

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE SECOND EMPIRE.

AT the time when Gillray was publishing his amusing caricatures; when Napoleon was regarded in the light of an ogre, pre-eminently useful for frightening small children; when the man who dared to express a doubt whether one Englishman was equal any day to three Frenchmen, was looked upon as an idiot; in the days, in short, when rotten boroughs and Catholic oppression were considered the two bulwarks of the throne,—what would have been the awful fate of the rash prophet daring to predict that, in the year 1855, the Gillray of the day would be drawing pictures of an Englishman and a Frenchman grasping the right hand of fellowship, and the nation would receive them with hearty applause? We can imagine the shouts of unextinguished laughter our respected forefathers would have raised at such an idea, as they sat over their port, and thrashed the French in their minds. But port has gone out of fashion, and with it a great deal of the prejudice which believed that men who drank claret were utter milksops; while the daring acts of the French army in the Crimea have extinguished the last lingering doubt that stamina and pluck are only produceable by beef and beer.

There was a time, however, and that a very recent time, when the old prejudices were in a fair way of being roused, and the approximation produced by the Great Exhibition removed to the days of Henry V. and Agincourt by the *coup d'état* of the 2nd December. Englishmen are so fond of fitting their constitutionalism to European nations, and fancying that the garment will not require the slightest alteration, that they cannot endure the notion of any one trying to take it in, or render it in accordance with the present fashions. But the Prince-President went on his way calmly and serenely, caring little for the attacks made upon him, while he kept one object steadily in view; and the almost universal recognition granted to his exertions is a sufficient proof of the wisdom of his enlightened policy. France is tranquil under the only form of government which can keep her turbulent spirits in order, and the time has arrived when the motives of the Imperial policy should be made known, not as an apology for the past but as a sure omen for the future. But it was a very dangerous task for any Frenchman to assume: the history of the Empire is so indissolubly connected with the great names which have so recently fretted their brief hour on the political stage, that any impartial author must anticipate a hornet's nest buzzing about his ears. One man in France has had the courage to undertake the ungrateful task, and no one

can deny his competency. M. Granier de Cassagnac* is known as one of the most uncompromising friends of order, at a period when it was a very difficult task to decide whether the Prince-President or the "Sword of France" would be accommodated with apartments at Vincennes. During the struggles of the turbulent Assembly to remove the President, M. Cassagnac shunned no peril in showing the nation in whom they had to trust; and Dr. Véron, with a courage for which we had not given him credit, opened the columns of the *Constitutionnel* to the defender of the Prince, in the face of certain fine and possible imprisonment. We are very glad to find that M. Cassagnac has set about his difficult labours of justifying the Empire in the face of Europe in a most tolerant spirit, and while drawing attention to the faults which entailed the overthrow of the "Napoleon of Peace," he has not thought his cause could be strengthened by that violent abuse which so many French writers are apt to heap on the fallen.

After seventeen years of ardent turmoil followed by a profound calm, the government of Louis Philippe appeared to contain all the guarantees of solidity, and few suspected that a body of factious men were about to hurl their country once more into the caldron of revolution. It is true that outbreaks had shown the existence of a strong democratic power among the nation; but these had been put down with such ease that the king felt no apprehension as to their conquering his government. The revolution of 1830 gave birth to the new system of secret societies, which disturbed the country at intervals; the most important and dangerous being that of the *Amis du Peuple*, which was defeated by Marshal Lobau on the 5th of June, 1832. This was followed by the society of the *Droits de l'Homme*, which broke out in Lyons on the 9th April, 1834, in Paris on the 13th. This society gave its last dying gasp in the attempted assassination of the king in 1835. These decided blows intimidated the leaders, and only two incorrigible agitators remained on the field, Barbès and Blanqui, who founded, in 1835, the society *Des Familles*. This is the only society, our author remarks, which had not time for bloodshed, as it was dispersed the next year, while Martin Bernard created in its stead the society *Des Saisons*, also broken up in the sanguinary conflict of the 12th May, 1839. After the death of the Duc d'Orleans in 1842, the conspirators again recovered, but the clubs never regained their pristine popularity, for it has been proved that the total of the revolutionary party at the end of 1847 only amounted to 1500 men, disorganised and unarmed. The chiefs of this party were quite unprepared for action. Even three days before the catastrophe the conspirators had formed no plans. Albert himself confessed that no measures had been taken. In fact, the revolutionary party had never been so powerless, and the police, though acquainted with their meeting places, took no trouble to disperse them. How, then, did the revolution take place?

The government in 1847 had been greatly strengthened by the recent elections; the Spanish marriages had gained Louis Philippe considerable *κυδος* everywhere but in England; and the ministry was strong both at home and abroad. The opposition was thoroughly defeated; and, of course, began plotting instead of accepting the situation. In this they

* *Histoire de la Chute du Roi Louis Philippe, de la République de 1848 et du Rétablissement de l'Empire.* Paris: Heuri Plon.

were greatly assisted by M. Duvergier de Hauranne, who hit on the idea of agitating the country by tumultuous banquets, and, by arousing the passions of the populace, force the king to dismiss a ministry which was supported by a powerful majority. He gained over Odillon Barrot to his views, and coalesced with the revolutionists, as represented by the *National*. The agitation once resolved on, the first banquet took place at the Château Rouge, at which M. Ledru Rollin refused to be present, as he feared to compromise his principles. Eventually, however, the position of the republicans was defined, and M. Rollin was enabled at Lille to announce "the overflow of the Nile, which would clear away all impurities, and leave on the banks the germ of fecundity and new life." The French Chambers reopened on the 28th of December, 1847, and the king threw down the gauntlet in his speech. He appealed to the good sense of the country against "the agitation raised by hostile passions or blind excitement." The Opposition was beaten on the amendment, and, at a meeting held at Odillon Barrot's, it was decided that the Paris banquet should take place on the 22nd of February, the *National* remarking ominously, "The contest of words must pass into action." The government, confiding in its majority, decided on trying the question of the banquets in a court of law, and the Opposition withdrew on the 20th of February the proposed banquet. But the republican party was not disposed to let the opportunity slip, and M. Marrast, as representative of the *Réforme* paper, published a manifesto on the 21st ignoring entirely the movements of the Opposition. Odillon Barrot gave way to the arguments of the republicans, and the meeting was finally to take place, Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc warning the people through the *Réforme* against any rash excitement.

Guizot and Duchâtel had taken the requisite measures against insurrection. Paris contained 25,000 soldiers, and the adjacent garrisons could double the number. Paris would have been occupied at an early hour of the 22nd, but the withdrawing of the dynastic deputies late on the night of the 21st induced the king to believe in the continuance of tranquillity. The troops were countermanded, and the day passed over quietly. The secret society of the *Saisons* had received orders to hold themselves in reserve, but the demonstration was restricted to stones thrown at the police and an attack on a gunsmith's shop. In the opinion of the professional conspirators, the 22nd of February was a barren day. "It is not at all clear," said M. Caussidière, at nightfall; "there is certainly a mob, but that is all: they will not even get to firing." A meeting was held at nine in the evening under the colonnade of the Palais Royal, and it was seen that there was nothing republican in the movement. The government prepared for the next day, and committed its gravest fault by calling out the Garde Nationale. The bourgeois of Paris, who are always Frondeurs, determined to profit by this summons to exert an irresistible pressure on the king. They drew up a petition condemnatory of the ministry, and stated that they were going to prevent the effusion of blood. The conspirators took advantage of this, and M. Flocon hastily went to the office of the *Réforme* to order every republican to put on the national uniform and go about at the head of the detachments, shouting *Vive la Réforme!* The republic might be attainable in that way. During the 23rd the secret societies made

their appearance, and gave an aggressive character to the outbreak. The *Quartiers St. Martin* and *du Temple* were soon covered with barricades, and the mob searched the houses for the firelocks of the National Guard. During this time a strange scene was going on at the Tuileries. The queen strongly urged the retirement of M. Guizot as the only way of satisfying the people, saying, "If M. Guizot has the least sentiment of devotion for the king and for France, he will not remain a moment longer in power. He is destroying the king." The Duc de Montpensier suggested that laws for parliamentary and electoral reform should be laid before the Chambers at once, but this M. Duchâtel firmly declined.

The king, without concealing the perils of the situation, urged the repugnance he felt at the idea of separating from his minister. He added, "I would sooner abdicate." "You must not say that," the queen replied; "you belong to France, not to yourself." "It is true," the king replied. "I am more unhappy than my ministers: I cannot hand in my resignation." Then, turning to M. Guizot, "Do you believe, my dear president, that the Cabinet is in a position to hold its ground against the difficulties, and triumph over them?" "Sire," Guizot replied, "when the king asks such a question, he resolves it. The Cabinet might conquer in the streets, but it cannot at the same time conquer the royal family and the crown. Any doubt about its strength at the Tuileries destroys its exercise of power. The Cabinet can only resign." The separation then took place, and was very touching. The king embraced his ministers, and shed tears. "You will always be the king's friends?" said the queen; "you will support him?" Louis Philippe shook hands with MM. Duchâtel and Guizot once more at the door. "How happy you are! You leave me with honour; I remain with disgrace."

The short-sighted bourgeoisie delighted in the news of the ministerial resignation, not seeing in it the overthrow of constitutionalism. The *Garde Nationale* returned home and illuminated their houses, leaving the capital a prey to the galley-slaves, thieves, &c., who, as they had not turned out on account of M. Guizot, did not think proper to retire for his successor, Molé. The streets were crowded with the scum of the nation, the same men to whom Barbès promised a milliard on the 15th of May, and Cavaignac dug a sepulchre for on the 24th of May. The retirement of the *Garde Nationale* threw the *National* and *Réformé* party into great embarrassment. They did not dare to attack the government openly, and hence sought some covert way to irritate and raise the people of Paris. The revolutionary traditions offered them a precedent. On the 17th of July, 1791, Bailly and Lafayette were ordered by the Constituent Assembly to disperse the factious assembled round the altar of the country. The insurgents rushed upon the troops, one of them firing a pistol-shot, to which the troops responded by a general fire. In 1848 the Jacobins devised precisely the same plan.

About ten in the evening a band of some three hundred persons went down the Boulevards. Marrast addressed them from the balcony of the *National*. They then proceeded to the ministry of foreign affairs, a hearse following in their rear. The small garrison got under arms at the approach of the mob, and covered the hotel. The mob advanced, brandishing muskets and sabres, as if resolved to force a passage. Then the leader of the mob, "a man in a grey paletot, with thin face and long hair," in whom everybody afterwards thought M. Charles Lagrange could be recognised, put out his arm and fired a pistol. Upon this sudden attack the troops fired in return, and the road was covered with dead and wounded. The miserable victims of this terrible machi-

nation had scarce fallen, ere their bodies were piled up artistically on the hearse, and the man in the grey paletot, placing himself at the head, ordered the procession to set out for the *National* office.

The government gave the command of the armed power to Marshal Bugeaud, owing to the express wishes of the king; but the indecision prevailing in the Tuileries was fatal. By eleven the next morning Molé had resigned again, and the formation of a government was entrusted to M. Thiers, conjointly with Odillon Barrot. The new ministry withdrew the command from Bugeaud, ordered the immediate retirement of the troops, and entrusted to the National Guard the restoration of order. The marshal at first refused to obey, but at length received direct instructions from the king, through the Duc de Nemours. Barrot proceeded to put down the revolution by holding addresses to the people, and, confident in his popularity, telegraphed to the provinces that all was in order, at the very moment that Louis Philippe was signing his abdication! The latter step was brought about by M. de Girardin, supported by a portion of the royal family. The king was so repeatedly told that his abdication could alone stop the insurrection, that, sincerely convinced the middle classes had changed their opinion about him, he laid down, in behalf of his grandson, an authority reclaimed by the persons who had entrusted it to him. Such was the sentiment which dictated the abdication of the king. Two persons of all those present were convinced that the secret societies would not be checked by pieces of paper stuck up on the walls. M. Piscatory cried, "Do not abdicate, sire. Your abdication will be the republic in an hour." Marshal Bugeaud also implored the king to stop, for such an act would disarm the troops; the insurrection was approaching, and all that was left was to fight. The queen, who had seen her error of the previous days, supported these remarks, but, unfortunately, the evil genius returned with the Duc de Montpensier, Girardin, and Crémieux. The king was roughly forced to sign his abdication, and all that was left of the lately so powerful monarchy was a lady walking through the mud, leading two children, on her road to the Palais Bourbon. The Assembly was at first disposed in favour of the regency, but the sections, led by Caussidière, invaded the hall, and the knell of royalty had tolled. A provisional government was hurriedly formed, with De Lamartine at its head, who proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, under the auspices of M. Bocage, a distinguished actor of the Porte St. Martin. As soon as he had gone, Ledru Rollin proceeded to select a government of his own, which also migrated to the Hôtel de Ville, but both found, to their surprise, their places occupied by two other provisional governments, which had also nominated themselves. However, they thought it advisable to come to an agreement, and M. de Lamartine proceeded to draw up his Manifesto. For a time he strenuously resisted any mention of the republic, but a hint that the sections were marching on the Hôtel de Ville decided the question. The republic was proclaimed, and the magnificent provisional government commenced its duties. The first step after tranquillity was in a measure restored was the establishment of the national workshops, which were urgently required to support the thousands whom the revolution had summoned into the streets, and who, had they not been kept at government expense, would have indulged in the most fearful brigandage.

They amounted to about 5000, but the government, not daring to avow that it owed its existence to these men, pursued the system till it attained gigantic proportions. By the 15th of June, the workmen amounted to 117,300. The internal dissensions in the government added to the difficulty entailed by the maintenance of the workmen. The chief trouble was occasioned by Ledru Rollin, who represented the old Jacobin party. "He would have overthrown society," says our author, "to reproduce some great scene designed by David. He sent workmen, who wanted a dinner, to the Opera; he reanimated agricultural labour by Parisian fêtes, in which the horns of the oxen were gilded before killing them, and double wages were given to young girls to walk about all day." M. Flocon was another revolutionary dramaturge. M. Louis Blanc, although having the least claim on government, as he had not fought or worked in the revolution, was a perennial nuisance with his theories about the rights of labour. Albert was, in fact, the only man of action in the extreme party, and observed a modest and reserved attitude, which was not without dignity. Opposed to Ledru Rollin and Flocon, who wished to revert to the old revolution, and Louis Blanc and Albert, who wanted to commence an entirely new one, were grouped Arago, Crémieux, Garnier-Pagès, &c., who desired merely to hold on by the present revolution, pacify and consolidate it, that it might eventually become a durable and convenient power.

Between these parties moved M. de Lamartine, smiling on all, joining none. If we examine the testimony of his colleagues, we find that he claimed a character of personal preponderance, reducing itself to being applauded. He was always held in readiness in a room, with his scarf on, like a high priest in sacerdotal robes. When a mob invaded the Hôtel de Ville, the performer on the lyre was sent for and placed on a table; and there, before the Parisian crowd, which is eminently artistic, M. de Lamartine held his mellifluous addresses, which bore some resemblance to his auditory in having no beginning or end. At starting, this music, which was harmonious, though vague and somewhat monotonous, pleased by its novelty, and at times lulled to sleep the popular delirium. The abuse of it diminished its empire; the mob first ceased to applaud, and ended by ceasing to listen.

It seems, from the general evidence, that Lamartine was all things to all men; with Marrast, he blamed the revolutionary intemperance of Ledru Rollin; with Ledru Rollin he deplored the gentleness of Marrast. He flattered the National Guard and caressed Blanqui; he humoured Sobrier and soothed Causidière. To excuse his relations with Blanqui, M. de Lamartine was in the habit of saying, "I conspired with Blanqui as the conductor conspires with the lightning." The excuse may be true; still, it must have been a strange government in which conspiracies were required. The government soon broke up into factions, at the head of which were Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Blanqui. The last named was the leader of the socialistic party, and inspired terror in the two others, and it may be assumed that the fear of his success alone saved France from the horrors of a Ledru Rollin dictatorship on the 17th of March and the 16th of April. The final measures taken by Ledru Rollin for precipitating the crisis, showed him that he had but the choice of evils before him—the influence of Louis Blanc was menacing, the victory of Blanqui probable. The first would lead to communism: the second to the scaffold. Ledru Rollin hesitated, and at last went to Lamartine and

confessed all. The government had so greatly neglected to consolidate its power that the issue seemed highly doubtful. "Beat to arms," said Lamartine, "and if by chance the Garde Nationale still exists, we are saved." Lamartine had made his will and placed his wife in safety, and he awaited the result. The mob appeared in immense bodies, and all seemed to forebode a sanguinary termination, when the 10th legion came up, and the Garde Mobile cleared the streets. The party of order had gained its first victory.

The elections were scarcely over, and Lamartine's popularity faded, ere the government again suffered an attack on the 15th of May. A petition was presented on behalf of the Poles, and the Chambers were suddenly invaded by an armed mob: Barbès and Louis Blanc forgetting that they had the honour of being deputies, ranging themselves on the side of the invaders, while the former demanded a tax of a milliard on the rich, and the outlawry of his colleagues.* The most fearful confusion ensued: M. Buchez, president of the Assembly, was intimidated into withdrawing the appeal to arms sent out to the National Guard, and a M. Huber declared the National Assembly dissolved. The mob bore Louis Blanc, Sobrier, and Barbès triumphantly on their shoulders, and planted the red cap on the end of a pike upon the tribune. At four o'clock the Garde Mobile cleared the Assembly, and the government was saved once more. Barbès, Blanqui, Albert, Raspail, and Sobrier disappeared from the scene, but the government was not strengthened by the victory. A tacit truce was drawn up, however, and the socialists and the clubs had determined to defer any attempt till the 14th of July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille—when the dissolution of the national workshops played into their hands. The government was quite unable to support one hundred thousand men any longer, and on the 18th of June determined on sending them to work in the Valley of the Loire. But the partisans of the socialists prevented their departure, and thus paved the way for the terrible 24th of June, when the workmen were the instruments and the victims.

The government, in the face of the perils which threatened to overwhelm it, had no resource but appointing Cavaignac dictator. The forces collected on either side may be estimated at twenty-five thousand insurgents, of whom about twelve thousand were ticket-of-leave men and criminals; while Cavaignac had forty thousand troops, including the Garde Mobile, and without counting the National Guard, which behaved very gallantly. Still the insurrection lasted four days: the army lost three generals who had gained a reputation in Africa, while the insurgents suffered a loss of three thousand killed and fifteen thousand prisoners. On the 28th of June, the dictatorship of General Cavaignac was regularly established, and France began to breathe once more after the turmoil she had endured since February. But the Assembly was far from being tranquil: the constitution of the country had to be drawn up, and the plan for the presidential election settled, and to this must be added a systematic attack on the head of the executive and his ministry. Cavaignac having done his work honourably, and saved the lives of the

* On hearing this proposition, a clubbist exclaimed at the foot of the tribune: "No, no, Barbès, 'tis not that; thou art mistaken: *two hours of pillage!*"—*Moniteur*, 16th May, 1848.

deputies, they could not, naturally, display their gratitude more forcibly than by opposing every act of his government. Still it was believed that he had a very good chance of attaining the presidency, for the bourgeoisie was greatly attached to him, as the man who had preserved order—when a new candidate was suddenly announced in the person of Prince Louis Napoleon. Nothing could withstand the prestige of his family name, and the 10th of December saw him elected President of the Republic by a majority of four million votes over Cavaignac, while, to show the vanity of human wishes, we may mention that Lamartine, who had been the object of popular adoration in March, received just eighteen thousand votes. But even at his installation some far-sighted men were enabled to see there was more in the President than met the eye. On the same evening, some men of rank were jesting about the Prince, one saying, "Well, will he give us the Empire?" "Do not laugh, gentlemen," M. Marrast replied; "I had an hour's conversation with him to-day. We are all lost. He knows all the power of his name. He knows what he can do; and all that he can, he will do."

But there were great difficulties in Napoleon's path at the outset; the Constituent Assembly had ardently desired Cavaignac's election, and saw in his defeat a victory over themselves. The President was in the dilemma that he was compelled to check an Assembly which he could not dissolve, by means of a majority which he could not master. Still the Assembly received a violent blow by a motion being carried that it should be dissolved and the general election take place in June next. This was followed by a bill, introduced by Léon Faucher, to put down the clubs. This caused great excitement, and M. Proudhon, as champion of the republicans, proposed a *coup d'état* against the President. A slight disturbance connected with the reorganisation of the Garde Mobile offering occasion for insurrection, the movement was settled for the 29th of January. But in Louis Bonaparte the clubbists found a very different opponent, and he astonished them by arresting two hundred of the principals during the night, and displaying such an imposing armed force, that all opposition was futile. The effect of these decisive measures was so great, that General Changarnier repeatedly said at that period, "It would be as easy to re-establish the Empire as to do up a paper of bonbons." The elections were to prove the touchstone of the Assembly, and, in reference to them, our author writes a curious passage, evidently intended to appeal to present circumstances.

The provisional government has been sharply reproached for influencing the general elections of 1848. It is incontestable that a government should not substitute itself for the general will of the country, but merely enlighten it on its choice and acts. When M. Jules Favre, secretary-general of the ministry of the interior, asked the commissioners to send him all the lists of candidates, that M. Ledru Rollin might draw them up himself, he doubtlessly exaggerated his right and his duty, and exposed himself to favour factitious candidates who had no root among the people, whose wants and wishes they were to personify. When M. Ledru Rollin gave the state moneys to unknown clubbists, and covered the country with candidates without capacity or responsibility, he insulted the majesty of his people; but when he stated in his circular of April 7, 1848, "If I am asked whether the government ought to act upon the elections or confine itself to watching the regularity of the operations, I have no hesitation in replying that the government cannot, without the penalty of abdication or treason, restrict itself to the mere receipt of the election returns.

It must work, by means of its agents, to enlighten the country." M. Ledru Rollin was right: *governing means directing.*

While preparations were being made for the coming elections, and the people, much to M. de Cassagnac's regret, was not receiving the necessary direction in the way of voting, the events taking place in Italy created an intense excitement in France. The republic had been proclaimed in Rome on the 9th of February, and Charles Albert received a well-merited defeat at Novara for his temporising policy. There was no hope for the Utopians in Italy establishing any firm government; for when Austria offered, in 1848, to give up the Lombardo-Venetian territory, with the exception of Venice, on the settlement of the national debt, Mazzini compelled the secret societies to reject the offer, for he could not endure the idea that the Sardinian monarchy should be aggrandised. Insurrections broke out through Italy, and the battle of Novara was the final result. The republican party in France, as represented by Ledru Rollin, demanded that France should place her money and her soldiers at the service of the insurrectionists, and liberate Lombardy from the yoke of the Austrian. But the government preferred to negotiate at Vienna to gain better terms for the Sardinians, and intervene at Rome to secure the return of the Pope with a reasonable measure of administrative reform. A small force was sent off under Oudinot, which landed at Civita-Vecchia on the 25th of April. Garibaldi threw himself into Rome with the fragments of the democratic party, and two hundred French soldiers were taken prisoners at the gates of the city. Such an insult must be revenged, and a large expeditionary force was voted by the Assembly to carry out the object of the expedition, which was to restore peace to the Papal States, sword in hand. The republican party in the Assembly were furious, and Ledru Rollin brought in an accusation against the President, signed by all the Montagnards, which was disdainfully rejected without discussion.

So soon as the elections were terminated, Ledru Rollin returned to the charge. All the strength of the revolutionary party was combined to renew the attack on the President, and so soon as the foreseen siege of Rome commenced, they summoned the people to arms, while forcing the Montagnard deputies to place themselves at their head. The journals openly recommended the contest, and at length, on the 11th of June, Ledru Rollin, as representative of the clubs, brought on the accusation against Louis Napoleon and his ministers, signed by one hundred and twenty Montagnard members, and threw down the gauntlet by saying "they were prepared to defend the constitution even with arms in their hands." On the 13th of June an *émeute* took place, which terminated in M. Ledru Rollin's ignominious retreat through a window from the Conservatoire, where the regeneration of democracy was to have been effected. It was a great misfortune for France that she had no statesmen who could comprehend the mission of Louis Napoleon. Even MM. Thiers and Molé, who gladly hailed the return of a Bonaparte to power, were afraid of a reversion to the principles of the first Empire, and, in a conference which preceded the election of the 18th of December, these two eminent statesmen gravely counselled Prince Louis Napoleon to shave off his moustaches, and thus place himself in harmony with modern society! M. Odillon Barrot, too, had grown quite opposed to the movement of public opinion. He had entered the republic as a royalist, and he emerged from

the anarchy as a republican. The sight of the conspiracies and attempts of the demagogues, while putting out the republican fire in others, had only enkindled it in him. He disliked the tendency of the country to revert to monarchical principles, and blamed the President for following the direction. Under these circumstances, Louis Napoleon decided on a change of ministry, which he carried out on the 31st of October, 1849.

After the condemnation of the conspirators by the High Court of Versailles, thirty-one vacancies had to be filled in the Constituent Assembly, three of these being in Paris. The bourgeoisie and the socialists coalesced, and succeeded in carrying the election of MM. Carnot, Vidal, and Defflotte, thus proving that the seditious spirit was rife. Under these grave circumstances, the chief members of the majority demanded a conference with the President, and the result was the proposition of that serious law on elections which was carried on the 31st May, 1850, and which restricted that universal suffrage which the President regarded as the basis of his authority. The project was received with great exasperation on the part of the demagogues, the result being the insurrection which broke out in the south-west under the auspices of the *Jeune Montagne*. The government, forewarned of the revolutionary tentatives, held a special council at the Elysée, to which General Changarnier was summoned, and a curious incident took place, which throws a vivid light on the personal views of a celebrated man.

When asked about the measures he had prepared to conquer the *émeute*, General Changarnier eluded clear and precise explanation, alleging that a commander-in-chief must not make his plans known beforehand. This precaution, which is very wise when taken in the face of an enemy, appeared exaggerated under the present circumstances. On being pressed, he said that a sealed letter would be found giving detailed instructions to his successor. General d'Hautpoul then proposed to study the strategical points of Paris, so that a plan of defence might be drawn up. A map of Paris was required for the purpose, and the President went into his cabinet to fetch one. The Prince had scarce quitted the room, when Changarnier, crossing his arms and looking at some of the members of the council, said, "Come, I hope that, if there is an *émeute*, we shall not put it down in the interest of that Thomas Diaphorus."

On the 5th June the President proposed that his salary should be raised from 600,000 francs to 3,000,000 francs. This met with considerable opposition, and on being referred to a committee, M. de Tocqueville offered to grant the credit to pay debts incurred by the President. This insulting offer was declined. At last Changarnier interposed, and succeeded in carrying the bill by a small majority. On the 16th July the Assembly passed the law relative to the press, and followed up this measure by indicting Cassagnac's paper, *Le Pouvoir*, and fining the *gérant* in 5000 francs. This solemn act, in which the Assembly was judge in its own cause, our author states, did not add to its consideration. The Assembly was then prorogued, and the President proceeded to seek the support of the nation by a progress through France. He was admirably received, and the result was that more than one-half of the general councils demanded a revision of the constitution in order to augment and lengthen the powers of the President of the Republic. In the mean time, the Legitimists and Orleanists sought to strengthen their power by making Changarnier their leader, and he, listening to their offers, definitively broke with the President of the Republic. The first public intimation of this was given at the review of Satory, when the

infantry marched past the Prince in silence, owing to orders given by General Neumayer, commanding the first division. This verdict on the Prince-President could not be passed over unnoticed; but the Prince, instead of cashiering the general, as was suggested, punished him by giving him the command of two divisions. This step caused a great commotion in the parliamentary commission, for it seemed to be the first blow at General Changarnier's prestige. On the 30th October the Assembly declared that "the position of the general at the head of the army of Paris was a guarantee of order and security for the Assembly and the country," and it was proposed "to give the general the command of a special corps, destined to protect the Assembly in case of need." There could be no mistake: the contest between the executive and the legislative had commenced, and one must succumb.

On the 2nd of January, a newspaper published an extract from certain permanent instructions given to the generals of the army of Paris by the commander-in-chief. Being utterly at variance with the authority of the Assembly, Prince Louis Napoleon ordered an inquiry on the subject. But the assembly was not prepared to sacrifice its general, and passed to the order of the day. The President formed a new cabinet, and the next day put a limit to Changarnier's authority by breaking up his command. General Changarnier then took a bold step: he went to M. Dupin and requested the command-in-chief of the forces of the palace; so that, if he were deprived of his authority as commander of the army of the President, he might resist as general of the parliamentary army. But M. Dupin was too crafty to fall into the trap, and thus overtly proclaim a civil war; and Changarnier was obliged to yield. The parties soon appreciated their situation. "The Assembly has lost its sword," the *Gazette de France* lamented. The Assembly continued its aggressions until the President astonished them by the announcement that he had chosen a cabinet entirely distinct from themselves. The Burgraves were dead! and the Assembly was beginning to be regarded with ridicule, so cleverly did its opponent thwart its schemes. The Assembly then gained a Pyrrhic victory by throwing out the bill for the presidential *dotation* on the 3rd of February, which only destroyed the majority. This internal defeat was completed by the severity of public opinion, which immediately set about raising subscriptions to present the President with the sum which had been refused him; but he declined all such assistance, and reduced his establishment.

But the great battle was preparing on the revision of the constitution and prolongation of the presidential power, in favour of which 300,000 persons petitioned. The discussion commenced on the 14th of July, and lasted six days. The result was, that the revision was thrown out, although 446 voted for it and 278 against it, but the constitutional majority demanded three-fourths of the voters, amounting to 543 out of the 724 voters. The country displayed its feeling strongly. Out of the eighty-five general councils, eighty had voted for revision, two against it, and three abstained from any opinion. The Assembly was prorogued, and the members amused their leisure hours by selecting candidates for the Presidency of the Republic. The editor of the *Presse* put forward a highly respectable mason, M. Martin Nadaud. The *Gazette de France* asked for the popular suffrages in behalf of M. Henri de la Rochejacquelein. The republican papers favoured M. Carnot, while General Changarnier

proposed himself in his own newspaper. Finally, the *Journal des Débats* proposed the Prince de Joinville.

On the meeting of the Assembly, the old question about the defence of the Constituent by an armed force was revived, and on this occasion St. Arnaud made his political *début* as defender of the presidential authority. A question asked by General Bedeau with reference to the removal from the barracks of the decree of the 11th of May, 1848, to which St. Arnaud replied by taking the responsibility on himself, led to a tremendous scene of confusion. Changarnier gave the police commissioner orders to shut the outer gates of the palace, while loud shouts were heard, "Arrest all the ministers on their bench." St. Arnaud quitted the Assembly, saying, "There is too much noise in this house: I am going for the guard." General Magnan was warned by an infantry officer to retire, as orders were given to arrest him; and with M. de Maupas he proceeded to head-quarters at the Tuileries. But, strange to say, the bill was thrown out in the house by a majority of nearly one hundred. This unexpected result overthrew all the preparations for resistance, and the Prince, thinking it was better thus, went out riding with his usual impassibility.

But the time had arrived when the question must be solved, in order to ensure tranquillity to France. The Assembly was agitated by the most contradictory opinions. M. Berryer said, on the 1st of December, "The Prince will never dare to act against the Chamber; the leaders of the army are not on his side, and if he tries to march the troops against the Assembly, he will not find four men and a corporal to obey him." M. de Falloux judged differently, and believed in an imminent *coup d'état*. He was willing to assist the President against the Mountain, but demanded, in return, the formation of a ministry selected from all the eminent names of the majority, who would take a formal pledge to prolong the power of the President. M. de Heckeren hurried off to inform the Prince of the proposition by which peace could be restored, and the President replied, "I am enchanted at the good news you bring me, but I am very busy just at present; come to me to-morrow after ten o'clock, and we will talk it over." By that time the *coup d'état* had been carried out. The following anecdote is very curious:

The commander-in-chief of the army of Paris regularly received each Thursday the general officers of his army at the Tuileries. He was of opinion that a decisive measure was necessary. Without knowing the precise day, he knew it was imminent, and was resolute to aid in its accomplishment. On Thursday, November 26, General Magnan had all the generals around him; they were twenty-one when counted. Full of his idea, and assured by the character of his companions in arms, he formed the very grave resolution of imparting to them a secret which was not entirely his own. This confidence, essentially delicate, would have been very dangerous, if it had not been entrusted to officers guided by duty and honour. The commander-in-chief gave a rapid sketch of the state of France, explained the imperious necessity of saving society menaced by the demagogues, the design he knew the elect of the people had formed of making a new appeal to the national sovereignty, and the confidence he placed in the army, to protect the liberty of voting from the assaults of the factions. The commander-in-chief stated his own firm resolution of pledging his entire responsibility in an enterprise so eminently national; he expressed a hope of being imitated by the generals of the army of Paris; but, he added, that if there were among them any who believed their conscience would not allow them to enter on this path, he would give them perfect liberty to explain themselves on the spot, trusting to their delicacy and honour not to reveal the overture he had made to them.

On this clear and energetic appeal, General Reybell stepped forward and took the word on behalf of his comrades. He thanked the commander-in-chief for believing that the twenty generals of the army of Paris would not separate their cause—the cause of military discipline and honour—from that of Prince Louis Napoleon, which was identified with the welfare of nations, families, and civilisation. He declared that, in expressing himself thus, he was the faithful interpreter of all the generals; and that, whenever the hour arrived for the Prince and the commander-in-chief to appeal to their devotion, there was not one who did not believe his honour pledged to respond. A hearty shout of assent greeted General Reybell's speech. They all shook hands and embraced; and from that moment it might be said with certainty that France would emerge from the abyss. When the emotion was calmed and silence restored, General Magnan spoke again: "Let us all swear on the spot that not one of us will tell a living being of what has occurred here." The generals took the oath eagerly; and it has been so well kept that we are the first to make known, after more than five years, the existence and results of this memorable meeting.*

On the evening of the 1st of December the usual assembly took place at the Elysée. A large number of guests were present, whom the Prince received with his wonted amenity. The most attentive observer could not have noticed a cloud on his brow, or any preoccupation in his words. At eleven o'clock the doors were closed, and only four persons assembled in the Prince's cabinet. They were General de St. Arnaud, minister of war; the Count de Morny, who took the ministry of the interior; M. de Maupas, prefect of police; and M. de Beville, colonel on the staff, one of the President's aides-de-camp. The parts allotted them were distinct and precise. M. de Morny, after countersigning the decree dissolving the Assembly, would take the initiative and responsibility of all measures of security in Paris and the provinces; General St. Arnaud would combine and direct the action of the troops, and prevent any disturbances. M. de Maupas, recently appointed to the police, had a difficult task, which required as much discernment as resolution: he had to carry out the arrests considered necessary. To M. de Beville was entrusted the delicate duty of carrying to the national printing-office, and printing with M. de St. Georges, the official documents: the decree of dissolution, the proclamation to the army, and the appeal to the people. These gentlemen, with M. Moëquard, the Prince's secretary, a man in whom confidence could be placed, received the final instructions from the President, and proceeded to action.

Everything was carried out with perfect success. The rump of the parliament assembled, and proceeded to pass various laws, but their labours were soon terminated by their being carried off politely to the barracks on the Quai d'Orsay. Some of the deputies fancied there was a gleam of hope, but Colonel Féray undeceived them by saying the whole army was pledged to the *coup d'état*, and would carry it out to the end, at any risk.† On the 3rd of December an insurrection broke out in the

* The twenty-one officers present at this meeting were Generals Magnan, Cornemuse, Hubert, Sallenare, Carrelet, Renault, Levasseur, de Coste, de Bourgon, Canrobert, Dulac, Sauboul, Forey, Rippert, Herbillon, Martlaz, de Courtigis, Korte, Tartas, d'Allouville, and Reybell.

† During the Crimean war, the 42nd line regiment made a curious revelation to their old colonel, General Espinasse, who had commanded them on the 2nd of December. "When we were ordered out before daybreak, we were very anxious about the nature of the duty we were going upon. It was only when we arrived in front of the Palais de l'Assemblée that our doubts were dispelled. If you had led us in the direction of the Elysée, the regiment would not have followed you without some explanations."

Faubourg St. Antoine, which example was followed by the Faubourgs St. Jacques and St. Marceau. In a conference held at three in the afternoon, General Magnan proposed to give the *émeute* time to choose its camp and throw up barricades. There was no doubt about conquering them, but it was necessary to collect them in one body. This plan perfectly succeeded. By nine o'clock in the evening the insurgents were utterly routed, and the troops held military occupation of the whole of Paris.

