table, and retired. "Where on earth does this come from?"

"It isn't the season for game, sir," said the Marshal, hopping round it, "or else — smells rather high too, it does."

"It 's very odd!" remarked the Reverend Burnaby. "What a large basket! I wonder what it can be! Ah — yes — there 's a knife in that closet — just open it, will you? Stop a moment, though," cried he, as a new idea suddenly flashed across his mind, "stop a moment. It may be a threatening letter — threatening parcel, I mean — a double detonating devil in it, for aught I know. The King of the French had one sent him last year. Madame Vestris got one last week; — perhaps some villain wants to tattoo my countenance with everlasting pepper, as they said they did hers — there 's no saying. I 'll — I 'll just get into the bedroom while you open it. Now, then," said the reverend gentleman, peeping through the door, "now I 'm ready!"

The Marshal fearlessly obeyed. Just as the last knot was severed, a faint sound issued from the basket; and, to the utter astonishment of both master and man, a pair of very small human arms were seen slowly emerging from beneath the slight coverlet of straw, which being removed, discovered the placid features of a newly-awakened baby, who instantly began to smile at the Marshal with as much infantine satisfaction as if that individual had been in the eyes of everybody its natural and legal protector.

The Proctor advanced to the table, uttered a faint shriek of mingled horror and amazement, and fell back frantic with rage upon a chair.

The Marshal, as soon as his first expression of astonishment

had passed away, began to pur vehemently, in token of his enjoyment of the scene.

At this moment the Reverend Burnaby was recalled to himself by a gentle cry of distress from the new arrival.

"Milk," said the Marshal, who was really a humane man, purring worse than ever, and hastening to the milk-jug. "It wants some milk, poor little thing!"

"I've drunk it all, thank God!" shouted the Reverend Burnaby, quite beside himself with rage. "Milk! I'll wring its neck off! I should just like to know who's done this!"

Here the Marshal, seeing his superior so excited, began to pur a little less violently.

"It — it's your doing, sir," roared the frantic Proctor, becoming suddenly alive to his follower's evident enjoyment of his situation, as well as the coolness with which he had opened the basket, "it's your doing. Some nasty, immoral, illegal, natural child of yours, it is, sent to insult me in this way!"

The Marshal immediately left off purring, and began to thank God at a most astonishing rate that all *his* children had been legally begotten, legally born, legally baptized, legally breeched, —and, in short, to bring the law into such close connection with the second letter of the alphabet, as to make it highly probable that, if his family had been bastinadoed, and burked into the bargain, he would have stoutly maintained either process to have taken place under the immediate eye and deliberate sanction of executive justice.

At this crisis, and just as the face of the young gentleman on the table had regularly set in for wet weather, a confusion of tongues was heard outside saying to some one, "Oh, here you are!" and then laughing immoderately; to which a new tongue responded, "Yes, here I am — I'm everywhere, as the Deluge said to the Ark;" after which the new tongue proceeded to inquire, in Stentorian tones of a scout, "If one Birch lived there?"

"That's Mr. Raffleton's voice, sir," said the Marshal.

"Put it away," screamed the Proctor, fairly at his wits' end, to his satellite. "They're coming here, — shove the little brute into the closet in the bedroom. Make haste. Anywhere."

The advice was good; but it came too late. Having only delayed so long at the door as to signify their arrival, (which was done by Wynyard's knocking Raffleton's head against the panel,) and, without waiting for an answer, in stalked the whole train of the delinquents of Saturday night, headed by the two noblemen, with Raffleton and Eden bringing up the rear. No sooner did they catch a glimpse of the basket and its human contents than they all made a dead halt, Raffleton still keeping himself, from some cause best known to himself, as much in the back-ground as possible.

"Oh!" said Wynyard, with the air of a man who has every right to be shocked, but is too well-bred to show it, "Oh! —

well! — really! Oh! if we had but known you were so particularly engaged, I'm sure, sir! Oh! — well! — I never — really now. Oh!”

“Oh!” said the Earl of May, “in that case — of course — Oh! — we never could have thought of intruding. Never — oh!”

“Never — oh! never,” chorused Mr. Richardson Lane as melodiously as if it had been a song of his childhood.

Here all the party (except Eden, who didn't exactly understand it) put both hands up before their eyes, as if determined, come what might, not to remain voluntary spectators of their superior's little weaknesses, and began to back towards the door again.

“Come back, sir, this minute!” said the Proctor to Raffleton, his face perfectly pale, and his voice tremulous with rage. “Now, sir, answer me! Had you anything to do with bringing this about?”

“What! bringing that great basket about the streets, sir, do you mean?” asked Raffleton. “Oh! no, sir; indeed, I——”

“I mean, sir,” said the Proctor, “had you any hand in this? It's a plain question, isn't it?”

“Any hand in — in the baby, I suppose you mean?” said Raffleton, with a burst of virtuous indignation. “No, sir; I had not. I may have committed many youthful indiscretions; but such a thing as that — such maturity of vice I never — oh!”

“If you give me any of your impertinence, sir,” said the Reverend Barnaby, “I'll expel you that very moment — as I will whoever has offered me this gross insult, when I find him out. And now, sir, about the disgusting disturbance you were making on Saturday night. I am told, sir, that ever since you have had those lodgings you have been an annoyance to the whole neighbourhood. I am told that you are in the habit of fishing from the window with a rod and line for the hats and bonnets of respectable people passing by. I am also informed that you and your friends are constantly pelting the maids opposite with oranges whenever they present their—their——”

“Reverses,” whispered Wynyard. “I must go if he gets indelicate.”

“Their backs to you, in cleaning the windows from outside,” continued the Proctor. “This, and the drunkenness and card-playing always going on, is no longer to be borne, sir. For the disgraceful scene of Saturday night every one else will write me out six books of the *Aeneid*, and let me have it this day fortnight; and you, yourself, sir, — why — why, what in the world have you got on, sir?” cried the Reverend Barnaby, suddenly transferring his gaze from Raffleton's face to his lower extremities, over which he had hitherto carefully wrapped his gown, but which, by some unlucky chance, now peeped out, and dis-

played to the astonished Proctor a pair of very substantial legs extremely neatly dressed in a pair of black knee-breeches, and sable silk-stockings. "What—what's the meaning of this, sir?" screamed the Reverend Burnaby, driven almost to insanity by this accumulation of insults.

"If you allude to the breeches, sir," said Raffleton, "I think you will find them strictly according to the statute. "*Nigris aut subfuscis* are the words," added he, getting rather frightened. "These are subfusk garments, sir; and——"

"Silence, sir!" said the Proctor. "I have put up with too much of your insolence already. I'll be insulted no longer!"

Here a large black body was borne slowly forward, and set down before the window of the room, which was on the ground-floor; and the two gaunt chairmen of the sedan (for such it was) presented themselves at the door, and inquired if the gentleman was ready to go back?

"Who came in that sedan, fellow?" demanded the Reverend Burnaby. "Answer me instantly!"

"A gentleman from Mr. Walrus's in the High-street, your honour," said one of the men, utterly unconscious of the scrape into which he was bringing his fare. "There he be, your honour—him in the knee-itches. That's him. Be you ready, sir?"

This determined the Proctor. "You came in that sedan-chair, did you, sir?" said he in a most portentously calm voice. "You dared to insult me so far, did you?"

"It was so far to come, sir," stammered Raffleton; "and I was so weak with reading at nights, that——"

"That will do!" said the Proctor. "Mr. Raffleton, you are rusticated for the rest of this term."

"I—I hope, sir, you'll consider my case," expostulated Raffleton, with one of his most pathetic looks, while Wynyard pinched him from behind to make it look more natural. "It isn't for myself I care, sir; it's for my family. Such an example to my little brothers—and—and I am going up for my degree this term, sir."

"You please yourself with that idea, do you, sir?" sneered the Reverend Burnaby. "You never were more mistaken in your life. You are rusticated for the rest of the term. If you are found in Oxford after to-morrow night, it will be for a longer period. The foreign swindlers who imposed themselves upon you as gentlemen, are already gone. I have nothing more to say. Remember your impositions, gentlemen,—and, good-morning."

"I'll trouble you for five pounds," were Raffleton's first words to Wynyard, as soon as, amid bursts of laughter, the door was closed behind them. "I've won my bet, anyhow; and, as to the rest, it can't be helped. I little thought he'd be so much in the pencil line as he was, though. I little thought the Reverend B. B. would be so H. H.—horrid hard—on me for

wearing breeches. He couldn't have done worse if he'd known all about the baby. Well, perhaps it's all for the best. I should only have been plucked again. Who cares? Wasn't it fun? I say, Eden, don't you let Mrs. Myrtleby hear anything of this."

Leaving Mr. Raffleton to indulge in these and similar philosophical observations till he reached his lodgings, where the first-fruits of his temporary release from college and consequent disgust were, the kicking Willett (who was in waiting to read to him) down stairs; and the second, the uncorking a bottle of champagne, accompanied by a prayer for the special admission of the Reverend Burnaby to that place which is reported to be paved with good intentions,—leaving him for the present thus engaged, we shall proceed to lay before our readers the following letter, found by the Proctor immediately after the termination of the foregoing scene, attached to the neck of the young gentleman in the basket, and which may help to elucidate the parentage and mysterious appearance of that minute individual:—

“TO THE REVEREND THE PROCTOR.

“Sare — by Gar!

“You put us in de dam dog-hole — vat you call station-house — along vid de naughty vomen, and de pickpocket. You heap de insults les plus indignes on myself, et Monsieur le Chevalier. You no fight when I ask you, pourquoi ça? Vat for dat? Bah! C'est infame.

“Mais, but, out of evil come good — sometime, not always. In de station-house we make acquaintance wid one leetle voman. Bien, she say she have jeune enfant — leetle child — at home. We give money; we hire him for de day; we give him opium, make him sleep; we send him to you. Eh! vat you say to dat? How you like him, by Gar? You no like him du tout perhaps. Véry well, den you send him to the Horse and Jockée. Déré dey will call for him, by and by.

“We véry sorry to leave you, sare. Oxford, oh! c'est une ville charmante! and profitable, aussi. When you go, we sall come encore — once more. Sare, I have de honneur to be

“Votre très devoué,

“C. PICHANTOSCH.”

Fearful were the contortions which rage worked upon the countenance of the Reverend Burnaby as he perused the foregoing specimen of foreign orthography, and gave directions to the Marshal to return the basket and its contents as directed, and forbid whoever came for it to set foot in Oxford again.

RAMBLES AMONG THE RIVERS.—No. III.

THE THAMES AND HIS TRIBUTARIES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The Two Sisters. — Poets of Barn Elms. — Loutherboung the artist. — Hogarth's Epitaph. — English love of trees and flowers. — Residence of Joe Miller. — Vanity in death. — Reminiscences of Mortlake. — Queen Elizabeth and the Alchemist. — Pleasant controversy between Swift and Partridge. — Dirty Brentford. Anecdote of George II. — Kew Gardens. — Sion House.

FULHAM and Putney churches, which look meekly towards each other from the two sides of the river, are said to have been built by two sisters. There seems, however, to be no more authority for the assertion than popular Tradition, which in one of its imaginative moods was struck with the resemblance of the two buildings, and called them sisters. Fulham has been known since the Conquest as the manor and residence of the Bishops of London, many of whom lie buried in the church. There are several monuments here to the memory of men who were celebrated in their day for their piety or their learning. There is also one to the memory of Dr. Butts, physician to King Henry the Eighth, who is known neither for his learning nor his piety, but who is familiar to the readers of Shakspeare from the part he plays in the drama of that name. Such is the influence of genius, — such is the homage that some enthusiastic hearts are ever ready to pay it — that Fulham has had its pilgrims for no other reason than this. The mention made of Dr. Butts by the great bard is small enough, but is sufficient with these to draw them hither, as to a shrine.

From Fulham the Thames bends towards Hammersmith, and as we sail upwards, we pass through lines of tall trees, and through banks all covered with clusters of wild flowers to the very edge of the water. On the Surrey shore is Barn Elms, famous as having been the residence of Sir Francis Walsingham, of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, of Cowley, and of Tonson the bookseller. The latter built a gallery here for the accommodation of the Kit-cat Club, and adorned the walls with portraits of the members, which have, however, been since removed. The poet Hughes, a man who in his day boasted many admirers, but whom three good judges, Pope, Swift, and Dr. Johnson, classed as "one of the mediocribus," strove to celebrate the noble trees that give name to this place by some encomiastic verses.

We are now approaching that part of the Thames which teems with reminiscences of the poets. For the next fifteen or twenty miles of our course, there is hardly a spot on either shore which is not associated with the names of Cowley, Denham, Pope, Swift, Gay, Collins, Thomson, or the predecessors and contemporaries of these writers. The very stones and trees on the Thames' banks "prate of their whereabouts," and whisper in the ear of the lover of song, "Here Cowley lived," — "here Pope wrote, and here he took the air in a boat," — "here is Thomson buried," — or, "here Denham stood when he imagined the beautiful eulogium upon the river, which has been so often quoted," — and here King William "showed Swift how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way." We must not, however, digress, but mention all these things in their proper places.

As we draw near to the elegant suspension bridge of Hammer-

smith, we pass the site of the once celebrated Brandenburgh House, where the luckless consort of George the Fourth ended her unhappy life. Here, during the popular excitement occasioned by the trial in the House of Lords, thousands of persons proceeded daily to carry their addresses of confidence or of sympathy. Sometimes as many as thirty thousand people were known to set out from London on this errand, in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, preceded by bands of music, and bearing banners, or emblems of the various trades that formed the procession. After her death, the place, odious in the eyes of George the Fourth, was purchased by that monarch, and razed to the ground. Some traces of the wall and a portion of the gate alone remain to mark the place where it stood. It was once the property of Prince Rupert, by whom it was given to the beautiful Mrs. Hughes, an actress, by whose charms his heart was captured. It was also inhabited at one time by the Margravine of Anspach.

Hammersmith is famous for a nunnery established in the seventeenth century. About fifteen years ago, the place was noted in London as the scene where an awful ghost played his antics, to the great alarm of all the silly. At the end of the last century, Louthembourg the artist resided here, and drew great crowds to his house by an exhibition, something akin to the mummeries of animal magnetism as now practised. He pretended to cure all diseases by the mere laying on of the hands, aided by prayer; and it is mentioned that as many as three thousand people at a time waited around his garden, expecting to be relieved of their infirmities by this potential artist. But of all the reminiscences attached to Hammersmith, the most interesting is, that Thomson the poet once made it his dwelling-place, and composed part of his "Seasons" there, in a tavern called the Dame Coffeehouse. Thomson, for the last twenty years of his life, was a constant haunter of the Thames; he lived, died, and was buried on the banks of his favourite river. It may be said, indeed, without any disparagement to the Thames, that it killed this sweet poet and amiable man; for he caught a severe cold upon the water, when sailing in an open boat from London to Kew, which, being neglected, proved fatal a short time afterwards.

Chiswick is the next place we arrive at,—Chiswick, the burial place of Hogarth, and where a monument is raised to his memory, for which his friend Garrick wrote the following inscription:—

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature move thee, drop a tear;
If neither touch thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here."

This epitaph has been very much admired, but it is by no means a favourable specimen of that kind of composition. In this churchyard are buried also, Mary, the daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and (strange association of names!) Ugo Foscolo.

A little further up the stream stands Chiswick House, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, almost hidden from the view by the tall trees amid which it is embowered. From this point upwards there is a constant succession of elegant villas, only to look at which, is

enough to satisfy the traveller that he is indeed in England. Such neatness, such cleanliness, such taste, such variety of flower and tree peeping from behind or springing on either side, such ivy-covered walls, and such comfort visibly dwelling over all, meet the gaze of the passer-by nowhere else but in England. We have sailed up other rivers in our time, have seen the castles of the Rhine, the châteaux of the Seine, and the villas of the Elbe, the Scheldt, and the Meuse; but never have we met with scenes of such elegant luxury as all England is dotted with. There is more appreciation of the simple loveliness of nature in England than in any other country in the world; even our poorest cots embellish their poverty, and render it more endurable by nicely-trimmed gardens both in the front and rear. Flowers and trees are the poor man's luxuries in England. The gew-gaws of art are beyond his reach; but roses and lilies, violets, hyacinths, blue-bells, anemones, and all the tribes whose very names are pleasant, adorn his humble windows, and show the taste of the indweller as well as the rich vases, golden time-pieces, or choice paintings, that solicit our admiration in the chambers of the rich. How different is it in most of the countries on the Continent, especially in Germany, France, and Belgium! There, neither rich nor poor have that love for verdure and flowers which is so characteristic of all classes of Englishmen. Their rivers show no such embowered villas and cottages on their banks as ours; the country-houses of their gentry are naked and tasteless in comparison, and their cottages are miserable huts, around whose doors or windows the honey-suckle never crept, and even a flower-pot is an unusual visiter.

We shall not attempt here to point out all the villas that adorn the Thames; for we have not undertaken these rambles to make a mere guide-book. Now and then we shall signalize some among them which are dear to the memory of all friends of their country, from their having been inhabited by the great statesmen, historians, or poets of time gone by; but no more. All the rest we shall pass with silent admiration, leaving those whose curiosity may not be satisfied until they know the name of every tenant of every house they see, to consult the pages of some accurate guide-book. We sail in search of more hidden things, of reminiscences of poetry and the poets, of scraps of legendary lore, and the relics of antiquity. We go also in search of rural nooks, where we may inhale the fresh breezes; and, by filling our ears with the sweet song of the birds, and the murmur of the trees and waters, get rid of the eternal hum of the crowded thoroughfares we have left. We go to satisfy the longings we had formed

"In lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities:"

for (to continue the fine lines of Wordsworth, written also upon revisiting a river) we are among the number of those who are

"The lovers of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive—"

And see;—our style is as rambling as our subject, and we have wandered away from Chiswick House and the villas near it, without mentioning the fact that on that spot died two of the most illustrious men of modern history. Charles James Fox and George Canning both

expired within its walls, and both in their life-time passed many hours in its elegant retirement.

The cluster of houses immediately past the wall of this domain is the hamlet of Strand-on-the-Green, where Joe Miller, the putative father of thousands of other men's jokes, resided and died. His remains, however, are not interred here, but in the burial-ground of St. Clement Danes, in Portugal-street, London.

On the other side of the river are the adjoining villages of Barnes and Mortlake. In the churchyard of Barnes is a tomb, which is a singular example of the fond follies that men sometimes commit in death, and strive to perpetuate beyond it. It is to the memory of one Edward Rose, a citizen of London, who died in 1653, and left twenty pounds for the purchase of an acre of land for the poor of the village, upon condition that a number of rose-trees should be planted around his grave, kept in flourishing condition, and renewed for ever. What a practical vain pun was this upon his name! and what an inordinate price did this dead man put upon his paltry charity. But, we remember the precept, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum;" and we must not inveigh too severely against the wretchedness of his wit, or the emptiness of his vanity. So, may his roses flourish! All we can say is, that if unbought affection, or genuine respect for his memory had placed them there, tended them, and renewed them from year to year, we would have walked ten miles as pilgrims to the spot, and have carried away a leaf as a memento. As it is, we can but smile or sigh, or both, to think that even death cannot put conceit out of countenance.

The village of Mortlake is celebrated as having been the residence of one of the most singular characters of the sixteenth century. Dr. John Dee, the astrologer and alchymist, and one of the pioneers of the Rosicrucian philosophy, lived here for many years, and was buried in the chancel of the church. The ancient people of the village more than a century after his death, which took place in 1608, pointed out the exact spot where his ashes lay; but the curious inquirer would now seek in vain to discover it. Queen Elizabeth always treated Dr. Dee with marked consideration; and, when she ascended the throne, sent her favourite Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, to consult him as to a lucky day for her coronation. She occasionally visited him at Mortlake, and is once said to have expressed a desire to be instructed by him in the secrets of astrology and alchymy. She devoutly believed that he would one day discover the philosopher's stone, — an object to which all his abilities, and he was not without a good portion, were directed. All the money he gained by telling fortunes, predicting lucky and unlucky days, and casting nativities, was melted away in his furnaces in the futile search for the stone, or the elixir, which was to change pokers and tongs, pots and kettles, and even the pump in his back-yard into pure gold. Thus, though he gained immense sums of money, he was always poor; and when Count Laski, a wealthy Pole, who was travelling in England, desirous of making his acquaintance, sent him word that he would come and dine with him, Dee was obliged to apply to Queen Elizabeth to borrow money to treat the stranger with becoming hospitality. Elizabeth sympathized in his distress, and sent him twenty pounds immediately.

It was shortly before he received this visit that he made a grand discovery. He firmly believed that by means of a small black stone

with a shining surface, and cut in the form of a diamond, which he possessed, he could hold converse with the elementary spirits, and be instructed by them in all the secrets of science, and all the mysteries of nature. He has himself left a most extraordinary narrative of his conversations with the spirits; part of which was published after his death by Dr. Casaubon, and the remainder of which may still be seen among the manuscripts in the British Museum. He says, that as he was one day in November, 1582, sitting in his study at Mortlake, engaged in fervent prayer, the angel Uriel appeared at his window, and gave him a translucent stone, into which he might summon the angels, and ask them questions whenever he pleased. He also says that an angel appeared to him in the form of a beautiful little maiden, who slid gracefully among the leaves of his books, and fluttered her pretty wings there. The conversations which, as he informs us, he held with this and with many other spirits, were of the most puerile kind; but in Dee's opinion were full of truth, wisdom, and philosophy, and contained precepts which, if the world had followed, would have saved it from the horrors of many bitter and bloody revolutions. He soon found that he could not converse with his attendant spirits and note down at the same time what they said, and he therefore engaged another fortune-teller and alchemist, named Kelly, to act as his seer, and converse with the spirits, while he devoted himself to reporting their heavenly talk. Kelly humoured the whim or the insanity of his principal, and soon rendered himself so necessary that Dee received him into his family, esteemed him as his friend, and was proud of him as his disciple.