It is here the place to contradict a calumny which emanated from the spite of conquered passions in the days of the struggle. It was said and printed at this period that the President of the Republic had taken twenty millions from the Bank of France to distribute to the troops of the 2nd of December. The truth is far more simple and noble. When the Prince decided, on the night of the 1st of December, on saving society by a decisive measure, all that was left of his personal fortune was a sum of *fifty thousand* francs. He knew that in certain memorable instances the troops had given way before the insurrection through the want of provisions: they had been starved out rather than conquered. He therefore took the last crown that remained to him, and ordered Colonel Fleury to go from brigade to brigade, and man to man, and distribute this last sum to the soldiers who had triumphed over demagoguery. Such were the expenses of the 2nd of December, and they may be favourably compared with the accounts of the 24th of February, or of all the revolutions which have taken place in France.

The loss sustained by the insurrection was naturally considerable. A proclamation of the minister of war, published on the 3rd, stated that, according to the terms of martial law, every individual constructing or defending a barricade, or taken with arms in his hand, would be immediately shot. These severe directions were softened down by the humanity of the officers and soldiers, who had forgotten the atrocities committed on the 24th February, 1848, upon the heroic defenders of the Château d'Eau.

Many of the insurgents taken prisoners behind barricades, or in the houses where the insurrection had bivouacked, were carried to the prefecture of police. Their total loss amounted to 175 dead and 115 wounded. History, which cannot but despise any calumny, must protest against the pretended executions of prisoners which were said to have taken place on the Champ de Mars and in the forts round Paris. The French army still was and ever will be the same as in the time of the Vicomte d'Orthes: it is composed of brave soldiers, but not a single hangman.

We have no need to follow the triumphant march of Louis Napoleon further, or show how he gradually became first in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen. France has recognised in a grateful spirit the exertions he made to rescue her from the dominion of the hydra-headed mob, and everything seems to promise him a long reign of tranquillity and prosperity. And not the less satisfactory has been the recognition the Emperor has received from Europe; and we find the descendant of Nicholas, who refused to allow the legitimacy of Louis Philippe, paying court to the Emperor, and joining with the other ruling houses of Europe in believing that his possession of the throne of France is the only guarantee for the permanent tranquillity of Europe. The Emperor has revenged himself nobly for past slights, and we believe that a perusal of M. de Cassagnac's book will only add to the admiration already expressed for his wise and far-sighted policy.

THE MILLIONAIRE OF MINCING-LANE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XIX.

MAKING FRIENDS.

If Richard Brunton had felt unsettled by dreams of ambition after his visit to Broadstone, he did not gain repose from his interview with Claribel: dreams even more absorbing now filled his mind, rendering every occupation distasteful that was not associated with her.

Instead, therefore, of going to the City as usual on the following morning, he mounted his horse and set off into the country. His intention was to ride miles away, and he persisted in it for the first hour, but compelled at last by the inequalities of the road to abate the speed at which he set out, his thoughts as he slackened his rein reverted into the track they had followed all night, and he found almost unconsciously that he had turned his horse's head and was no longer increasing the distance from London.

"If I can think of nothing but her," he muttered, "as well this way as another!" And at the end of another hour he had made a circuit of several miles and re-entered the town on the side where Claribel lived.

He knew her address and resolved to ride past the house in the hope of seeing her. He paced backwards and forwards several times, examining every window with an eager eye, but his scrutiny was unrewarded: no Claribel was visible. He then debated within himself about calling, and eventually made up his mind to do so: though he had never spoken to Mrs. Basset, the fact of his having met her at her brother-in-law's, besides his introduction to Claribel, afforded him an excuse for inquiring. He accordingly dismounted and rang the bell—once—twice—three times—but no one answered it. After another impatient pause he was raising his hand to pull again, when a little, mild-looking man opened a side-door from the shop and timorously asked what might be his business.

"I suppose," he remarked, "the maid is gone out; she often does, sir, when her mistress is from home."

Brunton, still holding his horse's bridle, took off his hat to the new comer, whom he rightly conjectured was the silversmith himself.

"I wished," he said, "to pay my respects to Mrs. Basset. I had the pleasure of meeting her a few evenings since at her sister's in Mayfair."

"I am very sorry," returned the lady's husband, "that you should have had the trouble of coming"—he glanced at Brunton's horse—"I dare say a long way, for my wife—Mrs. Basset—has gone out for the day."

"And—and—Miss Page, too?" asked Brunton.

"Oh, yes," said the little man, rubbing his hands joyously, "my niece

is with her. It's so seldom the dear girl gets a holiday! The day's so fine, it must do her good! I should like to have gone with them myself"—he half sighed, then tried to look brisk again—"but business, business, you know, sir, must be attended to!"

Business! He had been all the morning in the shop and had exchanged a silver thimble for one bought a week before.

"A country excursion, I suppose," said Brunton, who saw that Mr. Basset did not object to relieve the toils of traffic with a little gossip.

"Well,—some would call it the country, and some would not. It depends upon where they happen to live themselves. Now, *we* think we're almost in the country, for it's full a mile to Hyde Park Corner, and I can remember the time when you had to cross the Five Fields to get from Sloane-street to Grosvenor-place, but that, of course, is a good many years ago, when I was a boy; still it isn't quite the town, and further off, you know, must be more in the country than this is."

"I should infer, then, from what you say, that Mrs. Basset has not gone a day's journey by railway."

"A day's journey by railway! Lord bless you, it's scarcely an hour's journey on foot! I've walked it often and often within that time. How far, now, do you call it from here to Putney Bridge?"

"I should think," said Brunton, "about three and a half, or, at most, four miles."

"Barely three," exclaimed the little man, with the air of a first-rate pedestrian. "I can do a mile in twenty minutes any day, except when my corns are troublesome. Well, Vallombrosa Villa is a good bit on this side the bridge. To be sure you have to go a little way down the lane, opposite Fulham Church, but even then it's not three miles."

"Vallombrosa Villa?" said Brunton; "I think I have seen it."

"Of course you have," replied Mr. Basset, "if you've been up the river. You can't help seeing it from the river; it's right upon the Thames; the willows in the grounds actually dip into the water. You must have seen it."

"Now I recollect, I distinctly have. May I ask who lives there?"

"Oh," answered Mr. Basset, rubbing his hands, "a very great friend of ours, and, I may say"—here he lowered his voice to a sort of confidential whisper—"I may say—a very great man, too—a very learned person, sir, an astonishing person. I don't suppose there's his equal in the kingdom—in some things."

"You must be proud of such an acquaintance," said Brunton. "Is the name of this aston—I mean, of your learned friend, any secret?"

The silversmith looked up sharply, but the half-uttered sneer had left no trace on Brunton's lip.

"A secret! Dear me, no! Dr. Broeas is the owner of 'Vallombrosa,'—he never adds 'Villa,' himself,—I can't tell why. When I say owner, I mean he lives there; whose the property really is I don't know."

"Dr. Broeas!" repeated Brunton. "Oh!"

"If you were at the Mayfair party the other night you've seen him. He's not a man to be mistaken. A tall, handsome man,—a good deal taller than I am,—and stouter,—much stouter. High forehead, bald,—wears a velvet cap,—very intellectual,—fine figure of a man,—I may say,

a noble presence. Dignified manner! Oh, yes. That's Dr. Brocas. Not two like him in England; perhaps not one!"

"I remember him perfectly from your description. He sees a good deal of company, I dare say."

"Has seen the best in the land, Mrs. Basset tells me. Given it up now. Fond of nothing but music, and books, and pictures."

"And female society, apparently!"

"Oh, yes, the Doctor never seems so happy as when he is with the ladies. There's my niece, Claribel Page,—that's to say, Mrs. Basset's niece,—but it's all one, for I couldn't love her better if she were my own daughter,—well, the Doctor can scarcely bear to have her out of his sight; he seems almost as fond of her as I am!"

"He is related to her, perhaps, in the same degree?"

"Lord bless you, no! He's not in any way connected with us! Though Claribel's father was a gentleman born."

"Oh, indeed!"

"I can assure you, sir, he was," said the little silversmith, shaking his head mysteriously, as if he knew all about it,—“you may see in a moment that Claribel has good blood in her veins. But, I'm sure I beg your pardon. I'm keeping you there holding your horse when I dare say you want to be going.”

"Not at all, not at all, Mr. Basset. It gives me great pleasure. I'm an idle man, like yourself. I've nothing at all to do."

The little silversmith winced slightly at this remark.

"Oh!" he said, "I've got plenty to do—in general: not so much, perhaps, as I might have over the counter if I lived in Regent-street, but quite enough work behind it."

Poor man! He had, indeed, more work than custom; for he was always busy, perfecting the works of old-fashioned silver watches which nobody came in to buy.

"At all events," said Brunton, "I am very much obliged by your politeness. But to return to Dr. Brocas. He is a gentleman, then, of independent fortune, and an old friend of yours?"

"He has a large fortune, I believe," replied Mr. Basset, "but," he conscientiously added, "we have not known him very long."

Brunton's brow became clouded for an instant, but he did not speak. Mr. Basset went on:

"The Doctor, as I mentioned before, is a great lover of the Fine Arts: his house is quite a gem. Not such another place to be seen anywhere—so I'm told—for I haven't travelled much myself. But where he stands quite alone, sir, is in the law; there nobody can touch him. He has been kind enough to take up a little affair of mine now—"

"What!" interrupted Brunton, smiling, "do you go to law, Mr. Basset?"

"God forbid, sir, God forbid! But advice, you know, sir—advice is sometimes necessary."

"Very true. But what kind of advice can he give you? A physician is not exactly the person to settle a legal difficulty."

"A physician, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Basset. "Dr. Brocas is a Doctor of Civil Law. My little affair is a disputed succession; a will case, sir."

There's not another man in England who can see the bearings of a question of that sort like Dr. Brocas."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I misunderstood. Your case, then, is intricate."

"Why, you see," said the little man, garrulous on all subjects, but more particularly so when a new one arose that affected himself—"why, you see, sir, it *is* intricate, and it is *not*. I was my aunt's heir"—(certain people always plunge *in medias res*, as if the strangers to whom they address themselves knew the whole of their history)—"and by rights I ought to have had all her money, whether it was much or little, because it mostly came to her from our family, though I don't mean to say she wasn't at liberty to leave some little trifling remembrances to personal friends. But this Treasurer, sir, of Saint Trephine's Hospital——"

Brunton stared at the sudden introduction of the functionary alluded to, but seeing the sort of man Mr. Basset was, did not interrupt him.

"This Treasurer of Saint Trephine's," pursued the silversmith, "was no personal friend, because if she did break her leg in getting out of a 'bus, and was laid up in the hospital for ever so long, he didn't set it for her. Then, again, that Mrs. Hornybeak! If ever a woman had a bad word to say of any one, she's the person; and of my aunt in particular. Mrs. Basset has heard language from her scores and scores of times, which I'll not venture to repeat. I've heard her, too, myself, though I kept out of her way as much as I could. And don't you think, sir, that bad language travels to people's ears? Why the very birds of the air will carry the news to them. Anyhow, parrots will; and Mrs. Hornybeak had a parrot—she's got it still, I hear—that always swore when Mrs. Meggot's name was mentioned, especially over a cup of tea. I ask you then, sir, does it stand to reason that my aunt should look upon her as the best friend she had in the world, any more than the Treasurer of Saint Trephine's?"

"My good sir," replied Brunton, who began rather to tire of this branch of the family history, but yet was unwilling to break off the conversation, in the hope of hearing something more about Dr. Brocas and Claribel—"my good sir, there is very often no act of a person's life so incomprehensibly unjust as that which closes it. Caprice is the very mainspring of a man's mind who has anything to leave. It does not surprise me in the least—on the contrary, the more deserving you may be, the better I understand the reason that your aunt should have disinherited you."

"But she didn't do so, sir," exclaimed the silversmith. "I was not disinherited. She left me her property."

"What do you complain of, then?" asked Brunton.

"What I complain of, sir, is this: that she should have left the money to all three of us."

"Divided it amongst you? And you get only a third, instead of the whole?"

"I shall, probably, get nothing."

"How is that? I don't exactly comprehend."

"When I say she left her money to all of us, I mean that she did so unreservedly to each. There was no division, no separate bequests."

"But surely the date of the wills would set that matter at rest."

"So it might, only they were all written on the same day, and which was first, and which was last, nobody knows. And that's the reason why the Treasurer and Mrs. Hornybeak put in their *caveats*."

"And what does Dr. Brocas say?" inquired Brunton, glad to see land in that direction.

"He says the thing's plain enough, if we can get the witnesses into court. Now, unluckily, mine can't be found. I've been away from the shop a dozen times—and lost I don't know how much business—trying to hunt 'em out all through Islington and Pentonville, and I can't say where. Now, Mrs. Hornybeak—of course she and Mrs. Basset don't speak since this matter turned up, but we've heard it from others—Mrs. Hornybeak has her two ready—they can swear to the hour my aunt did it—and they vow and declare that she never went near Saint Trepheine's afterwards, but came straight away home; and Mrs. Hornybeak turns up her nose at my claim—as much as she can, hi, hi, hi—for I should tell you she has a hook, a regular hook, just like her own parrot—and says she knows if ever a will really *was* made in my favour—think of that, sir, as if I had—had—con-coc-coc-*ted* it myself, sir—it was written and certified to the first thing in the morning, because, she says, that after ten o'clock my witnesses are known never to have been sober, and besides that, she adds, my aunt expressed herself—I use her own words—'in most undignified terms'—I believe she means indignant, poor woman—towards her nephew, meaning me, sir."

"So that, whichever way it ends, there will be some nice picking for the lawyers. And you think Dr. Brocas can help you through?"

"If any one can do it, he can. That is to say, as far as advice goes, for he does not practise now. Of course not, after having been a Judge."

"I am glad to hear you are in such good hands. If it were in my power, Mr. Basset, to be of any service—permit me to give you my card—I'm sure I should be only too happy. The respect I entertain for Mrs. Basset—the admiration I feel for the talents of Miss Page—your own personal respectability—each is a sufficient motive. I hope I may be allowed the privilege of calling upon you again, and talking once more on the subject."

"Only too glad, sir," returned Mr. Basset, "whenever you think proper to do me the favour."

"Good morning, then, Mr. Basset," said Brunton, setting his foot at last in the stirrup and mounting,—“pray present my compliments to Mrs. Basset and Miss Page, and say I hope to be more fortunate on the next occasion.”

He shook hands with the little silversmith, who stood at his door to watch him out of sight as Brunton turned towards Fulham.

"I had reckoned upon the wife," soliloquised Brunton, "and she is half gained now I have accidentally secured the husband. He is a poor creature, though. Too good-natured by half to have a will of his own. However, he seems to idolise Claribel, and that feeling always creates influence, especially with a simple girl like her. There is another person, it seems, who idolises her also. Old! What has age to do with the question? It only makes it more likely. A clever, accomplished man, who has seen the world and got tired of it, is infinitely more dangerous

than that fool FitzLupus. He appeals to her rising tastes and inclinations, cultivates them, turns them to his own account; her mind is formed by him, and then—she is his own. These credulous people see nothing of this. It must be my province—carefully—to undeceive them, while I keep my own end in view. For Vallombrosa, then! How romantic! If the walls are not too high, I may chance to get a glimpse of her yet.”

He set his horse in motion, but was stopped almost immediately at a toll-bar by a carriage which was coming through. He drew up on one side to allow it to pass. Two ladies were in the carriage: Miss Travers and Margaret Nalders. They also saw and recognised him. It was the first time they had met since he saved the life of Alice's friend. Brunton took off his hat as the carriage moved on, but it had proceeded only a very few paces, when Miss Travers put her hand on the check-string, and looking out of the window made a sign for Brunton to approach. He immediately rode up, and was received with a degree of cordiality by both the ladies, which, though nothing more than his due, after the service he had rendered, was greater than he had anticipated. The conversation which ensued, though brief, was animated, and it had the effect of altering Brunton's destination for that day.

“This is not the occasion,” said Alice, who was the chief spokeswoman, “for expressing our thanks for what we owe you; but we are returning to-day to the old house in the City, to pass a few days with my grandpapa. As that is so much nearer to your place of business, perhaps we may hope to see you there during our stay.”

Miss Nalders expressed the same desire by a look which did not escape Brunton.

There was not the slightest necessity, he said, for thanks; he had only performed an act of duty; to have done anything that met with such warm approval was in itself a sufficient reward. Still he would not forego the pleasure which was held out by the kind invitation of Miss Travers—and so forth, all uttered in good set terms, and with becoming modesty.

The carriage then moved on, and Brunton, after a moment's hesitation, slowly followed.

“Not to-day, then—not to-day!” he said, as he gave one glance towards Fulham. “I am convinced she will prove an invaluable ally. Her gratitude is evidently sincere. One may be deceived by words, but looks seldom lie!”

So saying, he took the road that led directly homeward.

CHAPTER XX.

A FRESH PROJECT.

BRUNTON did not waste another four-and-twenty hours in mere speculative dreaming. To make up for lost time, as well as to improve present opportunity, he was early at work next day. There would have been quite enough to occupy him till the moment he had fixed for calling in Broad-street, had he devoted himself solely to his own affairs, but those of another person came in for a share of his attention. This person was

Mr. Ashley, who was in the habit of paying Brunton a visit every now and then, to assist by his guidance the progress of the machine to which he had given the first impulse. With no avowed personal interest, however—though the pupil knew very well what the master meant when the latter advised any particular line of action.

He came now to open a new field for Brunton's enterprise. From peculiar information which had reached him, he felt satisfied that India offered opportunities which had never yet been presented as he now beheld them; but they required careful handling, and the use they might be turned to depended on extraneous support.

"I am nothing, my dear, in this business myself," he said to Brunton, after he had adverted to the subject in general terms; "it's all for your good, you know."

Brunton smiled, and so did the Hebrew, but he made no pause.

"The sooner, therefore, you set about this thing I'm telling you of, the more money you'll make by it. But before you break ground you must feel your way! Now it's not so much an affair of capital—at all events, just now—as of credit, and if we—that is, you—go the right way to work, there will be no difficulty as to that."

"Let me hear the details of your scheme," said Brunton.

"At present," replied Mr. Ashley, "we will speak in parables. You must see the object, as in a glass, darkly. There is an event to come off in India—it may not be to-day, it may not be to-morrow, but one of these days it is sure to happen—and this event will have very important consequences. Some, no doubt, will suffer by it—others, on the contrary, will gain; that's commerce all over, my dear—regular profit and loss—so nobody here can make any objection."

"Would it matter much if they did?" asked Brunton.

"Not greatly—as least to you or me," returned the Hebrew. "Well, the pear is not ripe yet, as I've said already, but it's ripening, and we who are wise must be ready to catch the fruit when it falls. India is a very large country, and it can't be expected that in a very large country every one should be contented and happy. Fifty years ago there were, in India, as many native princes—kings, rajahs, and what not—as there are great men at this moment sitting in a certain room in Leadenhall-street. Now, fifty years is not an eternity: people don't forget everything in that time, least of all when harm has been done. Then, there are other matters. Some folks have their prejudices. You may not fancy a man's habits, I may dislike his religion—that kind of thing prevails all over the world: I don't see why it shouldn't be the case in India! Perhaps it is, perhaps not—I don't pretend to say; but if anybody were to ask me what I really thought on the subject, I might, if I liked, give them a tolerably plain answer."

"Its tenor, after what you have observed," said Brunton, "is not very hard to divine. You apprehend a general outbreak in India?"

"I don't apprehend it," replied Mr. Ashley, coolly.

"You expect it, then?"

Mr. Ashley laughed.

"And how," continued Brunton, "will that benefit commerce? Its real interest consists in upholding peace and security everywhere."

"Very likely, as a general rule, but all rules have their exceptions.

Besides, I wasn't talking of the interests of commerce. I'm not lecturing at Crosby Hall. I spoke of something nearer home. I've known parties who found it most to their account to fish in troubled waters."

"A little less metaphor, Mr. Ashley, will make the subject clearer."

"Well, then, supposing this outbreak is—as you think I believe—coming, but not yet! It's an event one ought to be prepared for. You know the French proverb: 'Revolutions are not made with rose-water.' The mainspring that sets them going is money. Now there is plenty of money in India. The shroffs, as they call their native bankers, the bazaar-merchants, have monetary dealings on the largest scale in all parts of Asia. A single line of theirs in Hindostáni, which neither you nor I could read, will be cashed at sight wherever it is presented, just like one of Temple Travers's cheques in the London market. So, you see, any amount may be raised for a purpose when necessary. This, however, is beside the question at present, though it may have its consequences hereafter. What it imports us to do, at this moment, is to make money while it can be made. Investments in Indian produce, as I learn from tolerably sure authority, may be effected just now on very advantageous terms, by pushing them in the right direction. If you were out there, and saw with your own eyes, you could do it yourself, but as it must be done by those who are on the spot, the people employed must be such as enjoy general confidence. The first step, therefore, is to establish business relations with one or more of the first houses in Calcutta. I suppose you see now what I'm coming to?"

"I believe I do," said Brunton, who had been listening attentively; "but go on."

"Nobody knows better than yourself," resumed Mr. Ashley, "the position of the firm of Temple Travers. It stands A 1 all over the world. The first good luck that ever befel that house began in the East,—was brought to it by *The Queen of Sheba*, which hangs, in miniature, in the hall there in Broad-street,—and the luck has never turned. God forbid it should! Neither has the firm turned away from the original source of its wealth. India, as I need not tell you, is still their mark, and to be introduced by them to a house of business in India, is to give you the means of doing whatever you have a mind to accomplish."

"It was always my intention," said Brunton, "sooner or later, to apply to the Broad-street people for such an introduction as you suggest, but I did not wish to be precipitate. Mr. Velters has some faith in my enterprise, but he is apt to ask curious questions."

"Let him ask what he pleases," returned Mr. Ashley, "you have a simple answer ready. A friend has given you good information: he won't push the inquiry further, because he knows the fact to be as I have stated it, and the best proof of that will be shown by the nature of his own investments. Depend upon it, you'll very soon hear, through Browser or somebody, that Temple Travers have gone in largely for Indian produce."

"After all, then," said Brunton, smiling, "you have come round to the commercial view of the question."

"I never meant anything else," replied Mr. Ashley, "as far as we are concerned. To do business peaceably and quietly, under the shadow of a great man's wing, is as much as we need trouble ourselves about. But

that don't prevent us from knowing the reason why; and, having that knowledge, we should be simpletons indeed if we did not endeavour to make our profit out of it."

The bantering tone in which Mr. Ashley began this conversation had completely disappeared at its close; so also had his alleged singleness of object. It was evident enough, if Brunton had not so perfectly understood the relations which subsisted between himself and Mr. Ashley, that a common interest united them in this newest and most important project.

"There is no occasion," said Mr. Ashley, after a short pause, "for me to enter into any further explanations. When once the vessel is under weigh, you can steer her as well as I. The material point is to get her off the stocks. When shall you be able to see Mr. Velters?"

"I hope to do so to-day," replied Brunton. "I was going down to the house this afternoon. In fact, I had an appointment there."

"With him?" asked Mr. Ashley.

"Why, not exactly," answered Brunton, "though I thought I might probably see him."

The Hebrew dealer was one of those men who are intuitively suspicious, even of they know not exactly what, and his quick eye was searching every line of Brunton's countenance as he spoke; but it exhibited no sign of an ulterior purpose.

"I should have said something to you about this Indian affair," continued Mr. Ashley, "at Mrs. Cutts's party, the other night, only you gave me no opportunity, you went away so soon. By-the-by, what do you think of the Dr. Brocas we saw there? He seems a remarkable man!"

"I did not take much notice," said Brunton, indifferently; "I never met him before—neither have I seen him since."

"I have the advantage of you, then," returned Mr. Ashley, "for he paid me a visit only two days ago. It seems he has a passion for everything that relates to art, alive or dead. As my commodity is still-life—though if my daughters were professional, I flatter myself they would make a noise"—(the young ladies generally contrived to do that, without the professional qualification)—"he came to see what I had in that way, and we did a little business together. I showed him several nice things, mostly in Dresden china, which took his fancy very much. His taste and knowledge are first-rate, and, like all men of that sort, price never stops him."

"You are fortunate in picking up such a client; but for you to be lucky is nothing new. Where does he live?"

"A little way out of town, at a beautiful villa on the river, near Fulham."

"Have you seen it?"

"Yes; I always like to see people's places where I deal. Went yesterday; found that pretty actress there, Miss What's-her-name, that read the play to us, and her mother—I suppose it was."

Brunton wished he had been aware of the Dealer's journey, but he did not say so. It was his cue to appear to know nothing of Dr. Brocas, that he might learn the more.

Mr. Ashley went on ; when he got upon this branch of his business he was talkative.

"Odd person, Dr. Brocas ; appears to have fresh hobbies every day. When he came to see me, talked of nothing but Sèvres and Meissen ; yesterday, was all for pictures ; hardly looked at the china I took down ; head full of the Italian masters ; seems to know them all as well as I do ; wants a particular Giorgione, for which, he says, he will give any money. I told him there was only one of the kind in England, and that was in the Marquis of Wolverton's gallery, an heirloom, not to be sold. He was quite mad upon it, however ; vowed he must have it, begged, borrowed, or stolen ; so, to keep him quiet, I told him I'd see what could be done, though I know it's no use."

"Has he many pictures ?"

"Not where he is ; he has but just come to Fulham ; those he bought in Italy, he says, are at his place in the country, somewhere in Hampshire."

"And the house he now lives in is pretty, you say ?"

"Very. Must have cost a good deal to fit it up ; everything of the best and newest fashion. Quite a gem of a thing."

"I declare you quite excite my curiosity to get a peep at it. Perhaps you could take me down some day ?"

"Oh, easily. The Doctor seems very liberal. Proud, I dare say, to show off. What I like about him is his gay, easy temper ; nothing seems to put him out."

"That is agreed, then. And now for something of a more serious nature. This will be about the time to find Mr. Velters."

It was the time also when Brunton expected he should find Alice Travers.

The confederates parted, taking different ways in the street, but each in the full belief that he was following the high road to fortune.

CHAPTER XXL

SOMETHING MORE THAN AN ALLY.

MR. ASHLEY'S communication had not been made without giving Brunton motive for reflection—though scant time was allowed him to think before he was called upon to act.

But he was one to whom the *coup d'œil* was habitual, and while on his way to Broad-street he examined the whole bearings of the question.

There could be no doubt that, in a mercantile point of view, Mr. Ashley's advice was good. The Hebrew dealer's information was always reliable ; Brunton had had proof of that before. Then his interests were involved in the issue in more ways than one. A highly successful speculation would give Mr. Ashley a large return for whatever advance he might choose to make in setting it going ; and when Brunton had realised his own profits, it might suit his friend to claim the ten thousand pounds for which he held Brunton's bond, and this would be an easy way of obtaining a release from an obligation which, although never absolutely pressed on the debtor's attention, was always more or less implied in a thousand nameless ways.

So far the aspect of the affair was all that could be desired. Was there any other under which it could be considered?

What had been Mr. Ashley's words?

"Some, no doubt, will suffer by it—others, on the contrary, will gain."

It is true he had gone on to observe that this was an axiom of commerce, though Brunton was well aware the statement was fallacious—for the fair and free interchange of produce for money entails no loss on either side, but, on the contrary, is creative of mutual profit—a point within the merest tyro's comprehension. He might set that down, therefore, as a mere *façon de parler*, but for his knowledge that Mr. Ashley never said anything without a meaning.

Brunton felt convinced that he intended something more than a vague allusion to the far-off consequences of an unsettled state of government. His thoughts went back instinctively to the interview between himself and the Hebrew dealer in Finsbury-square. He remembered the expression of Mr. Ashley's countenance when he first spoke of the house of Temple Travers, and it had never been absent from Brunton's mind that the eagerness with which he had adopted the fortunes of a perfect stranger was wholly inexplicable. Could there be anything in this new project that was likely, at some future time, to prove mischievous to the colossal firm? That consideration would, of necessity, make Brunton pause before he tied himself down to Mr. Ashley's proposition, his own best interests depending on the stability of the Broad-street establishment, in a way of which the other had no idea, at present; and to keep Mr. Ashley in ignorance of a matter that affected Brunton so personally must be one of his chiefest cares for the future.

But to counterbalance the suspicion that harm was intended towards the house of Temple Travers, came the recollection of Mr. Ashley's having said that the scheme must be judged of by the proceedings of Mr. Velters. If the astute managing partner, whose whole life had been passed in the closest examination of the opportunities of commerce, were himself embarked in the great Indian venture, then the question resolved itself into the simplest elements. Brunton was only following a lead already begun, and in asking for an opening on his own account, merely pursued the course which every merchant would take who desired an extension of business. When he reflected, too, upon the enormous capital of the great firm, their unbounded credit, the secure system on which they transacted their affairs, and the wealth which had been realised almost beyond the possibility of a shock, he came to the conclusion that he was raising apprehensions upon premises that had no foundation. The essential thing for him to do was to watch Mr. Ashley with the utmost care, implicitly follow his instructions if they tended really to his own advantage, or throw him over—if that were the better course—when the time came for doing without him.

"Je dormirai en lièvre," said Brunton, as he wound up his reflections: "nobody shall catch me with my eyes shut: not even you, my Hebrew friend!"

There was some difference between Brunton's reception now and that which greeted him on the day he first appeared before Mr. Velters. The wooden expression remained, the eye was as cold as before, the mechani-

cally thrust-out hand as horny as ever, but the rigour which subsisted as between principal and subordinate had abated, and Mr. Velters actually suggested a chair. Its acceptance was witnessed through the glass door by Browser's colleagues, and it had the effect with them of raising the firm of Brunton and Co. to a higher premium than, in the estimation of Temple Travers's clerks, they had ever yet stood at.

To record the dialogue which took place between Brunton and Mr. Velters would be scarcely more amusing than to transcribe a page from either of their ledgers: its result is all that need be noted. It, however, gave the Managing Partner a much higher opinion of the young merchant to find him in possession of information which he, himself, had only very recently acquired, and that through an exclusive channel; and this fact had no small weight—though other causes might have operated—in inducing him to lend an ear to Brunton's representations. In brief, it was settled that the support of the great house in Broad-street should be given to the little one in Mincing-lane, in all that related to Indian transactions, and the negotiating parties separated on terms more advantageous to the rising firm than it had ever yet enjoyed.

When Brunton rose to take leave, after he had politely expressed his hope that Mrs. Velters and the family at Broadstone were well, and had received the usual common-place reply of a man who cares nothing for his wife and—to all appearance—little for his family, he observed:

"I am about, sir, to avail myself of the opportunity of being in Broad-street to pay my respects in-doors, being aware that the ladies are now staying here."

"Yes," said Mr. Velters, "they arrived yesterday. I am not sure, though, that you will find them at home, for I thought I saw the carriage go out. Miss Nalders, sir, is a most amiable person. You could not, physically speaking, have performed a more meritorious action than when you extricated her from her late peril. We all highly appreciate it!"

"Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley!" said Brunton, to himself, quoting from his play-going recollections. "I hope I have not missed them."

Mr. Velters, however, was right; the carriage had gone out, but on further inquiry Brunton found that it contained only Mr. Travers and Alice. Miss Nalders was at home.

Perhaps, with reference to Brunton's design, this was the best thing that could have happened.

He accordingly sent in his card, and was immediately admitted.

When he entered the old-fashioned drawing-room, which was described in the first chapter of this history, Margaret Nalders was sitting near one of the windows with her back to the light: at a certain time of life, when youth has lost somewhat of its freshness, the advantage of this position is not overlooked by the fair sex.

She rose on seeing Brunton, extended her hand, withdrew it before it could be taken, leant on the back of her chair for an instant, and then motioned to him to be seated.

There was a pause, which might have become awkward if Brunton had not spoken.

"I hope," he said, "that you have entirely recovered from the effects of the accident at Broadstone?"

"Quite," answered Miss Nalders, faintly; "that is to say, I feel them

very little. There are times, perhaps, when I am not altogether myself again, when I remember the danger that you—that I——”

“A sudden shock of that kind,” said Brunton, “must necessarily affect the nerves. By degrees, as you recover your strength, the impression you speak of will wear away.”

“I imagine so,” replied the lady, “though I am naturally of a nervous temperament. But,” she continued, with more emphasis, “there is one impression that never can be obliterated: my deep sense of gratitude for the courage and humanity which saved a life of such little value, if not to myself at least to others.”

“I am sure you are wrong,” said Brunton, gallantly, “to set so low an estimate upon your life as not to think that it is prized by numbers.”

“By numbers!” repeated Miss Nalders, in a tone almost scornful, if scorn could be expressed in accents so soft as hers,—“Alice would regret me—yes, the darling girl would weep for my loss—but numbers! Ah, Mr. Brunton, I must not deceive myself. There is no penalty so severe as that which we pay for self-deception.”

“But in this case,” returned Brunton, rather more earnestly, “the error is on the opposite side. Suppose, for an instant, that I waive all personal considerations: the eminent services which you have rendered, from her childhood, to Miss Temple Travers, must alone endear you to the hearts of all her relatives and friends! It is barely ten minutes since I heard Mr. Velters mention your name in terms of the very highest commendation.”

The colour came quickly to the cheek of Margaret Nalders.

“Mr. Velters!” she exclaimed, and the tone was no longer doubtful; “he is a good judge of the qualities of a woman!”

Then, as if her feelings had betrayed her into an indiscretion:

“Mr. Velters is an excellent, a most upright, well-meaning man, and his praise must be most gratifying to any one fortunate enough to deserve it; but what I would say is, that he cannot, from his habits of life, be exactly in the position to understand the nicer shades of feminine character. I value his good opinion highly—very highly—but that remains outside the circle I have drawn.”

“Which,” said Brunton, “has far too narrow a radius, believe me.”

“Ah, could I hope so!” sighed Miss Nalders. “But you, at all events, shall have the thanks—how very poor the word sounds!—of a not ungrateful person—if—if—you will condescend to accept the offering.”

“Should I have acquired any title to them,” Brunton replied, “I am more than repaid by the acknowledgment; but,” he added, “my satisfaction would be far greater if that acknowledgment were never renewed.”

“I will speak no more, then,” she said, “of what I can never forget!”

There was another pause of some moments, during which Miss Nalders sat with her head resting on her hand and her eyes bent on the floor: it was again broken by Brunton, who began to entertain the misgiving that too much sentiment was mingled with the lady's gratitude.

“I am only half as fortunate this morning,” said Brunton, “as I hoped to have been. Miss Temple Travers is from home?”

Margaret Nalders looked up, but it was plain to Brunton that though his words had reached her ear, she had not caught their sense.

He repeated his question, omitting the complimentary introduction.

"Yes," replied Margaret, making an effort to collect her thoughts, "Alice has gone out with Mr. Travers. I believe they have driven to Highgate to call upon an old friend, Mrs. Hastings, whom Alice has not seen for some time. It would have given her the greatest pleasure to have seen you, for ever since that day—pardon me for again alluding to it—she has spoken of nothing but your—the event that then occurred."

"A proof," said Brunton, who appeared heroically resolved to put himself out of question—"a proof, if any were wanting, of the strength of her regard for you."

"It is true. Alice is the great exception. When with her, I feel I am not alone in the world. She loves me with all her heart, and I—in- efficiently, I fear—endeavour to deserve her affection. Dear Alice! I believe there is no sacrifice she would not make on my account, could I be so selfish as to require one. She has, all her life, been devoted to my slightest wish."

"Such an example is rare."

"It is, indeed. The tie, Mr. Brunton, that unites us is no common one. Placed by her side when I was myself little more than a child—her elder only by a few years"—(Miss Nalders omitted to say how many)—"there has only been that difference in our thoughts and feelings which arises from the procession of time, as between an elder sister and a younger. Scarcely so much, in fact, for the separations that occur in families have never divided us: from the hour she was first placed under my guidance 'we have lived and loved together.'"

"To part now," said Brunton, cautiously approaching the subject that was uppermost in his mind, "would be almost an impossibility."

"As you say, 'almost an impossibility.' And yet——"

A sigh filled up the unfinished sentence.

"'And yet,' Miss Nalders, if I may repeat your words also, whatever enters the imagination may come to pass at last."

"Do you think so? Oh, that is too great a latitude of belief."

"I mean within a reasonable limit."

"A reasonable limit may be one very difficult to define."

"It depends, of course, upon the mind of the thinker. With some, expectation is placed very high, others have views more moderate."

"Is it fair to ask you to which class you, yourself, belong?"

"I, Miss Nalders? To make true confession I reply that, like most men whose world is before them, I have aspirations with regard to certain aims which might be taxed with extravagance, if every day's experience did not show that most things are attainable. To persevere is to succeed."

"That creed would carry you very far."

"Not beyond the pale of reality."

"I must once more ask you for a definition."

"By 'reality,' then, I intend, the actual conditions of life: fortune and domestic happiness."

"How many thousands there are who achieve neither!"

"Because they neglect their opportunities."

"And these opportunities! Who knows, for certain, when they present themselves?"

"There is an instinctive faculty which warns us when the moment is arrived."

"I can understand that, so far as it relates to success in worldly affairs—in the pursuit of what you call 'fortune.' But the other condition, which seems to hold only the second place in your scale—is that also a waiter upon opportunity?"

"If I named it last, I did so because I prize it most—because it lingers latest in my thoughts. Without domestic happiness, fortune—so called—is valueless."

There was as much apparent sincerity in Brunton's words as if Claribel were not in existence, and the wealth of Miss Temple Travers merely a dream.

"Are you of opinion," said Margaret Nalders, who appeared unwilling to drop the theme, "that the two categories which you have named are indivisible?"

"By no means," replied Brunton. "There are a million instances to the contrary. A man may be rich and very wretched—happy but very poor. Oh, no! The division in this case is the rule. But there is no law against their co-existence. Sometimes it happens that they arrive together."

Brunton shot a hasty glance at Margaret Nalders, to ascertain the effect which these words produced.

"That is not often," she said, calmly, "if I apprehend you rightly. But," she continued, with more animation, "it may very well be that one should follow the other. If a woman, for example, were devoted to a man whose fortune was yet to be made; if she knew, by something better than an instinctive faculty, that his love were equal to her own; if, in default of other means, she had the power of advancing his interests to almost any extent, of placing more than competence within his grasp; if, poor perhaps herself, her energies, her will, were equal to these issues, would not fortune in that way acquired be better welcomed than if it came by accident, or were only the consequence of successful calculation?"

A total change had in one moment been operated in the appearance of Margaret Nalders.

Youth she had not, neither—though very feminine of aspect—had beauty ever been her portion, but while she spoke, even after she had ceased speaking, she looked both young and beautiful, so wondrous is the charm that is wrought by love when passion, slumbering for years, is all at once aroused.

The conversation had throughout been impressed by Margaret Nalders with a character so peculiar, that, rapidly as her meaning was at last developed, it was not a surprise to Brunton. The only thing that startled him was the conversion of a manner so uniformly placid into one of such strong excitement. The change betokened danger to his hopes if the newly-awakened feeling were rudely thwarted.

"Il faut ménager cette femme!" was the idea that immediately crossed his mind, for Brunton could reason in any extremity.

Margaret Nalders had risen, and now stood clasping the table before her with both her trembling hands; she hastily turned her eyes on

Brunton's, and then as hastily averted them ; the blood which had rushed to her face ebbed as quickly as it mounted, and left her deadly pale.

Brunton advanced towards her.

"I will not," he said, in a low voice, "affect to misunderstand you. You offer me the life I saved."

She dropped into a chair, and covering her face, burst into an agony of tears.

Brunton took one of her hands.

"There is no cause for grief," he continued, in the same subdued tone.

"Margaret!"

She started—her whole frame heaving with emotion.

"Margaret!" he whispered, "why did I save your life? If I had not loved you—the very instant I first beheld you—I might have left you to another."

"It is true, then, true, what I durst not hope," she exclaimed, "and no mere impulse of compassion! Will Alice believe in her own prediction? Oh, Richard! Richard!"

Did he dare, the dissembler, the double traitor, to press her to his bosom, to shower kisses on her brow, to utter the fondest words? Yes, he dared all, for he said within himself, "I will bend this nature to my own purpose. She loves me enough to be my slave."

And at once he made the first move in controlling her will.

"Margaret," he said, "but for that which has chanced—so happily—so unexpectedly—you would have learnt some of the particulars of my life when I spoke of acquiring fortune. It was my intention to have told you under what circumstances my career began, how far I am dependent, and how far free ; but your own impulsive nature has caused you, in part, to anticipate an explanation which, when made, would have left my fate in your hands. Yes, such a wife as you described is necessary to my success ; but that is not all. I am involved by considerations of vast weight in affairs of which I am not the absolute disposer, and our engagement—it is one, dearest?—must for the present remain a secret ; a secret from all—even from your child and pupil, Alice Travers. Her assistance in carrying out our plans—*ours*, Margaret!—was that, I know, upon which you reckoned, and it must not fail us. Win her regard for me ; for your sake she will freely give it ;—but until it is wholly won, breathe not a syllable of the reason why you plead. A premature disclosure would cause the failure of all my combinations. You promise this, Margaret?"

"Anything, everything, Richard, after what you have done for me!"

As Brunton passed through the old tessellated hall, his eye fell upon *The Queen of Sheba*.

"That ship," he muttered, "sailed on many a stormy sea, but she always got safely into port. My ventures are not less perilous than hers. Let me accept the omen. I will back myself against any one I know for improving an occasion."

THANATOS ATHANATOS.

A MEDLEY.

VIII.

AVOIDING THE THOUGHT OF DEATH:—LOUIS XI.—MAXIMILIAN I.—HENRI IV.—LATIN PERIPHRASIS—LADY GETHIN—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD—DR. JOHNSON—HOOD—LAMB—JUSTICE SHALLOW—GODFREY BERTRAM—CARLYLE ON THE METHOD OF NATURE.

After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God, three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.—*King Henry V.*, Act II. Sc. 3.

Les hommes n'ayant pu guérir la mort, la misère, l'ignorance, se sont avisés, pour se rendre heureux, de ne point y penser.—*Pensées de Pascal*, I. VII. § 4.

Tout ce que je connais, c'est que je dois bientôt mourir; mais ce que j'ignore le plus, c'est cette mort même que je ne saurais éviter.—*Ibid.* II. § 2.

Le soleil ni la mort ne se peuvent regarder fixement.—*Maximes de La Rochefoucauld*.

NEVER, says Philip de Comines, of Louis XI., never was man more fearful of death, nor used more means to keep it at a distance. "He had, all his life long, commanded and requested his servants, and me among the rest, that whenever we saw him in any danger of death, we should not tell him of it, but merely admonish him to confess himself, without ever mentioning that cruel and shocking word Death; for he did not believe he could ever endure to hear so cruel a sentence."

Crowned heads more than one or two have shared in the repugnance of uncrowned heads to think of One who is himself too a King, the King of Terrors. They cannot bear to think that

—within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.

Like common men, and often still more absolutely, they taboo the subject altogether. When Henri Quatre was going over the articles of the Romish faith, with a view to his abjuration of the Reformed, he stopped abruptly at the section on prayers for the dead. "Let us talk of something else," he said; "I have no taste for death." There might be no royal road to escape it; but his majesty would follow out his own royal road of avoiding the discussion of it. So, *parlons d'autre chose*. Anything but *that*.

Old Gerard Leigh, in his "Accidence of Armorie," tells us, that "the great Maximilian the emperor came to a monastery in high Almaine, the monks whereof had caused to be curiously painted the charnel of a man, which they termed Death. When that well-learned emperor had beheld it awhile, he called unto him his painter, commanded him to blot the skeleton out, and to paint therein the image of a fool. Wherewith the abbot, humbly beseeching him to the contrary, said, 'It was a good remembrance.' 'Nay,' quoth the emperor, 'as vermin that annoyeth

man's body comes unlooked for, so doth death, which here is but a feigned image, and life is a certain thing, if we know how to deserve it." The emperor found any such "good remembrance" *de trop*, and probably set down that "good remembrancer," the abbot himself, as a troublesome fellow, whom (together with his monastery) 'twere as well, with all convenient speed, to forget.

His philosophy in this respect was that of the mass of mankind. We do not "consider," but systematically ignore our latter end. That death of which we all know so well, is, as Chalmers says, scarcely ever in our thoughts: with as cheerful and assured footsteps do we tread the face of this world, as if it were the scene of our immortality—and the latter end of our life is totally unseen in the obscure and undefined distance at which we have placed it, in the field of our contemplations. As in Pope's couplet—

The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.

This, Pope declares to be, a "great standing miracle." Chalmers again remarks, that it argues for the strength of the recoil with which nature shrinks from the thought of its own dissolution, that so many and repeated demonstrations pass unheeded—and that, walking though we be, over the accumulated ruins of so many generations, we nevertheless will talk as merrily, and lift up our heads as securely, as though beings who were to live for ever.

The Romans, says Montaigne, "by reason that this poor syllable Death was observed to be so harsh to the ears of the people, and the sound so ominous, found out a way to soften and spin it out by a periphrasis, and instead of pronouncing bluntly, 'Such a one is dead,'—to say, 'Such a one has lived,' or, 'has ceased to live.' For, provided there was any mention of life in the case, it carried yet some sound of consolation."

"I am persuaded," says Lady Gethin, analysing her feelings of affright and bewilderment at the prospect of Death, her quailing inability to front that ever *instans vultus tyranni*, against whose tyranny there is no appeal,—“I am persuaded 'tis happy to be somewhat dull of apprehension in this case; and yet the best way to cure the pensiveness of the thoughts of death, is to think of it as little as possible.” Montaigne would have men familiarise themselves with it, and reason themselves out of their fear and trembling. La Rochefoucauld, on the other hand, is of opinion, that "reason" rather intensifies than dulls the dread of death; adding, "Tout ce qu'elle peut faire pour nous est de nous conseiller *d'en détourner les yeux* pour les arrêter sur d'autres objets." The old ostrich tactics again. Where ignorance is bliss, ignore by all means. As in the "moral" that concludes La Fontaine's fable of the Sheep, the Pig, and the Kid,—

Et le moins prévoyant est toujours le plus sage.

Boswell one day mentioned to Dr. Johnson that he had seen the execution of several convicts at Tyburn, two days before, and that none of them seemed to be under any concern. The doctor said, "Most of them, sir, have never thought at all." "But," rejoins Boswell, "is not the fear of death natural to man?" "So much so, sir," replied the sage, "that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it." Bos-

well's Tyburn experiences remind us of what Thomas Hood says, towards the tragic close of one of his tragi-comic poems (the longest of them, and the best):

But life is sweet, and mortality blind,
And youth is hopeful, and Fate is kind
In concealing the day of sorrow;
And enough is the present tense of toil—
For this world is, to all, a stiffish soil—
And the mind flies back with a glad recoil
From the debts not due till to-morrow.

Wherefore else does the Spirit fly
And bid its daily cares good-by,
Along with its daily clothing?
Just as the felon condemned to die—
With a very natural loathing—
Leaving the Sheriff to dream of ropes,
From his gloomy cell in a vision elopes,
To caper on sunny greens and slopes,
Instead of the dance upon nothing.

Charles Lamb, again, enumerating in a letter to Southey (quoted in our last chapter) the familiar home associations to which his home-loving spirit clung, exclaims in his ingenuous way: "God help me when I come to put off these snug relations, and to get abroad into the world to come! I shall be like the crow on the sand, as Wordsworth has it; *but I won't think on it*; no need I hope yet." Need or not, he will follow Mrs. Quickly's counsel, and "won't think on it," will ignore this Presence that is not to be put by. If it cannot be put by, at least let it be put off. Not, however, with any kind of understanding that when he has a more convenient season he will send for it. *It* will send for *him*, before ever that day dawns. Writing to another correspondent about his sister's recurring attacks, he mournfully observes: "It cuts great slices out of the time, the little time, we shall have to live together. I don't know but the recurrence of these illnesses might help me to sustain her death better than if we had had no partial separations. But I won't talk of death. I will imagine us immortal, *or forget that we are otherwise.*" Mankind at large make a practical study of this art of forgetting.

How exquisitely true to nature is Shakspeare's presentment of *Justice Shallow*, in the scene where that fussy ancient talks away with good cousin *Silence* about the days that are past, and the friends that are gone. "O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!" *Silence* appositely remarks, in his stolid way, "We shall all follow, cousin." Briskly the Justice responds, "Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist says, is certain to all; all shall die.—*How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?*"

SIL. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

SHAL. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

SIL. Dead, sir.

SHAL. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow! And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money upon his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score [yards]; and carried you a forhand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—*How a score of ewes now?*

SIL. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

SHAL. And is old Double dead!

And anon the Justice might have sought another diversion by inquiring the price of poultry, or the market value of breadstuffs, but for the entrance of Sir John Falstaff, which conveniently and very summarily disposes of Death and old Double.

Scott, in "Guy Mannering," has a sort of parallel passage, *longo intervallo*, in one of the flighty speeches of the poor laird of Ellangowan, complaining of his tenants: "Luckie Finniston sent up three kain hens [a sort of rent in kind] that were a shame to be seen only last week, and yet she has twelve bows sowing of victual; indeed her goodman, Duncan Finniston—that's him that's gone—(we must all die, Mr. Mannering; that's ower true)—and speaking of that, let us live in the mean while, for here's breakfast on the table, and the Dominie ready to say the grace."

For ever in the neighbourhood of an inevitable Death, man can forget, says Carlyle, "that he is born to die; of his Life, which, strictly meditated, contains in it an Immensity and an Eternity, he can conceive lightly, as of a simple implement wherewith to do day-labour and earn wages. So cunningly does Nature, the mother of all highest Art, which only apes her from afar, 'body forth the Finite from the Infinite;' and guide man safe on his wondrous path, not more by endowing him with vision, than, at the right place, with blindness! Under all her works, chiefly under her noblest work, Life, lies a basis of Darkness, which she benignantly conceals; in Life too, the roots and inward circulations which stretch down fearfully to the regions of Death and Night, shall not hint of their existence, and only the fair stem with its leaves and flowers, shone on by the fair sun, shall disclose itself, and joyfully grow." It being our philosopher's doctrine, in effect, that this same Nature strives, like a kind mother, to hide from us her darksome mystery—that she would have us rest on her beautiful and awful bosom as if it were our secure home—and would have us build and walk on the bottomless, boundless Deep, as if the film which supported us there (which any scratch of a bare bodkin will rend asunder, any sputter of a pistol-shot instantaneously burn up) were no film, but a solid rock-foundation.

IX.

A DIGRESSION ON TALKING OF THE DEAD:—COWPER AND MRS. UNWIN—LORD BYRON AND ALLEGRA—HORACE WALPOLE—"CHRISTOPHER NORTH"—MITCHELL'S "REVERIES OF A BACHELOR"—THE PRIEST OF ENNERDALE—SIR WALTER SCOTT—ROBERT SOUTHBY.

—Two daughters lost he—one that died disgraced,
Whose name was therefore to be named no more—
The other lived beloved, and slept in peace,
So loved as living, so deplored as dead,
That still more sternly the old man forbade
(In th' inarticulate anguish of his soul)
All mention by survivors of *her* name—
And from sheer doting fondness of the child
Winned at the faintest hint that e'er his home
Had known, and felt the power, of such a presence.

HOFFMANN.

It is not merely the light-hearted and frivolous to whom the subject of Death, in all its aspects, is abhorrent or distressing. Some men,—of melancholy temperament, and habitually contemplative mood, and strong

manly character withal,—cannot prevail on themselves, for some individual reason or other, to gaze on the remains of their departed ones. Some cannot bear that the name of the departed should henceforth be heard beside their hearth. When Cowper lost Mary Unwin—he could, indeed, and did gaze (in stormy sorrow) on the corpse, but her name he would name again no more for ever.

“In the dusk of the evening,” says Hayley, “he attended Mr. Johnson to survey the corpse; and after looking at it for a few moments, he started suddenly away, with a vehement, but unfinished sentence of passionate sorrow.

“He spoke of her no more.

“. . . From the moment when he hurried away from the inanimate object of his filial attachment, he appeared to have no memory of her having existed, for he never asked a question concerning her funeral, nor ever mentioned her name.”

Instances of this kind are common, and are their own interpreters. This “total abstinence” principle or practice is tersely explained in Shakespeare, when *Leontes* checks *Paulina’s* fond talk about the dead prince.

— Pr’ythee, no more; thou know’st
He dies to me again when talk’d of.

Moore describes Lord Byron as suffering dreadfully at hearing of the death of his daughter Allegra. Next day his words were: “It is God’s will—let us mention it no more.” And “from that day,” adds his biographer, “he would never pronounce her name.”

Neither in this chapter, nor in any other, of “Thanatos Athanatos: A Medley,” do we moralise, dogmatise, or preach. We express on the whole neither approval nor disapproval. We do but study human nature under certain diversified phases, in relation to the great change which awaits it. Man as a *thavatos 'athavatos*, a Mortal Immortal, is our theme: we study him as he regards himself in this character, but leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. This much, by the way,—lest it be supposed we sanction by silence, or by silence give consent to any particular expression of thought or feeling, of whim or eccentricity, of perverseness or infirmity, which may come under review. The subject at large is emphatically suggestive; but, in pulpit phrase, to “improve” it, in formal and didactic fashion, is beyond our ways and means. Lord Byron is no pattern text, maybe, for a pattern homily on behaviour under bereavement. Nor is he here cited in any such capacity. But the proper study of mankind is man: a man’s bearing under bereavement, man’s demeanour beneath the shadow of death, is an interesting study, and a suggestive. Hence, again, we refer to Horace Walpole (to whom as an ethical exemplar the same exceptions may apply), in further illustration of this peculiarity. He thus writes, two months after the death of his father Sir Robert (Lord Orford), to his Florentine correspondent, Sir Horace Mann: “I begged your brother to tell you what it was impossible for me to tell you. You share nearly in our common loss. Don’t expect me to enter at all upon the subject. After the melancholy two months that I have passed, and in my situation, you will not wonder I shun a conversation which could not be bounded by a letter—a letter that would grow into a panegyric, or a piece of moral; improper for me

to write, and too distressful for us both!—*a death is only to be felt, never to be talked of by those it touches.*” Our psychology, right or wrong, would dispose us to put this sentiment to Horace Walpole’s credit account, against those who sweepingly pronounce him insolvent in natural feeling, bankrupt in heart, if bankrupt he may be called that never had one, never knew what the word heart meant, or how it is a thing that in certain bosoms will beat and beat until it break.

Some, to quote the words of the late Professor Wilson, “seek the world’s sympathy, and love to converse about the loved objects lost—preserve and exhibit slight relics, pictures, treasure looks and sayings, and frame memorials. Others, again, and we are of the number, put an interdiction on all such things. *Names never escape our lips, nor others’ lips in our presence.* There is at least an outward oblivion passed upon all. We would not have a portrait of one we have lost; we indulge not, and dare not think, nay, force our thoughts into other channels than such as lead that way, till the habit of silence is acquired to ourselves, and to all about us, and is continued when the sensitiveness has subsided.”

“I know not why it was,” says Ik. Marvel, in one of his Reveries, where he is told of Bella’s illness and death, “but I shuddered at the mention of her name. There are some who will talk at table, and in their gossip, of dead friends; I wonder how they do it. For myself, when the grave has closed its gates on the faces of those I love, however busy my mournful thought may be, the tongue is silent. I cannot name their names, it shocks me to hear them named. It seems like tearing open half-healed wounds, and disturbing with harsh worldly noise the sweet sleep of death.”

This sensitiveness may seem unaccountable to natures otherwise constituted, to whom daily discourse touching the departed is a calm pleasure, perhaps even considered a pious duty. “We have no need of names and epitaphs,” says the homely priest of Ennerdale, to Leonard, in Wordsworth’s poem, as they converse together in the quiet churchyard—

We talk about the dead by our firesides.

A paragraph in Sir Walter Scott’s diary, dated three days after the death of his wife, contains these words: “We speak freely of her whom we have lost, and mix her name in our ordinary conversation. This is the rule of nature. All primitive people speak of their dead, and I think virtuously and wisely. The idea of blotting the names of those who are gone, out of the language and familiar discourse of those to whom they were dearest, is one of the rules of ultra-civilisation, which, in so many instances, strangle natural feeling by way of avoiding a painful sensation. The Highlanders speak of their dead children as freely as of their living members—how poor Colin or Robert would have acted in such or such a situation. It is a generous and manly tone of feeling; and so far as it may be adopted without affectation or contradicting the general habits of society, I reckon on observing it.”

With this passage it is interesting to contrast one that occurs in the opening page of Robert Southey’s Autobiography: “There are certain savages among whom the name of a deceased person is never mentioned; some superstition may have attached to this custom, but that the feeling in which it originates is natural, I know both by experience and observa-

tion. My children never speak of their brother Herbert, and I never utter his name except in my prayers, unless some special cause acts upon me like a moral obligation."

X.

ANOTHER DIGRESSION, ON GAZING ON THE DEAD:—WORDSWORTH ON THE DALESMEN—BURKE AND HIS ONLY SON—GOETHE—THOMAS MOORE—LAMARTINE.

I could not bear to look upon
That mound of funeral clay,
Where one sweet voice is silence,—one
Æthereal brow decay,
Where all thy mortal I might see,
But never thee.

E. BARRETT BROWNING: *The Exile's Return*.

As with talking about, so with gazing on, the dead. This, some regard as a privilege of utmost worth; while others—apart from all question of vulgar terror, or pitiful nervous apprehensions of a mere physical kind—shrink from it with earnest and intense recoil.

In the posthumous notes, recently for the first time published, to Wordsworth's well-known "pastoral" of the Pet Lamb, the poet describes the appearance, as she lay in her coffin, of the mother of Barbara Lewthwaite (a name familiar now to all lovers of that poem, and to all readers of De Quincey's Confessions), and says: "I mention this to notice what I cannot but think a salutary custom once universal in these vales. Every attendant on a funeral made it a duty to look at the corpse in the coffin before the lid was closed, which was never done (nor I believe is now) till a minute or two before the corpse was removed."

Many a mourner, on the other hand, has found, or fancied, an addition to his woe in the too vivid associations for ever afterwards connected with this farewell spectacle. Fain would he remember the departed in a form the fairest; his latest impressions he would have to be as bright and soothing as may be: but now that he has gazed too intently on that chill mass of poor mortality, he is to be haunted henceforth with its shadowy and perhaps disfigured presence, which he cannot exchange for an aspect radiant with the life that once was, with the bloom that has shared the "portion of weeds and outworn faces." That his last and abiding impressions may not be distressing, therefore, many a mourner has refrained from taking a last, last look on a face worth all the rest to him.

Edmund Burke lamented greatly that ever he went to see his son after death, "as the dead countenance [writes Dr. Lawrence] has made such an impression on his imagination that he cannot retrace in his memory the features and air of his living Richard."

Falk relates that when Goethe heard of his having looked upon Wieland in death, "and thereby procured myself a miserable evening and worse night, he vehemently reproved me for it. Why, said he, should I suffer the delightful impression of the features of my friend to be obliterated by the sight of a disfigured mask? I carefully avoided seeing Schiller, Herder, or the Duchess Amalia, in the coffin. I, for my part, desire to retain in my memory a picture of my departed friends more full

of soul than the mere mask can furnish me." Goethe's English biographer remarks that this subjection of the instinct of curiosity to the "dictates of reason" is not coldness; that it was not from want of sympathy, but excess of sensibility, that Goethe thus acted: his delicate nerves shrank from the wear and tear of excitement: that which to coarser minds would have been a stimulus, to him was a disturbance.

In the December of 1825, Thomas Moore arrived in Dublin to pay a last visit to his dying father. The following entry occurs in his Journal of that date: "Was glad to find that it was their strong wish" (alluding to his mother and sister) "that I should not ask to see my father, as he was past the power of knowing me, and it would only shock me unnecessarily. This is a great relief, as I would not for worlds have the sweet impression he left upon my mind when I saw him last exchanged for one which would haunt me, I know, dreadfully through the remainder of my life. It was Bessy [Mrs. Moore]'s last wish that I should not arrive in time to see him alive, and her earnest request that I should not look on him afterwards. She knows how it would affect me."

Lamartine, in his Autobiographic fragment, has a passage pertinent to this subject—descriptive of the survivor's feelings, doubts, vacillations, in the chamber of death. "You take a few hurried or faltering steps through the room. By turns you approach and move away from that bed, where a white coverlet, thrown over a motionless corpse, half displays and half conceals the outline of that form which you will never see more upon earth. A terrible struggle arises in your breast. The adored countenance is free from the fold of the winding-sheet; I may raise the coverlet,—I may gaze on it for the last time. Shall I look on it such as death has left it, or shall I press a kiss on that forehead through the snowy covering, and never see those vanished features more, save in memory, with the colours, the look, and the expression, which they wore in life? Which ministers better to the consolation of the survivor and the veneration of the departed? Problem incapable of solution! I feel but too well how differently it may be stated, and how differently it may be solved." He adds, however, that, in his own case, "instinct prevailed over reason;" that he longed to gaze, and did gaze; and that the tender and pious remembrance which he wished to impress upon his mind was not altered by his doing so; for the memory of the animated and living features, blending in his thoughts with the same features motionless, and, as it were, sculptured in marble by the hand of death, had imparted to the beloved objects something of the fire of life and the unchangeableness of immortality. It was not *Thanatos* alone he gazed on: there was *Athanatos* as well, to consecrate as by a power of transfiguration, to solace with the Hope that

Lights her torch at nature's funeral pile.

A FISHERMAN'S FOURTH LETTER TO HIS CHUM IN INDIA.

WITH what pleasure, my dear Harry, must you have read the *Times* during the month of May. I venture to bet half I possess, however, that the leading article, which to the world at large is the great focus of attraction, was never looked at by you until every page and column had been examined to see if there was any letter in them on the preservation of salmon. It is really some little comfort to us poor fishermen to think that people in general are beginning to discover that the kings of our rivers are becoming beautifully less by degrees. I fear, if the present system of wholesale slaughter is continued, the entire race will be nearly exterminated before you get your ticket of leave. Certainly, under the present system of treating our great criminals, it is much better to be a convict than a soldier officer in India, for the former have a much greater chance of seeing their friends, and that, too, at the expense of government, than any poor devil serving in our distant colonies can ever hope to do. "Mais revenons à nos moutons," and *hang* the convicts—which I really think would be the best thing you could do with nine-tenths of them.

The outcry for the preservation of salmon has begun to interest the majority of our countrymen, but what will avail the daily clamour of a few, or the clever letters that one reads now and then, if the subject is not taken up by those who have the power of remodelling the laws into some shape that will be the means of effectually checking the present destruction? All the writers, now-a-days, have taken up, most hotly, the preservation of the *fry* (as we fishermen call them), but few touch, in my humble opinion, sufficiently on the real evil—the wholesale slaughter of the *salmon*. If you annihilate the parents, what is the use of legislating for the preservation of their progeny? In all that has been urged by the numerous writers I am sure we both fully agree, but I think they have begun at the wrong end. There is no doubt that thousands of fry are annually destroyed by trout fishermen (which seems to be considered a dreadful crime), especially by schoolboys, who of course care but little what they take so that it be but a fish. This is an evil indubitably to be guarded against as much as possible, but what is the taking of a few by the rod to the ravages made at nearly all the mills, where generally every device is practised to take the fry on their passage down to the sea? Man is not their greatest enemy either. I consider the *trout* is the deadliest antagonist to the fry. I'll venture to say that a dozen trout, of a pound weight each, will destroy more fry in a season than the best fisherman that ever threw a fly. There is no close season for those gentlemen. The pike, again, is another of their natural enemies, but they do not do one-tenth part the harm that the trout does, although they get much more of the blame, for they reside in such parts of the rivers as are but little frequented by the fry, and they can, therefore, seldom get them, except on their migratory trips, and not so much even then as is often supposed, for the pike never takes well when the water is dirty, which is of course the

case during floods, when the fry generally run. The trout, on the contrary, live on the fords in which the fry are born, and from the moment of their leaving the spawning-bed until their departure to the sea, make them their constant food. I have found as many as eight tiny fry in the stomach of a trout of less than three-quarters of a pound weight, and yet his appetite was unsatiated, or he would surely not have taken my fly. I should, therefore, like to see the destruction of trout encouraged as far as possible, in all our *salmon rivers*, but a very rigid law should be enforced against those who are found with fry in their possession, or who, when fishing for trout, take salmon in the close season. That any fisherman may hook a salmon there can be no doubt, but in that case no gaff should be used to land it, and it should be returned into the river unharmed, as far as possible. To ensure this, a proper staff should be employed to guard all rivers, which could be maintained by a sum being levied on all salmon-fishers, whether by net, weir, or rod. You will hear the same story from every old fisherman of fifty or sixty years' standing. In my father's time, and when I was a young man, there was no close season—at least it was never heeded. Every one fished, and there were then a hundred salmon for one that there is now, but there were then no bag-nets or stake weirs.

This, my dear Harry, is the root of the evil. There is not a rock along our coast where salmon are ever known to pass that a bag-net is not placed ready to receive them, and the beds of our rivers are studded with stake-weirs. When these, and the innumerable drag-nets, are passed, then comes the formidable weir across the river, with its snug little tempting boxes for them to lodge in. Many fisheries are without a queen's gap, and even if there is one it is generally in some precipitous part of the river where no salmon would ever think of attempting to stem the raging torrent that runs there, instead of being in the centre and in the easiest place for a fish to get up. The seasons, also, for opening and closing the different rivers require great alteration, sufficient regard not having been paid to the time of the fish migrating, which, as you know, varies in almost every locality, even in rivers that run into the sea within a very short distance of one another. These are the points to consider, and then make a careful revisal of the laws and we shall soon have plenty of salmon, not only for sport, but what interests the public much more, for the table, and that at a reasonable price. You place a woollen net over the *blossom* of the peach to protect it from the frost, but what avails that if your gardener *cuts the roots*? Let us preserve the fry by every means in our power, but, above all, spare the goose that lays the golden egg—*protect the parent fish*.

How little I thought that the observations I made in my last letter on the blessings of railways and steamers would so soon come home to me in force. Fancy my now holding in my hand your critique on my first letter to you, which I received by yesterday's mail. I think that you have been extremely unjust and severe in your reflections on the errors you imagine you have discovered; but my vanity, and, I flatter myself, judgment also, on fishing matters will not allow me to admit that all you urge against the way in which I handled my fish is correct. It's all very well to say that I ought never to have allowed my fish to have left the rocky

stream, but I tell you, you could as much have prevented him doing so as you can fly, and that, I guess, is not very far. 'The best hurler is always on the bank, and the best billiard-player on the bench, are old sayings; and a good fisherman, with the quickness of perception that you have, would doubtless, while reposing on his sofa, an imaginary rod in hand, with a salmon at the end of it, kill the wickedest fish that ever took a fly in a tenth part of the time that any mortal could ever hope to do in reality, much less describe it satisfactorily on paper, which is, as I have before told you, the most difficult task to do that can fall to the lot of a fisherman, let him be ever so good at his work. I require encouragement, therefore, rather than censure; so, for the future, have the kindness not to pull my letters to pieces quite so unceremoniously, or the chances are I shall take a sulk on me, like a heavy salmon, and then the deuce another big fellow will I land to please you.

When I sent you in my last letter a detail of our otter hunt, I did not think there was the slightest chance of my remaining longer on this side of the water; but young G. has become such an enthusiast, that I believe he would rather fish all day for tadpoles than not try for something. His taking such a liking to the sport does not astonish me in the least, for he has learnt so quickly, and applies so well all I have told him, that he may be very soon ranked among the really good fishermen of the day. Of course he still requires practice in killing his fish, as, if left to his own devices, he would sometimes take half an hour to play a salmon that ought to be brought to the bag in five minutes, and again will try to bring in with a run one that required gentle handling and much patience. All this, however, will soon come when he has had a little more experience. He is well grounded in the rudiments of the art; the rest must follow as a matter of course. His enthusiasm was the cause of my remaining longer than I intended, as he persuaded me to make a short visit with him to my old spring quarters of last year to try the Blackwater again. To say the truth, I was only too glad of the excuse, so forthwith agreed to accompany him, and a most delightful trip we had. We crossed England and the Bristol Channel in a few hours, and were snugly located at — before our grandfathers would have made up their minds to pack their portmanteaus for such a trip. On our arrival, we heard very good accounts of the sport since the commencement of the season, and common report said that there still remained a good supply of fish in this (the lower) part of the river, as there had been no very great floods to induce the fish to run up since the season began. I had written and engaged Jim S., the man who accompanied me last year, and told him to have lots of callies (*Anglicè*, loach) caught for us, and also some small gudgeon, if the state of the river and the weather admitted of his obtaining them; which, unfortunately, it did not, they having had in that part of the world, for some days previous to his receiving my letter, a cold east wind, which had sent all the small fry into the deeps. I was most anxious to obtain all kinds of good bait in case the salmon were sick of the fly, which was nearly certain to be the case, as they had been thrashed over day and night almost during the whole season; we should not then be beat for want of the wherewithal to tempt them. What a pity one cannot get minnows in Ireland (at least I have never seen any

there, though I have been told that they exist in some localities), as I think there is no bait like them to bring a salmon out in low, clear water. G. did not kill any large fish, nor had he any difficult encounters, as I advised him—not being at all inclined to spend my time herding him—to try such streams only as he could fully command from the bank, and where he could follow his fish when hooked. These open waters are some of the best streams on the river. I preferred wading and fishing the more difficult water, as, of course, it had not been half so much fished over as the easier parts. I shall content myself, therefore—and you also, I hope, though from the tenor of your last letter you seem very hard to please—by giving you an account of *my* proceedings only.

The first day after my arrival, I killed six fish and lost two others. There must have been something wrong in the air during the early part of the day, for they would not stir until nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. From the number of fine fish that I saw throwing themselves in all directions, and the apparently fine order that the river was in, I am certain, had they been in good taking humour all day, that I should have had such a day's sport as would have been worth figuring in *Bell's Life*. I think that I ought to have killed one of the two fish that I hooked and lost, but he rose very close to me, and I fancy I struck a little too soon, as he had not turned before I raised my hand on him. The best fish I had was a fine fellow of nineteen pounds and a half, weighed on my return home. He must have been upwards of twenty pounds when first landed and before being bled, which Jim insisted on doing—an operation he performed by cutting the gills through in two or three places. It is always the custom here to bleed the fish in this manner as soon as landed, as the old fishermen maintain that this operation preserves the curd in them. This may be true, but I fancy it sometimes makes the flesh *too dry*, as well as firm; but when at Rome, I of course do as the Romans do. Although a fine sporting fish, he did not give me much trouble to kill, as I hooked him in one of the open streams, with dead water at the tail of it; consequently I had nothing to do but run him down and drown him as soon as possible, which I did in about eight minutes. I killed another beautiful fish of fifteen pounds, which was a most sporting fellow, and gave me a very merry dance, being hooked, with an artificial minnow of my own construction, by the tail. I put this on, as they had refused the natural bait the last three times I had fished the stream down. Being, however, taken in the same spot as the twenty pounder, he could not get me into trouble, though I never came across any fish in my life more inclined to do so. In his first race, he scudded along the top of the water like an oyster-shell on a duck pond, literally making a series of ducks and drakes. Several times he performed this curious feat, which I can never remember seeing a salmon do before, and which greatly amused two or three of the best fishermen on the river, who came to see the fun; but, nevertheless, I brought him to gaff very quickly, without accident or reverse of any kind. In fact, I believe I could have stranded him on the shingle, but did not like running any risk with so good a fish. The other four fish were all small, from six to nine pounds, and gave me no trouble whatever. Two of them I stranded, not allowing Jim to gaff them at all. I did not kill another fish worth mention until the fourth or fifth

day, when I got hold of one that gave me more anxiety than any fish I ever played in my life (not excepting the big fellow at Portna), as I hooked him in perhaps as difficult a place to kill a fish in as can well be imagined. But before you can possibly picture the scene to yourself, I must endeavour to explain the exact position I was placed in.