When Count Laski came, the two worthies showed him all their wonders. The Pole was highly delighted with the conversation and acquirements of the doctor, and listened with eagerness to his promises that he would find the philosopher's stone for him, and make him the wealthiest man the world ever saw. The doctor was as much pleased with his guest, whom he knew to be rich and powerful; and he and Kelly both formed the design of fastening themselves upon him, and living sumptuously at his expense until they found the philosopher's stone. Laski, after great pretended difficulty, was admitted to the conversations with the spirits, and finally impressed with such high notions of the learning and genius of both Dee and Kelly, that he invited them to go and reside with him on his estates near Cracow. The astrologers desired nothing better; and Dee especially was anxious to quit England, where he imagined he was not safe, the mob a short time before having threatened to break into his house, and destroy his library and all his philosophical apparatus. They all left England secretly—Dee being afraid of offending Elizabeth, — and reached the estates of Laski in safety. The astrologers resided with him for no more than a month, for his finances were in such a state of disorder, and they were such expensive guests that he could not maintain them; and, as he soon abandoned his hopes of the philosopher's stone, he took the earliest opportunity of sending them about their business. They next fastened themselves upon the Emperor Rudolph, and afterwards upon Stephen, King of Poland. They drew considerable sums from the exchequer of the latter, leading him on with false hopes of inexhaustible wealth and boundless dominion, until he grew weary of seeing such vast outlay, and receiving no return for it except in empty promises. Elizabeth felt the loss of her astrologer, and sent for him at various times during

the six years that he was on the Continent. At last his affairs beginning to look gloomy, having quarrelled with Kelly, offended or disgusted all his former patrons, and more than once run the risk of perpetual imprisonment, he closed with her offers, and determined to return to England. He set out from Trebona in the spring of 1589, travelling in great splendour, with a train of three coaches, and a large quantity of baggage. Immediately on his arrival, Elizabeth gave him audience at Richmond, and promised to see to his fortunes. Little however was done; for, sanguine as the queen may at one time have been that Dee would discover the philosopher's stone, she soon saw reason to doubt his capabilities. But she never wholly withdrew her favour from him; and, on his repeated applications for relief, appointed a committee of the privy council to inquire into the state of his affairs, and see what could be done for him. Dee then made a claim for the destruction of his books and implements by the mob at Mortlake soon after he took his departure, and furthermore stated that he considered the queen his debtor for the expense of his journey home from the Continent, which he said he would not have undertaken unless at her special command. Elizabeth, however, would not acknowledge her liability, but sent Dee a small sum by way of charity. He at last, upon his representation that he was starving, obtained of her the Chancellorship of St. Paul's Cathedral, which office he held for one year, and then exchanged for the warden-ship of the College at Manchester. He was now more than seventy years of age; and, becoming unable to perform with any activity the duties of his station, he resigned it after seven years, hoping that a pension would be granted to him. In this hope he was disappointed. He then retired to Mortlake, and lived upon the bounty of the queen. After her death he tried to propitiate King James I.; but that monarch took no notice of him whatever, and he died in 1608 in a state but little removed from absolute penury. His companion Kelly did not live so long; but, being imprisoned by some German potentate, who by that means attempted to extort from him the pretended secret of gold-making, he endeavoured to escape from his dungeon by leaping from a high window, and killed himself by the fall.

In Mortlake churchyard also lies interred another singular character; no less a man than the famous Partridge, the almanack-maker, whose death was so pleasantly predicted by Swift under the name of Bickerstaff, and so logically and valiantly maintained to be true, in spite of the assertions of the party most concerned that he was "still alive and kicking." Partridge, as is well known, was originally a cobbler, and a very ignorant man; but his reputation was great among a certain class of people, and his predictions, both of the weather and of events in general, were looked to with great respect and anxiety. Swift's wit about this fellow kept the town in good humour for a long time, to the great mortification and anger of Partridge. Let us hear how Swift maintained the living man to be dead, and how logically he proved it. "An objection has been made," quoth he, "to an article in my predictions, which foretold the death of Mr. Partridge to happen on March 29, 1708. This he is pleased to contradict absolutely in the almanack he has published in the present year, and in that ungentlemanly manner (pardon the expression) as I have above related. In that work he very roundly asserts, 'that he is not only now alive, but was likewise alive upon

that very 29th of March when I foretold he should die.' This is the subject of the present controversy between us, which I design to handle with all brevity, perspicuity, and calmness. In this dispute I am sensible the eyes, not only of England but of all Europe, will be upon us; and the learned in every country will, I doubt not, take part on that side where they find most appearance of truth and reason. My first argument is this. Above a thousand gentlemen having bought his almanack for this year, merely to find what he said against me, at every line they read they would lift up their eyes, and cry out, betwixt rage and laughter, 'They were sure *no man alive* ever wrote such damned stuff as this is!' Now I never heard that opinion disputed. So that Mr. Partridge lies under a dilemma, either of disowning his almanack, or of confessing himself to be '*no man alive*.' But now, if an uninformed ignorant carcass walks about, and is pleased to call itself Partridge, Mr. Bickerstaff does not think himself any way answerable for that. Secondly, Mr. Partridge pretends to tell fortunes and recover stolen goods, which all the parish says he must do by conversing with the devil and other evil spirits; and no wise man will ever allow that he could converse personally with either till after he was dead. Thirdly, I will prove him to be dead out of his own almanack, and from the very passage which he produces to make us think he is alive. He there says that 'he is not only now alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March which I foretold he should die on.' By this he declares his opinion, that a man may be alive now who was not alive a twelve-month ago. And indeed there lies the sophistry of his argument. He dares not assert that he was ever alive since that 29th of March, but that he is now alive, and so was on that *day*. I grant the latter, for he did not die till *night*, as appears by the printed account of his death, in 'a letter to a lord;' and whether he is since revived, I leave the world to judge. This, indeed, is perfect cavilling, and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it. Fourthly, I will appeal to Mr. Partridge whether it be probable I could have been so indiscreet as to begin my predictions with the only falsehood that was ever alleged against them, and this in an affair at home, where I had so many opportunities to be exact, and must have given such advantages against me to a person of Mr. Partridge's wit and learning." —"There is one objection against Mr. Partridge's death which I have sometimes met with, though indeed very slightly offered, that is, that he still continues to write almanacks. But this is no more than what is common to all of that profession: Gadbury, Poor Robin, Dove, Wing, and several others, do yearly publish their almanacks, though several of them have been dead since before the Revolution."

One cannot help thinking that Partridge was a most incredulous man to have refused belief in his own death, after such proofs as Swift brought against him. But argument was thrown away upon him; and, to give Bickerstaff the lie direct, he actually knocked down and beat in the street, opposite his own door, a poor fellow who was crying about the town a ballad entitled, "A full and true account of the death of Dr. Partridge." Alas! poor Partridge! he is now dead enough—a mere lump of clay in the churchyard of Mortlake—the gibes of a thousand Swifts can trouble him no more. A stronger adversary has silenced the arguments both of him and his tormentor, and the ashes of the quack and cobbler have mouldered away like those of the wit and philosopher, and he who should compare the

two would find no difference between them. The "grim foe," as he is wrongly called, has settled the dispute, and reduced them both to that EQUALITY, a knowledge of whose inevitable approach exalts the humble and pulls down the proud. And yet, after all, how impotent is death. Swift and Partridge are gone, but their thoughts are with us still.

But we are again rambling, and, i' faith, writing a homily, instead of looking at both banks of the Thames, and pointing out the memorabilia of each spot as we pass it. Our digression has brought us to Kew Bridge, and, begging the reader's indulgence we proceed with our task. Of Kew there is but little to be said. Its gardens are a great ornament to the river and its conservatory and pagoda pleasing objects in the view; but there are no reminiscences of the spot upon which it is worth while to dwell. Little matters it to us that scions of royalty have resided there; and it does not form part of our plan to describe the paintings or the statues, or other rarities, which may have been brought together into this, or various other places we may pass.

Immediately above the bridge there is a lovely *ait*, or island, behind which is dirty Brentford, the county town of Middlesex, situated upon the little river Brent, from which it takes its name. Gay, in his epistle to the Earl of Burlington, celebrates it as

" ——— Brentford, tedious town,
For dirty streets and white-legged chickens known."

This place is chiefly famous for a severe skirmish which was fought here in 1642 between the Royal and Parliamentary armies, in which the former were victorious. George the Second admired Brentford greatly; it was so dirty and ill-paved, that it put him in mind of the towns in his native country. "I like to ride dro' Brentford," said his Majesty, "it ish so like Hawnoversh!"

On the left of us extend the gardens of Kew, and on the right is the princely domain of the Duke of Northumberland. Sion House is a naked heavy-looking building. It stands near the site of a nunnery, founded, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, "in honour of the Holy Trinity, the glorious Virgin Mary, the Apostles and Disciples of God, and all Saints, especially St. Bridget." It was one of the first religious establishments suppressed by Henry the Eighth, his ire being particularly directed against the sisterhood for the countenance they had afforded Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent. It was alleged against Sir Thomas More that he visited this impostor at Sion House. After the death of Henry, who reserved it for his own use, it was given by Edward the Sixth to the Protector Somerset, and, on his attainer and execution, to the Duke of Northumberland. Lady Jane Gray, that ill-starred queen of a few days, resided here when she was urged to accept the crown. Her acceptance of it led to her own death, and that of the Duke of Northumberland, when the building once more reverted to the crown, and was restored by Queen Mary to the sisters "of all the Saints, and especially of St. Bridget." Elizabeth, however, dispossessed them, and gave Sion to the Earl of Northumberland, and it has ever since remained in the family.

And now we have arrived at Richmond, — "delightful Sheen," — the theme of a hundred poets, and the admiration of all England, — a spot on which we have too much to say to compress it within the limits of this chapter. We shall therefore reserve it and all its pleasant recollections for our next ramble.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

YOUTH, thoughtless and inexperienced, sees in the oddities of a stranger nought but food for ridicule ; but some little knowledge of the world and its vicissitudes teaches a man of feeling to regard with melancholy the eccentricities of old age. Sorrow often leaves fantastic traces of her fatal visits, and the peculiarities which excite mirth are frequently the indications of a bewildered mind, and of a broken heart, which has done with mirth for ever.

Having business to transact in the city, I once remained for a few days at the much-frequented hotel where the coach stopped which conveyed me to London. The old-fashioned coffee-room was still fitted up with those compartments or boxes, which, though expelled from hotels of more recent construction, secure to the traveller some little feeling of seclusion and independence ; and I in mine, to the right of the fire-place, having finished my late dinner, sat endeavouring to take an interest in a newspaper, which I had already sifted to its last advertisement. On the opposite side of the fire, in the private box corresponding with mine, sat another solitary person. He was tall and meagre, his countenance pale, his hair thin, and perfectly grey ; his age I should have guessed to be between sixty and seventy. My attention was attracted towards him by the wild and painful expression of his large clear light-blue eyes.

His movements were so quick and eccentric, that it was with difficulty I could conceal my risibility ; to restrain it was beyond my power. I had not then been taught the forbearance which I would now suggest to others.

I still held my newspaper before me, pretending to be occupied with its columns ; but all the time I cast furtive glances at my neighbour, unable to account for his extraordinary gestures. For some minutes he would clasp his forehead with both hands, then he would start as if struck with a sudden recollection, and look round anxiously from side to side, until with a deep sigh he relapsed into his former position, or leant his brow disconsolately on the table before him ; again he would look up, and with a stare of vacancy fix his eyes on me. I pretended to be unconscious of his scrutiny. Indeed, though his glance rested on my person, I doubt whether he was aware of my presence. Then something like a glimmering of intelligence passed over his wan countenance, and, half conscious that his manner had attracted observation, he assumed an attitude and demeanour of composure. Thoughtless as I then was, the effort of an insane person to conceal his malady was inexpressibly affecting. I had laughed at his eccentricities, — I could have wept at his ineffectual endeavour to conceal them.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Lost—lost !" and commenced an eager search for something. He looked anxiously round the box in which his table was placed, and then rose, and with hurried steps paced the room, peering into every corner where it was at all likely anything could be concealed. At length his attention was turned to me, and approaching me in haste, he said, "Sir, I beg your pardon—I have lost—*myself*. Have you seen *me* anywhere ? I am anxious—*mise-*

table—" and then he darted abruptly from me, looked under the seats and behind the curtains, shook his head despondingly after each disappointment, and finally left the room.

The waiter informed me that, though occasionally subject to wanderings similar to that I had witnessed, the gentleman was generally perfectly tranquil and in his right mind. He knew little of him, except that he had been a lieutenant in the navy. I soon retired to my own room, and am not ashamed to confess that the recollection of the stranger kept me long from slumber, and haunted my pillow when at length I fell asleep.

It was late before I entered the coffee-room the next morning, and I was somewhat startled at seeing the lieutenant sitting quietly at his breakfast. He offered me the newspaper he had been reading; and, making some remark on the weather, inquired whether I had been a traveller during the night. I believe it was with some embarrassment that I replied, that I had arrived on the afternoon of the preceding day, and had spent the evening in the coffee-room. His cheek became flushed, and he looked at me eagerly for a moment. He then seemed inclined to speak; but checking himself, he turned from me, and resumed his breakfast. Vexed with myself for the want of tact with which I had alluded to the preceding evening, I endeavoured to make amends by conversing on general subjects. His reserve gradually wore away, and we soon sat together talking more like old familiar friends, than strangers who had so recently met under circumstances so unpromising.

That night we were again the sole occupants of the coffee-room. Every trace of mental excitement had vanished from the countenance and deportment of the lieutenant; and, though still most melancholy, he evinced no disinclination to meet my social advances. On the contrary, we soon occupied the same box, sitting opposite to each other, and chatting with the frankness and familiarity of old companionship.

There are some men with whom on the instant we seem to get acquainted. An hour's accidental association in a stage-coach, a steam-packet, or a hotel, does more towards banishing reserve and restraint than many months of daily communication with beings less congenial. They seem to suit us—we part from them with regret, and long afterwards, when their names are forgotten, we remember a pleasant fellow and a happy hour. It is not then that friendships can be made; but we may learn from this the advantage of unpretending good humour and frank benevolence.

I already felt deeply interested for my unhappy companion, and I every instant dreaded inadvertently touching some chord which might arouse the terrors of his now slumbering malady; still I was fascinated by his singular manner, and at all risks prolonged the conversation.

"You are in the navy, sir?" said I, inquiringly.

"I have been a sailor," he replied.

"Have been?"

"Yes," said he, with a deep sigh, "I have been a lieutenant, not in the British service,—in a merchant ship, the China trade. I ought never to have been permitted to assume command of any kind. I was afflicted with a malady which ought to have prevented it."

At this allusion to a "malady" I looked down, and changed colour.

"The malady I speak of," he calmly continued, "is not that

which I believe you last night witnessed ; that is the dreadful result of my having been intrusted with power. The cause of all my misery,—the malady which ought to have precluded me from all such responsibilities, — was an absence of mind, to which from my very boyhood I have been subject.”

I said nothing ; but secretly I could not help surmising that the absence of mind which afflicted the boy, might have been the germ of that insanity which afterwards bowed down the spirit of the man.

“ If you will have patience to listen to a sad story, I will tell you mine,” said my companion.

“ Do not agitate yourself unnecessarily,” I replied, “ by recalling the past.”

“ *Recalling the past!*” he mournfully exclaimed ; “ what an unmeaning phrase that is ! To me, and to all who have so suffered, the past is ever present ! Listen.— I was a lieutenant when I became acquainted with a young widow, who with one child, then two years old, resided at Brompton. My old malady had increased upon me, and a consciousness of my failing frequently occasioned me deep depression of spirits. The widow was kind to me,—I loved her and her infant boy,—and before a year was gone she became my wife ; and the child, who had never known his father, learned to call me by that endearing name. No father ever loved a child as I did that sweet boy Frank. Whenever I returned from my voyage he was my pet, my constant companion ; and, never having been blessed with a child of my own, all my paternal affections were lavished upon him. As he grew bigger, he learned to watch me in my absent fits ; and, dearly as my poor wife loved me, I do think that the boy’s attachment to me was even greater.

“ At length nothing would satisfy him but to be permitted to accompany me to sea. I heard the proposition with delight ; and though his mother wept bitterly, she could not censure his very natural bias towards my profession. She gave her reluctant consent, and the boy went with me.

“ Often when my malady oppressed me most heavily, his watchful care concealed my deficiencies from others ; and that which I had neglected to do was done by him before the omission was detected. How I doted on that dear boy ! — it is not to be told ! You could scarcely credit it ; yet, when you hear the sequel, you ’ll say I must have hated him.

“ His dear mother’s health declined ; and latterly, at the close of every voyage, she came on deck when we lay in the river to welcome us both, and to embrace and bless her child. She loved me, — but she idolised that frank, spirited, amiable, beautiful boy !

“ The last time we sailed away together, how wildly she clung to his neck at parting ! — how earnestly she urged me to cherish and protect him ! He was then sixteen years old,—a merry midshipman. There was not a handsomer fellow in the ship, nor a better heart in the world. My wife lay insensible when we were forced to leave her ; the hope which on former occasions had sustained her seemed utterly to have forsaken her. Was it a misgiving ?—did she suspect me ? No — she would have roused herself to gaze once again on dear, dear Frank !

“ The ship sailed, and we had a prosperous voyage. The captain, for reasons I forget, nor do they affect my story, was anxious at a particular period to make observations of the position of some island,

respecting which, and indeed of its very existence, there was uncertainty.

"One bright and beautiful night the captain had gone to his rest, the watch was with me, and finding myself in the very latitude indicated by my orders, I gave directions for a boat to be manned, ordered Frank to take the command of her, and briefly intimated to him the observations which he was expected to make.

"Lightly he descended the ship's side, took his place in the boat, waved his hand to me, and away they went,—a merry boat's crew, commanded by a happy youth of sixteen.

"How beautifully calm was the sea! The huge vessel seemed to rest motionless on the tide, as if conscious that she was to await the return of that frail pinnace—a mother lingering for the coming of her infant! I never saw the deep blue sky so full of stars before! I gazed upwards, I know not how long, till a dreamy dizzy feeling oppressed my brain. I still leant over the side of the vessel, and my thoughts were of my wife, and the home where we had often been so happy!

Another rose to take my place—my night's watch was over. I left my orders with my successor, and with my weary fellow watchers I descended to my rest.

"He who succeeded me had not long been on deck when a fresh and fair breeze arose. We had gone on sluggishly for many days, often quite becalmed; and now that the wished-for impetus was given, every white wing was quickly spread, and we flew over the foaming waters. The breeze increased almost to a gale, and for hours we had pursued our rapid course, when suddenly he who had the watch, the man who had taken my place, *missed the boat!*

"Inquiry instantly betrayed the truth! They came to me—to me!—the father of that boy—his sworn father—the man who loved him, and would have died for him—and they found me asleep! O the agony of returning recollection! In my brain's lethargy I had forgotten the departure of the boat!—I had neglected to note it in the orders left to my successor. I heard the rushing of the wind, and the dash of the waves against the ship's side, and though with all speed she was put about, and we went in search of those we had abandoned, I had no hope—I felt that I was a murderer! I know not how long we cruised about—it was in vain—we never saw them more! Oh! what a dreadful death! Prepared but for an absence of an hour—without food—without water! O God! what must that poor boy have suffered!

"I remember nothing after that until we anchored in the river, and then my wife came on board. Then they could no longer restrain me. I rushed to her, pale, feeble, helpless as she was, and briefly as words could tell it, I shouted in her ears the fate of her loved boy. I told her of his death; but I had not time to tell of my remorse, for she fell dead at my feet.

"You will not wonder now at what you saw last night. I left the ship,—but where was I to go? I had lost my poor wife, and my boy, my merry boy,—and now at times I lose myself. No wonder. Can you tell me where I am, sir? My senses—my brain—where can I be?"

The poor lieutenant took a candle, and, after anxiously searching every part of the room, he left me, and I saw him no more.

Kind reader, this is a *true* story.

THE VETERANS OF CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

BY THE REV. R. GLEIG, AUTHOR OF "THE SUBALTERN," ETC.

THE LIBRARY.

WITHIN the walls of Chelsea Hospital there is an apartment, which, without possessing any attractive feature, either as to form or ornament, is yet well worth a moment's inspection by the intelligent visitor. It is the old men's library, — a pleasant and a comfortable chamber, — set round here and there with bookcases, and rendered as convenient as possible, by means of a strong cross-light, for the decayed powers of vision of those who frequent it. Four long tables, each flanked by its own forms, occupy the centre of the room, and are usually overspread with newspapers, magazines, and other materials of light reading; while a blazing fire sheds in winter an air of comfort over the whole, to which no living man can be more alive than the pensioners. Then, again, there are half-a-dozen stout arm-chairs, rendered moveable by means of castors; a cupboard into which the newspapers, when sufficiently thumbed, are stowed away; a stiff horse-hair mat at the door, of which the students ere they enter are presumed to make use; and patent wire blinds, which, covering the lower panes in each window, preserve for the little coterie, when assembled, their privacy. As to the ornamental portion of the furniture, it is described in few words. A ceiling neatly whitewashed; walls wainscotted to their full elevation; a few engravings, such as represent London in the olden time; good old George the Third, one of the best of England's monarchs; a French grenadier, and the likenesses of two well-known characters who have quitted this our stage only a few years, — these make up the sum total of what the hand of taste has accomplished for the edification and amusement of the Chelsea Pensioners: for, sooth to say, we are in this our land of liberty exceedingly neglectful of the humanizing influence of the arts; else would this very chamber — or, possibly, some other both larger and more commodious erected for the purpose, — have long ago contained well-executed representations of the triumphs of British arms in all parts of the world.

The Pensioners' Library is under the immediate charge of one who appears not a little proud of his office. A fine old veteran he is; slow of speech, and exceedingly methodical doubtless; yet tender of the treasures which have been committed to his trust, and absent from his post never. He is the very *beau idéal* of a librarian. Not affecting to possess the slightest acquaintance with books in general; but quite at home concerning the merits of the particular volumes of which he is the appointed guardian, he meets your inquiries with an air of perfect self-possession, and will even argue the point with you, should you be rash enough to call in question the soundness of his judgment in literary matters. A better, or more sober, or more trustworthy person than Captain Marshall, albeit a soldier of no service at all, it would be a hard matter to find either in Chelsea Hospital, or elsewhere.

The old men's library, like more costly institutions of the sort, is, of course, managed by rules; but the rules are of the simplest and most comprehensible kind. The door stands open, not lite-

rally but metaphorically, from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, so that all among the pensioners whose humours lead them in that direction may enter. Formerly tickets were issued, without the production of one of which no man might reap the benefit of the institution ; but the practice was found to operate as a check upon the taste which more than all others ought to be encouraged in such a place, and it has been tacitly intermitted. Still, however, the books are fixtures, except under very peculiar circumstances. Nobody may carry a volume to his ward, for example, without written leave from the chaplain, and such leave is rarely granted except in sickness. The consequence is, that the reading-room can boast of a large and respectable occupancy all the year round. In summer, to be sure, the bright warm sun, and the balmy breezes, lure the old fellows abroad, and the quiet gardens, which were a few years ago prepared for them, and the little rustic temple that looks down upon these gardens, become their favourite haunts ; but at other seasons the shelter of a roof, and the warmth of a snug fire-side, are found more congenial than any other position to the worn-out frames of our inmates. Accordingly, it is during the winter months,—that is, from October to the end of May,—that our library is best frequented. Moreover, there are certain periods in each day—the Lord's-day of course excepted—when our people usually congregate here ; and certain limits to their zeal in the search after knowledge. The visitor who may chance to look in upon them any time between half-past nine and half-past ten in the morning, is sure to find a dozen and a half or two dozen congregated together ; while, by and by—in other words, from two till four—they generally meet again.