One of the largest mill-dams on the Blackwater crosses it just above the streams I was fishing, which are among the very best on the river, particularly that which runs next to an island about two hundred yards below the dam: here the river takes a very peculiar course. The dam necessarily does not cross the river at right angles, consequently the current beneath it is divided into three distinct streams, that forming the northern side of the island being very insignificant. The greatest body of water runs in the middle course of the inner, or southern side, of the island, but there is also a very heavy stream close into the bank on the quay side, as it is called, because the bank has been built up with stonework to prevent inroads during heavy floods. In the centre of the main run of the river between these streams there is a long triangular bank of shingle and small rocks, where, when it is in good fishing order, there is not more than eighteen inches or two feet of water running. I could not possibly fish this part of the river properly from either bank, therefore I put on my wading-boots and walked round the head of the stream, and placed myself on the shallow, so that I could fish one side of the island stream, and the whole of the quay stream as I walked down. The river was in such splendid order for the fly that I determined to try it, although the fish had had some hundreds thrown and drawn over them since the last fresh. I put on a very favourite one for that river, called there red-grey-and-brown, but which I have rechristened tricolor. It is thus tied: tinsel silver, tail, mixed, of macaw mallard, golden pheasant tippet, first tip yellow dubbing. The body, divided into three joints, first blue dubbing, then grey ditto, with grey hackle over it, then fiery brown, with hackle of the same colour; when tied large for early spring fishing I put on a shoulder hackle of blue jay over all; wing rather gaudy mixed, with mallard over all; head blue worsted. This is a very deadly fly in heavy water or rough streams, particularly in the earliest part of the season. I have killed well with it on almost every river I ever tried it.

I proceeded on the most approved system, a step for every throw, or rather, in this instance, for every other throw, as I first fished one stream, then the other, making an alternate throw in each, and I did not leave a single inch of either side, as far as I could cover, that I did not try, but I stirred nothing until I arrived at the junction of the two streams, which is about seventy or eighty yards below where I commenced fishing; there the water becomes deep. Just as I arrived at this point, and while receiving a caution from Jim that I was getting near the tops of my boots, and that the stream became suddenly very deep there, I hooked a fish.

My friend, Captain H., a good fisherman, who had come down that day with me, happened to reach the quay just at that moment. He immediately got himself into his wading-boots, and, following the course that I had fished down, soon joined me, gaff in hand.

"Where is the execution to take place?" he said.

I indicated where I thought would be the best place, in which he fully agreed. It was a very deep eddy, which was formed by the joining of the two streams, but which could be easily approached from the place where we were standing; it looked a very convenient spot to gaff a fish in. In fact, it was the only available locality possible in the position we then occupied. I therefore immediately set to work to endeavour to persuade the fish to head up to it. All I could do, however, was of no avail; the obstinate brute would never come near us, and kept heading down, occasionally running me out seventy or eighty yards of line, performing all the time the most fantastical twists and turns imaginable. Then he would quietly sail up a bit, but would never return to the spot where I had hooked him. In fact, I could do nothing with him. I had found my master; the truth being, that I had nearly enough to do to keep myself upon my legs. It appeared that elsewhere on the river there was but little sport going on, as several fishermen, seeing me in a fix, came to the quay to see the play and crack their jokes at my expense, which they did most freely. I was badgered like a hawk in a rookery. I believe some of them were not a little jealous at my having got hold of a good fish when they could stir nothing, which was evidently the case, or they would not have been idling there. I could hear sundry little sallies, such as—"You have got hold of him, I see, captain." "Don't you wish you may get him?" "Why don't you bring him up to the head of the stream?" "Did you ever hear the story about catching a tartar?" All this did not trouble me much, but it determined me to remain there until midnight, if necessary, and either kill the fish or get drowned in the attempt, which, without joking, was much more than probable, if he continued to follow the course he was then pursuing. I found, the more I tried to persuade my friend to come up, the more line he was certain to take from me, by frantically running down, especially if I bore at all heavily against him, and I grudged him every inch that he ran off the reel, as much as a miser would his purse to a highwayman. At last I made up my mind to try and cross the stream between me and the island, as I could see no hope of killing the fish where I then was, and I was determined not to give up a chance of landing him, after all the trouble and vexation he had given me, to say nothing of my *amour propre* being up at the chaffing that was still going on on the quay at my expense.

When I told H. of my intentions, he did all he could to dissuade me from so rash an attempt, as he said he did not think I could possibly stand against such a stream. Moreover, my boots, although up to the top of my thighs, were not high enough, as the force of the current would send the water over the tops. You know of old that I am rather obstinate, and have, also, a most particular aversion to losing a good fish; therefore, without further parley, though I confess I fully felt the truth of H.'s good advice, I began to carry my resolution into effect. The current was so strong that I could scarcely make any headway at all, particularly as my locomotion in a lateral direction was not a little impeded by the stress of the fish against me in a contrary way, as he kept hugging into the quay side, being at the time, also, some seventy yards down the stream I was leaving. When I had gone about eight yards—a quarter of the distance—to perform which must have occupied at least ten minutes, I found the stones rolling from under my feet, the water being

within a couple of inches or so of the tops of my boots. I now really thought nothing could have prevented my being carried off my legs, and had such a catastrophe happened, I cannot see how I could possibly have been saved from being drowned, for I am a most indifferent swimmer, and with my wading-boots on I should forthwith have dived like a brickbat. A friend of mine, who was quartered at — last year, was carried off his legs while wading in a much shallower ford of the river, and, but for the lucky chance of a shelving sand-bank, would, although a good swimmer, have inevitably been drowned, as his boots got filled immediately, and held him down. He thought himself very lucky to escape with the loss of half his rod, which broke in his fall, and about twenty yards of his line. They say that there are always three men, at least, drowned in the Blackwater every year, as the fords are very dangerous. My friends always told me, when I used to fish on the weir near the bridge in the town of —, that I was certain to be one of the fated feeds for the fishes. I escaped, however, but *really* thought this time that the eels would devour me. I had put my foot into it, far above the knee; and could not clearly see my way out again. I, of course, now when it was too late, perceived that it was impossible to cross the stream, but I little thought I should have nearly as great difficulty in retracing my steps. Such, nevertheless, was the case. The difficulty was to turn round; it took me nearly five minutes to accomplish that, for I could get no hold for my feet, as the stones still kept rolling from under them. I had to put the butt of the rod down to the bottom to enable me to hold on by it. Had it not been for that support, precarious as it was under the circumstances, nothing could have saved me from being carried bodily down into a rush of water that would have drowned a hippopotamus. This operation, I concluded, of course, must have lost me my salmon, but there was nothing else for it. Fortunately, however, my fish remained stationary. I began now to think much more about myself than my tormentor, which he now in verity was; the lookers-on also thought my position past joking at, and gave me no end of good advice how to proceed, which of course, though well intended, was quite useless, as I could not follow it. When I got round, which I had the greatest possible difficulty in doing, I found that Captain H., having had quite enough of it, even in the shallower and less rapid part, and with the gaff-handle to support himself with, had returned to the bank, seeing, as he informed me afterwards, that he could not assist me in any way, having enough to do to prevent himself from being carried off his legs. As soon as he saw me safe back again in my old position, he wished me joy of my bargain, and, as Job's comforters are plenty in this world, gave it as his opinion that I should not get away before night, and not then, unless I broke away from the fish.

"That would indeed be the last resource I should think of," said I (as I had regained my courage when I found there was a chance of my escaping drowning). "I'll kill him yet, you'll see. My patience is not exhausted, though I confess I am getting a little tired; for it's no joke, as you found yourself, stemming this torrent. I wish you had not bolted in such a hurry, and I would have got you to hold the brute a bit."

I never felt more annoyed in my life; it was such a ridiculous position, now that all danger was over, for an old fisherman to be placed in.

Moreover, I could see no immediate prospect of being able to leave it unless I followed H.'s advice, and had a smash of it; but I felt my credit at stake, and still hoped—I confess almost against hope—that I could persuade the fish to come up, and if so, I made up my mind to make a run of it, and try to get round the head of the stream where I first waded in. The brute, who had now rested himself some time, began to come quietly up the stream; and it occurred to me that, perhaps, if I could take some part of the weight of the line from bearing against him—which, of course, in such swift water it did with great force—that he might continue his course, which was straight for the place I had hooked him in, though he was evidently in no great hurry. I therefore placed the top of the rod about two feet into the water; in fact, nearly touching the bottom. (Rather a dangerous experiment, was it not?) The water then had but little resistance against the line, and as I anticipated, so it turned out, my friend sailed quietly on. With what pleasure I made every turn of the reel! I was looking forward to returning, with interest, a little of the chaff that had been so freely lent me. I thought he never would have come up far enough, for he would move but a yard or two at a time, then stop, as if meditating on some new way of trying my tackle and patience. He was evidently not over-anxious to return to his old quarters, where he had the pleasure of taking the tender morsel that gave him so much trouble to get rid of. However, onward he came, never once heading down after I had taken the stress of the line from off him. When he had arrived nearly in a line with the place where I had hooked him, he stopped, and I immediately bolted up the stream as hard as I could. I had scarcely gone twenty yards when he took the alarm, and away he went down again, and I had to return to my prison. Now the laughing on the shore began again, but really I was not astonished at it. I am sure I should have split my sides if I had seen you there in my place. I had the same slow operation to go over again, but this time he came still farther up; so away I started once more, with my rod over my shoulder. I could make but an indifferent burst of it, as the stream was so strong, and I was nearly beaten. When I got within a few yards of the head of the stream, he headed down again, but I was determined I would not go back to my old quarters, so I still pushed on, the line running out like mad. Fortunately I landed with some yards still on the reel, amid the cheers of all those who, only a few minutes before, had been so highly delighted at the prospect of my defeat. One old fisherman told me that he had seen many a salmon hooked there, but never one killed when the water was as high as it then was.

“You shan't say that again,” said I; for I now pronounced his death-warrant sealed, and asked H., who had good-naturedly waited to see the end of the battle, to get down below the quay and try and gaff him. I now began to pay my friend off in earnest, and soon bolted him from his resting-place to tumble him over three or four times in the stream, and then guide him towards the stone on which Captain H. stood, who, the moment he was within his reach, drew the gaff across him, and out he came. He was a beautiful fish, but not large—fourteen pounds and a half. I was very sorry that G. was not there to have seen this engagement, but he had gone some distance down the river, where, unfortunately, like most of his fishing brethren that day, he had no sport. I was so

exhausted when my fish was landed and the excitement over, that I could scarcely stand, and well do

I remember when the fight was done and I was dry.

In one sense of the word, I certainly was, and sent Jim forthwith for some spring water, into which I emptied half the contents of my flask. Don't imagine that I committed a great excess in so doing; my little bottle only contains *one glass* of cognac. Jim's pocket-pistol, as he calls it, is of far larger bore, and he takes care to have it well charged; but I never allow him to fire a shot without first offering me some, which, by-the-by, I very seldom take. Had I not put this restraint upon his sporting propensities in that line, he would fire a *feu de joie* as soon as he reached the river-bank, and probably see half a dozen salmon instead of one whenever I wanted him to gaff for me. Externally, I cannot say I was dry, for the day was very sultry, which accounted for the fish not rising freely; and the exertion of standing for nearly an hour against a stream that runs six or seven miles an hour, with a sporting fish at the end of your line, is rather strong exercise. I killed two other fish in the same place in the course of my visit, but the moment they stopped and gave me the slightest chance, I ran round to the head of the stream and played them from the quay. Once there, I did not care what direction they might choose to take, or how far they ran down, as I could follow them anywhere. So I had scarcely any trouble in killing either of them. They were, indeed, both small fish, five and six pounds each. The river also was at least six inches lower than when I killed my first fish there.

For about three weeks I continued to have fair sport, killing thirty-two fish, including peel, of which I killed very few. After that came some heavy floods. As soon as the river was nearly in fishing order after one, down came the rain again, of course causing another. This continued for ten days, during which time we never wetted a line, and the river was then nearly over its banks. I now saw that it was decidedly useless waiting any longer, as it must be five or six days at least before the water could be clear enough to fish, even if there was no more rain, which was most likely to be the case. Then all the fish would have run farther up the river, and the weirs being closed, no fresh supply could come up, except on Saturday night and during Sunday; and one is occasionally bilked of even this small supply, for in heavy floods the men at the weirs cannot get on to the dam to lift the barriers that head the fish down. G., to my astonishment, did not seem much annoyed at leaving this splendid river, but said he would not let me return home, and insisted on my going back with him to again try the stream in which we had the otter hunt. I was rather anxious to get home, and at first refused, but he over-persuaded me, and I soon found out the cause of his anxiety to fish that river again. But you shall hear all about that *bientôt*.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.*

WHATSOEVER tends to make us better acquainted with the character, manners, and customs, as also with the modes of thinking of the Chinese, is at the present moment particularly welcome. It is not impossible that we may have to go to war with a nation very little understood, and it would be well to know if in so doing we are warring with the Chinese as a people, or with the Tartars as the ruling race. It has been justly deemed not to be altogether improbable that the governing powers may insist upon the seclusion of their Chinese subjects simply to uphold a rule which is based upon prejudice and ignorance. Whether this is the case or not, it is certain that there are among the Chinese themselves persons of different education and principles, and Mr. Fortune is very anxious, for example, after long study of this exclusive and strange portion of the human family, to insist upon no estimate of the Chinese character being founded upon the conduct of the low rabble of Canton. This is so far good, and we turn with the greater hopes of gleaning some new insight into a very mysterious matter from his pages.

The author, it will be remembered, travelled in China some fourteen years ago in the capacity of Botanical Collector to the Horticultural Society. He has since that time been employed by the East India Company in procuring supplies of tea-plants, seeds, implements, and green-tea makers for the government plantations in the Himalayas. In the year 1852 he was deputed a second time for the purpose of adding to the collections already formed, and particularly of procuring some first-rate black-tea makers for the experimental tea-farms in India. During his first visit, Mr. Fortune's investigations were chiefly confined to the coast near the five ports at which foreigners are permitted to trade. In his second book he described some very interesting long journeys to the green and black-tea countries; and in his present work he gives us a minute account of the extensive districts of country which lie between the coast-line and the points formerly reached.

Leaving Hong-Kong on the 14th of March, 1853, in the Peninsula and Oriental Company's steamer *Ganges*, Mr. Fortune arrived at Shanghai, the most northerly of the five ports at which foreigners are permitted to trade, after a run of four days. There he was hospitably entertained by Mr. Beale, in whose garden he was enabled to store the collections made in his excursions until an opportunity presented itself of having them shipped for their destination. An incident occurred here at the onset which was not a little characteristic of Chinese character. A smart shock of earthquake was experienced; it did some, but no considerable damage to the town; but it was reported that in the country a large tract of ground, on which a populous village stood, had sunk down into the bowels of the earth, carrying with it the whole of the people, and that the spot was now marked by a large pool of water. The residents at Shanghai made up a party to go and see the phenomenon, but after

* A Residence among the Chinese. By Robert Fortune. London: Murray. 1857.

vain endeavours to ascertain the whereabouts of the catastrophe, they were told a few days afterwards, with the greatest coolness, "that it was quite true such an occurrence had taken place, but that it had happened about two hundred years ago!"

Rebellion was rife at this epoch in various provinces of the "Flowery Land," and when the news came of the successes of the rebels at Nanking and Chinkiang, the alarm amongst all classes of the community at Shanghai was very great. It is remarkable, however, that throughout, whilst the greatest atrocities were being perpetrated in one locality, the people pursued their usual avocations with the utmost unconcern in others close by. This is a trait in the character of the Chinese which is not without its application to present circumstances. A treaty negotiated at Peking would be little regarded by the Canton rabble, whilst a condign punishment inflicted on the vain-glorious Cantonese would be utterly disregarded in other portions of the empire.

Mr. Fortune does everything in his power to destroy all illusions with respect to the true character of the Chinese rebellion. He allows to it a very slight political importance, and evidently sneers at its supposed Christianity. The rebels, he says, were known as the Kwang-si men, as they belonged to the province of that name, which had been for several years in a state of great disorder.

In August, 1851, Hung-sew-tseuen, subsequently known as Tai-ping-wang, seized Yung-ngan, a city of a sub-prefecture in the east of the province, and held it until April, 1852. The insurgent force, of which he was the chief, advancing slowly at first, then commenced its northern march by moving upon the provincial capital Kwci-lin. The rebels soon left this city behind them, and, after seizing and abandoning various places in the south of Hoo-nan, in the middle of December took Yohchau, a city on the river Yang-tse-kiang. Before the end of the month they had crossed this river, and stormed Wu-chang, the capital of Hu-peh; then descending the stream, they captured every city of note on or near its banks, both in Kiang-si and Ngan-hwui, until they arrived at Nanking, the ancient southern capital, in Kiang-su, which they stormed in March, 1853.

Like the generality of their countrymen, the insurgents were full to the brim with the idea of their superiority over all the nations of the earth; a circumstance which our traveller justly remarks augurs ill for our future connexion, should they be successful in upsetting the present dynasty and establishing one of their own. "Listen," he says, "to the modesty of the Northern Prince:"

"The Lord of China is the lord of the whole world; he is the second son of God, and all the people in the whole world must obey and follow him. . . . The true Lord is not merely the Lord of China; he is not only *our* lord, but he is *your* lord also."

In order to show their views more fully, I must quote from another extraordinary document received by her Majesty's plenipotentiary at the time: "But now that you distant English have not deemed myriads of miles too far to come and acknowledge our sovereignty, not only are the soldiers and officers of our celestial dynasty delighted and gratified thereby, but even in high heaven itself our Celestial Father and Elder Brother will also admire this manifestation of your fidelity and truth."

Mr. Fortune does not even think that the numerous interviews of English, French, and American officials and commanders with the

leaders of the insurgents had in reality the slightest influence upon them. "While the Chinese," he says, "have treated the western officials with a certain amount of studied politeness, they have not failed, on all occasions, to assert their own superiority, and to demand that we should acknowledge their universal supremacy. It therefore appears that these visits from officials and ships of war belonging to western nations have not only done no good, but have had a tendency to foster that pride and self-conceit of which the Chinese as a nation have rather more than their fair share."

So also, in respect to the religious character of the movement, Mr. Fortune says there were many persons among the foreign residents in China—and he confesses himself to being one among the number—who viewed it with considerable doubt. "This," he says, "is not the age of miracles, and certainly nothing less than a miracle could account for many thousands of the Chinese being all at once converted to Christianity." If, he further argues, the official statement obtained by Mr. Medhurst, the Chinese secretary to the English government at Hong-Kong, and which professes to represent the tenets of the so-called Chinese Christians, is correct, we must conclude their Christianity to be a sham, and their leaders fanatics or knaves. And so, with such a conceited, unenlightened, and superstitious a nation, it undoubtedly is. It is well known that the Western Prince pretends to personate our Saviour, "the Heavenly Elder Brother;" and another prince is represented as being the Holy Ghost, "the Comforter," so that little Christianity can emanate from the Chinese movement if successful. But still some benefit may accrue from it. It must not be lost sight of that they appear to worship the same God whom we worship, that they print and distribute copies of the Scriptures, that they keep holy one day in seven, and that their moral code is strict and severe. Any change, therefore, from Buddhism, Taoism, and the apathy with which the Chinese people have shrouded themselves for ages past, is not only desirable in itself, but must hold out some promises to the future.

Leaving Tai-ping-wang to fight his battles in the province of Kiang-su and elsewhere, Mr. Fortune took his departure from Shanghai for Ningpo, and on his arrival at that port he started immediately for the tea districts of the interior. On his way he fell in with a host of pilgrims. At first he thought it was a party of Tai-ping-wang's army, but his servants and the boatmen soon set him right on that point, by informing him that the multitudes in question were on their way to Ayuka's temple, to worship and burn incense at its shrines. Mr. Fortune joined the gaily-dressed crowd, and visited the temple with the pilgrims. He was so far favoured as even to be allowed to see a Shay-le, or relic of Buddha, which was kept there.

I found the precious relic locked up in a bell-shaped dome. When this was opened I observed a small pagoda carved in wood, and evidently very ancient. It was about ten inches or a foot in height, and four inches in width. In the centre was a small bell, and near the bottom of this the shay-le, or relic, was said to be placed. "I can see nothing there," said I to my guide. "Oh," said he, you must get it between you and the light, and then you may see it; it is sometimes very brilliant, but only to those who believe." "I am afraid it will not shine for my gratification then," said I; but I stood in the position my

guide indicated. It might be imagination, I dare say it was, but I really thought I saw something unusual in the thing, as if some brilliant colours were playing about it.

It is to be observed that Dr. Medhurst, who has also since visited and examined the relic, could, he avers, see nothing. Mixing with the groups of worshippers, who sat pic-nicking under the shade of the various trees and temples around, Mr. Fortune was in many instances asked to partake of their homely fare, and all, he says, seemed happy and contented, even if footsore, which was especially the case with the crippled ladies. Nor did he, he says, observe a single instance of drunkenness, or any disturbance whatsoever. "The Chinese, as a nation," he adds, "are a quiet and sober race; their disturbances, when they have them, are unusually noisy, but they rarely come to blows, and drunkenness is almost unknown in the country districts, and rare even in densely populated cities. In these respects the lower orders in China contrast favourably with the same classes in Europe, or even in India." These are redeeming points, among many others, in the Chinese character, which are pleasant to dwell upon. All the great guns of Europe and America would fail to annihilate the natural conceit and obstinacy of the Chinese character; but a very little friendly intercourse and intercommunication would bring their better feelings into play, and quickly render the Chinese as sociable as the haughty insulars of Albion, the "lick-all-the-world" Yankee, or the most "civilised" Franks. We all have the same faults as the Chinese, only they are rendered a little less offensive by intercourse with others.

Mr. Fortune took up his quarters in the chief temple during the night. It argues great liberality on the part of the Chinese to permit a Hong-mon-jin, or foreigner, to sleep thus among their most sacred objects. And how was the scene changed!

The busy crowds of worshippers were gone, the sounds of bell and drum had ceased, and the place which a short time before was teeming with life was now as silent as the grave. The huge idols—many of them full thirty feet high—looked more solemn in the twilight than they had done during the day. The Mahārâdjas, or four great kings of Devas, looked quite fierce; Me-lie-Fuh, or the *merciful one*, a stout, jovial-looking personage, always laughing and in good-humour, seemed now to grin at me; while the three precious Buddhas, the past, present, and future, looked far more solemn and imposing than they usually do by day. The Queen of Heaven (Kwan-yin), with her child in her arms, and with rocks, clouds, and ocean scenery in the background, rudely carved in wood and gaudily painted, was the only one that did not seem to frown. What a strange representation this is, rude though it be! Some have supposed that this image represents the Virgin Mary and infant Saviour, and argue from this that Buddhism and Christianity have been mixed up in the formation of the Buddhist religion, or that the earlier Buddhists in Tibet and India have had some slight glimmerings of the Christian faith. The traveller and missionary M. Hue is, I believe, of this opinion. At first sight this seems a very plausible theory, but in the opinion of some good Oriental scholars it is not borne out by facts. The goddess is prayed to by women who are desirous of having children, and she holds in her arms a child, which she seems in the act of presenting to them in answer to their petitions. Chinese ladies have curious prejudices on this subject: they imagine that by leaving their shoes in the shrine of the goddess they are the more likely to receive an answer to their prayer. Hence it is not unusual to see a whole heap of tiny shoes in one of these shrines. In former days the custom of throwing an old shoe after a person for luck was not unusual

in Scotland, and may have been introduced from that ancient country to China, or *vice versâ*.

Mr. Fortune found Ayuka's temple so comfortable, that he made it his head-quarters whilst he carried on his explorations in the neighbouring tea districts, returning afterwards thence to Ningpo, on his way to the old city of Tse-kee. This latter is at once a large, ancient, and wealthy city. As Mr. Fortune sauntered through its streets he was followed by a great crowd, but all, he says, appeared to be perfectly good-humoured, and to treat him with the greatest deference and respect. This was not, however, always the case, and on many occasions our traveller had to preserve his own temper and good-humour in a way that presents an invaluable lesson to other travellers in new countries. It is curious, in perusing an account of the market-place of Tse-kee, to read of "rosy-cheeked countrymen." Our ideas of the Chinese are of a sallow-complexioned race. The manner in which frogs are dealt with shows how custom may beget indifference, as in our own case when we crimp cod and skin eels.

Near the centre of the city, and in one of the principal streets, I found a most excellent market. For fully half a mile this street was literally crowded with articles of food. Fish, pork, fowls, ducks, vegetables of many kinds, and the fruits of the season, lined its sides. Mushrooms were abundant, and excellent, as I afterwards proved by having some cooked. Frogs seemed much in demand. They are brought to market in tubs and baskets, and the vendor employs himself in skinning them as he sits making sales. He is extremely expert at this part of his business. He takes up the frog in his left hand, and with a knife which he holds in his right chops off the fore part of its head. The skin is then drawn back over the body and down to the feet, which are chopped off and thrown away. The poor frog, still alive, but headless, skinless, and without feet, is then thrown into another tub, and the operation is repeated on the rest in the same way. Every now and then the artist lays down his knife, and takes up his scales to weigh these animals for his customers and make his sales. Everything in this civilised country, whether it be gold or silver, geese or frogs, is sold by weight.

Raw tea-leaves—that is, just as they had been plucked from the bushes, and unmanufactured—were also exposed for sale in this market. They were sold at from three farthings to five farthings a pound; and as it takes about four pounds of raw leaves to make one pound of tea, it follows that the price paid was at the rate of threepence to fivepence a pound, but to this must be added the expense of manipulation. In this manner the inhabitants of large towns in China, who have no tea farms of their own, can buy the raw leaves in the market, and manufacture the beverage for themselves and in their own way.

The scenery around this ancient city of Tse-kee is described as being romantic and beautiful in the extreme. The priests were as kind, nay, even more so than at Ayuka, and the most beautiful spots on the hill-sides were chosen for the tombs of the dead. A practice is, it appears, occasionally followed similar to what once prevailed among the Assyrians of old, and which still does so among the Persians, and that is to transport the dead from one place to another; but in China only to the place of their nativity.

When a wealthy Chinese dies at a distance from his home, his body is brought back to his native place by his relations, in order that he may sleep with his fathers. In front of an old temple near Tse-kee I observed a number of coffins lying under the verandah, and on inquiry found that they had all been brought

from some distance, and had been laid down there until a lucky spot could be found out for their final resting-place. Some had apparently lain here for a long period of time. Under the same verandah, and amongst these coffins, a colony of gipsy beggars had taken up their quarters, which to me had a curious appearance. However, these people seemed to have no supernatural fears of any kind, and were on such friendly terms with their dead companions, that the tops of the huge coffins were used as supports for their mosquito curtains. "What a traveller's story! Beggars with mosquito curtains—the living sleeping with the dead!" Even so, gentle reader; we are now in China.

The hilly districts around Tse-kee were particularly rich in beautiful and rare insects, and as Mr. Fortune used to carefully collect them, and even pay boys and women who assisted him in collecting, his sanity was very much doubted by many, although he was excused by some upon the plea of their being used as medicine. The Chinese are apparently an eminently practical people. They have no idea of such abstractions and generalisations as civilised nations group under the head of "discourses," or ologies. At all events, entomology appeared to them to be a peculiarly unmeaning and trivial pursuit.

Very appropriately, there dwelt in this ancient city of Tse-kee a collector of antiquities. Not a collector of ivory balls or grotesque and ugly carvings in bamboo, or sandal wood or soap stone—things which take the fancy of captains of ships and their crews of jolly tars when they visit the Celestial Empire—but of really valuable works of art, antique specimens of china, bronzes, enamels, and articles of that description. Art, Mr. Fortune tells us, has sadly deteriorated in China. The exquisite bits of crackle with a white ground, with figures and trees in black, yellow, and green, are now lost to Chinese art. The grotesque figuring on the modern porcelain is still true, but nowhere do we find that marvellous colouring which is observed on their ancient vases. So it is also with the enamels; no good specimens have been made for the last six or eight hundred years. Among the curiosities, Mr. Fortune notices bottles the same as those found in Egyptian tombs, and which have so much puzzled antiquaries. Mr. Medhurst has, however, satisfactorily shown that they belong to the Ming dynasty. Still more curious and interesting were certain rare and ancient porcelain seals, of which our traveller had the greatest difficulty in obtaining specimens, and which are precisely similar to some ancient Chinese seals which have been found of late years in the bogs of Ireland. To say how they got into the last-named position, Mr. Fortune says, "we should probably have to consult a book of history, written, studied, and lost, long before that of the present history of Ireland."

It is a curious and very characteristic feature of the Chinese, and highly illustrative of their national vanity and exclusiveness, that the appreciation of ancient works of art is confined to those of their own country. As a general rule, they do not appreciate articles of foreign art, unless such articles are useful in daily life. A fine picture, a bronze, or even a porcelain vase of *barbarian* origin, might be accepted as a present, but would rarely be bought by a Chinese collector.

The hot season coming on, Mr. Fortune left the boat, which was at once his home and mode of conveyance, and took up his quarters in the old Buddhist temple of Tein-tung, situated amongst the mountains some

twenty miles south-east of Ningpo, and in the midst of an extensive tea-country. From this place as a central point, he made excursions into the country around, besides employing the people to collect insects, shells, and other objects of natural history for him. He thus gained intimacy with their domestic habits, and here is a Holbein picture of Chinese interior life—it is in two compartments.

The farmers in China, as a class, are highly respectable, but, as their farms are all small, they are probably less wealthy than our farmers in England. Each farm-house is a little colony, consisting of some three generations, namely, the grandfather, his children, and his children's children. There they live in peace and harmony together; all who are able work on the farm, and if more labour is required, the stranger is hired to assist them. They live well, dress plainly, and are industrious, without being in any way oppressed. I doubt if there is a happier race anywhere than the Chinese farmer and peasantry. Being well known in this part of the country, and having always made it a point to treat the people well, I was welcomed wherever I went. I began to feel quite at home in the farmers' houses. Here the female members of the family have much more liberty than those of a higher rank. They have small feet as usual, but they are not so confined to the house, or prevented from looking on and speaking to strangers, as the higher classes are. If a stranger enters the court of the house unexpectedly, he will see a number of ladies, both old and young, sitting in the verandah, all industriously employed on some work—some spinning, some sewing or embroidering, and one probably engaged in culinary operations; and if the stranger be an unknown foreigner, the whole will rise hurriedly, and disappear like a covey of partridges, overturning wheels, stools, and anything else that may be in their way. This was a frequent scene in my earlier visits, but it gradually wore off when it was found I was a civilised being like themselves. These same ladies afterwards would often ask me to sit down, and even set a chair for me, and bring me a cup of tea with their own fair hands; and while I drank my tea, they would go on with their work, laughing and chatting as freely as if I had been a thousand miles away. But many of these Chinese ladies, with all their coyness, are regular termagants, as the following curious anecdote will show.

Happening one day at this time to be in a bamboo forest, I came upon two men engaged in cutting down some fine bamboo-trees. Just as I came up with them, a farmer's wife made her appearance from an opposite quarter, and was apparently in a state of great excitement. The men, it appeared, had bought a certain number of the trees, which at the time of sale had been duly marked. But in cutting, instead of taking those they had bargained for, they had just cut down a very fine one which was not for sale. The old lady was so excited that she either did not see me, or her anger made her disregard the presence of a stranger. She commenced first in low, short sentences to lament the loss of the bamboo, then, louder and louder, sentence after sentence rolled from her tongue, in which she abused without mercy the unfortunate men for their conduct. At last she seemed to have worked herself up to a frantic state of excitement; she threw off her head-dress, tore her hair, and screamed so loud that she might have been heard for more than a mile. Her passion reached the climax at last, and human nature could stand it no longer. With an unearthly yell and a sort of hysteric gulp she tumbled backward on the ground, threw her little feet in the air, gave two or three kicks, and all was still. Up to this point I had been rather amused than otherwise, but as she lay perfectly still, and foamed at the mouth, I became alarmed. The poor men had been standing all this time, hanging their heads, and looking as sheepish as possible. I now looked round to see what effect this state of things had on them. They both shrugged their shoulders, laughed, and went on with their work. About a quarter of an hour afterwards I came back to the spot to see how matters stood—she was still lying on the ground, but apparently recovering. I raised

her, and begged her to sit up, which she did with a melancholy shake of the head; but she either could not or would not speak. In a little while afterwards I saw her rise up and walk slowly and quietly home.

These Chinese termagants work themselves up into such passions sometimes for very slight things, and their imprecations or curses are quite fearful.

Shortly after Mr. Fortune's return to Shanghai, the Fokien and Canton men rose in the town and hoisted the standard of the new Emperor Tai-ping-wang. According to Mr. Fortune's version of the matter, a city containing upwards of 200,000 inhabitants—walled and fortified, and, to a certain extent, prepared for an attack—allowed itself to be taken by a band of marauders scarcely numbering 500 men, badly armed, undisciplined, and bent on plunder. They had not at first even any connexion with the Kwang-si rebels. Our traveller further argues that the foreign residents in Shanghai were much to blame for this state of things.

The sympathies of foreigners generally were all enlisted on the side of the rebels and against the government of the country. It was no secret that we, as a body, instead of opposing an attack upon the city, would hail it with pleasure, and wish it success, although we would otherwise remain neutral. Civil and naval officers, missionaries, merchants, and shopkeepers, all—with a few honourable exceptions—were in favour of the debauched band of robbers who took the city of Shanghai on the 7th of September. The unprejudiced observer of these events had now to witness a most extraordinary and anomalous proceeding, namely, that of our men-of-war gallantly putting down the hordes of pirates which were infesting the coast, while the land pirates, such as those who took the city of Shanghai, were encouraged and applauded. And why? Because the latter spent their days and nights in smoking opium, in drunkenness, and in all kinds of debauchery, and gave out they were followers of Tai-ping-wang, or, as he was called, the Christian King!

For more than a year did this band of marauders hold possession of the city of Shanghai, abetted, to a certain extent, by the foreign residents. A large force was sent against them by the government; but as they confined themselves to skirmishing, the result was simply to give Dr. Lockhart, of the Medical Missionary Society, frequent opportunities of practising his surgical skill on the maimed Chinese. Notwithstanding Mr. Fortune's denunciations of the rebels, one party seems to be little better than the other, as far as any sense of justice tempered by mercy is concerned. When at length, by the interference of the French, who did not like the rebel party because they were abetted by the English, Shanghai was recovered to the Imperialists, what was the result?

When the rebels evacuated the city, the *brave* Imperialists entered it and immediately set it on fire in various places. The evening on which this took place was perfectly calm, and the scene must have been one of the grandest and at the same time one of the most painful ever beheld. The fire was first seen running along the ramparts and destroying tent after tent—these having been occupied only a few hours before by the insurgents. Then the city was observed to have been set fire to in several places, and, owing to the construction of the houses (they are built chiefly with pine and bricks), the fire spread with fearful rapidity. The whole city, about three miles in circumference, appeared to be in flames—guilty and innocent were perishing together, thousands were rendered houseless and driven from their homes, and where to go they knew not. In the midst of all this terror and confusion the Imperial soldiers were plunder-

ing what had been left by the rebels, which I believe was not very much, and hunting down the unfortunate, in order to cut their heads off and claim the promised reward. Some of the latter, as a last resource, hid themselves in coffins, hoping thus to escape their ruthless pursuers. Many of them were discovered and slain, and then the soldiers used this as a pretence for breaking open the coffins of the dead, in order to get the money or gold and silver ornaments which are often deposited with the bodies after death. Of all that band of marauders who fled from Shanghai that night, but few remained either to fight or to steal. The numerous heads which were afterwards seen on poles, and trees, and walls, the fearful stench which poisoned the air for many weeks during the hot weather which followed, told a sickening tale of crime and blood.

The Chinese are as prone to cold-blooded cruelty as any people in the world. During the progress of the rebellion the inhabitants of hundreds of towns and villages were driven from their homes by fire and sword—the innocent were slain with the guilty, and even women and children were not spared. The most curious part of the transaction was, that with all these horrors attached to the progress of the rebellion, the country often remained quiet, and the husbandman continued to cultivate his land within even a mile or two from a place in the hands of the rebels. Thus it is, Mr. Fortune tells us, that, notwithstanding all these disturbances, we have no lack of tea, silk, and the other articles which form the bulk of our exports.

During his travels in the province of Chekiang, Mr. Fortune had frequently heard of some celebrated waterfalls near a place called "Snowy Valley Temple," which is situated amongst the mountains, some forty or fifty miles to the south-west of the city of Ningpo. His way to the hills lay over the plain of Ningpo, which is thickly covered with small towns, villages, and farm-houses, and, like most fertile plains in China, teems with population. The description of this plain is indeed well worth quoting, as a scene common enough in China, yet rare elsewhere.

As our boatmen went on during the night, we found ourselves next morning at the base of the hills which bound the plain on the south-west, and in the district of Fung-hwa. On one of these hills stands a pagoda, named *Kong-k'how-tó*, which is visible for many miles, and from which an excellent view of the low country is obtained. Making our boats fast to the river-bank, we stepped on shore and took the first turning which led to the hill on which the pagoda stands. When we reached the summit of this hill, which appeared to be about 1000 feet above the level of the sea, we were rewarded with one of those splendid views which are, perhaps, more striking in the fertile districts of China than in any other country. Beneath us, and stretching to the north and eastward, was the level plain through which we had passed during the night. The city of Ningpo occupied its centre, and it seemed bounded on all sides, except the north and east, by hills and mountains varying in height from 1000 to 3000 feet—while far away to the eastward lay the islands of the Chusan archipelago, studded about in the China Sea. From this pagoda one can count six or seven others, each of which marks the position of some ancient city in the plain, or Buddhist monastery on the hills. Towns and villages were visible in whichever direction our eyes were turned, and every part of the extensive plain appeared to be under cultivation. Indeed, industry and perseverance seem to be absolutely necessary, in order to make the ground yield food for such a mass of human beings. If the population of the country really amounts to more than three hundred millions—and there seems to be no reason to doubt this—and taking into consideration that a vast extent of its surface is covered with moun-

tains so barren that they must ever defy all attempts at cultivation, the valleys and other portions of cultivated land would require to be fertile indeed, and to have a nation as industrious and persevering as the Chinese to make the ground productive.

A little farther on our traveller came to another valley. "On the road," he says, "at stated distances apart, were covered resting-places for travellers, where shelter from a storm or shade from the noonday sun might be had by rich or by poor. Little villages and farm-houses were observed clustered about in various directions, and the labourers who were at work in the fields seemed happy and unoppressed. Looking upon a quiet scene like this, one could scarcely believe that a civil war was raging in the country not a greater distance off than a hundred miles, where acts of savage cruelty were daily perpetrated which made one's blood run cold." Even the mountains of the Snowy Valley exhibited the same pleasant scene of clusters of farm-houses, and the inhabitants are described as pressing the foreigner, with their wonted politeness and hospitality, to enter their houses and partake of the only beverage they had to offer—tea. These are evidently not a people to be kept secluded for ever from the rest of the world.

After a short stay at Canton, whither Mr. Fortune had proceeded to ship his collections for India, that gentleman sailed for the port of Foo-chow-foo. A large export trade in black teas is now carried on at this latter port; and this is one good result which has arisen out of the rebellion in China, although, our author adds, perhaps it would be difficult to mention another. The river was, however, swarming with pirates, and Mr. Fortune was glad to get a passage on board the American steamer *Confucius*, which had been chartered by the Chinese government to convey troops and money for the Imperialists, who were sorely pressed in Formosa. This gave him an opportunity of slightly examining that celebrated island, and his usual good luck attended him, for, although the natives have a bad reputation, he says that he was everywhere, both in town and country, civilly, and even kindly received by the people. Mr. Fortune says of the island generally:

It is well worth the attention of any government; not with a view to *annexation* or conquest, but to develop its resources, more particularly with regard to coal for our steamers. A new day is beginning to dawn in the East; Japan and China will soon be opened to unfettered commerce; already steamers are making their appearance on these seas and rivers, and it is high time that we should know something of a beautiful island known to be rich and fertile, and to have abundant supplies of coal which only require to be dug out of the earth.

We have had a whole fleet of men-of-war—brigs and steamers of all sizes—in China ever since the termination of the last war, and yet how little has been done to extend our knowledge of an island like this, or, with the exception of Japan, and this was only a year ago, of any part to the eastward of China beyond the 32nd degree of north latitude. In the fruitless search made after the Russian fleet in 1855, the knowledge which we ought to have acquired long ago, but which we had not, might have done us good service.

On his return to Shanghai, our traveller lost no time in making his way back to the tea-districts in the interior of the Chekiang province. Upon this occasion he visited the town of Ning-Kang-jin, at a time when the people were thronging to a fair being held at that place. Among them were many parties of gaily-dressed ladies, limping along on

their small feet, each one having a long staff in her hand to steady her, and to help her along the mountain road. This scene induced Mr. Fortune to make some observations on the barbarous custom of deforming the feet of Chinese ladies, and he quotes from Dr. Lockhart evidence of the serious inconveniences which result from it.

"The most serious inconvenience to which women with small feet are exposed," he observes, "is that they so frequently fall and injure themselves. During the past year, several cases of this kind have presented themselves. Among them was one of an old woman, seventy years of age, who was coming down a pair of stairs and fell, breaking both her legs; she was in a very dangerous state for some time, on account of threatened mortification of one leg, but the unfavourable symptoms passed off, and finally the bones of both legs united, and she is able to walk again.

"Another case was also that of an elderly woman, who was superintending the spring cutting of bamboo shoots in her field, when she fell over some bamboos, owing to her crippled feet slipping among the roots; a compound fracture of one leg was the consequence, and the upper fragment of the bone stuck in the ground; the soft parts of the leg were so much injured, that amputation was recommended, but her friends would not hear of it, and she soon afterwards died from mortification of the limb.

In the evening he attended a theatrical performance, and he says, "All made way for the stranger, and endeavoured to place me in the best position for getting a view of the stage."

What a mass of human beings were below me! The place seemed full of heads, and one might suppose that the bodies were below, but it was impossible to see them, so densely were they packed together. Had it not been for the stage in the background with its actors dressed in the gay-coloured costumes of a former age, and the rude and noisy band, it would have reminded me more of the hustings at a contested election in England than anything else. But taken as a whole, there was nothing to which I could liken it out of China.

From Ning-Kang-jin, Mr. Fortune proceeded to a temple celebrated for its cold water. On his way, he says, he observed several anglers busily employed with rod and line—real Izaak Waltons it seemed—and although they did not appear very expert, and their tackle was rather clumsy, yet they generally succeeded in getting their baskets well filled. "Altogether," he says, "this scene, which I can only attempt to describe, was a charming one—a view of Chinese country life, telling plainly that the Chinese, however strange they may sometimes appear, are, after all, very much like ourselves." Passing through two small towns, he describes the whole population as turning out to look at him. Yet he says he was everywhere treated with the most marked politeness, and even kindness, by the inhabitants. "Stop a little, sit down, drink tea," was said to him by almost every one whose door he passed.

Communication was kept up at this time between Ningpo and Shanhae by means of the *Erin*, belonging to the house of Jardine, Matheson, and Co., a fast steamer well manned and armed, for the coasts were infested with pirates. On the occasion of our traveller's return to the latter place, he found several piratical lorchas and junks blockading the passage between the mainland and Silver Island, and seizing every vessel that attempted to pass in or out of the river. It is almost needless to say that, in the instance of the *Erin*, discretion was deemed to be the wisest policy, and a Chinaman's jacket was hoisted in the rigging, signifying, although not in Marryat's code, "Let us alone, and we will let you."

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

II. DON GIOVANNI.

How faithfully and well Mr. Lumley has performed the promise of his programme, let the numerous and delighted audiences attest who, during the month of June, have crowded to Her Majesty's Theatre—the Queen and her Court amongst the rest—to witness the revival of Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, the incomparable "Don Giovanni."

Operatic annals in this country record no previous instance in which the management, unable to give the public enough of one particular Opera, has created *extra* off-nights for its representation; yet this has been the case with "Il Don Giovanni," exactly seventy years since it was first produced at Prague, for the inhabitants of which musical city it was especially composed.

All phenomena may, by dint of study, be accounted for, this phenomenon included. In truth, the cause of the success of "Il Don Giovanni" required no study at all; the reason was obvious. Mr. Lumley had announced his intention of restoring to the opera the many delicious airs which had so long been omitted; he had promised to fill the various parts in an unequalled manner; and he had intimated that the *mise en scène* should correspond with the increased musical attractions. He kept his word in each particular, and the result has been an overflowing house on every occasion. When such a theatre overflows as the old house in the Haymarket—where the "Lyceum," for example, might stand in a corner—the measure of popular enthusiasm may fairly be conceived.

And that enthusiasm was in all respects legitimate. Veneration for Mozart, and admiration for the artists who so nobly interpreted the genius of the great composer, naturally combined to produce it.

To enter into a critical dissertation on the merits of Mozart's original score—with only two small pages allowed for general comment—would be almost as much out of place as to criticise the last new readings of one of Shakspeare's plays at the expense of the acting. A word of warm approval will suffice for saying that the restorations in "Il Don Giovanni" have proved in the highest degree judicious. They have added that which was wanting to the *ensemble* of the opera, and popularised melodies that before were "*caviare* to the general," of itself a boon of no slight value in the present thirst after musical knowledge. Our purpose, then, is to speak of the exertions of the performers.

If the restoration of stray passages which help towards the new reading of a great work be important, how much more important the new aspect given to an entire character! It is from this point of view that we must consider the *Zerlina* of Mademoiselle Piccolomini. We could with ease recal the names of a number of *prime donne* who by their fine vocalisation have invested the part of *Zerlina* with an especial grace, but it has been by vocalisation alone. It was reserved for Mademoiselle Piccolomini to charm at once by her exquisite voice and by the truthfulness of her dramatic perceptions. The village coquette, as Lorenzo da Ponte (the author of the *libretto*) conceived her, has never before—within our remembrance—been portrayed in so natural and original a manner. The

little air of authority which she assumes over her rustic lover—the timid, wondering, pleased but awkward consciousness with which she hears the protestations of her courtly admirer—the irresolution which for a moment makes her act in opposition to the dictates of her heart—and the pleading, coaxing, caressing way in which she re-establishes herself in *Masetto's* affections, and consoles him by her love for all he has undergone on her account,—are features of such delicate conception and true impersonation that their union is perfectly irresistible. How sweetly she sings the *aria* of “Batti, batti,”—with what touching tenderness she pours forth the “Vedrai casino,” words are wanting to express. *Zerlina* is, in fact, the crowning triumph of Mademoiselle Piccolomini's representations—so far as they have hitherto gone. Next season, we doubt not, fresh laurels will deck her brow.

Mademoiselle Spezia, advancing nightly in public estimation, is an admirable representation of the grief-stricken *Doña Anna*. Her lyrical and dramatic treatment of the part go hand in hand. Nothing can well be finer than her burst of despairing sorrow when, mistakenly supposing her lover *Don Ottavio* to be the murderer of her father, she gives utterance to the newly-introduced *aria*, “Fuggi, crudele, fuggi,” nor the terrible energy which she throws into “Or sai che l'onore”—a Spanish daughter's cry for vengeance. Great musical skill and striking histrionic power exhibit themselves also in Mademoiselle Ortolani's *Doña Elvira*, a part which has developed unexpected capabilities in this accomplished singer.

Of Signor Beneventano's *Don Giovanni* there cannot be two opinions. It is unquestionably the character in which he is seen to the greatest advantage. Confident, insinuating, mercurial, reckless, the libertine Hidalgo, free from all vulgar stain, is represented to the life. What seductive grace he imparts to his share in the duet with *Zerlina*, “Là ci darem la mano”—what jovial magnificence to the “Fin ch' han dal vino”—what tenderness to the “Deh, vieni;” and in all that relates to his impending doom, the dread of which he endeavours to hide beneath a brow of indifference, what finished acting he displays!

Signor Belletti's *Leporello* is a worthy pendant to this best of modern *Don Giovannis*. His comedy is quiet but real; his vocalisation without a fault. Belletti never exposes himself to the chance of failure. Not for lack of impulse—he has enough of that when the demand for it arises—but because he invariably prepares himself by the most careful and conscientious study. There is no musical difficulty approachable by his voice that he does not instantaneously conquer.

Signor Giuglini has less to do in *Don Ottavio* than in any other part in which he has appeared this season, but there is one *aria*, “Il mio tesoro,” which, as given by him, is so near perfection, that we might well be content if it was his only contribution to the attractions of the piece. This, however, is not the case; the beautiful *aria*, “Della sua pace,” one of those hitherto omitted, is a gem which Signor Giuglini has set after his own inimitable fashion. Signor Corsi's *Masetto*, and Signor Vialletti's *Il Commendatore*, are in the highest degree effective.

Once more, then, we congratulate the public on the reproduction of “Il Don Giovanni,” and offer our sincerest thanks to Mr. Lumley for the untiring zeal with which he labours for its amusement.

THE DUNMOW FLITCH OF 1857.

WEARING an aspect half serious, half comic, while appealing wholly to the best feelings of man's nature, the memorable Ceremony of the Presentation of the Flitch of Bacon was repeated at Dunmow, on Thursday, the 25th of June, under the auspices of Mr. William Harrison Ainsworth, who, for the second time, gave the Prize.

Two years ago the Revival of this time-honoured Custom was an experiment. It was uncertain in what spirit the attempt to restore a pageant and a practice so intimately connected with the closest ties of domestic life would be welcomed by the class for whose pleasure and advantage it was chiefly intended; but the result showed that the love of a good old Custom, handed down from time immemorial, and founded on a thoroughly praiseworthy principle, was far from being extinct in the bosoms of the rural population of England.

It might, perhaps, have been said that curiosity to witness the Revival of the Presentation, after an interval of a century, attracted to the ceremony the crowds who flocked to Dunmow on the 19th of July, 1855; but that supposition, if it ever were entertained, must have been entirely dissipated by the facts attendant upon the repetition of Thursday last.

It was not the concourse of people—though that was as great as on the first occasion—it was not the gay procession with its bright banners and resounding music, its out-of-door sports and manly amusements—though these were no less attractive than before—that proved how completely the tradition had, once more, become an institution; but it was the circumstance of there being no fewer than Six Couples, of various stations in life, and living in opposite quarters of England, who preferred their respective claims to The Flitch, although the announcement that it was again to be given away was only made within a few months of the proposed period of presentation. Timidity and doubt had evidently given way before the assurance that the "Custom" was honest and true, and that nothing but honour could be reflected on those who had the courage to avow that the conjugal vow which they had taken at the altar had been adhered to in the spirit as well as in the letter.

Of the six pairs of Claimants, the number finally resolved itself into two, owing to the neglected formality of registry in two cases, the illness of a third applicant, and the "interesting condition" of a fourth. The couples who remained on the registry, and who appeared to contest the prize, were Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, resident in London, at Barrow Hill, near the Regent's Park, and Mr. and Mrs. Heard, who came from the neighbourhood of Crewe, in Staffordshire. Mr. Hawkins is a gentleman of good practice as a surgeon, and Mr. Heard an officer of police in the Staffordshire constabulary: the former has been married upwards of two years and a half, the latter about eighteen months; both were "strong as a tower in hope" in the justice of their cause, and both were provided with the most unexceptionable witnesses to prove their several claims.

The "trial" took place in the town-hall of Dunmow, where Mr. Ainsworth was installed as President, to hear the cases argued by the counsel who attended to support and oppose—the latter, however, in the most

friendly spirit—the pretensions of the candidates. A bevy of Bachelors and Maidens, in whom the audience fancied, and not unreasonably, that they saw a strong array of future claimants, sat apart from the spectators to perform the onerous functions of a jury, from whose decision there was no appeal. The body of the hall was filled with spectators, and the gallery was equally thronged. In its foremost rows were many who, if the scene had been a tournament of old, were dowered with the beauty that then “rained influence and adjudged the prize.”

After a brief historical reference to “The Custom,” the principle of which was set forth in its true light by the President, the examination of the Candidates took place. With what manly simplicity the husbands stated their claims, with what grace the wives supported their pretensions, and with what naïveté and spirit the ladies altogether—witnesses as well as principals—defended their position against the somewhat searching examinations and cross-examinations of the advocates, the sympathies of the audience, expressed in the loudest plaudits, most unequivocally declared.

The task of the jury, to whom the President left the award, when he had carefully and clearly summed the arguments *de part et d'autre*, was a hard one for them to decide, the claims of Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins and Mr. and Mrs. Heard being so evenly balanced. There was not, indeed, room for a shadow of pre-eminence on either side, and yet, as there was only one Flitch and—like the child before Solomon—it could not be divided, the decision must of necessity benefit one party alone. It was given in favour of Mr. and Mrs. Heard, the President deeply regretting that he had not the power to make the innovation of bestowing a Flitch on the losers, who, in the opinion of all present, had equally well deserved one. They did not, however, go unrewarded, a small piece of plate being offered and accepted instead—a more lasting memorial, it is to be presumed, than the ponderous Flitch, which, before this, has no doubt been cut up into rashers and distributed far and wide amongst the friends of the delighted prize-holders.

It may be interesting to many to know what kind of a Flitch it was that Mr. and Mrs. Heard carried away with them into Staffordshire. Here is the official description: “Dunmow Flitch, 1857. Bred and fattened upon milk and barley-meal, by James Barnard, at Wolsey’s Farm, near Dunmow. Cured and dried by William Clayton, of Dunmow. Weight, 78lbs.”

After the Ceremony was over, a very merry evening rejoiced the hearts of the good people of Dunmow.

We have one word to say in conclusion, and we are very glad to be able to say it. There is no fear of “The Custom” again falling into desuetude, for it was announced by the President, in his introductory speech, that a beneficent lady, whose name has not been suffered to transpire, has intimated her intention of bequeathing a sum of money to be expended on the purchase of an annual Flitch *in perpetuity*!

GALLERY OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

He comes to tell me of the players.—SHAKESPEARE.

VII.—JOHN BANNISTER.

ON a recent sunny day, whilst threading our way through the intricate maze of the streets of London, we found ourselves on the shady side of Gower-street, Bedford-square, so long the home of honest "Jack Bannister," as the world fondly called him—indeed, it is said that he would not have known his name had he been called John. Though one of those "harlotry players," as Mrs. Quickly styles them, he not only reflected a lustre upon the gentle craft, but an honour upon society in general. Such a familiar presence was he to this immediate neighbourhood, that each step we took we anticipated meeting the still handsome form, with the brilliant eye lighted with animation. So strong was this impression, and such traces did Fancy present of the oft-greeted, intelligent face, that sufficient was seen—and thought—to induce us to attempt the present portrait.

It was at Deptford—in whose dockyard Peter, surnamed the Great, once worked *en charpentier*—that John Bannister first saw the light, on the 12th of May, 1760. With great glee and characteristic humour would he, in his latter days, relate that when the moment of his birth was approaching, his grandmother, with the superstition of anility, ran to the cupboard for a silver spoon, which she placed between his lips, that he might possess the popular title to good fortune, derived from being born with "a silver spoon in his mouth." The little actor thus introduced upon the world's stage found his future way pleasant and happy, whether owing or not to the silvery influence of the opening scene, we are not sufficiently versed in philosophy to say. Before we proceed, however, to mark the progress of his career, let us introduce his father, Charles Bannister, the friend and cherished pupil of Foote. Gifted with a manly form, an ardent mind, and an uncommon flow of wit, he was in high repute at Drury Lane and the Haymarket, an especial favourite at Ranelagh and Marylebone Gardens, and the centre of the gay and spirited clubs of the day, being often found at the table of the Prince of Wales at Carlton House. He was one of the untaught class, his voice uniting, in extraordinary perfection, the extremes of a deep bass and high-toned falsetto. The commencement of the present century found Charles Bannister retired from the stage, with impaired but not extinguished powers. In one virtue, throughout his career, he had been remarkably deficient—this was prudence, his gains being very frequently anticipated. The kindness of his son, however, procured him an annual benefit, and otherwise cheered his declining days. The great humorist died on the 26th of October, 1803, at the age of sixty-three.

During his early years, John Bannister naturally derived from his father some little love of the theatre, some taste for pleasure and society; but after receiving what in those days was termed a good education, the stage does not appear to have been contemplated as his future calling. In his earliest days he possessed much taste for the art of painting, and would sketch, according to his infantine ability, such objects and persons as were offered to his fancy by his visits to the theatre. He next attained to the drawing of heads, and was accustomed to exhibit these productions to his father, who encouraged his propensity by giving him a shilling. It is related that whenever the younger Bannister was in want of money, he would retouch one of his old drawings, knowing that his father's discrimination was not the most acute. One evening, being in want of a small sum, he effected a few alterations in an old head, and carried it, in hopes of the usual *douceur*, to his father, who was at the theatre, and in waiting to go upon the stage. The young artist pointed out the various beauties, but no gratuity came; he repeated his observations, still without effect, until he was obliged to come to the point by soliciting the loan of a shilling, when his father somewhat angrily replied, "Why, d—me, Jack, you are just like an ordinary! Come when you will it's a shilling ahead."

Rising above these expedients, our young artist became a student at the Royal Academy, where for a time he studied under De Louthembourg, who may be termed the father of English scene-painting, and who sleeps in the pleasant churchyard of Chiswick, in close companionship with Hogarth, the fine old satirist, who painted his thoughts. Perseverance might have made Bannister an excellent painter—and to the end of his life he retained a predilection for the art—but he had paid too many visits to the theatre not to become enamoured of its attractions; and instead of delineating faces at the Academy, he would disturb the grave pursuits of his fellow-students by his "tragedy tricks." He aspired to dramatic fame, and at length abandoned the pencil and the studio to illustrate life upon the stage. Owing to his father's position at Drury Lane, the younger Bannister had paid frequent visits to the green-room of that theatre, where his handsome features and sparkling eyes attracted much notice, and procured him the flattering cognomen of Cupid. In his boyish days he had often been despatched with letters and messages from his father to Garrick, and now—having nearly reached his eighteenth year—he presented himself before that formidable judge, to acquaint him that he was anxious to exchange the studies he then pursued for those of the stage. The *Roscus* at this time had retired from public life, but he viewed the young applicant with eyes of hope and kindness, and with great pains instructed him in four characters which he had himself successfully performed.

It was in neither of those characters, however, that the pupil thus favoured first ventured before the footlights. On the 27th of August, 1778, Charles Bannister took a benefit at the Haymarket, upon which occasion his son first trod the boards, as *Dick*, in Murphy's farce of "The Apprentice," written some twenty years previously to ridicule the passion then growing to excess, of the younger branches of the community assembling in what were then known as spouting clubs, to recite parts of dramatic pieces. Bannister at this time possessed in great perfection a talent for mimicry, and as his first assumption offered scope for its display,

he introduced the countenance, voice, and manner of several of his contemporaries with faithful similarity. The entire performance was received with the greatest applause, and was repeated a few evenings subsequently on the occasion of another benefit.

Three months after this first attempt, John Bannister found himself a member of the company engaged at Drury Lane, upon whose honoured boards—those which Garrick had so often trod—he appeared on the 11th of November, 1778, as *Zaphna*, in “Mahomet,” a play translated from Voltaire by the Rev. James Miller. This was one of the parts in which he had been instructed by Garrick, who followed him line by line with advice as to emphasis, gesture, and action. The part of *Palmira*, in the play, was upon that occasion represented by the beautiful Mrs. Robinson, subsequently known in the world of gallantry by the name of *Perdita*.

Mrs. Robinson was the wife of a careless, profligate young man, who left her with her fascinating mental and personal attractions to the gaze of the world. Introduced to Garrick and Sheridan, she was encouraged to adopt the stage as a profession, and accordingly appeared at Drury Lane as *Juliet*, in which character her portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The “Winter’s Tale” was subsequently commanded by their Majesties, in which she played *Perdita*. “By Jove, Mrs. Robinson,” said Gentleman Smith, who played *Leontes* upon the occasion of the royal visit, “you will make a conquest of the Prince, for to-night you look handsomer than ever.” Gentleman Smith would seem to have been gifted with the spirit of prophecy, for Mrs. Robinson in the course of the evening received a note signed “Florizel,” and in an evil hour met her royal admirer at Kew. She revelled for a time in splendour, but subsequent years found her a resident in St. James’s Place, a perfect martyr to rheumatism. She was conversant with French, German, and Italian literature. Sheridan and a few literary friends occasionally visited her, and sought to cheer her lonely hours; but she severely expiated the errors of her youth.

The Spirit bowed her head in shame,
When thinking o’er life’s altered scene;
Flashes of purity which came
To tell her what she might have been.

The inconstant Florizel, who failed in most of his promises, sleeps with a train of kings in St. George’s Hall; whilst poor *Perdita* enjoys her rest in the humble churchyard of Old Windsor.

Returning to John Bannister, we may record that Voltaire supplied him with his second heroic character, that of *Dorilas*, in “Merope,” and this was followed by *Selim*, in “Barbarossa.” On the occasion of his benefit he appeared as the elegant, dissipated *Hal*, in “Henry the Fourth,” and likewise as *Shift*, in Foote’s farce of “The Minor.” This closed the first season of the young candidate, who had obtained much approbation in these few assumptions, but ripened slowly into positive excellence. Henderson was at that time in the early days of his theatrical career, and the space which he occupied was not to be broken in upon by any new performer, unless possessed of the most transcendent talents. Upon John Bannister, however, who was yet in his minority, the eye of expectation was favourably fixed. In the interval between his first and

second season he sojourned for awhile at Birmingham, where he played several characters in the varied departments of his new art.

On the 29th of October, 1779—Bannister's second season at Drury Lane—Sheridan produced "The Critic," the most successful of his minor pieces, the part of *Whiskerandos* being sustained by our young actor, who outlived the whole of the original representatives of the male characters in Sheridan's pieces. When distributing the parts in "The Critic," the author selected for the mute *Lord Burleigh* an actor who, until then, had only aspired to the placing of a chair or the presentation of a letter, yet who, in this display of histrionic art, generally contrived to commit some blunder. Sheridan was remonstrated with on his choice by one of the performers, who pointed out the excessive dulness of the actor, and his singular aptitude to error, however simple the part he had to enact. As Sheridan had planned the character, the face was everything, and he replied that in this particular instance he would defy the actor to do wrong. Still his friend was sceptical, nor were his doubts removed by Sheridan's assuring him that the representative of *Lord Burleigh* would only have to "look wise, shake his head, and hold his tongue;" and he so far persisted as to wager a small sum with the author that some blunder would nevertheless occur. The wager was accepted, and the night of performance came. The arbiter of hopes and fears appeared in all the "bearded majesty" of the age of Elizabeth, and, flattered by the preference of the dramatist, had carefully conned the following instructions: "Mr. —, as *Lord Burleigh*, will advance from the prompter's side; proceed to the front of the stage; fall back to where Mr. G—— stands as *Sir Christopher Hatton*, shake his head, and exit." The important moment came. With "stately step and slow" *Lord Burleigh* advanced in front of the audience. "Capital!" exclaimed the gratified author. With equal correctness he retreated to the side of *Sir Christopher*, without literally "falling back," which Sheridan had for a moment doubted might be the case. "Good! a lucky escape, though," half faltered the anxious poet. "Now! now!" he continued, with eager delight at having got so far so well; but what was his horror, when his unlucky pupil, instead of shaking his own blundering head, in strict but unfortunate interpretation of his orders, took that of *Sir Christopher* within his hands, shook it long and manfully, and then walked off with a look of exultation at having so exactly complied with his lesson.

John Bannister was accustomed to remark that his *Whiskerandos* laughed his tragedy out of fashion. He did not, however, at once forsake the serious goddess, for we find that on the 21st of April, 1780, he played *Hamlet*, restoring to the stage the play in its original form—many scenes and circumstances having been omitted by Garrick, including the funeral of *Ophelia* and the rude jocularity of the *Gravediggers*. Bannister played the part several times, with the warm sanction of the public, by whom Garrick's alteration was never again required. We are not about to analyse the play of "Hamlet," having too much love for our gentle readers; besides, too many goose-quills have been already sacrificed in the display of critical acumen upon that production, to possess an early copy of which—the play, of course, we mean—such sums have been lavished. We are tempted, notwithstanding, to place on record a couple of criticisms on the acting of the philosophic prince,

chiefly from their brevity, which is said to be so allied to the soul of wit. The Dublin playgoers, in the course of one week in the year 1784, were gratified with no less than four *Hamlets*—Henderson, John Kemble, Holman, and Pope—upon whose respective performances the following lines appeared in a journal in that city, furnishing one of the shortest as well as one of the best of critiques :

Pope the actor,
Holman the gentleman,
Kemble the prince,
Henderson the Hamlet.

“ One more, and that’s the last.” Bannister was one night at the theatre, standing, unobserved, near a small coterie of scene-shifters, who were discussing the merits of the various performers of *Hamlet*. One admired Henderson, another Kemble, and each commented on his favourite. At last one of them said, “ You may talk of Henderson and Kemble, but Bannister’s *Hamlet* for me; for he has always done twenty minutes sooner than anybody else.”

At the close of his second season at Drury Lane, Bannister accepted an engagement at the Haymarket, then under the control of the younger Colman, who, in his “ Random Records,” thus speaks of the young actor : “ His abilities at this time were in the bud, and his line undecided ; so he took, for the convenience of the theatre, any line, good, bad, or indifferent, either in tragedy, comedy, or farce—no trifling proof of his versatility.” Continuing his progress in his profession and in public estimation, Bannister added many characters to his list, including that of a husband, first played by him on the 26th of January, 1783, being supported in the part by Miss Elizabeth Harper—the joint performance being sustained for more than fifty years with unwearied attachment and affection.

Miss Harper was a near relation of Mr. Rundell, the eminent jeweller, and was the principal singer at the Haymarket, possessing a voice of the first quality. She was a beautiful and unaffected girl, whilst John Bannister was considered one of the handsomest youths of his day. Prior to his marriage, his name was often mentioned as a reveller in scenes of gaiety and frolic, and such a disposition, aided by youth and inexperience, might have led to unpropitious results ; but the intimacy formed with Miss Harper gave a correct and defined limitation to his views, and drew forth those virtues which were to grace his character and ensure his happiness. Becoming attached to her, he relinquished on her account an attendance at many of the merry-makings to which he had been a welcome visitor. One night in particular, all present at one of these gatherings were determined on seeing the moon put out of countenance by the rays of the morning. At twelve o’clock, however, John Bannister rose to depart, and the most pressing entreaties failed to detain him. “ Your reason, Jack, your reason ? ” was asked by the company, but asked in vain. His father, however, explained the cause in an apt quotation from “ Macbeth,” saying, with a significant glance—

Harper cries, ’tis time, ’tis time.

It was about this period of Bannister’s history (1782-83) that the Kemble and the Siddons appeared upon the scene, which had a material

effect upon his tragic thoughts. On the night of John Kemble's first appearance, our newly-married actor saw that his own future performance of *Hamlet* was extremely improbable; but in the afterpiece of "High Life below Stairs" he played *Lovel* with much humour and spirit. Occasionally, however, he performed in the same play with Kemble: *Juba* to his *Cato*, *Cassio* to his *Othello*, *Allworth* to his *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Launcelot Gobbo* to his *Shylock*, &c. The appearance of Mrs. Jordan at Drury Lane, in 1785, restored Comedy to its due consideration at that house; and to the transcendent Dora, John Bannister was for many years a great auxiliary. Another circumstance tended to lure him into the embraces of the sprightly goddess. The younger Colman completed his studies at Aberdeen, and sought fame in London as a dramatic writer. Bannister and he had formed an acquaintance some years previously behind the scenes at the Haymarket, which soon ripened into friendship. The intimacy thus formed in their earliest, continued to their latest days. Each was recommended by abundant wit and talent, and, as author and performer, were of the highest importance to each other. What the genius of the one designed, the other rendered exceedingly effective in the illustration. Colman never brought out a drama at any theatre where his friend was engaged, without studying his rare merit, and accommodating a character to his range of talent. The Haymarket was their head-quarters, where all was gaiety before the curtain and all vivacity behind it, and where Bannister's name in the playbill was said to half fill the house. Such, seventy years ago, was the Haymarket Theatre, which the lively, thoughtless, but incomparable Edwin styled the "little snuggery in the Hay-mow." In their displays of gaiety and mirth, the merry sprites practised their pleasantry to amuse each other, and many a heart-easing laugh would they raise. "I have often thought," said Bannister in his days of retirement, "that I was very fortunate in making one of this pleasant, professional, amicable coterie. I think there was a little mixture of envy, jealousy, or malevolence prevailing among us, as ever could exist amid so many competitors for the same prize—the applause of the public."

At Drury Lane, Bannister was far less happy. Here, moreover, he had no great opportunity of distinguishing himself. King was in possession of many of the characters to which the younger performer aspired; and as acting manager, he was rather supposed to restrain than encourage his endeavours. This was at one time felt so acutely by Bannister, that he had serious intentions of quitting the theatre, but was persuaded to a course of patience which ultimately led to a prosperous result. At the Haymarket, during the summer months, he received every encouragement from his friend Colman, who, in July, 1787, gave him the part of *Inkle*, upon the first production of his operatic play of "Inkle and Yarico," in which were likewise retained the services of Parsons, Edwin, Baddeley, Mrs. Bannister, and Miss George. Previous to the production of this piece, it was read by the author to Dr. Mosely, who made no observation until the conclusion of the reading, when his opinion of its merits was requested. "It won't do," said the doctor; "stuff, nonsense." This observation excited the surprise of Colman, who had been complimented in other circles where the piece had been read, and he inquired

the cause of objection. "I will tell you," said the critical reviewer: "you say in the finale,

Now let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes' bells shall ring.

It won't do, sir—there is but one bell in the whole island!"

Colman, during the next season (July, 1788), fitted our comedian with great exactness in the part of *Sir David Dunder*, in "Ways and Means," a character in which impatience and self-sufficiency are humorously blended with extreme goodness of heart, generosity, and feeling. Bannister's performance of *Sir David* was perfection, the veteran Parsons hailing his success with a good-humoured observation, "Well, Jack, you had got up three-fourths of the ladder before, but you are now at the very top."

One of Bannister's favourite characters at this period was *Scout*, in the "Village Lawyer," in which he exhibited the richest humour and most animated powers—Parsons and Edwin exercising their talents with the happiest effect in *Snarl* and *Sheepface*. This farce—which was then first introduced to the English stage—is known to most of the theatres of Europe, and may probably be considered the most ancient in existence. It is derived from a French piece, "L'Avocat Patelin," and would seem to have been written about 1470, having been printed at Paris early in the sixteenth century.

Upon King relinquishing the management of Drury, the post of honour was assumed by John Kemble, and to Bannister that season (1788-89) was one of remarkable activity. He now first attempted the representation of a British sailor, his earliest character being *Ben*, in "Love for Love," the cast of which comprised an unusual assemblage of dramatic talent. Kemble, Parsons, Moody, Dodd, and Bannister, filled the principal male characters; whilst Miss Pope, Mrs. Jordan, and Miss Farren graced the female list. The part of *Ben* was not well calculated to display the powers of our comedian, having been written before the British sailor was endeared to us by the delineations of Smollett and so many subsequent writers. *Ben* was sketched by Congreve as a being all rough, coarse, and unmannered, not the theatrical tar of the present day, so unmiudful of danger, so heroic in the defence of injured innocence. On the evening of Bannister's first playing *Ben*, his late Majesty William IV., then Duke of Clarence, was behind the scenes when the comedian came from his room dressed for the part. "What!" said the illustrious sailor, observing his attire, "would you wear that coloured handkerchief round your neck?—it must be changed." A black one was procured, and the good-natured prince assisted in giving the handkerchief the characteristic tie.

Included in Bannister's range of characters at this time we find *Belcour*, in Cumberland's comedy of the "West Indian;" *Lissardo*, in "The Wonder," when Kemble appeared as *Don Felix*; *Touchstone*, the chief of Shakspeare's clowns, which was a hazardous adventure, as King, during his extended career, had made the part so completely his own; and *Dashwood*, in Murphy's comedy of "Know your own Mind."

On the 30th of April, 1789, Bannister recited for his benefit an address written by Colman, entitled, "British Loyalty; or, a Squeeze for St.

Paul's," in commemoration of the recovery of George III. from his alarming illness. In acknowledgment of his restoration, the sovereign, with characteristic piety, repaired to St. Paul's on St. George's Day, to render thanks for his deliverance. A noble procession attended him, and a brilliant illumination took place at night. A day or two subsequently, his Majesty, in conversation with Sir William Beechey, inquired of the worthy knight if he witnessed the sight.

"I did, sire," was the reply. "And from where?" asked the king. "From a house at the corner of St. Paul's-churchyard." "I wish I had been there too," rejoined the monarch; "for I saw nothing but the broad scarlet-and-gold shoulders of my coachman."

Colman's next effort for his friend Bannister was the part of *Gondibert*, in the "Battle of Hexham," a piece written in a professed Shakspearean vein. Bannister's character bore some affinity to his early tragic attempts; and its manly integrity, unshaken spirit, and genuine affection, were well suited to his nature and talent.