It is not, however, to be imagined that the old fellows frequent the reading-room for the mere purpose of holding converse either with the matured wisdom of the mighty dead, or with the crudities of the passing day. The reading-room is to them a place of pleasant rendezvous, where they gather themselves round the fire in little knots, and hold that sort of conversation which among old men who have mixed much with their kind is most in favour ; for here we are not only garrulous but entertaining. We have all seen a good deal of the world ; we have had in our own persons, and witnessed in those of others, ups and downs innumerable, and our memories are stored with legends of the good and the bad, of the brave and the coward, of the youth and the maiden, of the true and the false-hearted. In this room it is our especial happiness to communicate each to the other his thoughts on the events of his life ; and, if it does so happen that the same story may be told more than once, why no human being cares a straw about the matter, or takes the trouble to charge the narrator with a lack of genius. In a word, we are the most contented, and I verily believe, the most deserving class of her Majesty's subjects, whose great aim it is to let the sun of our mortal life go down as calmly as possible, in the earnest hope that it shall rise again with increased splendour in a better world.

From all this the reader is not to suppose that we have a club, or anything resembling a club, within the walls of Chelsea Hospital. There are no exclusives among us ; but, according as men's tastes and habit chance to agree they draw together ; never refusing, however, to extend both their good-humour and their companionship to any comrade who may express a wish to partake in it. Therefore, I am no

going to describe persons in detail ; as if to a few out of our body the talent were restricted of talking freely—may I not say pleasantly ? It is enough for our present purpose, if the reader will put himself in imagination under my guidance, now — on the 24th day of April, just as the hands of our watches point to ten o'clock. We are, then, at the door of the library. We push it open, and here the parties, of whom mention has been made, are assembled. One group prefers to occupy a table, that the individuals composing it may vary their amusement, and read or talk, as the caprice of the moment dictates. Others draw their chairs about the fire ; and, it is here, as you have a right to expect, that the chief speakers are usually to be found. What are the topics discussed ? Nay, then, come forward and listen ; for these old men have no concealments ; and, stranger as you are, they will admit you to the benefits of an auditory with as much readiness, and in as perfect good humour, as if you, like themselves, wore the Queen's last and most honoured livery.

The inmates of Chelsea Hospital are great chroniclers of times gone by. They seem to retain their faculties longer than ordinary men, and their memories in particular are very tenacious ; but, as the thoughts of the aged are said to be more bent than the thoughts of the young upon self and its petty wants and indulgences, so there is no topic which possesses so much of interest in this place as personal narrative. The pensioners are ready and willing to tell their stories to any who will listen to them ; and strange and varied in their details these stories sometimes are. Shall we get them upon this beat to-day ? With all my heart. "Come now, my good friends, don't let us interrupt you. Resume your talk, pray. Or, rather, indulge us, and gratify your comrades at the same time, by sketching the career which you have respectively run. I assure you that you will find us both considerate and willing listeners."

The old fellows smile one upon another, and readily come into our project. "Our histories," says one of them, "are for the most part unpretending enough. We have little to boast of except that we did our duty to king and country while we were able, and our chief subject of regret is, that we were not always as careful in doing our duty to God. But we do not distrust his great goodness ; and, for the rest, we are grateful for the asylum which the country has provided, and willing, as you see, to make the most of it. However, you shall hear what each has to say for himself. Come, Commodore, yours has been a sort of amphibious life ; indeed, it may be doubted whether you ought to be here or at Greenwich. Take you the lead in this matter. I dare say you have spun many a yarn on the fore-castle ; let the gentlemen see whether you can spin one here."

The pensioner thus addressed is a short spare man, about seventy-eight years of age ; with grey hair, a florid complexion, and eyes which have suffered a good deal from inflammation. He is much more of a wreck now than he was two years ago ; yet, bating his deafness, you would call him a fine man for his period of life, and his good humour is imperturbable.

"You want my story, do you ?" is his answer. "Oh ! by all means. It will take a long time telling, and, when told, it may seem to contain little ; but it was a queer voyage to make, you may depend upon it. Give me your attention, then, and you shall be gratified."

The old fellow, turning his quid in his cheek, gazes for a moment

or two intensely in the fire ; and then, as if the operation had enabled him to concentrate his ideas, thus begins.

CHAPTER I.

Showeth how accident may determine both the place of a man's birth and his occupation in life.

My name is John Bain. I was born sometime in the month of July 1761, at a place called Conningsburg in Yorkshire, not far from the well-known town of Doncaster. My father, by lineage a Scotchman, by occupation a type-founder, was a man of considerable talent and skill in his calling. My mother was the daughter of a farmer who resided in the village which has the honour to claim me as its own. How my father and mother first became acquainted, or under what circumstances their marriage took place, I have never been able to discover. I do not even know what it was that brought the former across the border at all ; whether he was induced to take the step by the prospect of a more lucrative employment than at home, or yielded only to a restless disposition, which he seems never to have abandoned. But, at the period of my birth it is certain that he was resident in the house of his father-in-law ; which he quitted soon afterwards not to behold it again. The truth, indeed, is, that my mother did not long survive the hour which gave me, her youngest child, to the light. About a year and a half previously she had, with much labour and sorrow, brought my elder brother into the world ; and the event proved that for a frequent repetition of such exploits nature had not designed her. On the second day after my birth she expired ; upon which my father, whose only tie to the spot seems to have been one of kindred and connexion, gathered together his effects, and departed.

I did not accompany him in that journey. It would have been on many accounts inconvenient had he been burthened with the care of so young an infant, when he was about, as it were, to begin the world anew ; and the honest yeoman, whom he honoured as his father-in-law, had no desire to deal sharply with him. It was accordingly arranged between them that I should remain where I was ; and I continued, in consequence, for a space of about five years to lead the sort of life which children generally lead in such situations. Meanwhile my father, carrying my elder brother along with him, removed to Edinburgh. There he resumed business, his success in which greatly exceeded for a time his most sanguine expectations ; for his father, likewise a type-founder, lent him a helping hand ; and a second marriage with a well-endowed widow completed his good fortune. The result was, that when I had attained my sixth year I was, at his desire, sent to my proper home, and I found it to be in every point of view exceedingly comfortable.

My father had always been a man of great expense. He loved company more than he loved the workshop, and pleasure was much more agreeable to him than business. My stepmother likewise, a gentlewoman by birth, rather encouraged than restrained him in these propensities, and no great while elapsed before such a tree brought forth its natural fruits. I remember well being delighted when a very little boy with the noise of revelry which went on in our house, just under the Calton Hill, and not very far from the abbey. Fiddlers and jesters thronged it from morning till night, and the troops of guests which went and came were incalculable. Meanwhile I was

left very much to my own devices, paid little regard to my education, and found companions for myself wherever the most daring and light-hearted youths of my own standing congregated. But, an end was to be put to these days of dissipation. My stepmother died. Her fortune, which had been settled wholly on herself, went to some of her own relations, and her disconsolate husband became in every sense of the term a ruined man. He fled from Edinburgh one night to escape a gaol, and entered on board a man of war; but, of the rest of his fortunes I can say nothing, for we neither saw nor heard of him again from that time forth for ever.

Long before this crash took place, my grandfather Bain had adopted my elder brother. He did this at the outset to relieve his son; and getting attached to the child, he would not afterwards part with him. As he was a generous man, he now extended his kindness to me also, and I too became a dweller under his roof. Moreover, he used his best exertions to remedy the evil effects of the total neglect which I had experienced in my childhood. He sent me to school; offered to bind me apprentice to any trade which I might prefer, and was sore vexed and irritated when I refused to make a selection. As is to be supposed, the consciousness that I was not a favourite in my new home did not render my abode there pleasant to either party. My habits, indeed, soon became such as I cannot now contemplate without shame, and the old man began to fear, not without some show of justice, that I might bring serious disgrace both upon him and upon myself. Under these circumstances I made up my mind to enter the world in my own way. I was hard upon four-and-twenty years old, when, one morning, after my grandfather and I had had some words, I told him that I was about to leave him.

"Well, John," replied he, "I can't say that I shall break my heart at your departure. But, whither do you purpose to go, and to what employment do you mean to betake yourself?"

"I will go to sea," answered I sulkily.

"By all means," was the answer. "You might have done better on shore had you chosen a trade long ago; but, at your time of life, I am not sure that you will act unwisely."

I was nettled at this; for I had fancied that the old man would have thrown some obstacles in the way of my departure; yet I resolved to go through with the scheme. He gave me a small sum of money. I set out for Glasgow; and, passing thence to Greenock, bound myself an apprentice for four years on board of a ship that traded between that port and Jamaica.

I have not much to tell concerning my career as a seaman on board this merchant-vessel. My time I served out steadily enough, — that is to say, I belonged to her from the year 1785 up to 1789. I was a wild, harum-scarum fellow, to be sure; yet a regard to truth compels me to state that I cannot now look back upon any act performed by me of which youths in my rank and station of life are not apt to be guilty. Accordingly, both the captain and his employers expressed themselves very well pleased with me, and, among my messmates I have reason to believe that I had become a bit of a favourite. In other respects the tenour of my existence was monotonous enough. From Greenock to Port Royal, from Port Royal back to Greenock; sometimes in calm, sometimes in storm; an occasional lark in the Scottish port, with a spree from time to time among the niggers.

Such was my business till the period of my apprenticeship drew to an end, and plans in reference to the future required to be formed.

I have never all my life long taken much heed of the morrow. To me, in a sense even more extended than ought to be applied to it, sufficient for the day has been the evil thereof; and, on the present occasion it appeared as if I were going to receive proof that my rule of action was a sound one. When we reached Greenock, after the termination of the last trip which I was to make in the Jamaica-man, at least as an apprentice, we found that place even more than usually active, for war had broken out,—in what part of the world I really do not know—and press-gangs were everywhere abroad. Like other craft in our situation, we were boarded as soon as we dropped anchor, and I and two others were selected by the officer in command of the party, as fit men to serve the king under his Majesty's pendant. My companions seemed to regard the preference with which they had been honoured as a grievance. For me, the world was all before me; and, not having any ties which linked me to any particular corner of it, I was quite indifferent whether I wore myself out in a king's ship or a merchantman. I went with the press-gang, therefore, very cheerfully, and got rated as an able seaman in the Savage sloop-of-war.

We cruised for a while up and down the Frith of Clyde, stopping the traders as they went and came, and relieving them freely of their supernumerary hands, sometimes to the undisguised dissatisfaction of all concerned. We were then ordered round to Plymouth, that we might make over to the squadron, which was fitting out there, a portion, at least, of the human cargo with which we were freighted; and it came to my particular lot to be transferred to the Carron, of forty-four guns, which the authorities were equipping as a trooper. But with her Providence had so ordered things that I should never do a week's duty; for I had not been many days on board when I met with an accident which entirely disabled me. I fell down the main-hatch, and fractured my skull. I was taken up insensible, and in this state transferred to the hospital, of which, during the space of six months, I continued an inmate. It strikes me that I have both heard and read terrible tales of the neglect, and even cruelties, to which in these establishments the sailors and soldiers of my own standing used to be subjected. Of my own case I can only say, that had I been under the care of my mother I could not have been more tenderly dealt with. I was long, indeed, in a state of unconsciousness; during the continuance of which they trepanned me. But when I came to myself again I found that a nice clean bed had been provided for me, and that everything which my situation seemed to require was to be had for the asking. Of Dr. Gates, who superintended the establishment, as well as of his assistants and nurses, I can never therefore speak except in terms of gratitude. They all did their duty more than strictly both by me and by those around me, and the cure which they made of me was perfect.

I was never addicted to habits of self-indulgence. A hospital, for example, with all its comforts, and even luxuries, had no charms for me; so, my strength no sooner returned in part than I was anxious to leave it. The doctor resisted my application for a while; for he said that it came prematurely; but, finding me resolute, he in the end gave way. I got my discharge in due form, as well as my arrears of pay to the last farthing, and, proceeding to Deptford, where the

Board of Greenwich then sat, I was examined, and declared unfit for further service. They awarded me a pension of six pounds a year as a remuneration for my hurt, and I was once more my own master. And, let me declare, in all soberness and truth, that whether it were the natural result of my long illness, or that time was beginning to work upon me the change which he generally works on others, I experienced at this period a hearty desire to become a settled and steady member of society. The fire of youth seemed to have burned itself out, and I had seen enough of the world to make me weary of its companionship, so I determined to return, like the prodigal in the parable, to the haunts of my boyhood, and apply myself to whatever regular calling my grandfather might recommend. How curious are the feelings which come upon and over-master us, when, after long years of absence, we turn our faces in the direction of our home! Mine was not, I confess it with sorrow, connected with any associations peculiarly endearing. I had not done much to please those with whom I dwelt, and in every situation tenderness, if not returned, soon grows cold. Yet I respected the memory of my grandfather as an honest and an upright man; and between my brother and myself no mortal quarrel had ever arisen. As to the rest, the friends and companions of my looser hours, my thoughts of them were all of a very mixed kind. Some, in spite of my conviction of their worthlessness, had in a considerable degree linked themselves to me with the chain of affection; but, there were others whom I would have gone miles out of my way to avoid. However, I did not bestow much of serious consideration on them. My project was to start at once in the character of an industrious sober man; and I knew that if I acted up to this, all who were not inclined to act on a similar principle, would save me the trouble of cutting their acquaintance.

I took a passage at the port of London in a coaster, and was in due time landed at Leith. Even in the interval between 1785 and 1791, some changes had taken place there; but I did not pause to examine them very narrowly. I made at once for the old house in the Canongate, and mounting the common stair, knocked at a door, through the portals of which I had passed and repassed scores of times. It was opened by a girl whom I did not recognise; but that circumstance affected me little. Five-and-forty years ago servants, though not quite so locomotive as they seem to be now, shifted their quarters often enough; so that when I inquired whether my grandfather were at home, I did so nothing doubting that I spoke to his hand-maiden. The girl answered that no such person lived there, nor, as far as she knew, in any other house in the land. I was startled and shocked, for I knew that I had fallen into no mistake in reference to localities, and it was hard to account for the absolute desertion of the old nest, seeing that my brother, brought up to our grandfather's business, was only by a year and a half my senior; but neither from the maiden nor from the mistress, who gave us the aid of her more matured experience, could I learn anything satisfactory. She had not inhabited the house more than twelve months; and the people whom she succeeded in occupation did not resemble in any respect those of whom I seemed to be in search.

I turned away from the home of my youth with a very sore heart. It seemed to me as if fate had interposed between me and the realisation of dreams which had just begun to take my imagination cap-

tive; and I had well nigh sought refuge from the care and mortification which took possession of me in a relapse into habits for which I had then no taste. But while I was thus musing, it occurred to me that I was not absolutely a stranger in the city of my childhood. A cousin of mine, by name Campbell, was in business here as a writer to the signet, and I determined to find him out, and at least ascertain what had become of my grandfather and my brother. There was no difficulty in effecting the first of these objects. Mr. Campbell was well known, and, to do him justice, he received me with great frankness and hospitality. I heard from him, likewise, that the relatives of whom I was in search, had removed about four years previously to Philadelphia, in North America, and that they had directions left with him, in case I should ever return, to send me out after them to the land of their adoption. Indeed, Mr. Campbell delivered to me a letter from my brother,—of old date, to be sure, but in his well-known hand, in which the plan of emigration was strongly recommended, and which contained, among other arguments, the incontrovertible truth, that if I persisted in my preference of a seaman's life, I should find it just as easy to procure a ship in Philadelphia as at Leith or Greenock. It seemed to me that there was both truth and kindness in the tone of the letter, so I determined to act upon its suggestions. I abode with my cousin as his guest for about a fortnight, and then proceeding to the Clyde, embarked there on board of a ship which was bound for Philadelphia.

I had been a stranger in Edinburgh, or fancied myself such,—I was doubly a stranger in Philadelphia. My grandfather, it appeared, had been dead some time, and my brother was gone no one knew whither, into the back-settlements. Such was the intelligence that reached me the very day of my landing, and its effect upon me was not different from what might have been expected. I ate a solitary supper, went early to bed, and slept little; but I rose next morning in better heart, concluding that no good could come of sorrow, and sallied forth to have a peep at the town, previous to the arrangement of any plan of action for the future. I suppose nobody would care to be told either how the houses were built or what I thought of them; and if the reverse were the fact, I am quite sure that I am in no condition to gratify so laudable a thirst after knowledge; for my visit took place near half a century ago, and my memory is not now so sharp as it was then. But there did occur a circumstance, which was by far too remarkable not to have left an enduring impression behind. I was wandering about the river side, looking hither and thither with a half-vacant stare, when a well-dressed man stopped me.

"Your name is Bain," said he, "and you are just arrived from the Old Country."

"Even so," was my answer; "and what follows?"

"Why, this," replied the stranger; "you have come out in the expectation of finding your grandfather and brother, and you are disappointed. I am sorry that I cannot assist you farther in your researches than by informing you, that your grandfather died in good circumstances, and that he left his business, by will, to your brother, on condition that he would pay to you the sum of two hundred and sixty pounds. I am the attorney that made the old man's will, and the rough draft of it is still in my possession."

"Much obliged to you, sir," was my answer. "The information

which you communicate is so far satisfactory, that it lets me into the knowledge of benefits intended for me; but, unless you can go a little farther, I am afraid that your benevolent intentions will hardly be realised. Do you happen to know the point of the compass to which my brother has betaken himself? or has any portion of these two hundred and sixty pounds been intrusted to your safe keeping?"

"I am sorry to be obliged to answer both your questions in the negative," replied he. "Your brother meant, I am sure, to act honestly by you; for he never made a secret of your grandfather's wishes. But you were nowhere to be heard of; and affairs prospered with him so well, that by and by he felt himself in a situation to wind up the concern. He sold off all his stock, and removed with a young family into the back settlements."

"Where I can never hope to trace him out," said I. "Well, I did not come here in search of two hundred and sixty pounds, but hoping to discover the kind good guardian of my youth, and the friend of my childhood. I have been unfortunate; but, thank God, I can shift for myself, and so there is an end to the matter. I thank you very much for your civility, and will be farther obliged to your telling my brother, should you ever meet him, that he is heartily welcome to my grandfather's legacy, of which, as I never came into possession of it, I am not likely ever to feel the want."

We parted upon this for the moment; but often met again, when I invariably found my acquaintance a useful as well as an agreeable companion. He assisted me in finding out such a lodging as was suitable to my condition and prospects, and gave me his countenance when I put myself to school, and became a student of navigation. This done, and my finances beginning to get low, I took a berth on board of the American ship *Canton*, bound for the East; and in 1792 was once more occupying my business in the great waters.

CHAPTER II.

Wherein various changes of fortune are set forth, and various events recorded.

THE ship *Canton* was an old and well nigh worn-out tub, which leaked so fast as to find us in constant work even during calm weather, while in a gale we used to be in perpetual danger of foundering. She was laden with timber, with masts and spars, and such like, which it was intended that we should exchange at Madras for cotton. With extreme difficulty, and not without very considerable danger, we accomplished the first part of our voyage, and the cotton was taken on board, and the spars landed. But the next stage in our progress—for we were bound ultimately for China—proved a thorough sickener. We worked down from Madras to Prince of Wales's Island with such difficulty, that there was scarce a man who, from sheer fatigue, could, on reaching the harbour, assist in getting out the cargo. Still the captain persevered in following out the instructions which he had received, and the cotton was here exchanged for opium and aloes; after which he again put to sea, and stood for Malacca. This was the most toilsome trip of the whole. We were so continually at the pump, that our patience could not stand it longer,—so I, with three others, made up our minds to leave the ship, even though in doing so we must sacrifice not wages only, but the whole of our kit into the bargain. Nor did any great while elapse before we carried this resolution into effect: having watched our opportunity, we stole on shore one day when the captain was absent

and though we carried with us nothing except our ready money, and my quadrant, we rejoiced as those are apt to do who have escaped, if not from certain death, at all events from toil which ceaseth not.

I have a lively and a pleasant recollection of the sort of life which we spent among the Malays. It was in some sort a life of hiding; because the captain had an undoubted right to our services, and, had he succeeded in discovering us in our lair, he might have required the native authorities to send us on board by force. But the people entered into our views with all their hearts, and there was no lack of places of concealment. I have repeatedly seen the skipper pass under the very balcony on which, behind the screen of a painted blind, we were sitting, and once his voice was heard at the door of our apartment; but the Malays were all faithful to us, and no discovery took place. At last the old Canton got under weigh, and we watched her movements with a degree of interest such as they had hardly excited before. The wind was fair, and away she went, never again by me, at least, to be seen, nor, sooth to say, to be thought of, far less inquired about.

We were now free men, and we made the sort of use of our freedom which sailors are apt to do in similar circumstances. We ate and drank, and smoked, and ran about, seriously offending nobody, because even the Malays seemed to comprehend that we were non-descripts, till our purses began to grow light in our pockets, and idleness grew irksome. Then came the question, how were we to dispose of ourselves?—which in my own case did not long remain unanswered. I was sauntering through the town one day, not knowing very well how to dispose of myself, when a person, whom I recognised as the commander of a brig which had put in only the previous evening, accosted me. He asked whether I wanted a ship, and I replied without hesitation in the affirmative.

“Are you a scholar?” continued he.

“Yes,” was my answer, “a bit of it.”

“Do you understand navigation?”

“That is my forte.”

“Oh, very well; you are just the sort of man whom I want. Come along with me on board the *Venus*, and take the post of first mate. You shall have good wages in the mean time; and if you conduct yourself properly, I will recommend you to the owners when we get home, and more will doubtless come of it.”

I did not think that it was worth while to refuse the offer; so I returned to the house for my quadrant, and having transferred it, together with the few necessaries which since my arrival on shore I had found it convenient to purchase, I became that same afternoon first mate of the brig *Venus*.

The vessel to which I thus attached myself belonged to Calcutta. She had been sent on a voyage to China; but the captain having died at Batavia, the real first mate was afraid to go on; he distrusted his seamanship, put about, and was so far on his way back to the port whence he had set out, when I joined him. It was not for me to argue against a determination at which he had arrived before he and I formed our acquaintance; yet I did venture to suggest that he was acting imprudently; but he would not listen to me. On, therefore, we went till we reached Calcutta, where the consummation, which in my own mind I all along anticipated, came about. The owners of the *Venus*, disapproving of the mate's conduct, and an-

noyed at the loss which it had occasioned to them, dismissed him their service, and I, for what reason I could not well divine, shared the same fate. To do them justice, however, they paid me my arrears in full; and, as a trifle of my former stock yet remained, I was enabled by means of this two-fold fund to spend some weeks in the capital of British India very agreeably.

Ashore-life at that period was not, however, to my mind, and the heat of the climate oppressed me. I was glad, therefore, when an opportunity offered of taking service in the General Coote, a large East Indiaman, which with many more was preparing to set out for England. This was in 1795, after the war of the French Revolution had broken out, and at a time when the French navy was as yet formidable, so that merchant-vessels never put to sea except in large fleets, and under the convoy of one man-of-war or more. On the present occasion we mustered at least twenty sail, including the *Lion*, sixty-four; the *Samson*, fifty; and the *Argo*, of forty-four guns; and our progress was, as in convoys it necessarily must be, in the highest degree unsatisfactory; for the rate of going is determined by that which the slowest sailer in the fleet can keep up; and every night we are made to close in, lest amid the darkness we might either separate or be cut off by an enemy's cruiser. Yet the passage, though tedious, was not in any other respect disagreeable. No accident befell,—no bad weather overtook us, but with the same sails and spars as when we stood out of the Ganges, and without being two miles away from our reckoning, we came to an anchor in the Downs. You may perhaps ask,—what was there in this to interest me? I had no friends nor relations in Deal, nor, as far as I knew, throughout the length and breadth of England; yet was I just as eager as those about me to tread once more the soil of my native land; for a sailor always makes friends where he may not have previously made them, and a lark ashore is to him a joy inexpressible. But this time I was not destined to be a participator in that: my old acquaintances, the press-gang, paid us a visit before yet the ship had swung to her anchor, and I had again the satisfaction of being told that the King stood in need of my services.