In November, 1789, the opera of the "Haunted Tower" was brought forward, and gave to the town a better style of music than had of late been attempted. In this piece Bannister played *Edward*, whose honesty, bluntness, and sincerity in love were portrayed with great skill and adherence to nature. For his benefit this season Bannister played *Sir Anthony Absolute*, in "The Rivals," a character which he retained, though a season or two later he added fighting *Bob Acres*, in the same comedy, to his list of performances.

Among the characters which Bannister acquired by the departure of King from Drury Lane was *Gradus*, in Mrs. Cowley's pleasant comedy of "Who's the Dupe?" which our comedian completely made his own. His appearance was so quaint and formal; his manner so restrained and bashful; and such burlesque coxcomby did he throw into the part, that a perfection of picture was presented. "No Song no Supper"—first played on the 16th of April, 1790—gave Bannister another sailor part, in which he confirmed and increased the favourable impression he had previously created in that branch of his art. This musical piece, the production of Mr. Prince Hoare, was supported by the united talents of Michael Kelly, Dignum, Suett, Bannister, Mrs. Crouch, Signora Storace, and Miss Romanzini (Mrs. Bland). For his benefit, in April, 1791, Bannister played *Jerry Sneak*, in the "Mayor of Garratt"—his termagant spouse being personated by Mrs. Jordan. On the ensuing 4th of June he played the sailor *Robin* in "No Song no Supper," which was the last performance ever given upon the boards of the then existing Drury Lane, which had stood the wear and tear of one hundred and seventeen years, and had received the sentence of demolition. Much regret was awakened at this decision, for it was upon the stage of the old house that Garrick and his illustrious compeers concentrated their rays of talent, and there the Siddons and John Kemble commenced their metropolitan career. It was in that house, moreover, that Johnson thundered out his giant applause, whilst Churchill there gathered materials for his celebrated "Rosciad."

Upon the final closing of "poor old Drury," Bannister resumed his post at the Haymarket, one of the earliest novelties at which house was Colman's "Surrender of Calais." In this piece our comedian played *La*

Gloire, a mixture of bravery and affection, of filial duty and pleasantry. Bannister was here completely at home, sometimes touching the heart with exquisite sensibility, at others provoking irresistible merriment. George III. once commanded this play, in which Parsons personated a carpenter, by whom a gallows has to be erected for the execution of the captives. This character has to remark, "So, the King is coming; as the King like not my scaffold, I am no true man." On the night of the royal visit, the favourite comedian went further. Advancing near to the monarch's box, he said, "An the King were here, and did not admire my scaffold, I would say, I'd be hanged but he has no taste." The audience were at first astonished; but Parsons, with his grimace and the horizontal protrusion of his leg, produced a roar of laughter and merriment, the sovereign being the foremost to applaud and the last to desist.

About this time Bannister acquired three popular characters, in which Edwin had been eminently successful, but which his death left open to competition. These were *Lazarillo* ("Spanish Barber"), *Lingo* ("Agreeable Surprise"), and *Peeping Tom*, in the farce of that name. The two latter he played at the Haymarket, on the 5th of September, 1792, for the farewell benefit of Mrs. Bannister, who had so long charmed the public with the sweetness of her voice, and now quitted the scene to perform more assiduously the duties of domestic life. The following were her parting words:

Full sixteen summers now have roll'd away
 Since on these boards I made my first essay.
 Here first your favour I aspir'd to court,
 Met my first wish—and kept it—your support.
 Trembling I came; by partial favour cheer'd,
 My doubt dispers'd, and I no longer fear'd:
 Approv'd by you, I thought my trials past—
 But my severest trial comes at last!
 Farewell, my best protectors, patrons, friends!
 To-night my labour in your service ends.
 And, oh! if faintly now the voice reveals
 Those struggling movements which the bosom feels,
 Let the big drop that glistens in my eyes
 Express that sense the faltering tongue denies.
 As oft, retir'd, unruffled, and serene,
 I ponder o'er the past and busy scene;
 So oft shall memory pay the tribute due,
 Warm from the heart, to gratitude and you!

It would take a long summer's day to recount the varied characters sustained by John Bannister during his professional career, the list exceeding four hundred—a greater number, probably, than was ever played by any one performer in all the diversified forms of the drama. At the period to which we have brought him (1792) he had his reputation established, his fortune assured; and we have therefore only to refer to the more important features of his after course. Dramatists continued to furnish him with original characters, which, with important revivals, maintained and even increased his popularity. Cumberland gave him the part of *Sheva*, in his comedy of "The Jew," and amply was he repaid by the truthful rendering of the character. Prince Hoarc presented him with one of his most effective displays, the part of *Lenitive*, in "The

Prize," and subsequently *Vapour*, in "My Grandmother," and the *Three Singles*, in which the separate identity of the brothers was preserved with admirable fidelity. Colman's ready muse supplied his esteemed friend with *Sadi*, in "The Mountaineers;" *Wilford*, in the "Iron Chest;" *Sylvester Daggerwood*, the amusing strolling player of the Dunstable company; and *Shacabac*, in "Blue Beard." Among other original characters awarded to Bannister we may mention *Rolando*, in poor Tobin's comedy of "The Honeymoon," first played on the 31st of January, 1805. The character, however, which brought out all his powers was *Walter*, in Morton's drama of the "Children in the Wood," in which he rose to the very height of dramatic excellence. It was a performance at once true, impressive, and faultless.

In 1797, Bannister took up his abode in Gower-street, where he spent the remainder of his life. Dublin, Edinburgh, and other towns, now received from him an occasional professional visit, and never failed to hail him with expressions of satisfaction and liberality. At Weymouth he was warmly patronised by the King, who, in addition to other marks of favour, invited him to sail in the royal yacht whenever his engagements would permit.

In 1807, our favoured comedian prepared and arranged an entertainment depending entirely on his own personal exertions. This was entitled "Bannister's Budget," and was intended as a vehicle for animated description, anecdote, and song. Among the earliest patrons to this monologue were Their Majesties, who invited the lecturer to Windsor, and were delighted with the pleasantry of the entertainment. With his "Budget," Bannister made an extensive tour, which resulted in both pleasure and profit.

Upon the opening of the present Drury Lane Theatre (October 10, 1812), Bannister was a member of the company engaged. *Acres*, in "The Rivals," was his opening character; and his return, after an absence of three years, was welcomed with warm and general applause. Here he performed many of his favourite characters; but the second season introduced Edmund Kean upon the same boards, and tragedy became the attraction of the day. Bannister had now thrown down the dagger of the serious muse; and when Kean played *Hamlet*, he who had been the lover of *Ophelia* now officiated as her gravedigger!

The third season of the new theatre's existence was Bannister's last before the public. His only original part in that period was *Sam Squib*, in Dibdin's farce of "Past Ten o'Clock;" and on the 1st of June, 1815, he took his farewell of the profession, appearing upon the occasion as *Echo*, in Kennedy's comedy of "The World," and *Walter*, in the "Children in the Wood." At the conclusion of the last-named piece he addressed the audience in these parting words:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Seven-and-thirty years have elapsed since I appeared before you, my kind benefactors! and I feel that this instant of separation is much more awful to me than the youthful moment when I first threw myself upon your indulgence. During my strenuous exertions to obtain your favour, how much have those exertions been stimulated and rewarded by the public! And one vanity of my heart, which it will ever be impossible for me to suppress, must be the constant recollection of days in which you fostered me in my boyhood, encouraged me progressively on the stage, and, after a long and

continued series of service, thus cheer me at the conclusion of my professional labours.

"Considerations of health warn me to retire—your patronage has given me the means of retiring with comfort. What thanks can I sufficiently return for that comfort which you have enabled me to obtain?"

"This moment of quitting you nearly overcomes me. At a time when respect and gratitude call upon me to express my feelings with more eloquence than I could ever boast, those very feelings deprive me of half the humble powers I may possess upon ordinary occasions.

"Farewell! my kind, my dear benefactors!"

No performer ever quitted the stage more deservedly respected and regretted. He had won the great prize of public favour, and retained it by conduct the most exemplary. He possessed that sort of stage talent which never grows old, let the waste of time be ever so heavy; and when he dropped the assumed character and laid down the mask, he was possessed of an animated vigour of motion, a deep feeling of voice, with an enlivening play of smile. Twenty-one years were passed by him in retirement, in the midst of a virtuous and happy family. His goodness, and charity, and endearing manners, were ever justly appreciated, and from the world, which he assisted to cheer, he gained entire respect. Prosperity and applause had attended his earlier efforts; and when the activity of youth was exchanged for the repose of age, he was found dispensing the liberal aid he did not need.

Having retained his health, spirits, and good looks, to the last, John Bannister finally yielded to the great Creditor whose claims no one can resist. With manly uprightness had he blended sentiments of unaffected piety, and departed peacefully on the 7th of November, 1836, being then in his seventy-seventh year. His remains were interred by the side of those of his father, in a vault of the parish church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

The peculiar merits of John Bannister as an actor have been partially dwelt upon during the progress of this sketch. His characteristic integrity and buoyant benevolence were apparent in his simulated characters, his truth and sincerity diffusing their influence over his assumptions. Admirable in his conception of character, his acting exhibited no effort or constraint, no preparation for the intended point or plaudit; the jest or sentiment proceeded from his lips with apparent unconsciousness. Dexterous and happy was his treatment of the former; whilst the latter, as it found its way to the hearts of his auditors, showed his intimacy with nature.

Every look he gave was characteristic of his part, yet every look of the actor seemed to be the every-day look of the man. Though possessing a handsome figure, he wanted elegance for the man of fashion and finish for the fop. His chief excellence lay in the illustration of the easy English humorist, the man of independence, originality, and pleasantry; in such characters was he unrivalled. His early love of tragedy—for which he needed dignity, not feeling—occasionally returned to him; and though he exhibited no deficiency of talent, yet the audience were accustomed to associate with his appearance comic expectation. There was such a restless vivacity in his eye, such an irrepressible gladness in his smile, which told plainly that his proper sphere was in the eccentric,

the good-natured, and the gay. His tragic labours, however, were not altogether wasted, as his attainments in that line matured into a series of characters in which a deep impression was to be made on the feelings by means from which comedy was not banished, in parts where emotion was to be awakened by blunt and genuine nature, and by the exhibition of spontaneous sensibility. Had he never contemplated the walk of tragedy, his *Walter* and similar characters would never have possessed the charm with which he invested them. He occasionally played vocal parts, when appearing with Mrs. Jordan, Signora Storace, Mrs. Bland, or Mrs. Charles Kemble. Though not skilled in the musical art, he had in his wife an able and a kind instructor.

Bannister possessed, in a high degree, the social powers, song excepted, which distinguished his father. Considerations of failing health led him into retirement at a comparatively early period, before age had cooled his spirit or dimmed his imagination; and his unflinching good humour, his benevolence and amenity, never failed. Though his manly good sense and sportive fancy made him much solicited in social life, prudence was ever a guard over his festivity; and never, we believe, in a single instance, did he draw upon himself the displeasure of the public.

Bannister used to tell a story of his having been introduced, with Mrs. Bannister, to an elderly lady of exceedingly high notions. A drop of noble blood in the veins of her visitors served to wash out every other stain they might have had in their characters and escutcheons. After the presentation had taken place, the lady asked a wit of the day who was present, "Who *are* the Bannisters? Are they of a good family?" "Yes," said the wit, "very good, indeed; they are closely connected with the *Stairs*." "Oh," said the lady, "a very ancient family of Ayrshire—dates back to 1450. I am delighted to see your friends."

Men of the highest character courted the society of our gay comedian, but he was ever plain Jack Bannister. Of his profession he was not ashamed, and often in sportive allusion to it would he dub himself "Tom Fool." With his early predilection for painting, his love for the society of artists was conspicuous, and in the studio of Gainsborough he passed many agreeable hours. The great landscape painter was himself distinguished by much simplicity of character, and equally fond of frolic as his valued friend. When Bannister had carried the exercise of his faculty for pleasantries to an extreme height, he would often check himself with, "Well done, Tom Fool."

Such was John Bannister, who, from whatever point we view him, claims from us sentiments of affection. Time, the messenger of sorrow and the distributor of grey locks, touched him lightly; and though an old enemy, the gout, came to remind him occasionally of the pleasantries among which they made acquaintance, he was a great pedestrian, and to London a familiar presence.

Our sketch is finished. If we have "writ our annals true," and fulfilled our hope of paying tribute to one distinguished by talent and virtue—if we have shown that a man may be a player and yet possess the virtue and piety of a Christian—if in presenting the portrait of that player to those who knew him not we have helped to enshrine his memory, then are we indebted to the sunny day that led us to Gower-street, and gave us pleasant thoughts of "honest Jack Bannister."

LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

THE last printed portion of these memoirs concluded with a description of the *Architectural* London, as it existed in 1827, when I was about to remove into Devonshire. The circumstances which suddenly arrested my life's record left that portion a broken chapter; and, surely, the best way of uniting what has been published with what is hereafter to appear, will be to commence my new series with the intended conclusion of the former part, which was dis severed from its pre-context, like the "—nity" that would have followed the "eter—" of Don Whiskerandos, had not "stern death cut short his being, and the noun, at once." I was describing the London of 1827, and had arrived at the concluding passages, which were to speak of the theatres, the Colosseum, and the then existing Diorama in the Regent's Park. The latter, I deeply regret to observe, is now no more. The shell of the building exists, as a Dissenting chapel; but, in the discontinuance of its former purpose, the metropolis has lost the most perfect exhibition of illusive art it ever possessed. It were well indeed if the Sydenham Palace could add the revival of such a Diorama to its attractions; and it is hoped this suggestion may not be thought wholly beneath the notice of the proprietors. The "cue" of my last paragraph was, "the frank from a member of parliament." The chapter thus concludes:

Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres were still exclusively the great homes of the "Legitimate Drama;" Kean, Macready, Young, and C. Kemble being their main tragic supports: but there had not been (nor has there appeared) any rival successor to Miss O'Neill. Drury Lane Theatre had been internally remodelled, to the diminution of the pit, by the architect Beazely, for Elliston; and the Russell-street colonnade, with the queer portico in Brydges-street, were also subsequently added. Fortunately, Wyatt's plans of this building are preserved in his quarto volume, published by Taylor in 1813. The exterior, as there shown, is of a character which evinces that economy of means which induced a minimum regard for outward display for the more essential accomplishment of internal beauty and perfection. Would that the interior had been preserved just as he left it, and that Mr. Elliston's 21,000*l.* had been spent in its external completion; for an imposing hexastyle portico might have been added to the box-entrance front, and the flanks of the theatre were susceptible of a cement covering of most telling and appropriately decorative character. Its general plan was the best devised of any theatre I have seen in Europe; and the reasonings on the motives which guided Mr. Wyatt in effecting the purpose proposed are philosophically propounded and well followed out. At the same time, it is desirable that the design for a theatre should be considered as separable from certain provisions which the architect then deemed *in*-separable from such a building. Mr. Macready did sufficient to prove that they are *not* necessary concomitants; and, indeed, unless this *can* be proved, the moralist must stand justified in his objections to the theatre. For the legitimate purpose of the drama no such thing as the "Saloon" is required. Facility of ingress and egress, with conveniences for the service of the real playgoer, are

all that can be desired; and these, as I have attempted to show, in designs since made, and published in "The Magazine of the Fine Arts," are compatible with the external circular form of the auditorial portion of such a building, which would at once proclaim it to be nothing else but a Theatre.

The then more important additions to the places of public amusement were the Colosseum, by D. Burton, in the Regent's Park, and the Diorama. The name of the former is its chief defect. It is really a large and impressive structure; but it is instantly rendered absurdly insignificant by its association with the gigantic amphitheatre of Vespasian. It may be colossal—for the Regent's Park; but it is ridiculously beneath the pretensions which alone could justify its name as *the* metropolitan giant. The veritable Coliseum *was* the colossus of Rome. The enclosing shell of Mr. Horner's panorama of London was never other than a very large building of its class. (By the way, I had been, some time before I went to Italy, in the said Horner's employ, making tracings from the sketches he took in his nest above the cross of St. Paul's! My trial lasted only for a fortnight or three weeks; after which I left him suddenly, without caring to receive any pay for services, with which he did not seem quite satisfied.) With all due admiration for this building as an architectural object, exception must be taken to the application of the sternly majestic Greek Doric portico to a mere show-place for the loungers and holiday-makers. The Corinthian of the Roman Pantheon (to the general form of which the building under notice bears much resemblance) would have been more in keeping with Mr. Horner's purpose, and more correctly associative with the glazed and leaded wooden dome of his edifice.

The Diorama, a more finished example of illusive art than the Panorama, is housed in a building of far less architectural pretension. Here, indeed, "the end crowns all." We pass through the simple doorway of what appears to be a private residence, and find ourselves rapt in mute admiration before a scene, which is only not positively deceptive because we know it to be a picture. We know we are not in Switzerland, nor at Jerusalem, because we have paid money at the door, and remain convinced that we are sitting in a dark theatre within forty feet of the Regent's Park. I shall never forget the enchanting effect of one especial presentment. It was that of the destruction of a Swiss village by the fall of an avalanche during the night. As the scene first opened we looked upon the calm and solemn beauty of a moonlight night. At the foot of a darkly-shadowed mountain, rising close on the right, was a cottage; its inmates shut up—but not yet at rest—since the window was radiant with the light within. In the nearer foreground was a small lake or tarn, its dark water the stiller and blacker for the snow which had recently melted into its gloomy depth. From the left a road extended miles onward, along the bed of a valley, one side of which was seen elevating its mighty and snow-capped masses, strikingly varied with strong lights and shadows as the surfaces were towards or from the moon. Half-way up the valley were seen a few of the houses and the lofty watch-tower of the village, beyond which the lesser mountains faded into distance, while the loftier Alps far behind still exhibited their silver summits in placid immensity. The near foreground was for the most part covered with recently-fallen snow, from which some rocky fragments and prostrate

timber emerged, with a partial exhibition of their own colours. No figure was seen; but the deep foot-marks along the main part of the road, and up to the cottage door, and the evidence on the door-step of some one having just stamped the snow from his feet, showed how moving life had recently formed part of the picture. The sky is clear above, and all is still. No—there is a phantom-obscurity stealing over the distance, and we hear, or fancy we hear, a delicate breathing, as of a coming wind. A sound, like the sigh of fearful apprehension, is now distinctly recognised. A small continuous note swells into an audible whistle; sinks again; again increases to more than its former quality; falls again; rises into loudness, and swells—swells into a hissing moan, which becomes a hoarse roar. The sky is overcast; the moon fades: clouds come moving on; the winds are increasing in their loudness, and lashing their coursers into speed; the sky is dark; the moon is seen no more; the whole landscape is nearly shrouded in the tragic robe of gloom. The light of the cottage window disappears. The village and its tower are imperceptible; no—the tower is seen again—or rather its place—for a bright beacon-light gleams in its lantern. And now, louder and louder swell the winds, till Hurricane asserts his fullest power! Darker and darker grows the night, till we look up into the black sky, as it were “the pall of a past world!” Only the light of the beacon is now distinct. Hark! distant thunder! The winds are losing their might in its mightier volume! Lightning flashes across the darkness; and, after a brief pause, peals forth a crackling crash, which changes into a deep, prolonged bellow, whose reverberations battle with the rocky ranks of the valley, and die to be succeeded by another and another, till the functions of sight are utterly lost in the one sense of hearing! The warning bell is heard from the watch-tower! Its light has disappeared. A dull heavy sound, not like either wind or thunder, seems to indicate some final and fearful catastrophe! The storm gradually subsides. Flakes of snow begin to fall, and the fall increases, till the aspect before the eye is that of white network moving downward over a black velvet robe. The snow-fall diminishes; ceases. A ghostly grey appears above the dark distant mountains. But it is no ghost of the night; it is the birth of the morning. It becomes a streak of silver brightness. The entire remote sky is an expanse of light. The objects of the vast landscape, more especially the nearest, gradually reassume their forms. The snow-tops of the distance rise in all their majesty. The spectator shivers with the chill of the hour. Some struggling sunbeams irradiate the vanishing clouds; the mountain summits delicately gleam with a warmer light; the near objects in the foreground are all sharp in their distinctness; but the footsteps to the cottage door and the door-step have disappeared under a smooth and uniform surface of snow. And now we see the village tower—at least, the top of it; and no more than that; for the snow is nearly up to its watch-chamber; and the remainder of it, with the whole of the village around, lies buried under the avalanche, which was, indeed, the “final and fearful catastrophe,” vaguely apprehended when that mysterious sound, “not like either wind or thunder,” pierced “the fearful hollow of our ear!” And now placidly rises the morning, till restored day, in its chilly infancy, descends into the valley again, to behold what is—and what is not!

Here was the process by which the most finished art, and the most cunning mechanism, had wrought the representation of a physical drama, illustrated by scenic effects, wondrously illusive in truth's semblance. It was a drama without any openly perceptible personal actors, but we saw them in our mind's eye; their sudden fears, their horrors, and their pale yielding to destruction, were all before us. Such was this Tragedy of the Alps, as performed in the theatre of the Diorama; of all illusions by far the most striking one ever achieved by artificial magic upon my senses. It was, indeed—

—A most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly.

Not Prospero's exhibition of that "vanity of his art," wherewith he entranced the souls of Ferdinand and Miranda, was more wonderful to them than this dioramic presentment was to me and the fair friend who accompanied me; for it was a thing which to a lone and unparticipating spectator would have been painfully exquisite. But she felt it as I did; and, possibly remembers it as I do; in which case, she will recollect how she suddenly clung to my arm when the dark tragedy was at its highest, and how she said "it was perhaps very silly to be so influenced by a thing which she knew to be unreal;" an unphilosophical remark, since it was the truthful representation of a truth too frequently realised; and it brought home to her perception a dreadful fact, of which she had hitherto been ignorant or mindless. The greatest realities of life are but as "dreams" to a being destined for futurity; and their imitations, "if imagination amend them," are no less than such realities, if they do not immediately involve our own persons in their action. Here, in truth, is the secret of the drama's influence. A person of gentle and humane mind does not seek entertainment in witnessing real suffering, woe, or horror; but his very gentleness and humanity impel him to be sympathetically interested in their fictitious enactment; and his pleasure is afforded in the artistic skill and feeling with which the mimic performance is marked.

And, now, adieu to thee, London, which hast been, with brief exception, for ten years, my varied-tempered guardian; lodging me in homes of all grades, from ground-floor to garret: and in conditions of all kinds, from despairing misery to cheering comfort! Adieu to the constant companionship of the friends of my youth—to the lively lads, whom I shall hereafter meet on rare and distant occasions, changed into sober husbands and fathers, anxious to know "what on earth they are to do with their boys!" Adieu to many a young mother and miss in her teens, whom I may not see again, till the former wears grandmother's grey, and the latter can hardly find time to come down from her "plagues" in the nursery! Adieu to others again, who may reappear as portly bachelors, passing their time between continental and London sojourns, in the full enjoyment of their late fathers' means of easy independence; or as buxom old maids, none the worse, apparently, for having no nursery to go into, unless it be in the capacity of a matronly aunt! Adieu to St. Paul's, which stimulated me to become an architect; to Edward Lapidge, my first professional tutor; and to John Soane, my last! Adieu to John Britton, who first knew me when I was

a boy, and who was then about the age which I am now; who was ever my kindly remembering friend, and in whose company I had the pleasure of dining on the 6th of September, 1853, he being then all alive, and likely to live, in his 82nd year! Adieu to the pit crush of the theatres, which I used conscientiously to encounter, to keep up in my mind the "balance of power" between Edmund Kean and William Charles Macready! Adieu to the Shakspeare Reading Club, from whose influence I imbibed that love for the great drama, which has ever since been the pleasurable enjoyment of my literary leisure, and divided, with architecture, the poor efforts of my industry and zeal as a public lecturer in the West of England! Adieu to my fifteen-penny dinners in Rupert-street, the sweetest memory of which has reference to the kiss which I gave to the waiting-maid, when I met her one day coming up the stairs with both hands employed in the support of a tower of covered plates, including "a beef, two muttons, a turkey, three plum-puddings, and a cheese!" Adieu to No. 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, and to all hopes of preferment as an architect metropolitan; and, once more, adieu to thee, LONDON, thou smoky-faced, fog-breathing, and "stony-hearted stepmother," who, having done all thy limited means and thy own large family enable thee to do for one not born within the sound of Bow bells, dost now dismiss him, at the age of twenty-five, with his baffled ambition and his brass door-plate, to seek, "in stronds afar remote," another home and new hopes!

JOURNEY TO DEVONSHIRE, AND TOUR THROUGH THE COUNTY.

THE literary occupation, to which I have referred in a former chapter, was of a topographical character, and I was happily enabled to make it serve the purpose of a most agreeable tour. The first step in my journey was from London to a pleasant little town in Surrey, on the road to Portsmouth; and here a somewhat remarkable incident occurred.

I was standing within the large entrance and coach-passage of the inn. A young man of gentlemanly appearance, and interesting from an expression of melancholy which pervaded his pale and handsome countenance, came down from the first floor, and passed me in his way towards the street. The ostler, and two or three of his companions, were reading a placard which had been just pasted against the passage-wall. The young stranger, looking over their shoulders, seemed also to peruse the placard, and then went forth. At this moment a handsome carriage drove into the passage, and remained there for some time, while the travellers alighted and the luggage was being removed. Never was there a more busy turn-out of pretty laughing girls and heavy portmanteaus. The inn was instantly all gaiety and bustle; and, indeed, the little town generally seemed all astir with the life occasioned by such an import of fashion and beauty.

Scarcely, however, were the new inmates fairly housed in their "apartments," and the carriage drawn into the stable-yard, when the lively cheerfulness of the scene was changed for tragic gloom of the deepest dye! Several men, in the dress of cricketers, came slowly forward, labouring under the load of a lifeless body, which I instantly recognised as that of the young stranger whom I had previously noticed. He was taken up-

stairs and laid upon the bed in which he had slept the preceding night. It was soon known to us all that he had shot himself through the heart! and it was speedily afterwards discovered that the placard on the wall too truly described his person, and offered a reward of one hundred pounds for his apprehension under the charge of forgery and embezzlement. He had doubtless been prepared for the sad chance that might await him; and the sight of the placard was less surprising than conclusive in its effect. The suicide had been committed in a spot close to where the cricket-players were engaged, and the report of the pistol led to the instant discovery of the body, which was known to one of the party as that of a sojourner at the hotel.

The inn was now all still, under the cloud of horror which had gathered over it. The fearful whisperings of the little town mingled with the moaning winds of that sad evening. The late coach came down on its way to Portsmouth. I changed my intention of staying the night, and proceeded on my journey thinking—but I will leave the reader to think for me, for the subject is fresh to *him*, and he will no doubt reflect, as I did, upon the extraordinary contrasts of that dark hour.

Portsmouth, too, had its incident. When I stepped on board the *Brunswick* steam-boat for Devonshire, a vessel from France had just arrived, and she was passing close to us up the harbour. A sturdy man-o'-war's man was on her deck, impatient, as he said, "to get ashore from out of the blowsy teakettle," to whose conduct he had been compelled to submit, for at that time there was no notion of admitting a boiler into the hold of a battle-ship. He saw his "lovely Nan" waving her lily-white handkerchief on the quay; and, without waiting for the paddles to stop, hailed an old messmate, who was in his boat amid a hundred others, ready to "pull alongside." The paddles stopped an instant, but not for Jack, nor conscious of the promptness of the messmate to respond to Jack's call. No sooner, therefore, was the boat secretly under the paddle, than the order "Go a-head" was given. Jack, losing not an instant, jumped into the boat; and, in one second or two more, the said boat was knocked into two very independent fragments, and both men were missing. "Stop her! man overboard!" was the cry; and a brief while of anxious suspense followed; but, thanks to Heaven, we shall not finish with tragedy this time. The "messmate" was picked up on to the steamer's deck, and Jack rose clear some yards "a-port," striking off for the quay with his long cue trailing after him like a helmless and unnecessary rudder, and exclaiming, "All right, my hearties! lash your boat to my pigtail and I'll tow ye ashore."

My voyage was such as to make me repent I had not preferred the tedium of the turnpike-road to the tossing of the Channel waves—the animal power of the horse to the horse-power of the engine. The port of my destination was Dartmouth; and as we passed the mouth of the Dart, a little object was seen at intervals on the top of a wave, indistinct in the misty rain, which, by eyes less dimmed by sickness and calm despair than mine, was recognised to be what is termed (with very non-especial significance) a "shore-boat." It appeared to me that, being intended only as a surface swimmer, it had no more business out at sea at that

hour than the boatman's cottage. I presume it was always *above* water; but an inexperienced sight would have regarded it as a diving duck, engaged for by far the greater portion of its time in the profoundest investigation of the mysteries of "the deep." We "lay to," as it is termed,—that is, we stopped our paddles and performed a *pas seul* on the waves, in which a compound of starboard and larboard rolling, and fore and aft pitching, was practised to the utmost amount of allowable eccentricity. The steward told me to get ready. This was gratuitous. There was never a man more ready than I for the most submissive yielding to anything which the fates in their ingenuity might contrive as an imperative decree. But, when he told me to get ready my luggage, he might as well have ordered me to ascend and hang my portmanteau on the masthead. He understood the faint humour of my sickly smile, in which were comprised the imploring appeal of one much to be pitied, the mild reproof of one not to be made a fool of, and the settled aspect of that despair which was the only calm thing in the varieties of the moment. I gave him my name, and he fetched me the two or three articles which bore that hapless indication of ownership. The purse, which I drew with difficulty from its tenacious hold in my damp pocket—the pocket coming out with it—seemed to be made of seaweed; and the several required pieces of silver came from it like reluctant limpets. The boat was now alongside,—meaning, that it was one moment staving in its bows against the paddle-box, and the next bounding off out of reach; now up to the steamer's gangway, and anon at the bottom of a wave six or eight feet below it. In went my luggage; and away went luggage and boat, as if nothing else was expected. Again came the boat to the gangway. "Now, sir, jump in!" I let myself drop. Down went the boat, and I after it; but, before I reached the foot-plank, it was on the re-ascant to meet me; and in another second I was part of an heterogeneous cargo of leather, carpet, and still life, half-suffocated by the wet woollen embrace of the boatman, who with an extravagant stretch of the imaginative declared to me that everything was "all right." Away went the steamer; but, so far as I could perceive, our boat appeared to be effecting little else than a repetition of the fruitless labour of Sisyphus—*i. e.* mounting the outer side of an off-shore wave, for the vain purpose of sliding down it again backwards. As, however, we could not advance towards the shore, the shore apparently advanced to meet us. In due time, after a long battle between the blind faith that the shore would be attained, and the impression that *we* were doing something less than nothing towards effecting so desired a union, the mouth of the river, like an approaching whale, received us, and there we were left to make our own way into the port. My lusty oarsman now evidently laboured to some purpose; and we pulled up alongside the quay of Dartmouth, whence I immediately walked to private lodgings of the boatman's recommendation, and went instantly to bed at about three o'clock, P.M., begging a strong cup of tea, with a little brandy in it, as the only possible restorative. But, oh! the bed was still the hated steamer! though more gentle in its game of "pitch and toss." To render me the more sensible of at least the *safety* of my then condition, a print of the wreck of the *Halsewell* East Indiaman hung, or rather swung, opposite the foot of my bed; and I lay mildly rocking on

the waves of reminiscent impression, till sleep, that "ape of death, lay dull upon me," permitting no further recognition of the evening than allowed time for supper, and improved preparation for sleep again.

The pre-eminent beauty of the Dartmouth scenery was the subject both of my pen and pencil on the following day. I know nothing of the kind more charming than the aspect of the harbour and its surrounding heights, from certain points of view on the western side, where the sea wholly disappears, and the waters assume the appearance of an inland lake. The town is picturesque in the extreme, with its richly carved old gable fronts, and streets rising one above the other up the acclivity; and few are the walks more beautiful than that which leads from the town to the castle at the river's mouth. The boat excursion, too, twelve miles up the river to Totnes, is, to use Johnson's phrase, "not only worth seeing, but worth going to see."

From Dartmouth I went, through Brixham and Paington, to Torquay; then a lovely place, not over-built, and presenting its happiest midway gradation between the little fishing village it was originally, and the great be-villa'd and be-terraced place which it now is. Hence I proceeded through Teignmouth and Dawlish to Exeter, radiating to many other places which justify the proverbial fame of Devon, where

in liveliest green attir'd,
Smiling like Hope, and cheering the glad eye,
The meek, *unshelter'd* myrtle sweetly blooms.

Exeter had, then, more of the antique character than it now retains of that period when Queen Elizabeth complimented it with the motto "Semper Fidelis," and it exhibited a charming combination of the olden form with modern substance. Its stern old cathedral was at that time connected with recent days by a more perfect chain of architectural gradation than now exists, though its town-hall still remains, one of the most remarkable Elizabethan specimens extant. It was here that the pervading female beauty of the south-west of England first particularly struck me; for, assuredly, the women of Exeter rival in fairness the lilies of its surrounding valleys and the roses of its cultivated gardens. The city is the centre of a circumscribing expanse of the most varied country. Follow out its radii of twelve miles, and you have an epitome of England's more select scenic characteristics. The red soil of the general locality gives peculiar warmth to the tone of its landscapes, and remarkable richness to the green of its fields and trees. The sterile grandeur of Dartmoor, the luxuriant beauty of the private domains, the changeful attractions of the adjacent watering-places, and of the inland course of the river Exe, are so many reasons for the pride of the Exonian,—to say nothing of that sentiment of *elevation* which attaches to *High Churchism*, and more especially to the renowned prelate, arch Harry, of the house of Phillpotts. At the time, however, of which I write, Dr. Carey was bishop of the diocese.

From Exeter I proceeded on a full investigatory tour of the county, taking up my temporary abode in many of its towns, and ramifying from each as there might be scenic or architectural objects to attract me;

Devonshire, topographically, may be thus generally described :

It resembles a finely developed peach, with all the varieties of colour which are included between the rosy hues of the sunny side and the paler beauties of that towards the wall, rendered the more pictorial by the wasp-eatings which have formed its hollows and destroyed all surface formality. The granite district of Dartmoor, in the centre of the county, answers to the stone of the fruit; and the leaves in which it lies embedded symbolise the verdant charms which garland it.

Its central feature, then, is the lofty, undulating, and desolate expanse of Dartmoor; a vast tract of billowy rise and fall; the summits crowned with granite torrs; the sides of the billows strewed with granite fragments; huge granite masses of fantastic form, rising like castles, or like the rock idols of a gigantic superstition; the middle-height flats dangerous with the treacherously-concealed morass; the lower valley-beds murmuring with the "many waters" of brook and torrent, or resounding with the "leap of the hoarse waterfall;" the outward declivities sloping into a wooded belt, whence extend the surrounding lowlands in all their sunny verdure; so that the Moor may be likened to a dark pall edged with a fringe of green and gold. The entire interior of the forest is treeless, save in the minute exception, which the more strongly proves the general fact—"the lonely wood of Whistman"—a most curious little patch of stunted oaks, not higher than underwood, and clothed with moss, proportionally thick as the flax on a distaff. "Dartmoor" is a misnomer; for it is not the river Dart only that descends from the Moor, the latter being, indeed, the mother of some fifty rivers or streams springing into birth from its lofty founts, or gradually accumulating in its countless furrows, and thence flowing, through courses of infinite beauty, to seek their "proud alliance with the sea."

The Moor rambler soon finds, too, that he is in "the land of the logan and the cromlech;" and stone circles, with their avenues, plentifully attest this interesting locality to have been a great cathedral district of the Druids. Monuments, natural and artificial, or partly both, commemorate the traditional acts or tragic fates of our forefathers; and, to crown all, Dartmoor, about the year 1825, became the subject of one of the finest descriptive poems ever issued from the press. The reader is referred to Carrington's "Dartmoor" as affording, at once, the most graphic and poetical picture that delineative skill, imaginative vigour, and impassioned sentiment could produce; and in addition to this must be added an allusion to the "Perambulation of the Ancient and Royal Forest of Dartmoor," by the Rev. Samuel Rowe—a work of learning, research, and deep interest.

THE SIX GREY-POWDERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED-COURT FARM."

I.

A YOUNG and somewhat shy-looking man was making his way down the street of a country village. He appeared to be a stranger, and his clerical coat and white neckcloth betokened his calling. It would seem he was in search of some house that he could not readily find, for he peered curiously at several through his spectacles as he passed them. As he neared one, a handsome house with a green verandah, a cab, painted black, came dashing up, stopped, and there descended from it a gentleman and his servant in the deepest mourning. The stranger approached the master, and courteously touched his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "can you obligingly point out to me the rectory? I understood it to be somewhere here."

"At the end of the street, five minutes lower down. Opposite the church."

"*This* end of the street?" resumed the stranger, pointing to the way he had been journeying.

"I'll show the gentleman which it is," cried a fine boy of fourteen, who appeared to be growing out of his jacket.

"What, is it you, Arthur?" said the owner of the cab. "Where did you spring from?"

The young gentleman had sprung from behind the cab, but he did not choose to say so. "I say, sir," he exclaimed, slipping the question, "you have not seen mamma anywhere, have you?"

"No."

"Oh, well, it's not my fault. She told me to meet her somewhere here as I came home from school, and she'd take me to have my hair cut. Old Brookes did not do it to please her last time, so she said she'd go and see it done. Now, sir," he added to the stranger, "I'll show you Mr. Leicester's."

They walked along together. "Do you know," said the boy, suddenly looking at his companion, "I can guess who you are? You are the new curate."

The stranger smiled. "How do you guess that?"

"Because you look like it. And we know Mr. Leicester had engaged one: the other did not suit. He is too ill now to do it all himself. Mamma says she is sure he won't live long. Do you know Mr. Castonel?"

"No. Who is Mr. Castonel?"

"Why, that was Mr. Castonel, and that was his cab. Did you see how black they were?"

"Yes. He appeared to be in deep mourning."

"It is for his wife. She was so pretty, and we all liked her so. She was Ellen Leicester, and Mr. Castonel ran away with her, and she died.

That was last spring, and it's since then that Mr. Leicester has got so ill. His first wife died too."

"Who's first wife?" returned the stranger, scarcely making sense of the boy's tale.

"Mr. Castonel's."

"Are you speaking of the gentleman of whom I inquired my way? He looks young to have had two wives."

"He has, though. He is a doctor, and has all the practice. He keeps two assistants now. Do you know Mr. Tuck?"

"I do not know any one in Ebury."

"Oh, don't you? There's Mr. Leicester's," added the lad, pointing to a house, lower down, as they came to a turning in the street. "And now I have shown it you, I must go back, for if mamma comes and I don't meet her, she'll blow me up."

"I thank you for bringing me," said Mr. Hurst. "I hope we shall soon be better acquainted. Tell me your name."

"Arthur Chavasse. I am to be what you are. A parson."

"Indeed. I hope you will make a good one."

"I don't know. Last week when I sent the ball through the window and gave Lucy a black eye, papa and mamma were in a passion with me, and they said I had too much devil in me for a parson."

"I am sorry to hear that," was the grave answer.

"I have not got half the devil that some chaps have," continued Master Arthur. "I only leap hedges, and climb trees, and wade streams, and all that. I don't see what harm that can do a fellow, even if he is to be a parson."

"I fear it would seem to point that he might be more fitted for other callings in life."

"Then I just wish you'd tell them so at home. I don't want to be a parson, its too tame a life for me. Good-by, sir."

He flew away, a high-spirited, generous lad; and the curate—for such he was—looked after him. Then he turned in at the rectory gate.

He was shown into the room where the Reverend Mr. Leicester and his wife were sitting. Two sad, grey-haired people, the former very feeble, but not with age. Arthur Chavasse had given a pretty accurate account of matters. From the time that their only child had run away with Mr. Castonel, they had been breaking in health; but since her death, which had occurred six months subsequently, the rector may be said to have been a dying man.

There was certainly a fatality attending the wives of Mr. Castonel, and he appeared to mourn them with sincerity, especially the last. His attire was as black as black could be: he had put his cap in black, the crape on his hat extended from the brim to the crown, and he wore a mourning pin, and a mourning ring with Ellen's hair in it. He abstained from all gaiety, took a friendly cup of tea occasionally with Mr. and Mrs. Chavasse, and paid a formal visit to the rector and Mrs. Leicester once a month.

The new curate, Mr. Hurst, was approved of by Ebury. He was possessed of an amazing stock of dry, book erudition, but was retiring and shy to a fault. He took up his abode at the parish beadle's, who let

furnished lodgings, very comfortable and quiet. One day he received a visit from Mr. Chavasse, a bluff, hearty, good-tempered man, who was steward to the estate of the Earl of Eastberry, a neighbouring nobleman.

"I was talking to Mr. Leicester yesterday," began Mr. Chavasse, shaking hands, "and he told me he thought you were open to a teaching engagement for an hour or so in the afternoons."

"Certainly," answered the curate, coughing in the nervous manner habitual to him when taken by surprise, "I would have no objection to employ my time in that way, when my duties for the day are over."

"That rascal of a boy of mine, Arthur—the lad has good abilities, I know, for in that respect he takes after his mother and Frances, yet there are nothing but complaints from the school about his not getting on."

"Do you not fancy that his abilities may lie in a different direction—that he may be formed by nature for a more bustling life than a clerical one?" the curate ventured to suggest.

"Why, of course, if he has not got it in him, it would be of no use to force him to be a parson; but there's such an opening. Lord Eastberry has promised me a living for him. Now it has struck me that if you would come, say at four o'clock, which is the hour he leaves school, and hammer something into him till half-past five, or six, we might see what stuff he is really made of. What do you say?"

"I could accept the engagement for every evening except Saturday," answered Mr. Hurst.

"All right," cried Mr. Chavasse. "One day lost out of the six won't matter. And now, sir, what shall you charge?"

The curate hesitated and blushed, and then named a very low sum.

"If it were not that I have so many children pulling at me, I should say it was too little by half," observed the straightforward Mr. Chavasse; "but I can't stand a high figure. My eldest son has turned out wild, and he is a shocking expense to me. Shall we begin on Monday?"

"If you please. I shall be ready."

"And mind," he added, "that you always stop and take your tea with us, when you have no better engagement. I shall tell Mrs. Chavasse to insist on that part of the bargain."

Thus it came to pass that the Reverend Mr. Hurst became very intimate at the house of Mrs. Chavasse.

II.

THE autumn, winter, spring passed; and, with summer, things seemed to be brightening again. We speak of Mr. Castonel. He discarded his gloomy attire, his cab was repainted a claret colour, and he went again into general society. His practice flourished; if he had lost his own wives, he seemed lucky in saving those of other men. His assistants, like himself, had plenty to do. The gossips began to speculate whether he would marry again. "Surely not!" cried the timid ones, shaking their heads with a shudder, "who would venture upon him?"

One hot afternoon Mr. Rice, one of the qualified assistant-surgeons of Mr. Castonel, was walking along a field path. The growing corn, rising on either side of him, was ripening, and the gay insects hummed pleasantly. He had just quitted a cottage, one of an humble row called

Beech Cottages, situated near. "Ah, how d'ye do?" cried he. "A lovely afternoon."

"Very." It was the curate who had met him. "Have you been far?"

"Only to Gaffer Shipley's. Mr. Castonel received some message this morning about the child: he did not choose to go himself, but sent me."

"Is it ill?" cried the curate, in a tone of alarm. "It is not baptised. I never can get to see the mother about it."

"Ill, no. A trifle feverish. The poor do cram their children with such unwholesome food."

"I am on my way to Thomas Shipley's myself," observed Mr. Hurst. "Mr. Leicester asked me if I had seen him this week, so I thought I'd take a walk this way and call upon a few of them. Mr. Leicester seems to have a great regard for that old man."

"A decent man, I believe, he has been all his life," returned Mr. Rice. "And since his daughter forgot herself, people have wished to show him more respect than before."

"By the way," said the curate, "whose is the child?"

Mr. Rice laughed. "You had better ask that question of Mr. Castonel. I don't know."

They shook hands and parted: the surgeon proceeding to the residence of Mr. Castonel, where he busied himself for some little time, making up medicine. He had just concluded his task when Mr. Castonel entered.

"Well," said he, "what was the matter down at Shipley's?"

"Oh, nothing. Child somewhat feverish and its bowels out of order. I have made up these powders for it. They will set it to rights."

"And that?" added Mr. Castonel, glancing from the powders to a bottle of mixture.

"For Mrs. Acre. I am off now to old Flockaway's."

As Mr. Rice quitted the laboratory, he met the tiger. "Some medicine to go out, John."

"Where to, sir?"

"Mr. Castonel will tell you. He is there."

John went into the laboratory. "Mr. Rice says there's some medicine to go out, sir."

Mr. Castonel did not reply immediately. He was writing something on a slip of paper.

"Go to the library," he said, handing it to John, "and inquire whether this book has arrived. If so, bring it."

"Can't I take the medicine at the same time, sir?"

"Do as you are bid, and nothing more," rejoined Mr. Castonel. "Bring me the book, if it is there, and then go with the medicine. You see where it is for: the mixture to Mrs. Acre's, the powders to Thomas Shipley's."

The tiger went off, whistling, and his master remained in the laboratory. But when the boy returned, he was no longer there.

"Hannah!" sang out the lad.

"What do you want with Hannah?" demanded the housekeeper, putting her head outside the kitchen door.

"Bid her tell master as the library says he never ordered the book

at all, as they heered on; but if he wants it they can get it from London. Perhaps you'll condescend to tell him yourself, Madam Muff." He took up the medicine as he spoke, and went out again.

Meanwhile the Reverend Mr. Hurst had left the corn-field, and proceeded to Gaffer Shipley's. The Gaffer—as he was styled in the village—lay in his bed in the back room. A fall from a ladder had laid him on it, and he would never rise again. Dame Vaughan was in the front room, sewing. She had been hired to attend the house, during a recent illness of Mary Shipley's. "He is asleep, sir," she whispered, when she saw the curate about to enter: "he dropped off just now, and I think it will do him good."

Mr. Hurst nodded and drew away. He was bound to several cottages in the neighbourhood, so he went to them first, and returned afterwards to Shipley's. The Gaffer was awake then.

"I'm ailing much, sir," he said. "Give my humble duty to Mr. Leicester, and thank him for asking. I'm as hot as I can be to-day. My skin feels burning."

"Did you tell this to Mr. Rice. He might have given you something."

"No, sir, I didn't. I had dropped off asleep when he was here, and Dame Vaughan never thought of it. I may be better to-morrow, and then I shan't want physic."

As the Gaffer spoke, Mr. Hurst saw the entrance of Mr. Castonel's tiger, the door being open between the two rooms. "Powers for somebody, Dame Vaughan," said he. "Who's ill?"

"This little one," replied Dame Vaughan, pointing to the infant on her lap.

"That young scaramouch! I thought, perhaps, the Gaffer might be a going to walk it."

"The Gaffer, poor man, ain't at all well," said Dame Vaughan.

"I say," resumed the lad, "where's Mary? What's she gone into hiding for? Nobody have set eyes on her this age. Give her my compliments, and——"

At that moment the boy caught sight of Mr. Hurst. It was quite enough. He touched his hat, backed out, and set off home.

When the curate passed through the front room to leave, he stopped and looked down at the baby. "It does not appear to be very ill, Mrs. Vaughan."

"No, sir, it's as live and peart as can be, this afternoon. I did not see much the matter with it this morning, for my own part, only Mary"—she hesitated—"Mary would send to tell Mr. Castonel."

"Where is Mary?"

"She's up-stairs," whispered the woman. "She made off there, sir, when she saw you a coming. Poor thing, she don't like yet to face the gentlefolks."

As Dame Vaughan spoke, she was opening the packet left by the tiger. It contained six small neat white papers, which her curiosity led her to examine. They disclosed an insignificant portion of grey-coloured powder.

"I know what that is," she observed; "the very best physic you can give to a child. Will you please to read the direction for me, sir?"

"One of these powders to be taken night and morning. Mary Shipley's infant."

"Ah, that's just what Mr. Rice said. Thank you, sir. Good day. I'll tell Mary what you say about bringing the baby to church."

It was then nearly four o'clock, and the curate, after calling in at home to wash his hands and brush his hair, made the best of his way to the house of Mr. Chavasse, scarcely knowing whether he was progressing thither on his head or his heels. That house contained all he could imagine of beauty, and goodness, and love. It was *his* world. Had he not been a clergyman, he might have said his paradise.

Arthur was already in the study. And when the lessons were over, the curate entered the drawing-room, he and his fluttering heart. There she was, with her graceful form, her fine features, and her dark, brilliant eye. To him there was but one lovely face on earth, and it was that of Frances Chavasse.

To him she was a perfect contrast. Open in manner, ready and pleasant in speech, the Reverend Mr. Hurst, when he first knew her, could only gaze at her through his spectacles with amazed admiration. She detected his homage; she soon detected his love; and, true to her vain nature, she gave it encouragement. Vanity was Frances Chavasse's ruling passion. She was this evening attired in a pink muslin dress, very pretty and showy, and when Mr. Hurst entered she was standing before the chimney-glass, putting some fresh-gathered roses into her dark hair. That poor beating heart of his leaped into his mouth at the sight.

"See what I am doing," she said, perceiving his approach in the glass. "For fun."

He took the hand she carelessly extended behind, took it, and clasped it, and retained it: for it had come, now, that he no longer strove so arduously to conceal his love.

"Are they not pretty roses, Mr. Hurst? I got them off that tree by the lower garden. You know it. Here's just one left. I will give it to you."

"And I," he whispered, taking it from her hand, "will keep it for ever."

"Oh," cried Frances, laughing, "what a collection you must have, if you have kept all I have given you! You might set up a museum of dried flowers."

Arthur ran in, and looked at the table, with a blank face. "Why is tea not ready? It has struck six."

"Mamma is gone out: we shall not have tea till she comes home," answered Frances. "Papa is not come in either."

"Then I can't wait," cried Arthur, ruefully. "I shan't wait."

"I would faint if I were you," retorted Frances. "I know you must be famished: though you did eat enough dinner for six, at one o'clock."

"I want to be off to cricket," returned the lad. "I shall get my tea in the kitchen. What have you been sticking those things in your head for?"

"For you to admire."

"Ah! I expect it is for somebody else to admire. Take care, sir."

added the boy, significantly; "she will flirt your heart out, and then turn round and say she didn't mean it."

A glimpse of angry passion flashed into the face of Frances. But Arthur escaped from the room.

"Don't mind him," whispered the curate. "All boys are the same."

"All are not the same," said Frances, crossly. "Were you the same when you were young?"

"I never had a sister," sighed the curate. He drew her hand within his arm, and they rambled into the garden. He had long been screwing up his courage to speak more seriously to her, and he thought he would do it now.

"I hope I shall not always remain a curate," he began, by way of introduction.

"I hope not," assented Frances.

"If I were to"—here he was stopped by his nervous cough—"to go into housekeeping, how much do you think it would take?"

"Housekeeping! I suppose you mean, set up a house and keep servants?"

"Yes," coughed the curate. "Were I lucky enough to obtain a preferment of two hundred a year, would it do?"

"You would have hard work to spend it all, *you* would. Look at that lime-tree: pretty, is it not?"

"Not by myself," returned the curate, with a rosy hue on his thin cheek. "If I had—one to share it with me?"

"That's another thing," said Frances, with a laugh. "She might be fond of dress and nonsense, as I am, and then she would spend you out of house and home."

"Oh, Frances," he murmured, his nervous tone giving place to an impassioned one, as he clasped her hands in his, and turned his spectacles lovingly upon her face, "I know I ought not yet to speak of it; but, give me a hope—that should the time come when I am justified in asking for you, I shall not ask in vain."

Frances drew her hands away, and speeded towards the house. "It will be early enough to talk of that when the time does come," was her light answer. To the simple mind of Mr. Hurst it conveyed all he wished for.

Mrs. Chavasse came in. And scarcely had they sat down to tea, when one of the servants appeared and said that a boy wanted Mr. Hurst.

"Don't disturb yourself!" cried Mr. Chavasse, as the curate was rising. "Let Nancy ask what he wants."

"It is Ned Long, the mason's boy from Beech Cottages," said the servant.

"What can he want?" wondered the curate. "I gave them relief to-day."

"Send him round to the window, Nancy," said Mr. Chavasse.

A young ragamuffin, in a very dilapidated state of clothes, was soon discerned approaching the large window, which was open to the ground. He took off an old blue cap, and displayed a shock head of light hair.

"What is it, Ned?" cried the curate.

"Please, sir," answered the lad, lifting his sunburnt, freckled countenance, "I have been to Mr. Leicester's, and he telled me to come and ask whether Mr. Hurst was here."

"Well, you see I am," replied Mr. Hurst, with a half smile.

"He said, please, as I was to tell you what I had telled him, and would you go on quick, and he'd get a fly and come after, but he was too bad to walk."

"Go where?" cried the curate. "To Mr. Leicester's?"

"No, sir, to Gaffer Shipley's. He's took awful."

"How? Is he worse?"

"He's a dying, sir; Dame Vaughan said I was to say so. He can't hold hisself still on his bed for screeching. And the babby's a dying and a screeching; it's on Dame Vaughan's lap, it is, and she says they won't be alive many minutes, and it's the physic as she give 'em."

They had risen, all of them, and gathered round the window, looking at the boy. Mrs. Chavasse spoke, in her sharp, hasty way.

"What is it you are saying, Ned Long? Tell your tale properly. Who is it that is dying down at Shipley's?"

"The Gaffer, ma'am, and the babby."

"Both?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I never heard of such a thing. You must have brought your tale wrong, boy."

"Dame Vaughan says as it's the physic."

"What physic?"

"I doesn't know."

"I never saw such a stupid boy! who is to make out what he means?" irritably repeated Mrs. Chavasse, her curiosity forcibly excited. "Mr. Hurst—Why, where's Mr. Hurst? He has never gone without tasting his tea!"

He had, and was striding over the ground towards Thomas Shipley's cottage. A strange scene presented itself there. The baby was lying dead, and the old man, on his bed, seemed in danger of dissolution. "Whatever is the cause of this?" questioned the curate.

"I don't know what's the cause," sobbed Dame Vaughan. "I hope no blame won't be laid to me."

It appeared that the Gaffer had had his tea at four o'clock, and seemed refreshed and better after it. At six, when Dame Vaughan undressed the infant, she remarked that it appeared so well as scarcely to need the powder.

"Suppose we give father one of the powders?" suggested Mary, a modest-looking, gentle girl, who, until recent events, had been in high favour in the village. "If they are fever powders, it might do him good: and it couldn't do him harm, any way."

"Ay, sure; it's a good thought," assented Dame Vaughan. "We'll give him one to-night and another in the morning. This child won't want 'em all."

So they mixed up two powders. Giving old Shipley his, first, lest he should fall asleep; and the other to the child. Soon after the latter had swallowed it, it began to scream, and writhe, and toss convulsively. Its legs were drawn up, and then stretched out stiff, while its face, to use Dame Vaughan's words, was not then the face of a baby. The neighbours came flocking in, and, suddenly, sounds were heard from Gaffer Shipley's bed: he was screaming and writhing like the child. Widow

Thorpe's boy was despatched for Mr. Castonel, and another, as we have seen, to Mr. Leicester's.

The boy, Thorpe, was flying along, proud to be of service and full of excitement, when, by a piece of good fortune, which Dame Vaughan declared she should ever be thankful for, he espied Mr. Castonel. "He was a standing outside the lodge, where the strange lady lives," said the boy, afterwards, "and, if he had been a waiting for me, he couldn't have been a standing out better." The boy made up to him, panting. "Please, sir, will you run down to Gaffer Shipley's?"

"What for?" asked Mr. Castonel.

"They are both a howling horrid, sir. Dame Vaughan says it must have been the powders as they took."

"Both who?" quickly demanded Mr. Castonel.

"Mary Shipley's little 'un and the Gaffer, sir. They give 'em a powder apiece, and mother says——"

"What the ——!" burst forth Mr. Castonel, glaring on the boy. "Who gave one to old Shipley?"

Master Thorpe shrank aside. He did not, just then, like the face of Mr. Castonel. "Here," added the surgeon, writing a line on the leaf of his pocket-book, and tearing it out, "take that to my house. Mr. Rice will give you something to bring down. Run all the way."

The boy ran one way, Mr. Castonel ran the other. He flew over the ground at his utmost speed, and was soon at the cottage. The baby was dead: Mary was stretched over it, sobbing and crying, and the gossips were crying over *her*.

"Now, the first thing, a clearance," exclaimed the surgeon, "and then I may come to the bottom of this. Leave the cottage, every one of you."

He held the door open, and the women filed out. Then he turned to Dame Vaughan. "Have you any warm water?"

"Not a drain, sir," she sobbed, "and the fire's out. It was the powders, and it couldn't have been nothing else. Mr. Rice must have sent poison in mistake for wholesome physic."

"I should think not," remarked Mr. Castonel. "Let me see those that are left. Mary," he irritably added, "don't sob and moan in that way; that will do no good. One, two, three, four. Are these all?"

"All, sir," replied Dame Vaughan. "Six come, and them's the four what's left."

Mr. Castonel carried them in his hand through the room where Thomas Shipley was lying, and went out at the back door, which he closed after him, and examined them, alone, in the yard. Possibly for the greater light.

"There is nothing wrong with these powders," he said, when he returned. "However, Dame Vaughan, you had best take charge of them, lest they should be asked for."

"I'll lock 'em up in Mary's drawer," she sobbed. "I know it was the powders, and I'll stick to it till I drops."

"Do so at once. Here, take them. And then go amongst the neighbours and see if you can borrow some warm water. If we can get a quart of it down the Gaffer's throat, till what I have sent for comes, so much the better. Halloo! where are you off to?"

"I thought you told me to fetch some warm water," answered Dame Vaughan, arresting her footsteps.

"But I did not tell you to leave the key in the drawer. The powders are perfectly harmless, but it may be as well, in justice to Mr. Rice, to let other people think so."

Mr. Rice and young Thorpe came together, full pelt, and it was soon after their entrance that Mr. Hurst appeared. When the Gaffer had been attended to, Dame Vaughan returned to the powders.

"The powders were all right," said Mr. Rice. "I'll stake my life upon it. Where are they? They were only hydrargyrus cum creta," he added to Mr. Castonel.

"I know they were. I have examined them."

Dame Vaughan unlocked the drawer, and put the powders on the table before Mr. Rice. He opened all four of the papers. The curate, Mr. Castonel, and Dame Vaughan stood and watched him. "These are the powders I sent," he observed. "They are quite right. They are only the common grey-powder, Dame Vaughan."

Dame Vaughan still looked unconvinced.

"Let her take charge of them," said Mr. Castonel. "It may be more satisfactory."

"Is it possible," interposed the curate, "that the powders can in any way have been changed?—wrong ones administered?"

Mr. Castonel turned his eye upon him, an eye that looked as if it would have liked to strike him, dead as the child. "No, sir," he coldly said, "I should think it is not possible. Did you wish to cast a suspicion on Mrs. Vaughan?"

"Nay," cried the curate, "certainly not. I would not cast a suspicion upon any one. It was but an idea that occurred to me, and I spoke it out."

Gaffer Shipley recovered, the baby was buried, and the affair remained a mystery. A mystery that has never been positively solved. Other medical men, upon being pressed into the inquiry, pronounced the powders to be an innocent and proper medicine, frequently given to children.

That same night, at the early starlight hour, Frances Chavasse was lingering still in their garden. She looked frequently to a side-gate, by which visitors, who were familiar with the house, sometimes entered. It seemed that she was restless; anxious; impatient. Whoever she was expecting, he kept her waiting long. Was it Mr. Hurst?

It was not Mr. Hurst who entered; it was Mr. Castonel. What! were *they* lovers? Surely yes; for he strained her to his heart, and held her to him, and covered her face with his impassioned kisses: as he had, in other days, ay, even in that same garden, strained to him Caroline Hall and Ellen Leicester. Was his love for her genuine? Had it been for his former wives? No matter: theirs had been for him: and neither had loved him more entirely than did Frances Chavasse. Verily Mr. Castonel must have possessed powers of fascination unknown to other men! Frances had played herself off upon the unhappy curate, partly to gratify her vanity, partly as a blind, for she and Mr. Castonel had long had an understanding in secret.

"The Reverend Mr. Hurst has been explicit to-night," whispered Frances, in a mocking tone.

"The fool!" interrupted Mr. Castonel; and the glare of his eye was like it had been twice before, that evening. Frances did not see it: she was leaning on his breast.

"He asked me how much it would take to keep two," she went on, laughing. "And would I have him if he got a rich living of two hundred a year. Gervase, I think, I do think, he will nearly die when—when—he knows."

"I hope he will," fiercely uttered Mr. Castonel. "Frances, the time is drawing near that I shall speak to your father."

"Yet a little longer," she sighed. "He happened to say, only last night, that it seemed but yesterday since Ellen died. Mamma must break it to him, whenever it is spoken of. She can turn him round her little finger."

III.

ONE Saturday afternoon, in September, the Reverend Mr. Leicester sent for his curate. It was to inform him that he found himself unable to preach on the morrow, as had been his intention.

"Are you worse?" inquired Mr. Hurst.

"A little thing upsets me now, and I have heard some news to-day, which, whether true or not, will take me days to get over, for it has brought back to me too forcibly one who is gone. Who is that?" quickly added the rector, as a shout was heard outside the window.

"It is only Arthur Chavasse. I met him at the gate, and he ran in with me."

"Let him come in, let him come in," cried Mr. Leicester, eagerly. "He can tell me if it be true." Mr. Hurst called to him.

"How are you, sir?" said Arthur, holding out his hand, "and how is Mrs. Leicester?"

The rector shook his head. "As well, my boy, as we can expect to be on this side the grave. Arthur, when you shall be as I am, health and strength gone, there is only one thing will give you comfort."

"And what's that, sir?" asked Arthur, fearlessly.

"The remembrance of a well-spent life: a conscience that says you have done good in it, not evil. Good to your fellow-creatures, for Christ's sake, who did so much good for you."

"But are we to have no play?" inquired Arthur, whose ideas of "doing good," like those of too many others, savoured but of gloom.

"Ay, play; play, my boy, while you may; youth is the season for it. But, in the midst of it, love your fellow-creatures: be ever ready to do them a kindness: should any fancied injury rise up in your heart, whispering you to return evil for evil, oh! yield not to the impulse. You will be thankful for it when your days are numbered."

"Yes, sir. There's a boy outside has gone off with my cricket-bat. It's Tom Chewton. I was going after him to give him a drubbing. Perhaps I had better make him hand over the bat, and leave the drubbing out?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Leicester, while the curate turned away his head to hide a smile. "Arthur, I have heard to-day that you are going to lose your sister Frances."

"To lose her!" echoed the boy. "Oh yes, I know what you mean. And I am sure it's true, although Mrs. Frances is so sly over it, else why should she be having such heaps of new clothes? I said to her the other day, 'I reckon I shall get some rides inside the cab now, instead of behind it,' and she turned scarlet and threw a cushion at me."

"It is really so, then! that she marries Mr. Castonel!"

"He has been making love to her this year past, only they did it on the sly," continued Arthur. "I saw. She's always interfering with us boys: we shall have twice the fun when she's gone. Where's Mr. Hurst?"

"Take this, Arthur," cried the rector, handing him a fine pear which was on the table. "Good-by, my lad."

"Thank you, sir. Good-by. I'll leave out Tom Chewton's drubbing."

Arthur ran out. Mr. Hurst stood at the end of the path, against the iron railings. "Isn't this a stunning pear? I——Why, what's the matter, sir?"

"A spasm," gasped the curate. "Run off to your playfellows, Arthur."

"Will you eat this pear, sir?" said the boy, gazing with concern at his white face. "It may do you good. I have only taken one bite out of it."

"No, no, my lad. Eat it yourself, and run away."

Arthur did as he was bid, and the miserable clergyman, feeling himself what he was, a dupe, dragged his footsteps towards his home. The sun shone brilliantly, but the heart's sunshine had gone out from him for ever.

The news took Ebury by surprise. What! marry Frances Chavasse, the early friend of his two first wives! Some of them remembered the nonsensical declaration attributed to Mr. Castonel when he first came to Ebury—that only one of the three young ladies was to his taste, but he would marry them all. The "one" being generally supposed to indicate Ellen Leicester.

The preparations, commenced for the marriage, were on an extensive scale. The tiger flew one day into the kitchen at his master's, with the news that there was a new chariot in the course of construction, and that he was no longer to be a despised tiger in buttons, but a footman in a splendid livery.

"A pretty footman you will make!" was the slighting response of the housekeeper, whilst Hannah suspended her ironing in admiration.

"And the new coachman's to be under me," he continued, dancing round in a circle three feet wide. "Of course I shall have the upper hand of *him*. So don't you go for to disparage me before him, Madam Muff, if you please."

"Did master say he was to be under you?" inquired Hannah.

"It's to be such a gorgeous livery," the tiger went on, evading the question, "lavender and gold, or pink and amber, one o' them two, with spangled vests to match. And there's going to be a new lady's-maid, Mrs. Muff, over you."

"John!" uttered the housekeeper, in a tone of warning.

"She's hired o' purpose," persisted the tiger, dodging out of Mrs.

Muff's way, and improving upon his invention. "And the house is to be gutted of this precious shabby old furniture, and bran new put in, from cellar to garret. The beds is to be of silk, and the tables of ivory, and the walls is to be gilded, and one o' the rooms is to have a glass floor, that Miss Chavasse may see her feet in it. I know what—if master is determined to have her, he's paying for her."

He dodged away, for Mrs. Muff's countenance was growing ominous. But, setting aside a few inaccuracies, inventions, and embellishments of his own, the tiger's information was, on the whole, correct; and Mrs. Chavasse and her daughter were lifted out of their common sphere, into one that savoured not of sober reality. They revelled in the fine clothes making for Frances, in the luxurious establishment preparing to receive her, in the wondering admiration of Ebury; and they revelled in the triumph over Mrs. Leicester. If her daughter had once been preferred to Frances, their turn had come now: there had been no costly furniture, or painted carriages, or superfluity of servants prepared for Ellen.

These preparations, in all their magnitude, burst, without warning, upon the astonished senses of Mr. Chavasse. He turned all over in a cold perspiration, and went storming into the presence of his wife and daughter. Mrs. Chavasse always, as she expressed it, "managed" her husband, consequently she had taken her own time for telling him; but it happened that he heard the news from another quarter. We allude more particularly now to the pomp and show contemplated for the wedding-day: it was that raised the ire of Mr. Chavasse.

"What a couple of born idiots you must be! I have been told Frances is going to have four bridesmaids."

"Well?"

"And a thundering heap of noise and parade: horses and carriages, and servants and favours——"

"Now don't put yourself out," equably interposed Mrs. Chavasse.

"And not satisfied with all that, you are going to have flowers strewed up the churchyard path for her to walk upon!" And his voice almost rose to a scream. "Hadn't you better have a carpet laid down along the street?"

"I did think of that," was Mrs. Chavasse's cool reply.

"Goodness be gracious to me! The place will think I have turned fool, to suffer it."

"Let them," said Mrs. Chavasse. "Her wedding does not come every day."

"I had a misgiving that something was going on, I declare I had, when you badgered me into asking Lord Eastberry to give her away," continued Mr. Chavasse, rubbing his heated face. "I wish I hadn't. What a fool *he*'ll think me! A land-steward's daughter marrying a country surgeon, and coming out in this style! It's disgusting."

"My dear, you'll make yourself ill. Speak lower. Frances, this is the wrong pattern."

"And that's not the worst of it. Mrs. Chavasse, listen, for I will be heard. It is perfectly barbarous to enact all this in the eyes of the rector and Mrs. Leicester. I shall never be able to look them in the face again."

"You'll get over that."

"Any one but you would have a woman's feelings on the matter. I tell you it is nothing less than a direct insult to them—a wicked triumph over their dead child. You ought to shrink from it, Frances, if your mother does not."

But poor Mr. Chavasse could get no satisfaction from either, though he nearly talked himself into a fever. Mrs. Chavasse always had been mistress, and always would be. Everybody, save Mrs. Chavasse herself, thought and *knew* that what she was doing was ridiculous and absurd. Even Mr. Castonel dreaded the display. But nothing stopped Mrs. Chavasse, and the wedding-day rose in triumph. It was a sunny day in December, less cold than is usual: but Ebury was in too much excitement to think of cold. Never had such a wedding been seen there. You might have walked on the people's heads all round the church, and in the church you could not have walked at all. When the crowd saw the flowers on the narrow path between the graves—lovely flowers from the gardens of Eastberry—they asked each other what could possess Mrs. Chavasse.

The bridal procession started. The quiet carriage of the dean of a neighbouring cathedral city led the way. He was an easy, good-natured dean, loving good cheer, even when it came in the shape of a wedding-breakfast, and Mrs. Chavasse had manœuvred to get him to officiate, "to meet the Earl of Eastberry," so his carriage headed the van. But, ah reader! whose equipage is this which follows? It is new and handsome, the harness of its fine horses glitters with ornaments, the purple-and-drab liveries of its servants look wonderful in the sun. Mr. Castonel's arms are on its panels, and Mr. Castonel himself, impervious as ever to the general eye, sits inside it. Behind—can it be?—yes, it is our old friend the tiger, a really good-looking youth in his new appurtenances; his dignity, however, is somewhat marred by the familiar nods and winks he bestows upon his friends in the crowd. Now comes the fashionable carriage of the Earl of Eastberry, with its showy emblazonments and its prancing steeds. The bride sits in it, with her vanity, and her beauty, and her rich attire; the earl (as good-natured a man as the dean) is opposite to her, lounging carelessly; Mrs. Chavasse, puffed up with pride, looks out on all sides, demanding the admiration of the spectators; and Mr. Chavasse sits with a red face, and does not dare to look at all, for he is thoroughly ashamed of the whole affair, and of the string of carriages yet to come.

The intention of Mr. and Mrs. Leicester to leave home for the day had been frustrated, for the rector had slipped down some stairs the previous night and injured his ankle. They sat at home in all their misery, listening to the gay show outside, and to the wedding-bells. The remembrance of their lost child was wringing their hearts; her loving childhood, her endearing manners, her extreme beauty, *her disobedience*, and her melancholy death. Verily this pomp and pageantry was to them an insult, as Mr. Chavasse had said; an inexcusable and bitter mockery. It was Ellen's husband that was being made happy with another, it was Ellen's early friend who was now to usurp her place. Oh, Mrs. Chavasse! did it never once occur to you, that day, to read a lesson from the past?

You sat by your child's side, swelling with folly and exultation, but did no warning, no shadow fall upon you? Already had Mr. Castonel wedded two flowers as fair as she, and where are they? No, no; the imagination of Mrs. Chavasse, at its widest range, never extended to so dreadful a fate for Frances.

"What with weddings and burials, he has played a tolerable part at this church," observed one of the mob, gazing after Mr. Castonel.

Yes he had: but he made the marriage responses as clearly and firmly as though he had never made them to others, then lying within a few yards of him. He knelt there, and vowed to love and cherish her, and when the links were fastened he led her out through the admiring crowd, over the crushed flowers, to the new carriage. John, not a whit less vain, just then, than his new mistress, held the door open, and Frances entered it. She could not have told whether her pride was greater at taking her seat, for the first time, in a chariot of her own, or during the few minutes that she had occupied the coroneted carriage of the Earl of Eastberry.

More pomp, more display, more vanity at the breakfast, where Frances sat on the right hand of Lord Eastberry, and Mrs. Chavasse on that of the dean, and then the new carriage drew up again, with four horses and two postboys, and Hannah, instead of John, seated behind it. A little delay, to the intense gratification of the assembled mob, and Mr. and Mrs. Castonel came out and entered it, to be conveyed on the first stage of their honeymoon. A singular circumstance occurred as they were whirled along. Leaning over a roadside gate, and looking openly at the chariot, watching for it, with a scornful triumph on her handsome face, stood the strange lady who inhabited the lodge. She waved her hand at Mr. Castonel, and the latter, with a sudden rush of red to his impassive countenance, leaned back in the carriage. Frances did not speak: she saw it: but the time had scarcely come for her to inquire particulars about his mysterious relation. Ere Mr. Castonel had well recovered his equanimity, they flew by another gate, and there, peeping only, and concealing herself as much as possible, rose the pale, sad face of Mary Shipley. Mr. Castonel drew back again. Frances spoke now.

"Gervase! Mary Shipley was hiding herself at that gate; peeping at us. How strange! Did you see her?"

"My dearest, no. I see but you. You are mine now, Frances, for ever."

THE SEXTONS' SUPPER.

(AFTER HOLBEIN.)