I was put on board of a frigate,—unless my memory has failed me quite, the *Caroline*,—a new ship, as yet imperfectly manned, and which the captain was making every effort to get ready for sea. He accomplished his purpose towards the end of January 1796, and some day in the beginning of the following month we stood down Channel. By and by, Cape St. Vincent bearing to the northward of us, we discovered several sail of ships in the offing, which proved, as indeed the captain expected them, to be a portion of Sir John Jarvis's fleet, to whom his orders directed him to attach himself. I think it was on the 6th of February that this junction was effected, from which date up to the 13th we kept beating up against a head-wind, the ships narrowly escaping at times coming into collision during the darkness, and at least, in a single instance, running foul of one another. This was in the night of the 12th, when the *Colossus* and *Culloden*, both seventy-fours, came together with such violence, that the latter, as seen in the grey light of dawn, appeared a perfect wreck. But a noble fellow, Captain Troubridge, had the command of her, and a gallant crew obeyed his orders, which were issued so promptly, and so cheerfully and skilfully acted upon, as very soon to

put all the damage to rights. It really seems to me, now when I look back upon those times, that there was nothing attainable by human skill and activity which British seamen could not accomplish. Though the knees and cheeks of the Culloden's head, her head-rails, larboard cat-head, bowsprit-cap, bumpkin, jib-boom, and fore-top-gallant mast were entirely carried away, and her bowsprit itself badly sprung, — her ship's company, with the rough materials at their disposal, had in a few hours so trimmed her up again, that before the sun went down she was reported fit for service. I don't think anybody that saw that sight will ever be able to forget it.

We were steering at this time towards Cape St. Vincent, in the hope, as was generally understood, of falling in with the Spanish fleet, which, to the number of twenty-five or thirty sail of the line, was expected to pass from Barcelona to Cadiz, and ultimately to Brest. It will scarcely be forgotten that, at the period of which I am speaking, the French, having failed in an attempt to invade Ireland, were meditating a still bolder enterprise, the invasion of England herself. Accordingly, all the disposable marine of her allies, of the Spaniards in particular, and of the Dutch, was directed to join itself to the national fleet in Brest; by which means it was expected that such a superiority of force would be got together, as must effectually sweep the narrow seas, and lay the shores of England open. It was Admiral Jarvis's business to interrupt this arrangement if he could, and history has recorded how well he accomplished his object. Our fleet soon after it had been joined by five sail from the Channel, numbered only fifteen ships of the line, with four frigates, two sloops, and a little bit of a cutter called the Fox. Yet we held our course as boldly as if we had been seeking to engage an inferior enemy, and our sole regret from hour to hour was, that we could not discover them. At last on the 13th, the look-out ships made signal of an enemy approaching. Before the sun went down we had all cleared and made ready for action, and after dark guns were distinctly heard at a distance, which we were not slow to conjecture betokened the vicinity of the Spaniards. We accordingly kept well together, the admiral having so directed us, as a precaution against a sudden attack; and the ship's company lying down at their quarters, we took such sleep as in such a situation even British sailors may be expected to take.

There was some communication made about an hour after midnight to the admiral, by a Portuguese frigate which hailed him. We did not know at the moment what it implied; but the dawn of day enlightened us on that head, for it exhibited the Spanish fleet steering in loose and careless array towards Cadiz. They seemed at the same time to discover us, and a good deal of manœuvring took place, of the details of which I shall not be expected to give an account, even if my memory served me to do so, which it will not. I must content myself, therefore, with stating, that Admiral Jarvis, observing a great gap in the enemy's line, signalled his fleet to throw themselves upon it, so as, by engaging the Spaniards in detail, to reduce the battle to something like an equality; for it must not be forgotten that the Spaniards mustered in all twenty-five sail of the line,—one of one hundred and thirty, six of one hundred and twelve, two of eighty guns, and all the rest seventy-fours; whereas, out of our fifteen, there were but six which exceeded seventy-fours, and

one, namely, the Diadem, which fell short of that rating. So also in his frigate force Admiral Cordova far surpassed us, not fewer than eleven, with a brig, attending his fleet. But when did your hearts of oak care for odds. On we steered, ship after ship shooting ahead, in the most beautiful order, till we had lodged ourselves exactly where old Jarvis wished, and then to it we set, hammer and tongs.

What need is there for me to tell the tale of the great battle of Cape St. Vincent? What could I say about it, — except that the roar of cannon was ceaseless, and that the winds became hushed, and the sea calm, by reason of the violence of the mortal men who braved them. It was somewhere about half-past eleven in the forenoon when the first broadside was fired. I think, too, that the Culloden opened the ball; and if so, the gallant Troubridge had double reason to congratulate himself that the damage which he sustained in the collision on the 12th was by his crew so lightly thought of. But, however this may be, the action thus commenced raged with indescribable fury till near four in the afternoon. It was to no purpose that the Spaniards strove to rectify the error into which carelessness had led them at the outset, and from which Admiral Jarvis gave them no opportunity to escape. They could not, with all their efforts, bring their fleet together; so that, though numerically superior to us, almost as much as two to one, we contrived in every instance to bring against them a power, both of guns and men, at least equal to their own. This I may venture to say in reference to the science of the battle, and as to the deeds of personal heroism wrought, — in an affair which saw Nelson carry, by boarding, first the San Nicholas, and then the San Josef from her decks, surely I may be excused from dwelling upon them. I can only say that, as far as my own observation went, every man in the fleet did his duty.

But what were we of the Caroline about all this while? A frigate, as I need hardly state, is never brought into the line except in the last extremity, and we with our consorts were directed to keep aloof, but to be ready, wherever our presence might be needed, as well to receive the prizes as to afford succour to the larger ships, should they be overmatched. For a while we obeyed these orders literally; but an enemy's frigate happening to come in our way, we could not resist the temptation of engaging her, and to it we fell, — on our parts with hearty good will, and on the part of the Spaniard with a manifest disposition not to accept our favours without returning them. We had a tough fight for it; and, on the whole, a fair one, inasmuch as the ships, in point both of guns and tonnage, appeared to be pretty equally matched; and our loss in killed and wounded, as well as the damage done to our masts and rigging, proved that our adversaries were not to be cowed by trifles. We took her in the end; — she struck her colours after a very gallant resistance; and we congratulated one another on the result. There followed immediately a signal of reconcentration, the enemy having got together about seventeen sail, with which they threatened us, and in the confusion our prize, I am sorry to say, gave us the slip. This was the more tantalising that, when the condition of the several ships came to be inquired into, we were found to have sustained such damage, as to render a visit to some dock-yard necessary; we were therefore ordered to Malta, regretting only this, that the fruits of our hard knocking should not have gone with us.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE
LITERARY LIFE OF OLINTHUS JENKINSON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

LET not those who are about to stand to me in the light of father confessors take exception *in limine* at the title I have chosen, nor affect surprise that there should be such things as Literary Passages in the Life of a Barrister-at-Law: consider for a moment "Brougham and Vaux simple avocat." Think of that, Master Brook. What a host is in that little sentence! Parliamentary speeches, decisions in chancery, Edinburgh Reviews, penny magazines—a motley band, like an Indian army, formidable by numerical strength. "Nomen multitudinis singulare quandoque verbo plurali jungitur, ut" — I forget the example; but let that pass. Literary passages have existed in the life of Lord Brougham; but Lord Brougham was a barrister, therefore literary passages may exist in the life of a barrister, Q.E.D. Poor, poor Logic! In good truth, my brethren are a sad set; women cannot abide 'em, for they are very ill-favoured rough things; but there is much fun and merriment existing under that same long robe and wig. Good father confessor, as Alfred Tennyson shrewdly observes when he wishes to know why man is man, and churches have steeples and not chimney-pots, and why the converse is true of dwelling-houses; will you have the kindness to riddle me — riddle me — riddle me this: "Why law and hair have always gone together from the times of Egypt downwards?" Ah! good father, if you were but behind the curtain, and could see the dishes and wine-pots put out of sight under cover of a thundering "*De profundis*," you would wonder less and laugh more. Sure am I, that I, Olinthus Jenkinson, simple gentleman, as here I stand, know as little of the law of conveyancing, or, indeed, of any other kind of law; as the old lady on Dartmoor of what was what, when she took the Pharisees of Scripture for the fairies-es of her own pixie-haunted moors.

Some fifteen years ago I have a twilight recollection of having acted as junior counsel in some complicated cause, Heaven knows what it was about, but I am quite certain that I never did. This piece of legal service—which was about as important as christening a baby over in Kensington or Hoxton, or administering a round dose of salts to the paupers in one of the new union workhouses, might be to the other learned professions—was the only one on which I was ever engaged. Indeed, all my life I have been given to lying—in bed, as a *délassement*, and doing nothing as an occupation. Of how many busy people might the same be said with truth! But, despite of this, there has always been about me a kind of a sort of,—ambition I can scarcely call it,—but great desire or appetite to see some of mine own lucubrations in print; not as desiring the praise of men, and all that kind of thing; for I should have preferred the anonymous or fictitious style,—the "A. Z.," or "Heinsius Redivivus," or "Constant Reader," according as my contributions had been received by the Times Newspaper, or Classical Journal. Then would I have glutted over the darling lines, the offspring of my brain,—a poor thing, sir, but all mine own; the hard earnings in the savings' bank; the

schoolboy's first watch that will go; the freshman's first wine party; the physicians first fee; the piece of bride's-cake under the maiden's pillow that has passed through the ring; the only son of his mother, and she a widow. No such luck was mine; regularly were my articles sent to the various magazines, cooked up in as many forms as Messrs. Ude and Jarrin could serve up a mushroom — regularly were they rejected. Like the man who, when asked if he had seen George the Fourth? answered "No! not exactly; but I know a gentleman who once very narrowly missed seeing the Duke of York."

I remember once upon a time to have written antiquarian notes on a novel for a friend, who laid his scene in Norway. But, after many *pros.* and *cous.*, and many trials of many biblioplists, the poor thing was left to die a natural death, and my hopes with it; so that, unless I had advertised for an imaginary dog, or printed handbills as touching a watch that had never been lost, — both of which proceedings I imagined to be beneath the dignity of my profession, — I, Olinthus Jenkinson, must have died without leaving one lasting lesson of wisdom, or glowing with the consciousness of having done some good in my generation.

But, I have bethought myself that, if I cannot prove a beacon-light to posterity, I may at least act in the light of a buoy; if my compilations cannot be made useful as models to go by, "they may at least serve as landmarks to be avoided." For many years I had abstained from the futile attempt of sending my children to the various boarding-schools now so well filled with other men's offspring; so that, on meeting some little time back with them (like the first five chapters of *Waverley*,) in the bowels of an old desk, I read and looked, looked and read — looked and read again. Could these, indeed, be they? "Long temps d'imposteur j'ai traité ce moi-même." O mole-eyed generation! had the trial been permitted me, what instruction, what amusement, might have flowed from these same yellow pieces of paper on a benighted world! One last attempt will I make to show what I might have done, had it not been for the malignant envy of certain people whom I forbear to name. The world shall judge between me and those who would have let my name go down to ages yet unborn — unwept and unhonoured. There was a melancholy sort of pleasure, a funereal joy, and undertaker-ish satisfaction in the reading of these old papers.

Good father, have you ever written that which in your inmost soul you believed to surpass all that had ever been written of the kind before? have you ever sent this for publication anonymously or ipso-nominally? Have you known what it is to walk erect above your fellows, with the secret consciousness that now you have done it; smiling internally at those pretty jokes of your own familiar friend, with whom so lately you took sweet counsel? Have you waited for the first day of the month with the sort of nervous delight which a small boy feels when with trembling hand he extends the lighted match to let off his penny-artillery, — "Now — now! O Bill! there, you've shoved the priming off!"? Have you, I say, thus waited for the first day of the month? Have you known what it is to walk into your little sitting-room every morning with a frantic glare at the breakfast table, to see if the pass-ticket into Elysium, the lottery-prize, has yet arrived; — "Ha! here it is at last! — square folded, and a wafer; — from one of the clerks, I suppose." — You tear

it open, — “Snip and Cutaway present their respects to Mr. O. Jenkinson; and, as the term for which they can afford to give credit has long since expired, and they have just now large payments to make up, they will feel much obliged by his permitting them to draw on him for the amount of their small account, as per bill delivered, £75. 3s. 10d.”? Have you, on your return from a small constitutional walk, been hailed by Betty, the housemaid, with “Please, Mr. Jenkinson, when you was out a small parcel kimmied for you from the Bull and Mouth, and missis told me to say as she payed four and thruppence for it.” — “Oh, very well; I know what it is; I will settle it with Mrs. Palmer.” — So up stairs slowly you go; — there it lies grinning at you, the very brown-paper envelope in which you had folded it sent back to you with your own address; it is adding injury to insult; away it is skimmed to the back of the fire, whilst you stand looking on with a Mephistophilic joy. “Stop—stop; there may be something in it.” You pull it off, and burn your fingers. “No—no; there it is, sure enough. Ah! a note too!” — “Mr. So-and-So presents his compliments to Mr. Jenkinson, and returns the very talented paper which he had forwarded him; but it is not exactly suited to the public taste at present; should be happy to be favoured with any further communications.” Could anything more bitterly ironical be conceived? It was unkindly said. — So frequently have I gone through every stage of the journey, that at last, when I forwarded my despatches, it was with an *au revoir*.—I knew I should have them again shortly, and I was never disappointed. At last I collected all the rejected together, shut them up from the scorn of an unfeeling world, and determined for ever to disown the craft which would not own me for a disciple.

Now, father, you have my story; now you can understand my feelings when, at the age of forty-two, a briefless barrister in the Inner Temple, an idler by profession, I met again with these the children of my youth. I had followed in Wordsworth's steps; I had antedated Marryat the Naval Novelist; Contarini Fleming was an evident plagiarism; Bulwer but a borrower from my stock; the great Scott and I have often thought of the same things, but, somehow or another, my contributions were invariably rejected,—and he got his baronetcy! 'T was strange—'t was passing strange; but so it was. Now, I had always flattered myself that I knew what went to the making up of a novel, sonnet, epic, or tragedy, as well as any man of my inches. Take a naval novel for an instance; it is marvellous what a sameness of plot there goes to all these. There must be an old gouty admiral with a pretty daughter, this last personage may or may not sing the songs of the late Mr. Dibdin; there must be a young 'scape-grace of a midshipman, who eschewed learning in his youth, but who has had his feelings roused by reading Southey's *Life of Nelson*; there must be an affecting parting from the home of his youth, when he is made to deliver himself of the sentiments so beautifully set forth in the “*Soldier's Tear*,” he must be consigned to his father's agent in London, and meet with sundry adventures in Portsmouth — if Portsdown fair is going on, all the better. Upon going to sea, it would be as well that there should be one youth who has been accustomed to domineer in the cockpit (a Scotchman is preferable); he submits patiently for some time, till his spirit is roused by seeing this worthy inflict a sound beating upon a poor little

unoffending kid; he therefore declares that his conduct is neither that of an officer nor a gentleman, and challenges him to fight, and, of course, is the conqueror. Next day they cannot come upon deck; but the captain orders all the midshipmen to appear before him and toe a line, and begins a speech commencing with, "Young gentlemen, I have sent for you," &c. This discourse sets forth his general views upon discipline. Vice is punished, virtue rewarded. He thus gains the affections of all his comrades, save this one Caledonian gentleman, who persists in his dislike. It would be well that they should proceed to the West Indies. Upon the voyage our hero strikes up an acquaintance with the gunner, or one of the maintopmen; the first individual must be addicted to chewing tobacco; the second should have a story about a slavy, and all that sort of thing. The captain should be a strict disciplinarian; the first lieutenant ditto (he may be grown grey in the service, and testy withal); the marine officer should play "God save the King" à *faire peur* upon the flute; the surgeon a virtuous man; as for the other gunroom officers, they are not of much consequence (except the second lieutenant takes a fancy to your hero); the master should be a rough tar; the purser a rogue. There should then be a cutting-out in boats; Master Middy slips himself into the bows against orders; they succeed; and the craft is sent off to Port Royal to join the admiral under command of one of the lieutenants, our hero being on board. Now is the time for a storm, and delivering yourself of orders which nobody can understand. "Down with the helm.—Brace down the yards.—Steady, steady; luff, luff, sir, luff.—Set the foretopmast-staysail.—Set the spanker.—Mind your luff," and so on. All these unintelligible orders not producing any good effect, they take to the boats; the ship settles down by the head, and all the boats are swamped save one. In this are the lieutenant, the middy, the gunner or topman above-mentioned, a facetious black cook, and a Newfoundland dog. Their only provisions are a bag of pork and a compass. This would be a good time to get up a little famine; they should at last glare on each other with hungry eyes, get the better of the Newfoundland dog, catch a shower of rain in their sail, and squeeze the water into their black parched lips. They cast lots for whose throat is to be cut first; the lot falls upon Sambo; but they defer the incision into his jugular until the next day. Now is the time to rouse the sympathies of sensitive and delicate females: a sail appears between them and the horizon; she is coming their way, she is—she is!—she hears them,—she wears on the other tack,—all hope is gone!—No—no, she puts about again,—they get up a feeble shout,—they are discovered, and taken on board. When our hero awakes, he finds a benevolent surgeon standing by his bedside, and is informed that he is in H.M.S. Spitfire, the crack frigate on the station, now standing down for Trinidad. When here, I think it would be as well that the young gentleman should have the yellow fever; he is delirious, and so on; but, on coming to his senses, finds a tall, graceful-looking girl, bending over his bedside; he is for the time unfaithful to the young lady addicted to naval songs mentioned above: the lemonade must be very cool, the leaves of the trees very rustling, and the sick-room rather dark. Now, how to get rid of heroine, No. 2? A broken heart, perhaps; a touch of the yellow-fever—a consumption—never mind, and she must go. In the mean time

the Caledonian gentleman, who had been leading our hero a cat and dog life, should cut and run from the service; he should have taken his passage on board a small brig proceeding to Jamaica. Wreck, No. 2; hero upon a plank; a man drowning near him; he fishes him up (this is the malevolent Scotchman); a small strip of sand; attempt at murder, and so on. He must next find himself at Port Royal; now for a negro ball, an intemperate party with the officers of the garrison, more yellow fever, and letters from home. They are ordered on service, a general action, a storm. The hero does wonders, and gets made—commission signed by the admiral—confirmed—runs rapidly up; goes home at last, and marries the admiral's daughter. I had almost forgotten to say that the Scotch gentleman should be hung.

This is a general notion of a naval novel. By a slight inversion of yellow fevers and storms in the hands of a skilful artist, it may be adapted to any latitude or longitude upon the globe. Then, there is your historical novel: for this, translations from the French may be employed. The one great general rule which can be given for all these is to deviate as much as possible from the text of history, only keeping clear of such evident inaccuracies as representing Oliver Cromwell leading Lady Jane Grey to the hymeneal altar at St. George's, Hanover-Square, and afterwards proceeding with his blushing bride to spend the honeymoon at Baden-Baden: any thing short of this. I remember once to have seen in an exhibition of wax-works, Hercules, the Duke of Wellington, Voltaire, and William Penn, playing a rubber at sixpenny shorts; the Czar Peter and William Wallace had cut out, and were holding their hats under their arms, looking on. These could scarcely be brought on the stage together. For the rest, you must write an introductory chapter for every body to skip, and cram your book as full of technicalities as may be conveniently done. A description of an old town; here it is evident that you are safe; no person will read this, so you may borrow or scribble nonsense, whichever is the easier—a little talk about old dress, old armour, old tapestry, and, as the conjuror says when he swallows the poker—the thing is done.

Next in order comes the novel sentimental: this is the easiest of all to write. Here is the most approved receipt:—Assuming the work to be written in modern times, and to be a pure work of fiction. You must take your hero and heroine (as old Mrs. Glass used to catch the hare and then kill it), Frederick and Julia respectively; Frederick—Eton, Oxford, shooting, rowing, &c. Julia—French governess, London masters; no longer the little girl who used to join in his boyish sports; averted looks, blushes, county ball, a young gentleman from London, dressed in a plain suit of black. The admired of all admirers—no one can tell why, but so it is,—dances with Julia all night; this might be thought remarkable in anybody else, but, of course Mr. Talbot does as he pleases. Frederick jealous and reproachful; estrangement; London season, with all its hopes and fears. Frederick, in despair, betakes himself to Paris, and takes to gambling, just *pour passer le temps*; hears from his mother, Lady Harden, that Julia is declining into a decline. Valet, post-horses, Calais, —Dovor, London, Belmour Park, —Julia—garden scene—“dearest, I love thee,” and so on. This may be diversified with a duel, a forged will, a gay cousin of Julia, who finally marries a bold

dragoon with his long sword, saddle, bridle, &c. Be sure in this to have fine descriptions of Nature ;j sunny sunsets and sunrises, birds, grass laden with liquid diamonds, and so on. This must not be omitted on any account.

Last in order is the fashionable novel. This opens with a scene in a country-house, where the Duke of Delamour, and a gentleman of Mr. Talbot's class (who is prodigiously fine), are anxiously looked for. Of course, the usual company is assembled, and others expected ; at last they all meet at dinner, but the fine gentleman comes in late. Your heroine is the daughter of the good people in the house ; she is in love with one Henry Panton, the certain heir to a baronetcy ; but, beyond this, and a light heart, and thin pair of inexpressibles, he has not one stiver. There is a lady with a couple of daughters, who is what is termed a schemer, and wishes to marry her daughters well ; the eldest falls into her designs, the other not. You get the whole party with all convenient speed to London, having gone the usual round of flirtations, billiards, and so on. Here comes on the stage a young earl, smitten rather with the heroine. Parents, of course, outrageous on the subject. Henry, like the Frederick of the last, is beginning to feel somewhat uncomfortable. Then balls, portrait painters, a party at Mrs. Two-daughters', who at this time is rather hard-up. The eldest damsel wishes to catch the earl ; he cannot away with her, but oscillates between the youngest and the heroine. Henry Panton saved his life at Eton ; he waives his pretensions. Henry's uncle dies intestate ; princely fortune ; "Dearest, I love thee," again ; earl and youngest, ditto. This may be a good deal diversified by a sort of under-hero addicted to the turf ; a few impressive scenes, ending with the *débris* of his fortune being put together for him by Henry ; startling reflections on the subject. You should only describe Nature in this as opposed to the heated and uncomfortable atmospheres of ball-rooms, &c. Deal hugely in moral reflections.

So, good father, you see that I am not altogether defective in the capability of imagining the fine things by which other men have attained unto themselves a reputation ; for, after all, what is imagination but memory ? At a future opportunity I will give you my ideas upon the drama, and our present style of poetry.

THE LEGACIES OF INTELLECT:

A PHILOSOPHICAL VAGARY.

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise."

ERASMUS wrote in praise of Folly. I do not mean to write in praise of Ignorance ; but I would discourage the prevalent mania for aiming at too much knowledge—the quaquaversal application of the human mind to every branch of intelligence, literature, arts, and science. Pope was wiser ; and found that a single pursuit only could

"One genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

But now, when the sphere is far more widely extended and comprehensive, extravagant ambition would fain embrace the whole ; and,

as too much light causes blindness quite as opaque as too thick darkness, the consequence is a very superficial acquaintance with the more distant surrounding world, and a very groping intercourse with even the most common and nearest objects. I will illustrate my meaning by a dreamy and allegorical tale.

Alfric Athelwerd was the son of a virtuous mother and a worthy sire. She was beautiful, and of noble descent; he of admirable presence, and of Saxon lineage, which he could distinctly trace to an era before the Norman invasion. Nor were they less blessed with the gifts of fortune; for a clear unencumbered estate of ten thousand pounds a-year, in one of the loveliest of England's lovely districts, was their inheritance; and, beloved by all their neighbours, and happy with each other, they lived on earth as if earth were heaven. Their only care was their only boy,—if care it could be called to watch the healthful upspringing of this gallant child, and the gradual development of an intellect of the highest order. His disposition was as amiable as his talent was rare; and he grew up to manhood all that fond parents could desire to cheer their declining years, and afford them a grateful vista of peace and joy for him whom they loved most in this world, before they were, in the course of nature, called on to exchange it for a better. Their deaths were his first afflictions; but, like Rasselas, he soon looked forward, as youth ever will, that the realities of to-morrow would fulfil the hopes of to-day.

Time wore on, but so delightfully, that the motion was imperceptible; and Athelwerd was perfectly contented with the enviable lot which procured him the appellation of "The truly Happy Man." He had but one pursuit to diversify his pleasures and occupy his leisure—it was the pursuit of knowledge, and for this his thirst was unquenchable. Acquisition after acquisition was made, and store after store accumulated, till amongst all who enjoyed the delights of his society, not in jocular mood, but in serious contemplation, more and more

“—————The wonder grew
How one small head could carry all he knew.”

He was in reality what the admirable Crichton is in story, a prodigy of learning and genius.

Still he continued to be contented and happy in himself, respected and esteemed by all besides. Only his wish to become more truly deserving of that respect and esteem gave an impulse to his character and aspirations,—“in apprehension how like a god!”

We have heard and read of the ways by which evil spirits obtain an ascendancy over the destinies of men; and, so long as the belief in the legend of Dr. Faustus remains, we can be at no loss to account for the ruin of learning and virtue. But our lesson points to a different course. By a marvellous change in the laws of nature, it was for a season permitted that certain wonderfully gifted individuals should have the privilege of bequeathing their intellectual properties to any heir they chose, in the same manner as their landed estates and personal goods and chattels.

It is familiar to every observer, that the more one has, the more likely it is that even superfluous additions shall be poured into the overflowing fountain of prosperity. We give not to those who want, but to those who are full; we feed the fat pig, and leave the lean to shift for itself. So it happened with Alfric Athelwerd; he became

the legatee of every testator; and dazzling as the comet, portentous as its aspects, deplorable as its fall, were the results to "The truly Happy Man."

From one he inherited a superlative knowledge of the severe sciences,—from another, a warlike capacity of the highest order,—from a third, a complete acquaintance with the structure and compenony of the human frame,—from a fourth, an intimacy with the mysteries of nature,—from a fifth, superior skill in the application of mechanical laws,—from a sixth, poetical genius,—and from others such extraordinary qualifications in every branch of human inquiry, as the sequel of our true allegorical history will unfold.

Hitherto his life had resembled the crossing of a lovely river in the opal light of a morning in spring. Hardly had he reached one third of the span, and the waters beneath him were dancing and sparkling in the light; brilliant was the shore he had left, and more brilliant still the midway wave on which the upheaving sun shed a flood of glory; yea, the very farthest bank, where darkness lay hidden, was to his view one illuminated line, and every creek and crevice, though of mud and slime, bathed in the golden hues of the mighty luminary that shone upon them, till they were mingled and lost in the dazzling lustre of the whole. There was enough to make his mind drunk; for genius, after all, is but various modifications of drunkenness—a little touched—strangeness—excitement—tipsiness—sleepiness—dreaminess—incoherency—wildness—fury—raving—incomprehensibility—and other moods and states of being; but, nevertheless, such were the solid endowments of Alfric Athelwerd, that he preserved the steady balance of his soul, and moved on in his path rejoicing, the beloved and the admired of every beholder.

But at length came the fatal Legacies of Intellect, and he was advanced a hundred years beyond the age in which he lived: in the sciences a Babbage,—in strategy, a Wellington and a Nelson,—in anatomy, an Owen,—in the investigations of nature, a Newton,—in mechanical arts, a Watts,—in poetry, a Pope; and in the many walks of general philosophy a Herschel, a Faraday, a Brewster, a Sedgwick, a Cuvier, if they had combined and contributed all their masses of talent and information, would have fallen short of the capacity of this one vast and single instance of pre-human intelligence.

It would be tedious to dwell on the events which befell in consequence of the use and developement of these powers; but we must relate a few of the circumstances to illustrate our tale.

In the summer of 18—, when the intrigues and aggressions of — could no longer be endured, a tardy declaration of war was issued, and a mighty armament was ordered to sail for the Mediterranean in the last week of the month of July. A warm patriot, and ever keenly alive to the dearest interests of his country, Alfric Athelwerd lost no time in addressing a memorial to the government, and a letter to the commanders of the expedition, entreating that it might be delayed till the middle of August. He showed them that, agreeably to the law of storms, originally propounded in England by Colonel Reid, the tempest which had swept the northern Atlantic, along the coast of Ireland, and thence directed its destructive course Lat. 37.14, Long. 95.2, must at a certain date have arrived in the shape of a dreadful whirlwind and typhoon at the Bay of Biscay. He then

demonstrated that, by the light breezes which must prevail in the direction of W. and S.S.W., after the time appointed for the sailing of the fleet, it must arrive at a given point at the very hour the hurricane was raging with most irresistible force in that doomed and desolated region. Vain were the remonstrances. The Lords of the Admiralty laughed at the warnings of science; and the admiral of the fleet in derision, when he hoisted the Blue Peter, fired one musket on the quarter-deck as a parting salute to the weather-wise Country Squire. The fleet sailed,—the western and south-south-western breezes wafted it on its jocund course,—Cape St. Vincent was seen on the larboard,—and the slanting moonbeams silvered the placid surface of the scarcely undulating sea; but the morning was lurid and dismal, and the howling of the wind announced the approaching the predicted fate. Alas! for the Britons bound in that devoted navy! Amid lightning, and thunder, and waterspout, and every accumulated horror of the elements, the labouring vessels were whirled round and round in the eddies of the resistless tornado; and within one revolution of day and night thirty thousand souls were buried in the deep, and thirty thousand wrecked on rocky and hostile shores.

Athelwerd was too proud and too sensitive to proclaim this catastrophe to the world; and neither the Government nor the Admiralty took the slightest notice of it in their sad reports to Parliament, and Gazette accounts of the terrible calamity.

The nation had not recovered its mourning over this affliction on the following year, when, about the same season, the patriotic philanthropy of Athelwerd again stimulated him to offer his advice to our rulers. It was clear to him that, owing to the exhaustion of the electricity in the atmosphere of our island, occasioned by a most unprecedented demand for aurora borealis in the months of March, April, and about a week in May, the weather in the harvest months must be so gloomy, cold, and charged with moisture, that hardly a head of corn could ripen in Great Britain. To avert the threatened famine was a task worthy of himself. Once more he addressed the legislature, and laid before it a plan of national paragrêles and conductors, the entire expense of which (were expense worthy of consideration, when the deepest interests of humanity were thus at stake) would be repaid by the increased revenue on the consumption of wood and iron; and he earnestly begged that the appalling condition of the people, resulting from the total failure of the crops, might be deemed a sufficient reason for adopting any measure to avert so overwhelming a dispensation. But the Pharaohs were deaf to the counsels of our Joseph, and took no heed of making a provision against the evil time. It came on too speedily, and want, and starvation, and pestilence, and death wasted the land. Only on and around his own estates, where Athelwerd had erected the requisite apparatus, were the fields filled with a glad harvest, the poor supported, and the hungry fed. The awful example of the rest ought to have made an impression on the public sense; but the wisest of that public were yet a century behind the enlightened philosophy of our hero, and the lesson was either never learnt or soon forgotten.

It may readily be conceived that, with the pure and generous feelings which animated the soul of Alfric, such sorrows as we have described made him more wretched than the most afflicted of the

herd. Others felt the blow when it fell; but it was his dreadful lot, like Cassandra, to foresee, to foretell, and to know what must happen; and, beyond the griefs of Cassandra, to be able to warn, and protect, and avert, and yet to be disbelieved, ridiculed, and disregarded.

Repelled on every side into privacy and individual research, Alfric Athelwerd, in spite of the wonderful discoveries at which he continually arrived, found, from the want of sympathy and credit, a void within himself, which added to his melancholy. He resolved to marry; and as it seems as if no man could be guided by the dictates of wisdom in an affair of this kind, he,—even he, the inheritor of all these stupendous endowments, chose a wife like other men. Elizabeth Melton was very pretty, very playful, very capricious; knew *nothing* of science, and *less* of philosophy; and when the proposal was made to her, accepted it, because she did know that the bridegroom, though, according to rumour, somewhat eccentric, was a fine-looking specimen of the English gentleman, and had an unencumbered estate of ten thousand a-year. They were married, and for a while the fond husband neglected his nightly vigils in observing the moon in the sky,—more pleasingly engaged with that other moon which mortals have designated as being made of honey.

But his was not a character long to forsake the intellectual for the sensual, and Science soon reclaimed her son from the absorption of love. Not only did his former Mistress Moon re-demand his worship; but it was extended to suns, and planets, and fixed, and double, and clustered stars, and the whole bright host of heaven. By employing a powder of calcined eagles' eyes for day, and of owls' eyes for night glasses, he succeeded in manufacturing a medium of such transcendent powers, that his achromatic telescopes beat Sir James South's and Professor Airy's by four billion nine million and a hundred thousand and one degrees. By means of these, he acquired a perfect insight not only into the lunatic, but into the planetary worlds; and his MS. journal of observations upon their inhabitants, forms, manners, and customs, will be duly appreciated, perhaps, in the year 2839, when the human race may have proceeded to a similar extent of intelligence. For our ignorant time it may be sufficient and curious to state, that, contrary to preconceived ideas and theories, he found the beings in the planets to be gross and corpulent in proportion to their nearness to the solar centre, and in Saturn and the Georgium Sidus most lively, spiritual, and joyous. When he announced this fact to his lady, it is impossible to be denied that she half wished him in Mercury, and herself at least as far off as Jupiter. But she said nothing, except expressing her great surprise; and thought no more about the matter.

Not so her illustrious partner. From ascertaining this new disposition of things in the universe, his next step was to devise an improvement in balloons, by which an interchange of visits between the earth and her fellow spheres might readily be effected. A multitude of experiments ensued, and, though never tried above an ascent of four hundred miles, it was distinctly proven that, by the discharge of atmospheres at certain heights and stations, and taking in more rarified supplies, exactly as you change horses, or throw on coals to increase your steam power in mundane journeys, it would be easy to establish an intercourse among all the members of the celestial sys-

tem. For the near moon, wings of a particular construction would suffice, just as a person takes a walk when he does not desire the trouble of ordering his carriage.

Alfric's next labour was a light one. It was simply to invent a universal language to be used in this intercourse, when it should be carried fully into operation. It was not altogether intelligible to the Europeans to whom it was explained; but it was obvious that on its principles it must be so to the population of the greater planets, though perhaps a little obscure to the speakers of patois in Ceres, Juno, Pallas, and other fragmentary stellar bodies.

With regard to the earth itself, Alfric's learning was immeasurable. Crosse might galvanize icarides out of pebbles, and the German doctors detect other kinds in metals; but these are the triflings of ignoramuses. The entire globe is composed of living and animated beings. There is no such thing in creation as inorganic matter. A common granite paving stone is composed of millions of creatures, from the age of three thousand to the age of three hundred thousand years. Water is truly a confluence of globular naiads and other nymphs of a thousand shapes; trees are substantially dryads, hamadryads, &c.; herbs and grasses of creatures vulgarly called fairies. Metals are but combinations of gnomes; the air of spirits; the centre of sensitive essences; and what is strange, lava is nothing else than a union of salamanders and angelic partners, whom the fire has purified far above the most subtle atoms—the grosser earth and most ethereal existences of the finer circumambient fluid.

The world, he showed, was informed by one soul, which soul, consisted of caloric, was communicated by sparks or shocks, and divisible into an eternity of parts and members. The nearest approach to death, or non-entity, was in cold; but neither could be absolute. At the period he arrived at these conclusions, his amiable lady was confined, and presented him with a particle of calorific soul in the frame of an infant female. To Alfric it was quite indifferent whether it were girl or boy; for at this time his mind was expanding with many amazing improvements in the most abstruse and conjectural sciences which occupied the learned and the foolish. He had come to the conclusion that, as Heat was Life, children might be hatched as well as chickens, and all the pains and penalties attached to the curse upon the race avoided. He would beat the Escalobion all to nothing, inasmuch as *soul-ar* heat was superior to artificial.

In the photogenic art, no longer photogenic, he produced the loveliest and most accurate panoramas with rushlights; and not only portraits, but busts, statues, and groups of moving figures, not inferior to actual life, by means of a camera obscura, modelled upon a Daguerrottype notion, and illuminated by the phosphoric sheen of a single glow-worm. The most remarkable result, however, which accrued from these experiments was the discovery that shadows were real beings, not less substantial than the men and women they had been supposed to copy. In their natures they differed from the originals, having a capability of elongating or shortening themselves in an extraordinary degree, but still preserving identity, occupying space, and acting upon internal as well as external impulses. By the same rule, the reflections of objects in mirrors, or other diaphonous media, were demonstrated to be rather more substantive than the objects reflected.

In all other wondrous questions which vexed mankind, Alfric was equally a-head, and panting Time limped and toiled after him in vain. But it would detain us too long to go into the details of his unparalleled career, and we must proceed to the prodigy which wrought his ruin.

As if Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, Mesmer, and Dr. Elliotson had all died, and left him the legacy of their wits, he went out of all calculation farther into phrenology and magnetism than all who had gone before. Holding that the outward shape of the skull was not so certain an index and test of the human faculties and passions within as the brain itself must be, which formed that covering, and in which these passions resided, he determined on appealing to the internal evidence. Thus, by removing a portion of the bone, he investigated the medullary substance for the satisfaction of his doubts; and, stupendous as were his preceding acquisitions of knowledge, it was here that he surpassed them all. By throwing an intense Bude light upon the open brain, he perceived that every particle was a separate soul, but yet that the whole was only one soul; the atomic theory distinct, but indissoluble. He proceeded to subject the lobes, anterior and posterior, to magnetic influence, and, after about twenty passes, what was his consternation to behold this soul gather up its plumage as a bird shakes its feathers, and spreads its wings for flight, and leave its abode a mere *caput mortuum*. His dread that it might never return was, however, soon dispelled; for, by reversing the process, and making the passes from left to right, instead of from right to left as before, the soul which had left came back, and all was right again. Having subsequently thrown the patient into a profound sleep, Alfric interrogated the re-palaced soul; and, in answer to his inquiries, was informed that when it quitted its fatty membranous prison, it possessed the power of ascertaining the company of and conversing with pre-Adamite angels, the younger angels who before the deluge intermarried with the children of men, the souls of defunct mortals, and a thousand other disembodied essences, of which humanity in its corporeal form had never entertained, or could entertain, a conception.

What a new and glorious vision was here unfolded for speculation! How dim, how worthless were every other pursuit, compared with this spacious and immortal field! Earth, moon, sun, planets, milky way vanished, and the immaterial superseded the material world!

Almost mad with the immensity of the design, in an evil hour did Alfric declare these superhuman phenomena to his wife; and, out of his unbounded love for their cherub offspring, propose to send her soul on an expedition to the unknown realms of unseen beings. The mother decidedly objected, and it was in vain that he demonstrated the ease with which their infant daughter's brain could be exposed through the unclosed sutures; how, by merely dissecting a few inches of skin, the soul's gates would be opened; and how sure it was that, by reversing the magnetic passes, it would be restored to its seat, like a dove to its nest. Philosophers and women are equally obstinate: and sorry are we to record, that on this theme there was no reconciling the opinions of the family of Athelwerd. Unfortunately for its head, he persevered too much, and the consequences took him by surprise. His terrified lady had secretly consulted her

parents, and her parents had laid the particulars of the case before several gentlemen, eminent for their skill as physicians, though, as our readers are aware, ten thousand such pigmies as they were could not have made one giant of the intellect of Athelwerd. That gifted individual was seated in his study, revolving on the possibility of despatching his own soul on a mission of inquiry, when it was entered by a person, with whom he had not the honour to be personally acquainted, in a very clean dress, and a very nicely powdered wig, and attended by several other persons, neither so sprucely dressed nor at all powdered. The first-mentioned individual solicited very kindly and tenderly to be instructed as to the state of his health; and, though assured in the most satisfactory manner that he was perfectly well, did not appear to be convinced of the truth of this averment. He consequently ventured to press the conversation in a style which Alfric deemed to be as impertinent as his intrusion; and, forgetting his philosophy, he ordered him in a tone of rage to be gone, if he wished to avoid the gravitation experiment of an aerial descent from the window, which, be it remembered, was in the eastern turret of the ancient baronial mansion of the Athelwerds, and three stories high. The termination may be told in a few words. Instead of retiring, the doctor advanced, and Alfric rushed towards him in fury to put his threat into execution. He was instantly seized by his myrmidons, pinioned, and conveyed to an apartment strongly secured and strictly guarded.

The suspicion of the truth now darted across his mind, and from the violence of resistance he resolved to recover his calmness and rationality, so as to end the detestable and idiotic farce. But such resolves do not always produce the desired effects; and, like the mad dog in the adage, to be once charged with insanity is so indubitable a presumption of the fact, that it is next to impossible to persuade any one to believe the contrary. If you are angry it is furiousness, if you are quiet, it is sulkiness; if you are silent, you are morbid; and if you speak, you are misinterpreted; and if this be sooth in ordinary cases, what must it have been in the case of a person like Alfric Athelwerd? The anxieties he had suffered for his country had caused him to look pale and care-worn. He had from his very youth been esteemed by all to be eccentric and visionary. The mighty extent of his knowledge sealed his doom.

At the ensuing inquest, *de lunatico inquirendo*, it was of no avail that he referred to his abortive attempt to preserve the British fleet from destruction, to his suggestions for the prevention of the famine, and to the fatal consequences of inattention to his prophecies and plans on these and many other occasions. It was of no avail that he called upon the jury to look back for only fifty years, and see what had been achieved by railroads, by steam, by mechanics, by chemistry, by mesmerism—and thence give him credit for improvements, inventions, and discoveries that would be made within the next fifty or a hundred years; it was of no avail that he offered to demonstrate to the learned physicians that the brain-pan comprised fifty millions of atomic souls, combined as One telluric life, and capable of being dismissed from its cerebral dwelling on a voyage to the immaterial world; that it must be forced to re-inhabit its mansion by manipulations of a peculiar kind, the material hand of the exorciser having power over the flight and residence of the "wandering soul." It

was of no avail that he proved the judge, the jury, the witnesses, and the doctors to be insane, according to the true definition and meaning of the word ; and that he alone possessed the maximum of reason suited to the functions of an intelligent being,—in the scale of creation only a little lower than the angels. All was of no avail ; and while he argued of the Mesmeric Crisis, the jury unanimously made up their minds to the verdict of “ Insanity, since the 1st of April 18—,” and he was consigned to the charge of Dr. ———, in whose private asylum he remains at this day, — a woeful example of the danger of being wiser than the generation in which he lived, to be declared, instead of “ The Happy Man,” a *Monomaniac!!!*

ELEGIAC TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

FAREWELL to thee, sweet melodist ! thy minstrel-lay is o'er,
Thy lyric harp shall tune its string to music's voice no more ;
But like the rose-leaves, when they fall, though scatter'd on the ground,
The sweetness of the poet's song, still breathes a fragrance round :
And thus thy minstrel memory is still embalm'd by death,
And holds a spell o'er feeling hearts, that fleets not with the breath.

Oft in the gay and crowded scene, where Pleasure's votaries meet,
Thy songs from woman's syren voice shall flow in accents sweet ;
Oft shall the listening lover steal, from music's tuneful strings,
A hope that she who breathes the strain may feel the words she sings :
And though beneath the willow's shade thy broken lute is hung,
In memory still is treasured deep the strains that lute has sung.

I well remember when thy lute first woke its dulcet lay
In years long past, when life for me was one bright summer day ;
Thy songs are twined with memories I never can forget,
That 'mid the withered waste of life my heart keeps verdant yet :
And when I think the hand is cold, those tuneful chords that pressed,
Mine eye a pensive tear will dim, a sigh escape my breast.

Alas ! each hour but shows me more the poet's fatal doom
Writ in Misfortune's clouded page ; though radiance may illumine
The chequer'd path he treads awhile, Sorrow and cankering Care,
Coiled like the worm within the bud, are ever hidden there !
And such a fate, alas ! was thine, oh ! sweetly gifted Bard,
And such will be to thousands more, the Child of Song's reward !

A flame too delicate for earth, his spirit feels the chill
Of worldly woes, with keener sense, and a more sickening thrill ;
He cannot wrestle with the throng, or struggle mid the crowd
Like other minds, but sinks o'erpowered, his strength too quickly bow'd :
And many a wasted frame can show, and broken spirits tell,
How sad a doom is his who owns, the Poet's gifted spell !

Farewell ! and may the verdant turf lie lightly on thy breast,
And flowrets blossom from the sod, where thy cold ashes rest ;
May Pity's tear bedew the spot, and lovers' accents breathe
A fond regret for him who sleeps, that flowery turf beneath :
And many a kindred spirit come, in spring's returning bloom,
To hang a wreath of tribute-flowers upon the Poet's Tomb !

TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

WITH THE ADVENTURES OF THE AUTHOR IN SEARCH OF THEM.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER, ESQ.

UPON our arrival at Ryde, we took up our quarters at Yelf's hotel. A mutton-chop, and a glass of hot brandy-and-water each after dinner.—At length the antiquary remarked,

“I know you are a great admirer of Shakspeare. It is very odd that the Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, of his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, who appears to have been a very popular spirit at that time, should now be scarcely known to the world, except through the medium of that play. The Isle of Wight, indeed, is the only spot that I am aware of where there remain any traces of his existence. There are two places here that are still called after him, Puckpool and Puckaster.”

“Any traditions relating to them?”

“There are,” was the reply. “The evening is delightful,” continued he, “and Puckpool is close at hand,—what say you to a walk there before tea, and I will tell you a story about it as we go along.”

After a walk of about a mile and a quarter, we got to Puckpool. It was a low marshy flat, close to the sea. The antiquary began as follows:—

“At the date of the following story, this spot is described as having been a kind of salt marsh, entirely overflowed by the sea at high spring-tides. In ordinary tides, there was left bare a green meadow, covered by the peculiar race of plants that will bear contact with salt water. The sea, however, had eaten its way through it in numerous directions, forming narrow channels, deep holes, and here and there wide spaces were scooped out, which were filled by the tide at high water, leaving numerous islands and promontories around. It was the largest of these pools, with a round green island in the middle, that gave the name to the place.

“People used to come from far and near to visit this spot; not, however, on account of any particular beauty it possessed, but from the number of wonderful tales that had been told about it. Robin Goodfellow, or Puck, with a troop of mischievous and frolicsome fairies, made it their favourite place of nocturnal meeting. Numerous were the pranks that they played. A tidy housemaid sometimes, upon getting up in the morning to her work, would find everything swept, and brushed, and scoured, and the floor nicely sanded, upon which the prints of little feet could be faintly traced, and the brooms and brushes and dusters carefully put back into their places. If she was particularly industrious, it is said that she actually sometimes found a piece of money in her shoe. But the slovenly girl was punished with cramps, teased with chilblains, and was occasionally frightened to death by the rats running across her nose when she was in bed. The consequence was, that the neighbourhood of Puckpool used to be celebrated for tidy housemaids and steady servants.

“Those who were in favour with the fairies were continually meeting with good luck, and those they took a dislike to were as

constantly getting into scrapes in one way or another. Sometimes the swine-herd, driving his grunting flock home in the evening, would see his fattest or his favourite pig separate from the herd, and trot down to the salt marshes of Puckpool; and there he would follow it about, sometimes upon the sound greensward, sometimes across the channels that the tide had left, in some places over tolerably firm sand, in others both driver and swine would be floundering in soft mud. At length the poor man would tumble headlong into the deepest and dirtiest hole, while his grunting dependant was making his escape, capering away upon the firm grass beyond. After his fruitless chase, he would return home and find with surprise that none of his herd were missing.

"But the people they delighted the most in teasing were hypocritical and luxurious monks. Those who were sincere in their devotions, and strict in their observance of the rules of their several orders, they did not appear to trouble themselves much about. As, however, the convents became wealthy, they in a great measure ceased to be the refuge of devoted ascetics; and many younger brothers, of small prospects in life, enticed by the abundance and the idleness that the monastic establishments presented to their view, professed themselves monks. The enjoyment of as much luxury and pleasure as they could cover with their religious habit was, of course, their sole aim. These were the devoted victims of the practical jokes of Robin Goodfellow and his merry companions.

"Brother Martin was a monk of the Cluniac order, belonging to the Priory of St. Helen's. Originally, the very severe rules of that order were there followed with the strictest accuracy. Constant silence was observed during the day, and it was almost death to violate it before prime;* and various other contrivances were adopted to mortify the flesh. 'Their manual labour,' says Udalricus, 'was to shell unripe beans, or weed the garden, and sometimes make bread in the bakehouse.† But the precise rules of the order would not be very interesting to the reader, particularly as the Priory of St. Helen's soon grew wealthy, and its monks, in consequence, negligent and luxurious.

"Brother Martin entered the Priory of St. Helen's during the later period of its existence. The absence of labour and the plenty of provisions were the chief inducements that led him to choose a religious life. He was generally absent from the convent upon some excuse or another, visiting the poor, and giving good advice to those whom he considered to be the most likely to be led into temptation. He was the father confessor to most of the ladies of the neighbouring village of La Rye, as Rye was then called. He generally visited the most comely first, as he said these were the most likely to be led astray

"In the course of time a little orphan niece of his was brought to the village of La Rye, and was supported entirely by his charity; but many of the neighbours were much surprised to observe, that whenever any very particular inquiries were made about this niece, the monk appeared to take it almost as a personal offence.

* Morning service in the chapel.

† *Fabas novas et nondum bene maturas de folliculis suis egere, vel, &c. &c.*—See Udalricus Antiquiores Consuetudines Cluniacensis Monasterii in D'Acherii Spicilogium, iv. 39.

But then it was well known that religious men were always instructed not to be ostentatious in their charities, and to shrink from the applauses of the profane world. However, let this pass.

“One night Brother Martin was returning from La Rye to his convent. By some strange accident, that never has been satisfactorily accounted for, he missed the beaten track, and wandered through the footways that traversed the copsewood in various directions; for there was at that time very little open country between La Rye and the Priory of St. Helen’s.

“After various windings, the track he had followed led him down to the salt marshes of Puckpool. Here he stood for some time pondering in his mind how he should get across it; for there was a stream of water that ran through the middle of it, the fording of which, without getting very wet, was rather a nice business by daylight, when the tide was out; but now he had only the light of the moon, and the tide was rising fast.

“As he stood on the brink of the firm ground, considering which was the safest point to make for, he thought he heard the cries and screams of a child. He walked up and down the firm turf, trying to make out whence the screams came. The cries continued.

“‘Where are you?’ said the monk.

“‘Oh! Father Martin!—dear Father Martin, is it you?’

“‘And who are you?’ he asked.

“‘Oh! it’s little Fanny—your own little Fanny—your own dear little Fanny.’

“‘And where are you?—for I cannot see you.’

“‘Here, on the pretty green island in the middle of the marsh. I can’t get out—I can’t get out. The tide is rising, and the water is coming all round. There are some stepping-stones just up above—pray come and save me, pray!’

“The monk walked up a little higher, and soon thought that he had made out the stepping-stones. He rushed to go across, putting his foot upon what looked in the moonlight like a fine broad stone. It was, however, unfortunately for the monk, nothing but a floating tuft of sea-weed that had come up with the tide. This untoward step threw the monk head foremost into a deep muddy inlet, about three feet deep. Brother Martin soon emerged again in woful plight; the full sleeves of his black cowl were heavy with the weight of the soft brown mud and half-rotten sea-weed with which they were filled; his rochet, or tabard, which reached from his chin to his feet, was torn in two by his trampling upon it in his efforts to extricate himself. By dint of spitting and spluttering, he soon cleared his mouth of water and dirt; and, after taking one or two good blows to recover his breath, he waded, or rather floundered, through the water and mud till he came to the little green island. Here he scrambled up, and, after shaking a little of the water and mud out of his gown, he began looking about for the child, and was much surprised to find that it was nowhere on the little plot of firm ground upon which he had landed. He soon, however, heard again the screams of the child, and, upon turning round, he observed it standing and screaming on another little turf island, still farther off. It cried out again—

“‘Save me!—save me, Father Martin!—My dear father, save

me, my own dear father!—for the tide is coming in, and the water is getting deep all round me!’

“The monk, before he took to the water again, turned the matter over in his own mind. In the first place, he did not wish to see the little child drowned; and, in the second place, as he had got half way across the marsh, it would be as easy to get out on that side as on the other. Indeed, the probability was that he had come across the worst part.

“He determined, however, to proceed with more caution this time; so he looked about for a shoal part, till he thought he had come to a place that was quite shallow: here he sat himself down upon the edge of the turf, and tried with his feet whether the bottom was hard. To his delight, his foot rested upon a firm sound sand, so he started forward on his journey; but when he put his other foot before him, it sank in up to his knees, and again he fell prostrate. To be sure, there was very little water this time; but such a bed of mud as that in which he rolled about, he had never met with before. He rolled, and he floundered, and he scrambled; and when at length he reached the firm ground with his extended arms, he was quite exhausted, and he remained for a few seconds in this attitude, his head and face scarcely emerging from the muddy water. Here he was greatly alarmed; for a large green crab, either disturbed in its slumbers, or coming in with the flowing tide, crawled over his face; and two or three bats, apparently surprised at the sight of so unusual an object, fluttered by him so close, that he could distinctly feel the wind from their wings.

“He turned his eyes upwards, and saw a large bird hovering over him:—he thought of the Eastern tales that he had heard of,—eagles and vultures tearing the flesh from the bones of their victims before they were dead. At length it uttered a loud hooting sound, which he recognised as that of the yellow owl. He then heard with dismay the whirring prolonged note of the goatsucker, which sounds so melancholy and unearthly. The monk gave another plunge to extricate himself from his slimy bed, but was again startled by another sound, totally unlike anything he had ever heard before—*Wha whee, wha whee, wha whee*,—repeated many times in rapid succession. He tried to discover whence it came, but could see nothing but a number of oysters lying along the edge of the water, opening their shells and shutting them one after the other. The sounds he thought evidently came from them. ‘Horrible! horrible!’ thought he; ‘they must be possessed by demons, and that is their note of laughter.’ He plunged again to extricate himself, and, as he plunged, he began ‘*Exorciso te,*’ &c. But his exorcism was suddenly arrested by a lump of mud and sand flying into his mouth, and almost going down his throat.

“A violent effort at length freed him from his unpleasant situation, and once more he stood upon firm ground; but he was now so completely frightened, and so entirely did he lose his presence of mind, if he ever possessed it, that he thought of nothing but escaping from his present horrors. The danger of the unfortunate child in his fear he forgot altogether, or concluded that it was a mere trick of evil spirits; so he ran away in the direction of the Priory of St. Helen’s as fast as he could. But his career did not continue long without disaster; for in his haste he did not proceed with his accus-

tomed caution. His foot dropped into a hole, and again he was doomed to fall; but this time, luckily for him, with the exception of one leg, he fell upon dry ground.

"Whether it was his fears that conjured up forms, or whether it was reality, he thought that the green crabs were again running over him, the bats flapping their wings in his face, and the owl hooting over head; but, at any rate, he felt quite sure that he heard distinctly in the distance behind him the oysters laughing at him in their former peculiar note, *Wha whee, wha whee*. He soon jumped upon his legs again, nor did he stop until he reached the gates of the convent. As he ran, he heard a sound like that of wind whistling by his ears, and then he felt something cold laid upon his cheek,—cold and clammy like a dead man's hand: he trembled and shook, and ran on the faster.

"The porter was astonished at his appearance; and well he might be: his black monastic dress had been changed to a rich brown, and little streamers of sea-weed fluttered in various directions. One side of his face was plastered with brown and black mud, while the other showed its accustomed rosy shining fatness. He ran directly to the prior, and told him that Brother Martin had returned in woful plight, and appeared to be deprived of his reason. He was ordered into the presence of his superior. The prior received him in his parlour. He was sitting in his sculptured easy arm-chair, with his clasped hands resting upon his portly paunch, while his eyes staring wide open, showed the astonishment with which he viewed the strange alterations that had taken place in the monastic habit and countenance of Brother Martin.

"Brother Martin was directed to change his dress and to purify himself; an operation which was soon accomplished, for monks were never celebrated for cleanliness. Indeed, this was one of the particulars in which they used to cheat the world; for the uninitiated ignorantly imagined that the filth in which they lived was a kind of penance, and they were taught to revere it under the name of the 'odour of sanctity,'—whereas the fact was that the monks delighted in dirt,—it was one of their luxuries.

"When the unfortunate brother reappeared, he commenced his story. He told how he had been led astray from the beaten path by some unknown and mysterious influence, and how at length he found himself by the waters of Puckpool. He then began to generalise a little. The screams of his own dear little Fanny were simply described as the cries of a fellow-creature in distress. He went on to tell how he plunged into the swelling ocean, regardless of all personal risk, in the hopes of being able to save this fellow-creature from a watery grave,—how he was nearly drowned in the deep water,—how he was nearly smothered in the mud,—how he was haunted by demons in every shape,—how the owl hooted over him,—how the bats flapped their wings in his face, and the green crabs crawled over his cheek,—how hideous sounds were heard on every side,—how the oysters, by the power of some strange enchantment, opened their shells and laughed at him.

"'Why did you not repeat the "*Exorciso te*"?' asked the prior.

"'I did attempt it; but no sooner had I opened my mouth than one of the demons threw a piece of mud down my throat that nearly choked me. At length I extricated myself, and ran away; and,

though I was again thrown down by violence, and once more surrounded by my tormentors, I got up, and, as I ran away again, I felt the cold hand of a dead man placed upon my cheek.

“ ‘ Might it not have been the end of your wet hood that blew up?’ asked the prior.

“ ‘ Impossible.—As I came on, I thought to myself—’

“ ‘ Stop!’ said the prior, with pompous gravity; ‘ you know the rules of our order,—you ought to have continued singing psalms inwardly to yourself, to prevent vain thoughts and idle imaginings from entering into your mind.* The story you relate is wonderful, and your sufferings have been great: I will order you some mixtus,† and direct a second supper to be served up for you in the misirecorde.’”‡

From Ryde we proceeded to Newport on the top of the coach. The first object that met our view as we drove into the town was our friend, Ragged Jack, lounging up and down the street, with his hands in his pockets, waiting the arrival of the coach, to which he acted as cad. When he descried his old patron, Mr. Winterblossom, he pulled his hands out of his pocket, lugged off his hat, and ran to assist the antiquary to descend, taking one of his feet in his hand, and placing it here, and another there, and then offering his arm to land him on the ground.

“ Anything else besides the pockmanty, sir? ”

“ Only a small bag.”

As soon as Jack had secured to himself the job of getting the luggage, he returned with them to the antiquary.

“ Lor’! sir; I am so glad to see your honour again. I have often thought of you while you was away. I never expected that you would have come back to the Isle of Wight again. And, how well your honour’s looking, and I am right glad to see it.”

“ I understand,” said the antiquary, slipping a shilling into his hand.

“ No, sir; ’tisin’t the shilling that I was fishing for then,” said Jack, looking at the coin that he held in his open hand, and then up in the antiquary’s face. “ I should be heartily glad to see your honour again, if I never hoped to get another shilling from you. There’s many a gentleman chucks me a shilling, but they seldom speaks a kind word to me, as your honour does. And there’s Mr. Elder, too, and God bless him!” said he, pocketing the antiquary’s shilling, and came to see whether he could do anything for me.

We were soon comfortably settled again in our old quarters; and Jack, as soon as he had deposited our luggage, sauntered up and down the street, whistling “ Cherry Ripe!” but taking care not to lose sight of our door.

At length we sallied forth to visit Carisbrook Castle, which the antiquary’s sudden departure from the island had prevented us from

* The monks of this order, whatever their occupation was, were directed constantly to sing psalms to themselves, with the exception of the master baker. The reason of this exception, was to prevent the saliva from dropping into the dough.—See Fosbroke’s *Monasticon*.

† A composition of which wine was a principal ingredient.

‡ The misirecorde, or hall of indulgence, was placed just outside of the other building, so that the monks could declare that it was not within the walls of their convent. Here, consequently, they were not subjected to the same strict rules as in the refectory, such as silence during meals, &c.

exploring last year. The moment we got into the street, Jack (I never could make out how) immediately guessed our intention.

"If you are going to Carisbrook, sir, I know the history of every stone in the castle."

"You may come with us, then."

As we walked along I most unexpectedly fell in with an old Oxford friend of mine. He was now performing the part of a private tutor, and had come down to the Isle of Wight with two pupils, to *cram* them (as the Oxford slang goes) for their degree. I introduced him immediately to Mr. Winterblossom, whom he said he had known well by reputation before, though he never had had the pleasure of meeting him. They were walking up to the castle too, so we joined parties. As we passed under the portcullis, the antiquary drew himself up with a proud feeling of patriotism. "Now we are indeed on classic ground. Here Vespasian fixed his fortified camp to overawe the island, after his bloody victory on Arreton Down. Here was King Witgar buried, from whom it anciently received its name,—for the Saxons called it Witgaresburg. He formed it into a Saxon fortress. Here afterwards reigned King Stuff, sole monarch of the island. It was somewhere here, probably, that he caused his six prisoners to be burnt alive, to deter other adventurers from invading his beautiful island.

"Upon these Roman and Saxon foundations, soon after the Conquest, William Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford, built his Norman fortress, and extended the area of the fortifications. Through these is the tilt-yard, where the tournaments and trials by combat were held,—where Isabella de Fortibus, the lady of the Isle of Wight, so celebrated in its local history, graced the splendid tournaments with her presence. The towers between which we passed are of the time of Edward the Fourth. See, the very wooden gate itself remains. The terror of the Spanish armada caused the castle to be surrounded with more effective fortifications in the reign of Elizabeth. And, look!—look at the ruins here on the left: there was the unfortunate Charles confined. That is said to be the very window through which he vainly attempted to escape. And here, young man," said he patting one of the Oxonians on the back, "on the right is the Castle Chapel; it is dedicated to the Popish idol or saint that presided over youth and scholars."

TO MY MELANCHOLY.

COME, thou sweet mistress of my ev'ning hours,
 Companion of my walk, that otherwise
 Were lonely,—let us wander 'neath the tow'rs
 Of this grey pile, and hear the fitful sighs
 The mournful breeze heaves through its wasting walls!
 Hark! 'tis the surge of Time's unwearied billow
 That on the ear so sad and solemn falls!
 They hear it not, the sleepers; they, whose pillow
 Dreamless and cold lies deep beneath the soil!
 Would we were with them, pale-ey'd Melancholy!
 Free from the weight, the burthen of Life's toil;
 Far from deceit, from insult, and from folly;
 Bonded no more by e'en affection's chain;
 Reckless of all, as of the wind and rain! W.

COLIN CLINK.

BY MASK.

CHAPTER VII.

Though short, would yet be found, could it be measured by time, nearly fifteen years long. Colin Clink's boyhood and character. A trap is laid for him by Mr. Longstaff, into which his mother lets him fall: with other matters highly essential to be told.

HAD not the days of omens and prognostications in great part passed by at that enlightened period in which our story commences, it would inevitably have been prophesied that the child whose very birth had made a steward's wife jealous, set a steward altogether by the ears, and gone far to cloud the mind of the lady of Kiddal House, was predestined to create no common stir when he became a man. In that little vessel, it would have been contended, was contained a large measure of latent importance; although, contrary to the most approved and authentic cases of this nature, there was neither mark, spot, mole, nor even pimple, upon him; no strawberry on his shoulder, no cherry on his neck, no fairy's signet on his breast, by which the Fates are sometimes so obliging as to signify to anxious mothers the future eminence of their sons, or to stamp their identity. But, in the absence of all or any of these, he was gifted with that which some people consider of almost as much importance amongst the elements of future greatness,—an amount of brain which would have rejoiced the late Dr. Spurzheim, and put sweetness into the face of Gall himself.

During the earlier years of his childhood, Master Colin did not display anything uncommon; if I except the extraordinary talent he developed in the consumption of all kinds of edible commodities, whereby, I firmly believe, he laid the foundation of that excellent figure in which he figured after arriving at the age of manhood. Sometimes, when his mother was in a mood prospective and reflective, she would look upon him with grief, and almost wish him appetiteless; but Colin stared defiance in her face as he filled his mouth with potatoes, and drank up as much milk as would have served a fatting calf.

Reinstated, in the habitation where Colin was born, his mother eventually established a little shop, containing nearly everything, in a small way, that the inhabitants of such a locality could require. A bag of flour, a tub of oatmeal, and half a barrel of red herrings, stood for show directly opposite the door. A couple of cheeses, and a keg of butter, adorned the diminutive counter. Candles, long and short, thick and thin, dangled from the ceiling; half a dozen long brushes and mops stood sentry in one corner; and in and about the window was displayed a varied collection of pipes, penny loaves, tobacco, bat-

tleedores, squares of pictures twenty-four for a halfpenny, cotton-balls, whipcord, and red worsted nightcaps. In this varied storehouse, with poor pale little Fanny for his nurse, until he grew too big for her any longer to carry him, did our hero Colin live and thrive. After he had found his own legs, his nurse became his companion; and many a time, as he grew older, — pitying her hungry looks, and solemn-looking eyes, — has he stolen out with half his own meals in his pinafore, on purpose to give them unseen to her who, he thought, wanted them more than he. But in time the little shop was to be minded, and Fanny had grown up enough to attend to it. Colin missed his companion in the fields, and therefore he too stayed more at home; and never felt more happy than when, — his mother's daily lessons being ended, — he hurried into the shop, and found something that he could do to help Fanny in her service.

Possibly it might arise from the bitterness of her own reflections upon the evils, and the misery, resulting from the insincerity and deception so common amongst every class of society, that Mrs. Clink very early and emphatically impressed upon the mind of her boy the necessity of being, above all things, candid and truth-telling, regardless of whatever might be the consequences. Disadvantages, she knew, must accompany so unusual a style of behaviour; but, then, she said to herself,

“Let him but carry it out through life, and, if no other good come of it but this, it will far outbalance all the rest, — that, by him at least, no other young heart will be destroyed, as mine has been. No lasting misery will by him be entailed on the confiding and the helpless, under the promise of protection: no hope of the best earthly happiness be raised in a weak heart, only to be broken, amidst pain, and degradation, and self-reproach, that has no end except with life. If I can bring up but one such man, thus pure in heart and tongue, I shall die in the full consciousness that, whatever my own sins may have been, I have left behind me one in the world far better than any I have found there!”

And so Master Colin was tutored on all occasions to think as correctly as he could, and then to say what he thought, without fear, or hope of favour.

While Colin year after year thus continued to advance towards that period when he should finally peck his way through the shell of his childhood, and walk out unfledged into the world, his career did not pass unmarked by that ancient enemy of his mother, Longstaff, the steward. Wherever that worthy went, he was doomed, very frequently, to hear the name of young Master Clink alluded to in terms which, in the inner man of Mr. Longstaff, seemed to throw even the cleverest of his own little Longstaffs at home totally in the rear. Colin was a daring fellow, or a good-hearted fellow, or a comical lad, who promised

to turn out something more than common ; while Master Chatham Bolinbroke Longstaff, and Miss Æneasina Laxton Longstaff, the most promising pair of the family, were no more talked about, save by himself, Mrs. Longstaff, and the servants, than they would have been had they never honoured society with their presence. The annoyance resulting to Mr. Longstaff from this comparison was rendered more bitter in consequence of the formerly alleged, but now universally disowned, relationship between himself and our hero. He could not endure that the very child whose mother had endeavoured to cast disgrace upon him, and whom he hated on that account with intense hatred, should thus not only, as it were, exalt poverty above riches, but overtop intellectually in their native village as fine a family as any Suffolk grazier could wish to see. He determined, at length, to use his utmost exertions in order to rid the village of him ; and, the better to effect his object, he endeavoured, by descending to meannesses which would not have graced anybody half so well as himself, to worm himself again into the good opinion of Colin's mother, by pretending that the doctrine of forget and forgive was not only eminently Christian and pious in itself, but that also, if it were not to be continually acted upon, and practically carried out, the various members of society might have nothing else to do but to be at endless war with one another. Though he had at one time certainly regarded Mrs. Clink as a very great enemy of his, he yet wished to let by-gones be by-gones ; and, as she had had such a misfortune, if he could be of any benefit to her in putting the boy out when he was old enough, he should not refuse his services. Now, although the spirit of Mrs. Clink only despised this man for his conduct from first to last, and not the less so on account of what she considered his present unmanly sneaking for the purpose of currying her good-will again, she yet reflected that the benefit of Colin was her highest consideration ; and that any help which might be extended to her for him, ought not to be refused, however much she might dislike the hand that gave it.

An opening accordingly appeared to the prophetic eye of Mr. Longstaff, not only for ridding the parish of one whose presence he could not tolerate, but also of accommodating him with a situation where he would have the satisfaction of reflecting that Colin would both sleep on thorns, and wake to pass his days in no garden of roses. *He* would lower his crest for him,—he would take the spirit out of him,—he would contrive to place him where he should learn on the wrong side of his mouth how to make himself the talk of a town, while the children of his great superiors were passed by as though they had neither wealth, quality, nor talent to recommend them ; and, in doing this, he should at the same time be paying with compound interest the debt he owed to Colin's mother.

Such were the steward's reflections, when he found that the

bait he hung out had been taken by Mrs. Clink, and that he should, at the first convenient opportunity, have it wholly in his power to dispose of Master Colin Clink after the best fashion his laudable wish for vengeance might suggest.

How Mr. Longstaff planned and succeeded in his design, and what kind of people Master Colin got amongst, together with certain curious adventures which befel him in his new situation, I shall proceed, with all due attention to the reader's convenience, to relate in the ensuing chapter, as it is imperative upon me to conclude the present with some reference to the proceedings of the parties whom we left in trouble at the old hall of Kiddal.

When Dr. Rowel had fully attended to the wants of his unfortunate patient, Miss Shirley seized the earliest opportunity to make an earnest inquiry of him as to Mrs. Lupton's state, and the probabilities of her speedy recovery.

"Oh, she will soon be better—much better!" encouragingly exclaimed the doctor. "A slight delirium of this kind is easily brought on by excitement; but it is only temporary. There is no organic disease whatever. We shall not have the least occasion to think of removing her to *my establishment*,—not the least. Mrs. Lupton is constitutionally very sensitive; but she is not a subject in any way predisposed to mental affliction. The course of my practice has led me to make perhaps a greater amount of observation on diseases of this peculiar description than could be found amongst all the other medical men in England put together. I do not hesitate at all to state that, because I *know it* to be the fact; and I have invariably remarked, that amongst the great majority of insane persons that have been under my care, and no practitioner could have had more, there is a peculiarity, — a difference, — an organic *something* or other, which, I am as much convinced as of my own existence, might have been perceptible to a clever man at the period of their very earliest mental development, and which marked them out, if I may so say, to become at one period or other of their lives inmates of such establishments as this extensive one of mine at Nabbfield. But the good lady of this house has nothing whatever of that kind about her. I pronounce her to be one of the very last persons who could require, for permanent mental affections, the care, restraint, and assiduous attentions, only to be obtained in a retreat, where the medical adviser is himself a permanent resident. The course of treatment I am adopting will soon bring her about again, — very soon. But I must beg you will be so kind as to take care that she is kept quiet, and — and prevent her as much as possible from conversing on painful or exciting subjects," concluded the doctor, smiling very sweetly as he looked into Miss Shirley's eyes and profoundly bowed her a good night.

"That fellow is a quack," thought Miss Shirley, as she re-

turned to Mrs. Lupton's chamber. "There is, as he says, *an organic something* about *him* that renders him very repulsive to me; and, if nothing worse come of him than we have had to-night, it will be a great deal more than his appearance promises."

Thus thinking, she threw herself into an easy-chair by her friend's bedside, and remained watching her attentively through the night.

However much of a quack the doctor might be, his opinion respecting Mrs. Lupton's recovery proved to be correct. In the course of a few weeks she might have been seen, as formerly, for hours together, with slow steps, and a deep-seated expression of melancholy, pacing the gardens and woods of Kiddal, regardless almost of times and seasons. Though now perfectly recovered, her recent illness formed a very plausible pretext on which to found reasons for hastening her again away from her home; for that she was an unwelcome tenant there, will readily be believed from the facts already related.

One day, after a private consultation with the squire, Dr. Rowel suddenly discovered that it would prove materially beneficial to the health of the lady of Kiddal were she to exchange for some time the dull monotonous life of the gloomy old hall, for the more gay and spirit-stirring society of some busy city. He therefore impressed upon her, as a condition absolutely indispensable to a perfectly restored tone of the mind, the necessity under which she lay of residing for a while in or about the metropolis. Mrs. Lupton soon mentioned the subject again to her friend Miss Shirley.

"It has been proposed to me," said she, "to leave this place, and reside a while in London. I know the reason well—I feel it in my heart bitterly. I have been here too long, Mary. My picture on the wall is quite enough—he does not want *me*; but it is of no use to complain: I shall be as happy there as I am here, or here as I should be there. The time that I spend here seems to me only like one long thought of the hour, whether it come soon or late, when all that I endure shall be at an end. The only thing I love here, Mary, is that sweet little churchyard,—it looks *so* peaceful! When I am away, my only wish is that of returning, though why I should wish to return appears strange. But I cannot help it,—I know not how it is; but while I am alive, Mary, it seems as though I must haunt what ought to be my place, whether I will or not. Welcome or unwelcome, loved or hated, I feel that I am still a wife."

Her unresisting spirit gave way to the proposed arrangement without a murmur, and, with the exception of one or two brief visits which she made during the summer season to her unhappy home, she remained, for the time of which I have spoken, living apart, as though formally separated from her husband, during a lengthened period of some years. Under these circumstances,

her friend Miss Shirley continued almost constantly with her, diverting her mind as much as possible from the subject which poisoned the happiness of her whole life, and supporting her in sorrow, when to divert reflection was possible no longer.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Longstaff rides over to Snitterton Lodge to obtain Colin a situation. Miss Maria Sowersoft and Mr. Samuel Palethorpe,—his future mistress and master,—described.

At the distance of some five or six miles from Bramleigh, and to the southwest of that village, lies an extensive tract of bare, treeless country, which some years ago was almost wholly uninclosed; if we except a small farm, the property of the church; together with some few scattered patches, selected on account of their situation, and inclosed with low stone walls, in order to entitle them to the denomination of fields. Owing to the abundance of gorse, or whins, with which the uncultivated parts of this district were overgrown, it had obtained the characteristic name of "Whinmoor;" while, in order to cover the barrenness of the place, and to exalt it somewhat in the eyes of strangers, the old farm itself, to which I have alluded, was dignified with the title of Snitterton Lodge, the seat of Miss Maria Sowersoft, its present tenant.

Early one morning in the spring season, Mr. Longstaff, the steward, mounted his horse in high glee, and jogged along the miry by-roads which led towards this abode, with the intention of consulting Miss Sowersoft upon a piece of business, which to him was of the very greatest importance. He had ascertained on the preceding evening that Miss Sowersoft was in want of a farming-boy; one whom she could have cheap, and from some little distance off. Indeed, from a combination of circumstances unfavourable to herself, she found some difficulty in getting suited from the immediate neighbourhood where she was known. If the boy happened to be without friends to look after him, or to interfere between him and his employer, all the better. Peace would thereby be much more certainly secured; besides that, it would be all the greater charity to employ such a boy in a place where, she well knew, he would never lack abundance of people to look after him, and to chastise him whenever he went wrong. In fact, Miss Maria herself regarded the situation as so eligible in the matters of little work, large feeding, and excellent moral tutorage, that she held the addition of wages to be almost unnecessary; and, therefore, very piously offered less than half the sum commonly given elsewhere.

Mr. Longstaff had been acquainted with Miss Sowersoft for some years in the way of trade; as that conscientious lady was in the habit of purchasing broken-kneed horses, &c. off the estate at Bramleigh; and, after doctoring them up, and disguising their blemishes, of re-selling them as sound wherever she could,

whether to strangers, friends, or relations. He had enjoyed various opportunities, therefore, of becoming acquainted with her character; and he knew that, if he had possessed the power to *make* a situation for Master Colin Clink exactly after the model of his own fancy, he could not have succeeded better in gratifying his own malice, than he was likely to do by getting the boy placed under the care of the mistress of Snitterton Lodge.

Mr. Longstaff arrived at the place of his destination about two hours before noon; and, on entering the house, found Miss Sowersoft very busily engaged in frying a meal of veal cutlets for the delicate palate of a trencher-faced, red-clay complexioned fellow, who sat at his ease in a home-made stuffed chair by the fire, looking on, while the operation proceeded, with all the confidence and self-satisfaction of a master of the house. This worthy was the head farming-man, or director-general of the whole establishment, not excluding Miss Maria herself; for he exercised a very sovereign sway, not only over everything done, and over every person employed upon the premises, but also, it was generally believed, over the dreary region of Miss Sowersoft's heart. That he was a paragon of perfection, and well-entitled to wield the sceptre of the homestead, there could be no doubt, since Miss Maria herself, who must be considered the best judge, most positively declared it.

In his youth this useful man had been christened Samuel; but time, which impairs cloud-capped towers, and crumbles palaces, had fretted away some portion of that stately name, and left to him only the fragmentary appellation of "Sammy."

"What!" exclaimed the steward in surprise as he caught the sound of the frying-pan, and beheld a clean napkin spread half over the table on Sammy's side, with one knife and fork, and a plateful of bread, laid upon it; "dinner at ten o'clock, Miss Sowersoft?"

"Good morning to you, sir!" interposed Sammy.

"Oh, bless you, no!" replied the individual addressed, "it is only a bit of warm lunch I was just frizzling for Sammy. You see, steward, he is out in these fields at six o'clock every morning, standing in the sharp cold winds till he is almost perished, and his appetite gets as keen as mustard. Really, I do say sometimes I wonder how he does it to be so well as he is: but then, you know, he is used to it, and I generally do him up a bit of something hot about nine or ten o'clock, that serves him pretty well till dinner-time. Even with that, you'd be astonished, Mr. Longstaff, to see the dinner he pecks up two hours after. I'm obliged to get him one little thing or another three or four times a day, he is so very delicate. If I had not always something ready for him to pounce upon at the very time he thinks he can eat a bit, it would be all of no use; his relish for it would be gone directly." Then, handing up a dish of cutlets sufficient

for a small family, she continued, — “Now, Sammy, do try if you can manage this morsel while it is hot. Will you have ale, or a sup of warm gin-and-water.”

Sammy was in no hurry to inform her which of the two he should prefer; and therefore Miss Sowersoft remained in an attitude of expectation, watching Sammy’s mouth, until it pleased him to express his decision in favour of gin-and-water.

While Mr. Samuel Palethorpe was intently engaged in putting the cutlets out of sight, Mr. Longstaff introduced the subject of his visit in a brief conversation, which was carried on with the mistress of the house, while she was engaged in the delightful duty of mixing a quantum of the aforesaid spirit, in readiness whenever Sammy might feel a relish for it. Mr. Longstaff gave the lady to understand that he had taken the trouble of riding over on purpose to name to her a boy, one Colin Clink, who, he believed, would just suit the situation she had vacant. He was now about fifteen years old, but as strong as an unbroke filly; he had sense enough to learn anything; had no friends, — only one, in the shape of a helpless mother, — so that Miss Sowersoft might do anything she liked with him without fear of being crossed by anybody’s meddling; and, at the same time, he thought that by a little dexterous management she might contrive to obtain him for an old song. For several reasons, which it would be needless to explain, he himself also strongly wished to see the boy comfortably settled in her house, as he felt convinced that it would prove highly advantageous to all the parties concerned. He concluded by recommending Miss Sowersoft to pay a visit to Bramleigh; when she could not only see the boy with her own eyes, but also make such statements to his mother as to her might at the time seem fit. To this proposal Miss Maria eventually agreed; and this amiable pair parted on the understanding that she should be driven over by Mr. Palethorpe in the chaise-cart on the following day. Just as Mr. Longstaff was passing out at the door, he was invited in again to take a glass of wine; an appeal which he felt no great desire to resist, especially as it was immediately reached out and filled for him by the fair hand of the hostess herself.

“You’ll have one, Sammy?” asked she, as she placed a glass upon the table, close under the nose of that hero, “for I’m sure it can do you no harm such a day as this.”

“Why, thank ’ee, meesis,” replied he, filling it to the brim, “but I feel as if I’d had almost enough.”

“Stuff and nonsense about enough!” cried Miss Maria; “you are always feeling as if you had had enough, according to your account; though you eat and drink nothing at all, hardly, considering what you get through every day.”

Sammy looked particularly spiritual at this, as though he felt half persuaded that he did actually live like a seraph, and took off his wine at a gulp, satisfied, in the innocence of his own

heart, that no reflections whatever could be made upon him by the steward after the verbal warrant thus given by his mistress, in corroboration of the extreme abstinence which he endured.

"Well, meesis," continued Sammy, rising from his chair, stretching his arms, and opening his mouth as wide as the entrance to a hen-roost, "I'll just go again a bit, and see how them men's getting on. They do nought but look about 'em when I arn't there." And, so saying, he walked out, with the cautious deliberation of a man just returning from a public dinner.

"A man like that," said Miss Sowersoft, as she gazed after him with looks of admiration, "Mr. Longstaff, is a treasure on a farm; and I am sure we could never get our own out of this, do as we would, till he came and took the direction of it. He is such an excellent manager to be sure, and does understand all kinds of cattle so well. Why, his opinion is always consulted by everybody in the neighbourhood; but then, you know, if they buy, he gets a trifle for his judgment, and so that helps to make him up a little for his own purse. I could trust him with every penny I possess, I'm sure. He sells out and buys in everything we have; and I never yet lost a single farthing by anything he did. Why, you remember that pony of Dr. Rowel's; he knocked it to pieces with his hard riding, and one thing or another: well, Sammy bought that; and, by his good management of his knees, and a few innocent falsehoods, you know, just in the way of trade, he sold it again to a particular friend, at a price that more than doubled our money."

The steward, weary of Sammy's praises, and despairing of an end to them, pulled out his watch, and observed that it was high time for him to be in his saddle again. On which Miss Sowersoft checked herself for the present, and, having renewed her promise to go to Bramleigh on the morrow, allowed Mr. Longstaff to depart.

With such a clever master, and eloquent mistress, Colin could scarcely fail to benefit most materially; and so he did, — though not exactly in the way intended, — for he learned while there, a few experimental lessons in the art of living in the world, which lasted him during the whole subsequent period of his life; and which he finally bequeathed to me, in order to have them placed on record for the benefit of the reader.

CHAPTER IX.

Enhances the reader's opinion of Mr. Palethorpe and Miss Sowersoft still higher and higher; and describes an interview which the latter had with Mr. Longstaff respecting our hero.

THE benevolent Mr. Longstaff lost no time after his return home in acquainting Mrs. Clink with the great and innumerable advantages of the situation at Snitterton Lodge, which he had been endeavouring to procure for her son. Nor did he fail

very strongly to impress upon her mind how necessary it would be, when Miss Sowersoft should arrive, for her to avoid sticking much about the terms on which Colin was to go; because, if by any mishap she should chance to offend that lady, and thus break off the negotiation, an opportunity would slip through her fingers, which, it was highly probable, no concatenation of fortunate circumstances would ever again throw in her way. Her decision not being required before the following morning, she passed the night almost sleeplessly in considering the affair under every point of view that her anxious imagination could suggest. Colin himself, like most other boys, true to the earliest propensity of our nature, preferred a life passed in fields and woods, amongst horses, dogs, and cattle, to that of a dull shop, behind a counter; or of any tedious and sickly mechanical trade. So far that was good. What he himself approved, he was most likely to succeed in; and with success in field-craft, he might eventually become a considerable farmer, or raise himself, like Mr. Longstaff, to the stewardship of some large estate. Visions, never to be realised, now rose in vivid distinctness before the mental eye of Mistress Clink. The far-off greatness of her son as a man of business passed in shining glory across the field of her telescope. But, when again she reflected that every penny of his fortune remained to be gathered by his own fingers, the glass dropped from her eye, — all became again dark; the very speck of light she had so magnified, disappeared. But sleep came to wrap up all doubts; and she woke on the morrow, resolved that Colin should thus for the first time be launched upon the stream of life.

Early in the afternoon a horse stopped at Mrs. Clink's door, bearing upon his back a very well-fed, self-satisfied, easy-looking man, about forty years of age; and, behind him, on a rusty pillion at least three generations old, a lady in black silk gown and bonnet, of no beautiful aspect, and who had passed apparently about eight-and-forty years in this sublunary world. Mistress Clink was at no loss to conjecture at once that in this couple she beheld the future master and mistress of her son Colin. Nor can it be said she was mistaken: the truth being, that, after the departure of Mr. Longstaff from Snitterton Lodge on the preceding day, it had occurred to Miss Sowersoft that, instead of taking the chaise-cart, as had been intended, it would be far pleasanter to take the longest-backed horse on the premises, and ride on a pillion behind Sammy. In this manner, then, they reached Bramleigh.

While Mr. Palethorpe went down to the Cock and Bottle to put up his horse, and refresh himself with anything to be found there which he thought he could relish, Miss Sowersoft was conducted into the house by Fanny; and, within the course of very few minutes, the desired interview between her and Mistress Clink took place.

Colin was soon after called in to be looked at.

"A nice boy!" observed Miss Sowersoft, — "a fine boy, indeed! Dear! how tall he is of his age! Come here, my boy," and she drew him towards her, and fixed him between her knees while she stroked his hair over his forehead, and finished off with her hand at the tip of his nose. "And how should you like, my boy, to live with me, and ride on horses, and make hay, and gather up corn in harvest-time, and keep sheep and poultry, and live on all the fat of the land, as we do at Snitterton Lodge?"

"Very much," replied Colin; "I should have some rare fun there."

"Rare fun, would you?" repeated Miss Sowersoft, laughing. "Well, that is finely said. We shall see about that, my boy, — we shall see. Then you would like to go back with us, should you?"

"Oh, yes; I'll go as soon as Fanny has finished my shirts, thank you."

"And when you get there you will tell me how you like it, — won't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," continued Colin; "mother has taught me always to say what I think. I shall be sure to tell you exactly."

"What a good mother!" exclaimed Miss Sowersoft.

"I like her better than anybody else in the world," added Colin.

"What, better than me?" ironically demanded Miss Sowersoft.

"I don't like you at all, I tell you!" he replied, at the same time breaking from her hands; "for I don't know you; and, besides, you are not half so pretty as my mother, nor Fanny either."

Miss Sowersoft blushed, and looked confused at this bit of truth — for a truth it was, which any man or woman in the world under similar circumstances would certainly have *thought*, but not have given utterance to.

"I will teach you your manners, young Impudence, when I get hold of you, or else there are no hazel-twigs in Snitterton plantation!" *thought* Miss Sowersoft, reversing Colin's system, and keeping that truth all to herself which she ought to have spoken.

"You will take care he is well fed?" remarked Mistress Clink, somewhat in a tone of interrogation, and as though anxious to divert her visitor's thoughts to some other topic.

"As to feeding," replied Miss Maria, once more verging towards her favourite topic, "I can assure you, ma'am, that the most delicious dinner is set out every day on my table; with a fine, large, rich Yorkshire pudding, the size of one of those floor-stones, good enough, I am sure, for a duke to sit down to. If you were to see the quantities of things that I put into my

oven for the men's dinner, you would be astonished. Great bowls full of stewed meat, puddings, pies, and, I am sure, roasted potatoes past counting. Look at Sammy. You saw him. He does no discredit to the farm, I think. And really he is such a clever, good, honest man! He is worth a Jew's eye on that farm, for I never in my life could get any man like him. Then, see what an excellent master he will be for this boy. In five or six years he would be fit to take the best situation that ever could be got for him, and do Sammy a deal of credit, too, for his teaching. And as to his being taken ill, or anything of that kind, we never think of such a thing with us. People often complain of having no appetite, but it requires all that we can do to keep their appetites down. A beautiful bracing air we have off the moor, worth every doctor in Yorkshire; and I really believe it cures more people that are ill than all of them put together. Sammy is almost double the man he was when he first came."

This discourse was not lost upon Mistress Clink. That lady looked upon the character of her visitor as a sort of essence of honesty, hospitality, and good nature; and, influenced by the feelings of the moment, she regarded Mr. Longstaff as really a friendly man, Miss Sowersoft as the best of women, and Colin the most fortunate of boys.

Under these circumstances it became no difficult matter for Miss Maria to settle the affair exactly to her own mind; and, under the pretence of instruction in his business, which was never to be given,—of abundance, which he never found,—and of good-nature, which was concentrated wholly upon one individual,—to persuade Mistress Clink to give the services of her boy on the consideration that, in addition to all his other advantages, he should receive twenty-five shillings for the first year, and five shillings additional per year afterwards. This bargain being struck, it was agreed that Colin should be sent over at the earliest convenient time; and Miss Sowersoft took her leave.

In order to save the expense of any slight refreshment at the tavern, Miss Maria called upon her friend the steward, on the pretence of communicating to him the result of her visit. She found that worthy in his dining-room, with Master Chatham Bolinbroke Longstaff—whom he was attempting to drill in the art of oratory,—mounted upon the table, and addressing his father, who was the only individual in the room, as a highly respectable and very numerous audience.

While this was proceeding here, Miss Æneasina Laxton, in an adjoining room, sat twanging the strings of a harp. On the other side her younger sister, Miss Magota, was spreading cakes of Reeve's water-colours upon sheets of Whatman's paper, and dignifying the combination with the title of drawings: while, above-stairs, young Smackerton William Longstaff was acquiring the art of horsemanship on a steed of wood; and

the younger Longstaffs, — in whose diminutive persons the steward's family tapered off like a rat's tail, — were exercising with wooden swords, with a view to future eminence in the army; and, altogether, were making such disturbance in the house as rendered it a perfect Babel.

Into this noisy dwelling did Miss Sowersoft introduce herself; and, after having stood out with great pretended admiration Master Bolinbroke's lesson, eventually succeeded in obtaining a hearing from the too happy parent of all this rising greatness.

The steward congratulated her upon the agreement she had made, but advised her to be very strict with the boy Colin, or in a very short time she would find him a complete nuisance.

"If *you* do not make something of him, Miss Sowersoft," said he, "I am afraid he'll turn out one of that sort that a parish would much rather be without than see in it. He has some sense, as I told you yesterday, but that makes him all the more mischievous. Sense is well enough amongst such families as mine, Miss Sowersoft, where parents have both money and discretion to turn it in the right channel, and direct it to proper ends; but I do conscientiously believe that when talent gets amongst poor people it plays the very deuce with them, unless it is grubbed up root and fibre by somebody who understands much better what is good for them than they can possibly know for themselves. If you do not hold a tight string over that boy Colin, he'll get the upper hand of you, as sure as your head is on your shoulders. I should take no notice of him, nor encourage him in any way, more than I could possibly help. Bring him down as much as you can. If he should happen to drop off altogether, I do not think anybody would trouble himself much to inquire how it happened."

"You are right — very right!" exclaimed Miss Maria. "I am sure, if you had actually known how he insulted me this morning to my face, though I was quite a stranger to him, you could not have said anything more true. It was lucky for him that Sammy did not hear it, or there would not have been a square inch of white skin left on his back by this time. His mother cannot be any great shakes, I should think, to let him go on so."

"His mother!" cried Longstaff; "pooh! pooh! Between you and me, Miss Sowersoft, — though it does not do to show everybody what colour you wear towards them, — there is not a person in the world — and I ought not to say it of a woman, but so it is, — there is not a single individual living that I hate more than I do that woman. She created more mischief in my family, and between Mrs. Longstaff and myself, some years ago, than time has been able altogether to repair. I cannot mention the circumstance more particularly, but you may suppose it was no ordinary thing, when I tell you, that though Mrs. Long-

staff knows the charge to have been as false as a quicksand ; though she has completely exonerated me from it, time after time, when we happened to talk the matter over ; yet, if ever she gets the least out of temper, and I say a word to her, she slaps that charge in my face again, as though it were as fresh as yesterday, and as true as Baker's Chronicles."

"Ay, dear!" sighed Miss Maria, "I feared she was a bad one."

"She is a bad one," repeated Longstaff.

"And that lad is worse," added the lady. "However, we'll cure him, Mr. Longstaff."

Miss Maria Sowersoft laughed, and the steward laughed likewise as he added, that it would afford him very great pleasure indeed to hear of her success.

This matter being settled so much to their mutual satisfaction, Mr. Longstaff invited his visitor to join Mrs. Longstaff and her daughters, the Misses Laxton and Magota, over a plate of bread and butter, and a glass of port, which were always ready when the lessons of the morning were finished. This invitation, being the main end and scope of her visit, she accepted at once ; and after a very comfortable refectation, rendered dull only by the absence of Sammy, she took her leave. Shortly afterwards Miss Maria might have been seen again upon her pillion ; while Mr. Palethorpe, mightily refreshed by the relishable drinks he had found at the tavern, trotted off his horse towards home at a round speed, for which everybody, save the landlady of the inn, who had kept his reckoning, was unable to account.

CHAPTER X.

A parting scene between Colin and Fanny, with the promises they made to each other. Colin sets out for his new destination.

SOMETHING closely akin to grief was visible in the little cottage at Bramleigh, even at daybreak, on that gloomy morning which had been fixed upon for Colin's departure. It was yet some hours before the time at which he should go ; for his mother and Fanny had risen with the first dawn of light, in order to have everything for him in a state of preparation. Few words were exchanged between them as they went mechanically about their household work ; but each looked serious, as though the day was bringing sorrow at its close : and now and then the lifting of Fanny's clean white apron to her eyes, or the sudden and unconscious fall of big tears upon her hands, as she kneeled to whiten the little hearthstone of the house, betrayed the presence of feelings in her bosom which put a seal upon the tongue, and demanded the observance of silence to keep them pent within their trembling prison-place. The mother, whose heart was more strongly fortified with the hope of her boy's well-doing, felt not so deeply ; though the uppermost thoughts in her mind were yet of him, and of this change. To-morrow he would

be gone. How she should miss his open heart and voluble tongue which were wont to make her forget all the miseries she had endured on his account! She would no longer have need to lay the nightly pillow for him; nor to call him in the morning again to another day of life and action. The house would seem desolate without him; and she and Fanny would have to learn how to be alone.

His little box of clothes was now carefully packed up; and amongst them Fanny laid a few trifling articles, all she could,—which had been bought, unknown to any one, with the few shillings which had been hoarded up through a long season. These, she thought, might surprise him at some unexpected moment with the memory of home, and of those he had left there; when, perhaps, the treatment he might receive from others would render the memory of that home a welcome thing. A small phial of ink, three penny ready-made pens, and half a quire of letter-paper, formed part of Fanny's freightage: as she intended that, in case he could not return often enough on a visit to them of some few hours, he should at least write to tell them how he fared.

When she was about completing these arrangements Colin entered the room, in high spirits at the anticipated pleasures of his new mode of existence.

"Is it all ready, Fanny?" he asked; at the same time picking up one end of the cord by which the box was to be bound.

"Yes," she briefly replied; accompanying that single monosyllable with a sudden and convulsive catching of the breath, which told of an overladen bosom better than any language.

"Then I shall go very soon," coolly observed Colin,—“there is no good in stopping if everything is ready.”

"Nay, not yet," murmured Fanny, as she bowed down her head under the pretence of arranging something in the box, though, in reality, only to hide that grief which in any other manner she could no longer conceal. "We can't tell when we shall see you again. Do not go sooner than you can help, for the latest will be soon enough."

"What, are you crying?" asked Colin. "I did not mean to make you cry," and he himself began to look unusually serious. "It is a good place, you know; and, if I get on well, perhaps when I am grown up I shall be able to keep a little house of my own; and then you, and my mother, and I, will live there, and be as comfortable as possible together. You shall be dairy-maid, while I ride about to see that the men do their work; and, as for my mother, she shall do as she likes."

Though not much consoled by this pleasing vision of future happiness, Fanny could not but smile at the earnestness with which Colin had depicted it. Indeed he could not have offered this balm to her wounded spirit with greater sincerity had such a result as that alluded to been an inevitable and unavoidable

consequence of his present engagement at Snitterton Lodge, Whinmoor, the seat of Miss Maria Sowersoft. But Fanny had still less faith in the prognostications of her little seer, in consequence of the opinion which she had secretly formed of the character of his mistress; notwithstanding the plausibility of her conversation. The natural expression of her countenance appeared to be that of clouded moroseness and grasping avarice; while a sort of equivocal crossing of the eyes, though only occasional, seemed to evince to those who could deeply read the human face divine, the existence of two distinct and opposite sentiments in her mind, to either of which she could, with equal show of truth, give utterance, as occasion might render necessary. Over all this, however, and, as it were, upon the surface, her life of traffic with the world seemed to have rendered it needful for her to assume a character which too often enabled her to impose upon the really honest and innocent; though it never left, even upon the most unsuspecting, any very deep feeling of confidence in her integrity. Such, at least, were the impressions which Miss Sowersoft's appearance produced upon the mind of Fanny; though the latter made no other use of them than that of taking some little precautions in order to be informed truly in what manner she and Colin might agree, which otherwise she would not have deemed at all needful.

"You will come over to see us every Sunday?" she asked.

"Yes, if they will let me," replied Colin.

"Let you!" But she suddenly checked herself. "And, if not, when they will not let you, you will be sure to write, Colin? Now promise me that. Or, if anything should be amiss,—if you should not like the place, for there is no telling till you have tried it; if it *should* so happen that they do not use you so well as they ought to do, send, if you cannot come, directly; and, if there is nobody else to help you that is better able,"—Fanny stood up, and clasped both his hands with deep energy between her own,—"*I will stand by you as long as I live. I am not able to do much, but I can earn my living; and, if I work like a slave, you shall never want a farthing as long as I have one left for myself in the world! I have nursed you, Colin, when I was almost as little as yourself; and I feel the same to you as though your mother was mine too.*

While Colin, with tears in his eyes, promised implicit compliance with all that had been requested of him, he yet, with the candour and warm-hearted generosity peculiar to his character, declared that Fanny ought to despise him if ever he trusted to the labour of her hands for a single meal. No: he would save all his yearly wages, and bring them home for her and his mother; and in time he should be able to maintain them both by his own labour, without their having any need to struggle for themselves. As for the rest, if anybody ill-used him, he was strong enough to stand his own ground: or, if

not, he knew of another way to save himself, which would do quite as well, or better.

"What other way? What do you mean?" asked Fanny very anxiously.

"Oh, nothing," said Colin; "only, if people do not treat us properly, we are not obliged to stay with them."

"But you must never think of running away," she replied, "and going you do not know where. Come back home if they ill-treat you, and you will always be safe with us."

Their morning meal being now prepared, the three sat down to it with an undefined feeling of sadness which no effort could shake off. Some little extra luxury was placed upon the table for Colin; and many times was he made to feel that—however unconsciously to themselves—both his mother and Fanny anticipated all his slightest wants with unusual quickness; and waited upon him, and pressed him to his last ill-relished meal, with a degree of assiduity which rendered the sense of his parting with them doubly painful.

The hour for going at length arrived. At ten o'clock the village-carrier called for his little box; and at twelve Colin himself was to set out. The last half-hour was spent by his mother in giving him that impressive counsel which under such circumstances a mother best knows how to give; while Fanny stood by, weeping as she listened to it, and frequently sobbing aloud when some more striking observation, some more pointed moral truth, or apposite quotation from the sacred volume, escaped the mother's lips. Twelve o'clock struck. At a quarter past our hero was crossing the fields on the foot-road to Whinmoor; and at about three in the afternoon he arrived at the place of his future abode.

CHAPTER XI.

Describes the greeting which Colin received on his arrival at Snitterton Lodge; together with a very serious quarrel between him and Mr. Palethorpe; and its fearful results.

As Colin descended a gentle declivity, where the sterility of the moor seemed imperceptibly to break into and blend with the woods and the bright spring greenery of a more fertile tract of country, he came within sight of Miss Sowersoft's abode. Though dignified with the title of a seat, it was a small common farm-house, containing only four rooms, a long dairy and kitchen, and detached outhouses behind. To increase its resemblance to a private residence, a piece of ground in front was laid out with grass and flower-beds. The ground was flanked on either extremity with gooseberry-bushes, potato-lands, broad-beans, and pea-rows; and, farther in the rear, so as to be more out of sight, cabbages, carrots, and onions. The natural situation of the place was excellent. Standing on the north side of a valley which, though not deep, yet caused it to be shut out

from any distant prospect in consequence of the long slope of the hills, the little dwelling looked out over a homely but rural prospect of ploughed and grass land, and thick woods to the left; over which, when the light of the sun was upon it, might be seen the white top of a maypole which stood in the middle of the next village; and, still nearer, the fruitful boughs of an extensive orchard, now pink and white with bloom; while along the foot of the garden plunged a little boisterous and headlong rivulet, worn deep into the earth, which every summer storm lashed into a hectoring fury of some few days' duration, and, on the other hand, which every week of settled fair weather, calmed down into a gentle streamlet,—now gathering in transparent pools, where minnows shot athwart the sun-warmed water like darts of light; and then again stretching over fragments of stone, in mimic falls and rapids, which only required to be enlarged by the imagination of the listless wanderer, to surpass in picturesque beauty the course of the most celebrated rivers.

As Colin entered the garden-gate, he observed the industrious Mr. Palethorpe sitting against the western wall of the house, — the afternoon being warm and inviting, — smoking his pipe, and sipping the remains of a bottle of wine. With his legs thrown idly out, and his eyes nearly closed to keep out the sun, he appeared to be imbibing, in the most delicious dreamy listlessness, at once the pleasures of the weed and the grape, and those which could find their way to his inapprehensive soul from the vast speaking volume of glad nature which lay before him.

“So, you're come, are you?” he muttered, without relieving his mouth of the pipe, as the boy drew near him.

“Yes, I am here at last,” replied Colin; adding very good-humouredly, “you seem to be enjoying yourself.”

“And what in th' devil's name is that to you?” he savagely exclaimed; “what business of yours is it what I'm doing?”

“I did not intend to offend you, I'm sure,” said Colin.

“You be dang'd!” replied Sammy. “You arn't mester here yet, mind you, if you are at home! I have heard a bit about you, my lad; and, if you don't take care how you carry yourself, you'll soon hear a little bit about me, and feel it an' all, more than we've agreed for at present. Get into th' house with you, and let meesis see you're come.”

The blood rose in Colin's face; and tears, which he would have given half his life to suppress, welled up in his eyes at this brutal greeting, so different to that which he had expected, and to the feelings of happiness which a few minutes previously had thronged, like bees upon a flower, about his heart.

As he passed the wire-woven windows of the dairy at the back of the house, he observed a maid within busily employed, in the absence of Miss Sowersoft, in devouring by stealth a piece of cheese.

Colin knocked at the door; but before the maid could swal-

low her mouthful, and wipe the signs thereof from her lips, so as to fit herself to let him in, an ill-tempered voice, which he instantly recognised as that of Miss Sowersoft, bawled out,

“Sally!—why don't you go to the door?”

“Yes, 'um!” bellowed Sally, in return, as she rushed to the place of entrance, and threw the door back.

“Is Miss Sowersoft at home?” asked the boy.

“Oh, it's you, is it?” cried his mistress from an inner room.

“Come in, come in, and don't keep that door open half an hour, while I am in a perspiration enough to drown anybody!”

Colin passed through the kitchen into the apartment from which the voice had proceeded, and there beheld Miss Sowersoft, with a huge stack of newly-washed linen before her, rolling away at a mangle, which occupied nearly one side of the room.

“Why didn't your mother send you at a more convenient time?” continued Miss Sowersoft, looking askance at Colin, with her remotest eye cast crosswise upon him most malignantly. “If she had had as much to do as I have had, ever since she kept house of her own, she would have known pretty well before now that folks don't like to be interrupted in the middle of their day's work with new servants coming to their places. But I suppose she's had nothing to do but to pamper you all her life. I can't attend to you now;—you see I'm up to my neck in business of one sort or another.”

So saying, she fell to turning the mangle again with increased velocity; so that, had our hero even felt inclined to make an answer, his voice would have been utterly drowned by the noise.

In the mean time Colin stood in the middle of the floor, doubtful what step to take next, whether into a chair or out of the house; but, in the lack of other employment, he pulled his cap into divers fanciful forms, which had never entered into the head of its manufacturer, until at length a temporary cessation of his mistress's labours, during which an exchange of linen was made in the mangle, enabled him to ask, with some chance of being heard, whether he could not begin to do something.

“I'll tell you what to do,” replied Miss Maria, “when I've done myself,—if I ever shall have done; for I am more like a galley-slave than anything else. Nobody need sit with their hands in their pockets here, if their will is as good as their work. Go out and look about you;—there's plenty of stables and places to get acquainted with before you'll know where to fetch a thing from, if you are sent for it. And, if Sammy has finished his pipe and bottle, tell him I want to know what time he would like to have his tea ready.”

Colin very gladly took Miss Sowersoft (who was more than usually sour, in consequence of the quantity of employment on her hands) at her word, and, without regarding her message to Sammy, with whom he had no desire to change another word at

present, he hastened out of the house, and rambled alone about the fields and homestead until dusk.

Several times during this stroll did Colin consider and re-consider the propriety of walking home again without giving his situation any farther trial. That Snitterton was no paradise, and its inhabitants a nest of hornets, he already began to believe; though to quit it even before a beginning had been made, however much of ill-promise stared him in the face, would but indifferently accord with the resolutions he had formed in the morning, to undergo any difficulties rather than fail in his determination eventually to do something, not for himself only, but for his mother and Fanny. The advice which the former had given him not twelve hours ago also came vividly to his recollection; the sense of its truth, which experience was even now increasing, materially sharpening its impression on his memory. It was not, however, without some doubts and struggles that he finally resolved to brave the worst,—to stand out until, if it should be so, he could stand out no longer.

Strengthened by these reflections, and relying on his own honesty of intention, our hero returned to the house just as all the labourers had gathered round the kitchen grate, and were consuming their bread and cheese in the dim twilight. Amongst them was one old man, whose appearance proclaimed that his whole life had been spent in the hard toils of husbandry, but spent almost in vain, since it had provided him with nothing more than the continued means of subsistence, and left him, when worn-out nature loudly declared that his days of labour were past, no other resource but still to toil on, until his trembling hand should finally obtain a cessation in that place which the Creator has appointed for all living. What little hair remained upon his head was long and white; and of the same hue also was his week's beard. But a quiet intelligent grey eye, which looked out with benevolence from under a white penthouse of eyebrow, seemed to repress any feelings of levity that otherwise might arise from his appearance, and to appeal, in the depth of its humanity, from the helplessness of that old wreck of manhood, to the strength of those who were now what once he was, for assistance and support.

“Ay, my boy!” said old George, as Colin entered, and a seat was made for him near the old man, “thou looks a bit different to me; though I knew the time when I was as bonny as thou art.”

As he raised the bread he was eating to his mouth, his hand trembled like a last withered leaf, which the next blast will sweep away for ever. There was so much natural kindness in the old man's tone, that instantaneously, and almost unconsciously, the comparison between Miss Sowersoft and her man Samuel who had spoken to him in the afternoon, and poor old George, was forced upon Colin's mind. In reply to the old man's concluding remark, Colin observed,

"Yes, sir, I dare say; but that is a long while ago now."

"Ay, ay, thou's right, boy,—it is a long while. I've seen more than I shall ever see again, and done more than I shall ever do again."

Mr. Palethorpe, who sat in the home-made easy-chair, while the old man occupied a four-legged stool, burst into a laugh.

"You're right there, George," he retorted. "Though you never did much since I knowed you, you'll take right good care you not do as much again. Drat your idle old carcase! you don't earn half the bread you're eating."

The old man looked up,—not angry, nor yet seeking for pity. "Well, perhaps not; but it is none the sweeter for that, I can assure you. If I can't work as I did once, it's no fault of mine. We can get no more out of a nut than its kernel; and there's nought much but the shell left of me now."

"Yes, yes," returned Palethorpe, "you don't like it, George, and you'll not do it. Dang your good-for-nothing old limbs! you'll come to the work'us at last, I know you will!"

"Nay, I hope not," observed the old man, somewhat sorrowfully. "I've lived out so long, and with God's blessing on my hands, though they can't do much, I shall manage to die out."

"Come, then," said Palethorpe, pushing a pair of hard clay-plastered quarter-boots from off his feet, "stir your lazy bones, and clean my boots once more before you put on th' parish livery."

The old man was accustomed to be thus insulted, and, because he dared not reply, to take insult in silence. He laid down the remaining portion of his bread and cheese, with the remark that he would finish it when he had cleaned the boots, and was about rising from his seat to step across the hearth to pick them up, as they lay tossed at random on the floor, when young Colin, whose heart had been almost bursting during this brief scene, put his hand upon the poor old creature's knee to stop him, and, at the same time starting to his own feet instead, exclaimed,

"No, no! — It's a shame for such an old man as you. — Sit still, and I'll do 'em."

"You shan't though, you whelp!" exclaimed Palethorpe in great wrath, at the same time kicking out his right foot in order to prevent Colin from picking them up. The blow caught him upon the nose, and a gush of blood fell upon the hearthstone.

"I will, I tell you!" replied Colin vehemently, as he strove to wipe away the blood with his sleeve, and burst into tears.

"I'm d—d if you do!" said Palethorpe, rising from his chair with fixed determination. "I'll soon put you to rights, young busy-body."

So saying, he laid a heavy grip with each iron hand on Colin's shoulders.

"Then if I don't, *he* shan't!" sobbed Colin.

"Shan't he?" said Palethorpe, swallowing the oath which was upon his lips, as though he felt that the object of it was beneath his contempt. "I'll tell you what, young imp, if you don't march off to bed this minute, I'll just take and rough-wash your nose in the horse-pond."

Miss Sowersoft smiled with satisfaction, both at Sammy's wit and at his display of valour.

"Do as you like about that," replied Colin: "I don't care for you, nor anybody like you. I didn't come here to be beaten by you!"

And another burst of tears, arising from vexation at his own helplessness, followed these words.

"You don't care for me, don't you?" savagely demanded Palethorpe. "Come, then, let's try if I can't make you."

He then lifted Colin by the arms from the floor, with the intention of carrying him out. The farm-labourers had hitherto sat by in silence, though with rising feelings of indignation.

"You shan't hurt him any more," cried old George, "or else you shall kill me first!"

"Kill you first, you old fool!" contemptuously repeated Palethorpe. "Why, if you say another word, I'll double your crooked old back clean up, and throw you and him an' all both into th' brook together!"

"Then I'm danged if you do, and that's all about it!" fiercely exclaimed another of the labourers, striking his clenched fist upon his thigh, and throwing the chair on which he sat some feet behind him, in his sudden effort to rise. "If you dare to touch old George," he added, with an oath, "I'll knock you down, if I leave this service to-night for it!"

"Ay,—what you an' all, Abel!" cried Palethorpe, somewhat paler in the cheeks than he was sixty seconds before. "Why, what will *you* do, lad?"

"What will *I* do?" said Abel, "Why, if you don't set that lad loose, you cowardly brute, and sit down in quietness, I'll thump you into a jelly in three minutes!—Dang you! everybody hates you, and I'll tell you so now; for you are the biggest nuisance that ever set foot on a farm. Talk of that old man being idle!—why, what the deuce do you call yourself, you skulking vagabond? You never touch plough nor bill-hook once a-week, nor anything else that's worth a man's putting his hand to. Your business is to abuse everybody under you, and sneak after your missis's tail like a lick'd spaniel.—I wish I was your mester, instead of you being mine, I'd tickle your ears with a two-inch ash plant every morning, but I'd make you do more in a day than you ever did in a week yet!"

A blow from Palethorpe's fist drove all further powers of oratory out of Abel, and caused him to stagger so suddenly backwards, that he would have fallen, had he not caught hold of the

back of one of his comrades' chairs. All were now upon their feet ; while Miss Sowersoft, who hitherto had sat petrified at the monstrous discourse of Abel, screamed out that whoever struck Sammy again should go out of the house that night. But as no one interfered farther in the quarrel, on the supposition that he was already pretty well matched, the penalty she had proclaimed amounted to nothing, since it did not deter the only man who at that moment was likely to commit anything so atrocious. Abel had no sooner recovered his balance than he made a furious lunge at the head farming-man, which that hero attempted, but failed to parry. His antagonist, who, though less in weight, was yet tall and active, followed up his advantage ; and, by a judicious and rapid application of his fists, he so far made good his former threat, as to give Miss Sowersoft's favourite two tremendous black eyes, and to plump his nose up to nearly double its original bulk and lustre, within sixty tickings of the clock. Miss Maria had now summoned the maid to her assistance, and between them they succeeded in protecting Sammy from further vengeance. Nor did they find much difficulty in persuading that courageous man to sit down in his chair, and submit to a grand mopping with vinegar and hot water, which commenced as soon as active hostilities ceased, and did not conclude until nearly two hours afterwards.

Long before that time was expired, as no more comfort could be expected by the fireside that night, the rustics had moved quietly off to rest, taking poor Colin along with them, and directing him to occupy one small bed which stood in a room containing two, and informing him at the same time, not much to his satisfaction, that Palethorpe always slept in the other. Old George shook hands with Colin at the door, bidding him good night, and God bless him ; and telling him not to care for what had happened, as Heaven would reward his goodness of heart at a time when, perhaps, being old and feeble, he might most want a friend to help him. As the old man said this, his voice failed, and Colin felt a warm tear drop upon his hand as it remained clasped in that of the speaker.

Colin rushed into his room, and in great distress, resulting from the memory of all he had left behind, and the dread of all that might meet him here, he fell on his knees by the bed-side.

That night the voices of two lonely women, praying for the welfare of a still more lonely child, and of a child asking for help in his loneliness, ascended to heaven. Their hearts were comforted.

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