THE Plague, his black hand lifted,
 Was floating down the Rhine,
 His bark a soft-lined coffin
 (On each side grew the vine);
 He struck the miller at his wheel,
 'The woodman by his tree;
 Before him rose the prayer and hymn,
 Behind, the *Dirige*.

He found them spinning wedding-ropes,
 He left them digging graves;
 High over faces pale and wrung
 The earth heaped up its waves.
 He struck the baron at his gate,
 The peasant at the plough,
 And from his sable banner shook
 Darkness on every brow.

At this time in a belfry-room
 Five sextons drained the wine,
 Red from the toil that brought the fee
 And made their old eyes shine.
 Their seats were cedar coffin-planks,
 All velvet-trimmed and soft;
 The chalice-cups, by them defiled,
 Were filled and emptied oft.

They drank "A long reign to King Plague!"
 "A wet year and a foul!"
 As screaming through the open loop
 Flew in and out the owl.
 Their shirts were made of dead men's vests
 (Dead men are meek and dumb),
 And each one wore a dead knight's ring
 Upon his thievish thumb.

Down from the boarded floor above
 The heavy bell-rope swings,
 It coils among the bowls and flasks,
 The cups and drinking things.
 The cresset throws a gloom of black
 Upon the red-tiled floor—
 Three faces dark—on two the lights
 Their golden lustres pour.

Beside the table sink the steps
 That lead into a vault—
 A treasure-house no thieves but five
 Dared ever yet assault.
 And through the darkness to the left
 Winds up the belfry stair—
 Up to the old bell-chamber—
 Up to the cooler air.

THE SEXTONS' SUPPER.

The wall was hung with coffin-plates,
 The dates rubbed duly out
 (Dead men are very dull and slow
 In finding these things out).
 They toast "The Doctors of Cologne,
 Who keep the church-spades bright!"
 Such toasts as these, such feast as that,
 Were fit for such a night.

Far, far above among the bells
 The wind blew devil fierce,
 The sleet upon the beggar fell,
 And stabbed him carte and tierce.
 There was a pother in the roofs,
 And such a clash of tiles,
 The dying creatures' sobs and groans
 Were heard around for miles.

They drank to "Peter and to Paul!"
 And "All men underground!"
 Then with a laugh, and a wink, and nudge,
 The passing-bell they sound.
 They drank to the tree that gives the plank,
 And the tree that guards the dead—
 The coal-black tree with the blood-drop fruit,
 So poisonous, soft, and red.

Is God then sleeping? No! See there,
 How one tears at his throat,
 And baring neck and shoulder,
 Bids all his fellows note.
 A plague-spot, blue and swollen,
 Shows ghastly on the skin,
 And on his knees he prays to Christ
 To yet forgive his sin.

Dead! And the eldest tolling
 The rope that o'er them hung,
 Called, with a curse, "Lads, fill your cups,
 Let another song be sung!"
 Then reels—his white face sickens,
 And as he staggers down,
 Another drags at the heavy bell
 Stamped with the cross and crown.

So every time a toper fell
 Another rose to toll,
 And all the rest screamed out a dirge
 For the sinner's passing soul.
 And round they stirred the gallon jug,
 And high they flung the cup,
 With half a song and half a prayer
 They tossed it, filling up.

Now but one left, and he, though faint,
 Staggers towards the rope,
 And tolls—first draining cup and bowl,
 Half dead, without a hope—
 Toll, till the old tower rocks again—
 Toll, with a hand of lead—
 Then falls upon the wine-drenched floor
 Upon his fellows—dead!

New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

MICHELET'S FRANCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY.*

ALL that is left, according to M. Michelet, of the old monarchy of France, consists of two songs and a single name. Of the two songs, one is *Charmante Gabrielle*, that mild ray as it were of peace after the horrors of the League. (For this popular *chanson*, the king's amorous plaint on his "cruel departure," was not composed, as some have said, on his setting off for the wars, but, on the contrary, on his return, and a fortnight after peace was restored. Henri composed and addressed it to his charmer during a brief separation occasioned by her giving birth to his second son. He has the honesty to own that he was not the sole author of the song: "It was from my dictation," says he, "but not my arrangement." The air—tender and solemn in character—has a something religious about it, Michelet continues, resembling a psalm of the olden time. The words, with very little of poetry in them, convey genuine feeling in passable rhymes; they express the *aimable ressouvenir* of sorrows that are past away now. Altogether, the song is the first, the delightful emotion inspired by Peace. Relations, friends, lovers—they are rejoined once again, and not again to be parted from. No new cruel *départie*; love on, in security and without apprehension—

The past unsigh'd for, and the future sure:

or, if the past *be* provocative of a sigh, nay of a tear, still is the smile of present satisfaction predominant, for the tear belongs wholly to the past.) The second of the two songs is *Marlborough*, composed in derision of the Great Monarch's war, "a piece of harmless irony by means of which the poor people of Louis XIV. avenged themselves for his majesty's reverses." And whose is the single name that is left, sole relic of names so many and imposing on the list of French royalty? HENRI QUATRE. The man-at-arms of whom, in *arma virumque cano* fashion, Voltaire would fain make an epic, even in the age of the Encyclopédie:

The hero-chief who reign'd o'er France I sing,
By right of conquest and of birth her king;
Who, early rear'd in rude misfortune's school,
Learn'd how to conquer, pardon, and to rule;
Quell'd faction, crush'd the League, confounded Spain,
His subjects' sire and conqueror to reign,

et cætera, et cætera, vide the ten Books of the *Henriade passim*. Michelet's stand-point for taking a whole-length view of Henri is not Voltaire's. Nobody but a Frenchman, perhaps, could have written as Michelet does of the gaillard Bourbon. But hardly any other Frenchman, probably, than Michelet, would so write, on this particular personal theme. We have seen in the preceding volume how far our historian is from deifying

* Histoire de France au Dix-septième Siècle.—Henri IV. et Richelieu. Par J. Michelet. Paris: Chamérot. 1857.

or sublimely idealising Voltaire's hero. In the present one, he continues to discuss him, his foibles, inconsistencies, and inconstancies, in the same disenchanting strain.

At the time at which this history is resumed (1598), Henri had reached an age when the character is sensibly subject to home and private influences. It was his desire to be regarded as extremely independent and absolutely absolute. During the two hours devoted by him daily to matters of business, he issued directions with the curt, decisive tone of a military chief. But in a thousand ways it might be seen, says Michelet, that this king, always a captain, had his commanding officer at home, and that the directions he thus issued at the council were often enough the mere orders he had received from his own bed-chamber.

Europe was under an illusion about him. His triumph over Spain, the first power in the world, caused his name and prowess to be celebrated, and feared, even to the East. He was always present to the eye as he appeared at Ivry, on horseback, with that waving white plume which symbolised anything *but* showing the white feather; as he appeared when hailed by the stout loyalists who confronted the army of the League drawn out in long array, "with all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers," the brood of false Lorraine, and dark Mayenne, and Appenzel's infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spearmen:

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord the King."
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of life, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Gueldres and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Such was the attitude in which, for the time, Henri was stereotyped, so to speak, to the eyes of Christendom. "On croyait le voir toujours monté sur le cheval au grand panache, qui enfonça à Ivry les rangs espagnols." His extreme activity confirmed this prevailing impression of the conquering hero, now that he subsided into comparatively private life. Never was he seen by the ambassadors seated. He walked up and down all the while he gave them audience. He walked to and fro all the while he held a council. Council over, presto! there he was on horseback, and hunted till evening. Then he had a turn at gaming, entering with zest and vivacity into all its ins and outs, sometimes tricking, and even stealing, they say, but then he made restoration. He went

to bed late and got up early, to be off to his gardens, and look after his beloved trees. Notwithstanding all this activity, he was in bad health. Gout, recurrent diarrhoea, and other complaints made havoc of his constitution, on his coming home to enjoy the peace he had fought so long and well to secure. But the peace, as M. Michelet expresses it, was not a peace, but an interior war, wherein the king himself was the object of contention. Susceptible to the degree he was to female influence, what was to be done with him by those interested in the matter? should it be mistress or wife? a charming Gabrielle, or a domineering though plastic Marie de Medicis?

A political crisis was imminent. The very day that Spain felt assured of France's intention of laying down arms, she started a new war, on another colossal scale, not this time against Holland merely, but in Germany at large; bands called Spanish, but comprising robbers of all nations, set about devouring both Protestants and Catholics indifferently, without respect of persons or creed. Such, the historian proceeds, was the true commencement of the horrible half-century called the Thirty Years' War. The King of France, the only king who then wore a sword, and knew how to use it, was the only power to which, under these apprehensions, men could look for aid and support—the alone saviour to be supplicated by all. Which side would he take? Could that be doubtful? Female influence might make it so, or at least materially affect the carrying out of his resolves. The dilemma, therefore, assumed this shape: Kill him or marry him. *Le tuer ou le marier.*

He had "amused" the old League party by his act of abjuration, and his treaty of peace. He had given them to understand at Rome that the Edict of Nantes granted in favour of the Protestants would only be so much waste paper; but it was now seen that he really had the will and intention to give that obnoxious minority some material guarantees. He had encouraged the hope of seeing the Jesuits re-established; but, when pressed on the subject, his answer to Rome and the Romanists was: "If I had two lives, I would readily give away one to afford satisfaction to His Holiness. Having, however, one only, I am bound to keep it for his service and for the good of my subjects." The Jesuits were trapped. They had reckoned on such a complete restoration to place and power, as to make quite feasible a renewed plan they were concocting for another *Armada* descent on Old England. They had counted on subjecting Henri to a Jesuit confessor, by whose agency they intended to make him the trusty ally of Spain, so that Spain and France in one irresistible compact might proceed forthwith to relieve Queen Bess of her little island-realm, with all the cares and emoluments thereunto appertaining.

Now, as hope deferred maketh the heart sick, so hope baffled maketh the spleen to swell, and is perilously provocative of cholera in the inward parts. The Spanish faction were at a loss on what course to resolve. There were two sections of them, one of which called for the king's death, the other for his marriage. At Brussels, the Roman legate, Malvezzi, organised a scheme of assassination, which for six years past had been the one aim and object of his existence. At Paris, and in Tuscany, the "preferential" line was matrimony; marry the king forthwith, and to an Italian. And M. Michelet is charitable enough to allow that this latter scheme, the matrimonial one, was what the Pope himself preferred

of the two—the horn of the dilemma on which His Holiness would prefer to see his majesty impaled—for this Italian marriage, look you, would have the advantage of thoroughly Romanising and poor-creaturising the king, making at once a good Papist and puppet of him, while it avoided the unpleasant necessity of putting an end to him and his free agency in that other more prompt and peremptory way. If marriage would answer the purpose, in the long run (even if by a rather roundabout way), as well as assassination, it really appeared on the whole the preferable course.

Henri, in his bygone days of disaster and extremity, had borrowed large sums of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had a genius for making the contents of his money-chest go a long way, and knew how to put out its solid capital to most remunerative interest, pecuniary and political. By means of his agents, the Gondis and the Zamets, he was drawing a fine revenue from France; and now his hope was, and, all things considered, a well-grounded one, to make his niece Queen of France. He aimed at giving her the succession to Catherine de Medicis, and so continuing the Florentine government of France, just as he continued by means of his financiers to work for his own uses the exchequer of that kingdom. Some years previously he had sent over his niece's portrait, representing a young lady radiant with youth and freshness, a perfect sun of *bourgeoise* health. Gabrielle was not at all alarmed by the portrait; but she was by the Grand Duke's treasury, which Henri in his embarrassments found so irresistibly attractive. She was afraid, too, of those Italians, who had become directors of French finance and agents to bring about a Florentine marriage; it was to deal these gentry a heavy blow and great discouragement that she introduced into the council of finance a man whom she believed to be wholly her own, the Protestant Sully. She wanted to be Queen of France herself; and did not France want a French queen? Yes, but not a Gabrielle d'Estrées. Princesses, peeresses, politicians, prudes, priests, and partisans of all sorts and sizes, were up in arms at the idea of the thing. Margarec of Valois, who, to secure some favour or other, had in 1597 demeaned herself so far as to style Gabrielle her "sister and protectress," insulted her in 1598, when she saw what a coalition was formed against the favourite, by saying that she for one would never give way to that "odious baggage." But Michelet is of opinion that in spite of the politicians and all, Gabrielle would have triumphed, such was her power over Henri's affections, and the sway exercised over him by cherished habits, had it not been for the opposition she met with from an unexpected quarter, from that Sully whom she had first raised into power, then unadvisedly displeased, and whose authority with the king outweighed that of all his other counsellors put together. Sully's breach with Gabrielle occurred at the time of her second boy's baptism; both sons were treated by Henri as if legitimate—his apparent purpose being to complete the legitimisation by marriage with the mother, sooner or later—he caused them to be called César *Monsieur*, Alexandre *Monsieur*. Sully would neither sanction nor so much as wink at this. When the secretary of state, De Fresne, a Protestant, and Gabrielle's friend, sent in a bill of the expenses of the fête, headed, "Baptism of the Children of France," Sully sent it back, with the brusque comment: "There are no Children of France." Gabrielle quivered with rage. But

she found her efforts to put down Sully, her "valet," as she used to call him, "cet homme terrible," as she found him to be now, of no avail. Threats and overtures went for nothing. Gabrielle even deigned to flatter the terrible man's wife; but it was of no use. However, the end was approaching in another and utterly decisive form. In 1599 Gabrielle died, and a French Queen of France must henceforth be looked for elsewhere, or given up as an impracticable conceit. Henriette d'Entragues then comes upon the scene, but so does Marie de Medicis. France gets a queen, though not a French one. Not an Italian either, according to Michelet, who can descry in Marie nothing Italian except her language; her taste, manners, and habits, he says, were Spanish; her person was a cross of the Austrian and the Fleming,—Austrian by her mother, Joan of Austria,—Fleming by her grandfather, the Emperor Ferdinand, brother to Charles the Fifth. Our historian draws a noway delightsome picture of Marie, and displays in her instance and to her prejudice his not unusual readiness to accept slanderous stories, and dilate on backstairs babblings, and utter aloud from the house-top of history what has been the talk in the closet of scandal. Henri certainly appears to have been far from fascinated by his bride, when they met at Lyons in 1601. The portrait he had received was ten years old, and ten years make a difference in portrait-painting, to say nothing of the flattering propensities of portrait-painters. The gallant Bourbon was not the man to do as the brutal Tudor did, under similar circumstances, when poor Anne of Cleves was duly delivered in England, and was found not to answer to the sample previously despatched; but he liked Henriette all the better, we fear, when he had once gazed his fill (it did not take long) on the big, plump, stolid-shapen person of his Florentine wife, who, moreover, could not speak French, having always refrained from learning that heretical tongue, and who arrived with a very numerous cohort of *cavaliers servants* or *sigisbées*, whose aspect and antecedents were hardly to the taste of the royal husband,—the least agreeable, perhaps, of the pack being the Signora de Concini—while it was by no means pleasant to find one's chamber door guarded at all hours, early or late, by "a sort of black dwarf, with sinister eyes, like coals of hell-fire," that *triste hibou*, the Signora Leonora Dosi, who swayed Marie as it pleased her, till the day of reaction and retribution came.

Louis XIII. was born in 1601. He had not the least resemblance to his father, M. Michelet observes, with his usual suggestive *malice*: he was not only different, but opposed to his (putative?) father in every particular—having nothing whatever of the Bourbons (the male side of Henri's lineage), and still less, if possible, of the Valois (the maternal side,—Henri himself being distinguished by certain characteristics which pleasantly recalled to mind his *joyeux oncle* Francis I., and his "charming" grandmother, Margaret of Navarre). Nor was there anything French about the dry and barren nature of this Arabian Desert of a boy, as our historian describes him: you would take him rather for a Spinola, an Orsini, one of the ruined princes of Italy in her decline and fall. M. Michelet appears to be almost as dubious of the legitimacy of Louis XIII. as he is, on more circumstantial evidence, of that of the Condé of this reign, in whose physiognomy the hitherto habitual gladness of the Condé family came to an end, and a new expression was inaugurated of sombre gravity and gloom.

In a chapter entitled "Grandeur d'Henri IV.," the historian does justice to the estimate set on Henri by admiring nations around. All Europe was alive to one fact—that at this period there was only one king in the midst of her, and this the king of France. Neighbouring countries were sighing to become French, to be conquered by this great conqueror. Here they were mistaken, as any one may see who looks at the brief duration of this reign, its ephemeral results, and the protracted calamities which followed it. Was the public voice wrong, however, in glorifying this reign, such as it was? Michelet answers, No; the people were right in consecrating the memory of that French monarch, unique in the annals of French monarchy, who inspired the universal wish to become Frenchmen, who paid his debts, who made preparations for war without damage to peace, and left a full treasury, in spite of all past embarrassments and accumulating debts. "There is no sort of comparison to be made between him and Louis XIV., between a reign of reparation and one of extermination. The happy degree of harmonious understanding between Henri IV. and Sully is in no way recognisable between Louis and Colbert. Henri's expenses, laid out on his gaming and his mistresses, and for which I have no excuse to offer, are a mere nothing when compared with the furious prodigality, the St. Bartholomew of money, which signalised the great reign." But with the death of Henri disappeared the state of things he had been toiling to establish. What ensued was just what he was opposed to. France was like a glove turned inside out. Again the Thirty Years' War (deferred by Henri's policy, and seemingly adjourned *sine die*) loomed in no distant future. Again was France the creature of Spain, the reflex of Spanish principles, and already began to gravitate towards the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Concini was philo-Spanish. So was Luynes, for the change of favourites did not involve a change of policy. The Protestants saw clearly, to their cost, that France was governed by Spain—that Marie, Concini, Luynes, were only titles, names, ceremonial sounds, signifying nothing—and that the strings of the puppet-show were worked by a handful of foreigners, old Leaguers, and Jesuits—the soul of the clique being the king's confessor. Puisieux, again, who succeeded Luynes, was also philo-Spanish. So was Richelieu himself for the first forty years of his life; but a change then occurred, and thenceforth he was anti-Spanish, and sincerely so, whatever may have been the sincerity of his earlier professions. Our author's estimate of this great minister will be more conveniently considered when the next volume appears, already advertised under the title of "Richelieu and the Fronde."

Many a spirited piece of narrative might be cited from these pages were there room enough in our own—many a picturesque record of the olden time, many a stirring scene of dramatic life and movement. The death of Gabrielle, described in almost painful detail; the conspiracy of Biron; Henri's last amour with Mademoiselle de Montmorency (1609); his assassination by Ravallac; the fall and fate of Concini; the siege of Rochelle;—these are some of the topics on which the author has expended his native force with most effect. He dwells, too, upon the moral phases of his subject, devoting one chapter to a curious and somewhat crotchety consideration *Des Mœurs*, the key-note of which is, *Stérilité*—this being made the introduction to a disquisition on the Witches'

Sabbath, first of the middle ages, and then of the seventeenth century, with a fling *en passant* at alcohol and tobacco. The sabbatarian question is treated in relation to the main theme of sorcery in general, and very remarkable reading of its kind this seventeenth chapter presents, though marked by a certain pruriency of particularisation, which Michelet's readers must more than once or twice have noticed and regretted. A wild, fantastic, weird-like *tableau vivant* is conjured up of one of these profane sabbaths—the unhallowed assemblage meeting by night, on some bleak *lande*, around a druidical stone,—to the sound of unearthly music, produced chiefly by certain little bells, the concerted sound of which was found to work strange effects on the nervous system. We see the resinous torches flitting to and fro, casting a dim *irreligious* light on the excited congregation, while a red flame blazes up now and then from the background, and anon a blue light which seems to come from beneath. We see the impersonation of the devil, the president of this evil congress, and the presumed object of its worship. The drama opens with a derisive burlesque of the sacrament of marriage, recalling the orgies of Bacchus and Priapus—with especial reference to the odious *droit du seigneur* under the old feudal system. Then comes a polluted feast—the *matériel* of which appears to be as uncertain as the *morale* was naught. They dance themselves into a frenzy. They travestie the holy eucharist. The women baptise a toad, dressed up as a child, and then affect to commit infanticide by tearing the thing to pieces with their teeth. As Heaven is silent and makes no sign, they presume the heavenly powers are vanquished, annihilated; no thunder, no God: and hereupon the defiant assembly advances further and further in tumultuous libertinage. At last they break up—the death of the devil being ceremonially represented—and one sorceress is then left alone, the *nouvelle mariée* of the party, who had come thither to offer herself to the Prince of Darkness, and grant him of her own accord what the *seigneur* might claim by seigneurial right. Such was the *sabat* of the middle ages—the savage horrors of which, if they were real, had disappeared in the sixteenth century, but the essential character of which retained its noisome influence in the seventeenth. “I see, in the seventeenth century,” says Michelet, “regular families of sorcerers, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters.” The *sabat*, meanwhile, became more and more a matter of business. What the ceremony might have lost in terror, in imaginative attraction, it gained in jocularly and mirth. The burlesque now predominated. The *sabat* became a divertissement of the *genre de Pourceaugnac*. This divertissement our author describes as being coarse and indecent, but not immodest: the children who “assisted” at it (*proh pudor!* although it was *not* “impudique”) were not sent away till the dances came on. The considerate elders then thought it time for the little ones to be off. This was the *maximum*, it seems, which they allowed of that *maxima reverentia* which *debetur pueris*—a debt which there is no excuse for not paying to the very last mite, and which no man may compound for, but must discharge to the uttermost under penalties of Heaven's own appointment.

Two more out of the four-and-twenty chapters which compose this volume, are devoted to the general subject of sorcery, as then prosecuted

(in a twofold sense) among divers orders of men and women, especially in the convents of the south of France. At this period—the epoch of Henri Quatre—we are, as our author says, far from the fifteenth century, when the judge, as he sat on his judgment-seat, faltered, became infected, felt himself bewitched by the fatal sorceress that awaited in bonds his solemn sentence. The judges of this period are men of another class, not monks, but jurists. As long as the judge was a monk, all these trials for sorcery seemed alike and fairly indistinguishable one from another, so uniform a haze enveloped them all—for your monk is a man of no one country in particular; but the fog began to clear up a little when laymen occupied the tribunal, and the national and provincial distinctions that existed in sorcery now became perceptible to the observer.

M. Michelet then takes a rapid review of what he calls the geography of sorcery, by nations and provinces. There were few sorcerers in Italy, though numbers of astrologers and magicians. Atheism was there too much in vogue to give much room for what was virtually regarded as devil-worship. In Germany, on the contrary (as Grimm's "Mythology" will show), sorcery had struck root deeply and widely, the relict and representative of the fatherland's vast and sombre paganism—disguising the ancient gods under the form of fairies or demons, but still loyal to them, and votaries of them, as of yore. In Spain we see going on in this respect, as indeed in all respects, a strange conflict. The Jews, and the Moors, both meddled with magic, and had their own particular modes of practising it. Toledo, at the close of the sixteenth century, was the centre and capital of European magic—a great school of magicians, under the scrutiny of the Inquisition. The school of Toledo had a chapter of thirteen doctors and seventy-three pupils. This alma mater of "white magic" professed to obtain power over the devil by dint of godly works—by fastings, pilgrimages, offerings to the Virgin. But then by the side of this kind of bastard magic which wedded heaven and hell together, there was growing up in the rural districts that unmixed diabolic kind which is flat sorcery, the genuine article, unadulterated by "airs from heaven," and made up whole and entire of "blasts from hell." Spain was fast becoming a solitude; and in proportion as the desert gained ground by the exhaustion of the soil, by emigration, and other causes, the people declined into shepherds and herdsmen. The herdsman may not turn begging-friar, but none the less he remains without wife or family. The women have a local and congenital bias for sorcery and the witches' sabbath. Biscay, Navarre, the Basque district at large, are eminently fertile in these professors and deeds of darkness. Here, among the mountains, morbid imagination revels, roams, runs riot, to the top of its bent. The hardy denizens of these sea-beaten coasts, lovers of storm and tempest—from the same impulse which urged them to tempt the waters of a New World, plunge into the World beyond the Grave, and make discovery of new territories in the realm of Satan. So thoroughly is their superiority in this pursuit recognised, that they make conquests on both sides of the mountains. The Basque sorcery invades Castille, and while it pushes forward its colonies into Aragon to the gates of Saragossa, on the other side, across the Landes, it prepares a

witches' sabbath at Bordeaux, under the very nose of the Parliament, in the Palais Gallien.

In the other provinces of France, sorcery appears to have been indigenious, a sad fruit native to the soil. It becomes, the historian continues, a contagious malady in those miserable districts especially where men have ceased to look for succour from on high, for the interposition of Heaven in their behalf, oppressed, crushed, ground down by penury and wrong. In Lorraine, for instance, desolated by a cruel military feudalism—a highway, if not a home, for one continued stream of soldiers, bandits, and adventurers—the only being any longer prayed to, was the devil. Sorcerers directed the population at large. Many villages, it is said, bewildered betwixt two horrors, of the sorcerers on one side, of the judges on the other, were near upon being emptied of their inhabitants, who would fain flee away and be at rest, *somewhere*, no matter whither, so that black magic and black-robed inquisitors might not join in the flitting, or follow in their wake. Remy, the judge of Nancy, asserts in his book on the subject dedicated to the Cardinal of Lorraine (1596), that in sixteen years he had burnt eight hundred sorcerers: "So effectual is my justice," he writes, "that, last year, there were sixteen of them who killed themselves to avoid falling into my hands."

In the dreary region of the Jura, with its scanty pasturage and gloomy fir-trees, the serf, stranger to hope and its blessings, gave himself up to the devil. The black cat was here an object of universal adoration.

Priests and physicians, differing between themselves, were both in conflict with the judges appointed to try cases of sorcery and punish its familiars. The doctors of medicine alleged, that if these wretched sorcerers were really the tools of Satan, it was to him rather than to them that attention should be directed, instead of burning wholesale the poor victims he had cajoled. Certain doctors at Paris, indeed, under Henri IV., went so far in their incredulity as to contend that the "possessed" were knaves, or else madmen played upon by knaves. On the other hand, the priests maintained that to their body alone appertained the right of proceeding against the devil, whose natural enemies they *ex officio* were. The legists hereupon objected: "Do not be at once judge and party interested." The celebrated Bodin (1578), and the learned Leloyer (1605), both of Angers, distinguished themselves in this struggle. They were wholly opposed to the monopoly by priestly power of the proceedings against the sorcery of the West, in all its immense extent,—for the West seemed then the classical region of sorcery. Was it not there, M. Michelet asks, at the gates of Poitou and of Brittany, that Gilles de Retz (Blue Beard) performed his horrible sacrifices? But it was at the Parliament of Bordeaux that laic jurisdiction uttered its true shout of victory, in the case of Lancre's book, "*L'Inconstance des Démon*s" (1610 and 1613). Lancre, a man of talent, and a counsellor of this Parliament, describes in tones of triumph the battle he waged against Satan in the Basque country, where, in less than three months, he made an end of an indefinite number of sorcerers, and, what is more, much more, of three priests along with the rest. He regards with compassion the Spanish Inquisition, which, close at hand, at Logroño (on the frontier of Navarre

and Castille), has meanwhile spent two long years on a sorcery trial, and made a sorry finish by, forsooth, a poor little auto-da-fé, and the acquittal of a whole host of women. A sort of conclusion, Counsellor Lancre takes it, wherein nothing is concluded.

His vigorous execution of priests among the rest, gives the counsellor grace in the eyes of M. Michelet. His book is commended for its truthful and accurate presentment of the Basque character. The Basque clergy, it seems, had no very keen interest in putting down sorcery and hunting out sorcerers, being sorcerers themselves. The priest danced, wore a sword, conducted his mistress to the witches' sabbath. This mistress was his sacristane or *bénédicté*, whose function it was to keep the church tidy. The curé, according to Lancre, said his white mass before God in the daytime, and his black mass to the devil at night, and sometimes in the same church.

Many were the widows among the Basque population of Bayonne and St. Jean de Luz, where the men, proverbial for daring and eccentricity, indeed distinguished by a sort of fabulous foolhardiness, were tempted to wild far-off seas for the purpose of whale-fishing and general adventure. Flinging themselves *en masse* into the colonies of Henri IV., into the wide-yawning empire of Canada, agape for immigrants that could not come fast enough or thick enough, they bequeathed their wives to God or to the devil. As for their children—why, the honest men might have felt a little more interest in the matter could they but have satisfied themselves the brats were their own. Widows and wives, then, we are told—for the most part very pretty, very hardy, and highly imaginative—used to pass the day in the cemeteries, squatting on the tombs, and gossiping about the witches' sabbath they were going to attend at night. This was all the rage with them, their one and absorbing passion.

“Nature has made sorceresses of them: they are the daughters of Ocean and of illusion. They swim like fishes, and wanton in the waves. Their natural master is the Prince of the air, the sovran of winds and visions, the same who inspired the Sibyl and taught her things to come. The very judge who burns them is charmed with them,” and makes them dance before he has the death-torch lighted. But for any further prosecution of the subject we must refer the reader to M. Michelet himself, whose impression of its interest and importance is proved by the prominence he affords it in his variegated pages, and whose ample account in particular of the Prince of the magicians, Gauffridi, forms a remarkable chapter in the curiosities of literature and psychology.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND HIS TIMES.*

THE REVOLUTION OF JULY—LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH.

THE French have never been able to make up their minds whether the monarchy of 1830 was a mere revolutionary accident, the caprice of a nation destined in its turn to be swept away by another caprice, or whether it was a logical result of the succession of things and of the movement of ideas; an event, in fact, that came at its proper time in the order of social and political progress. Eighteen years of successful rule, amidst great difficulties, gave countenance to the one opinion; a catastrophe, as terrible as it was unforeseen, came to verify the predictions of the others. M. de Nouvion is one of those who argue that the monarchy of 1830 was the instantaneous and wise act of the nation. "France," he says, "raised it up on the ruins of the Restoration, to shelter itself against the abuses of the old system to which some endeavoured to bring it back, and against the evils of a republic into which others threatened to precipitate it. It was legitimate, because the national resistance to the ordonnances of July was legitimate. The conquest of 1830 was over illegality and despotism attempted in high quarters, and the triumph of order, law, and justice, defended by the middle classes."

M. de Nouvion's predilections are eminently monarchical. He even defends the memory of Charles X., who, he argues, meant well himself, but was overruled by the ultra-royalists, who had become all-powerful at court. "Charles X.," he says, "loved France; he only obtained from her in return unpopularity. Charles X. was frank, loyal, honest; he was deemed to be a hypocrite, ready even to perjure himself. Charles X. was sincerely pious; he appeared to the public as the slave of a knot of intolerant priests. Charles X. sought to make the people happy, yet he alienated all their affections, simply to gratify the raucous regrets and passions of a coterie in the ante-chamber."

The government of Charles X. rendered itself peculiarly obnoxious by its legislative enactments. It claimed the sole right of founding convents to the crown. The question would appear to have more of a religious character than a political one. It was not so. The object was to re-establish the right of the elder sons; but to do this, the French say it was necessary to disinherit younger brothers and girls, and to disinherit girls' convents must be opened. In this country we preserve the rights of the elder brother, yet we have no convents, at least among the Protestants. A still more unpopular law was that which revived the memory of the most odious fanaticism by punishing sacrilege with death, to which was superadded mutilation. Not less so was the law which consecrated a *milliard* to indemnify the victims of the Revolution. And, if possible,

* Histoire du Règne de Louis-Philippe I^{er}, Roi des Français, 1830-1848. Par Victor de Nouvion.

still more unpopular was the law, ridiculously surnamed *loi de justice et d'amour*, which placed books and newspapers alike under the ban of a formidable and tyrannical censorship. As M. Casimir Périer expressed it, "the art of printing was suppressed in France."

All these legislative enactments were in reality directed against the *bourgeoisie*. The statesmen of the day conceived a royalty founded on divine right, with a nobility proprietors of the soil and a priesthood masters of the popular mind, to be the last term of social perfection, beyond which all was chaos and revolution. All their efforts were, therefore, directed to prostrating that class which the progress of enlightenment was likely to render discontented with such a state of things.

The *bourgeoisie*, on its side, was perfectly aware of the position in which it was placed. Without the power to avert the storm, it still saw the threatening clouds accumulating around, and waited calmly, and without shrinking, for the day when it should regain its political existence. No party in the country actually threatened the king, but the distance between the king and his people kept on constantly increasing. The king himself saw this, and inwardly grieved; but he misunderstood the character and origin of the evil.

When Charles X. reviewed the National Guard, on the 21st of April, 1827, the *bourgeoisie* in arms saluted the charter with the crown. The king did not disguise his vexation. "I came here," he said, "to receive homage, not lessons." This only increased the irritation of the citizens; two or three battalions uttered seditious cries against the ministry. Instead of punishing the guilty, Charles X. disbanded the whole of the National Guard. This was only coming to an open rupture with the *bourgeoisie* of his capital.

De Villèle followed up the blow by dissolving the Chamber of Deputies, and nominating seventy-six new peers. The result of the new elections was unfavourable, and the minister had to retire and give way to M. de Martignac. The first time the king met the new ministry, he said to them: "I parted with M. de Villèle with regret. His system was mine, and I hope you will conform yourself to it." The Chamber of Deputies was proclaiming at the same time that the system was deplorable. Such was the situation of parties.

It is difficult, in writing or reviewing the history, as it were, of our own times, to divest ourselves of the impressions conveyed to us by the individual actors therein. Who does not remember the serious and thoughtful aspect, and the quiet, gentlemanly demeanour of M. de Martignac, and not feel that his responsibilities as a statesman deserved a better issue. His ministry was hailed by the nation as the *gage d'une pensée de transaction*. Yet, distrusted by the Opposition and the king alike, and positively assailed by the court faction, this man of really good and wise intentions was nothing better than a buffer destined to receive and weaken the shocks of parties. What few legislative enactments emanated from him were, however, of a decidedly limited tendency, and were aimed at the insufferable arrogance of the faction and of the congregation of Jesuits. The latter were, however, too strong with the king for the virtuous patriotism of M. de Martignac. Their exasperation carried them even to excesses. The fate of the ministry was soon decided. The king, influenced by the fatal counsels of the court faction

and the Jesuits, resolved to place men at the head of affairs who would brave all resistance, and on the 6th of August M. de Martignac and his colleagues were dismissed to give way to the Polignac ministry.

Prince Jules de Polignac was, M. de Nouvion tells us, "the son of the calumniated friend of Marie Antoinette;" it has even been said that he was Charles X.'s own son. M. de Nouvion repeats the saying without venturing either to affirm or contradict it. "Charles X.," he says, "exhibited towards him a tenderness that was quite paternal, and which did not escape public malignancy. He returned it by a truly filial attachment."

The new ministry was hailed by the nation with mingled surprise, grief, and vexation. "The king will lose himself," Talleyrand is reported to have said, "and it will not be long." He only gave expression to what every one felt. Above all, the creation of a new ministry was looked upon as a threat, and everywhere, without exactly knowing to what extent they might have to go, people silently prepared themselves for important events. Associations upon the basis of the one already in existence, "*Société, aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera*," sprang up in every direction. The singular spectacle presented itself of a nation openly organising itself for resistance, in the mere anticipation of the violation of the law by its government.

The ministry, in the mean time, proceeded steadily and undismayed on its mission of reaction and provocation. The watchword of its satellites in the press, at the pulpit, and in banquets was, "No more concessions," by which they really meant the beginning of repressions. The royal address at the opening of the session (2nd March, 1830) decided the relative positions of the ministry and of the majority. The charter was mentioned, but only as subordinate to the rights of the throne. The deputies, seeing the whole representative system in danger, hastened to establish in their answer their claims to inviolability. The king replied by dissolving the Chambers.

The nation and the ministry had as yet been only in the attitude of hostility. Hostilities had been declared, but no war had commenced. It was as a prolonged evening before the combat, but now the conflict had commenced in earnest. Government, on its side, neglected nothing that would strengthen it in the approaching struggle. M. de Peyronnet, the most inveterate of the Villèle ministry, was called to the cabinet, and all the prefects suspected of indifference were replaced by more zealous ultra-royalists. The clergy devoted themselves to the war of polemics with an energy worthy of a better cause. Government had also its organs in the press. The *Quotidienne* and the *Gazette de France* were the great ministerial papers of the day, and they treated the representatives of the people as janissaries of Bonaparte and reuegades of the monarchy. "No more concessions" was succeeded by a new watchword, "*Le roi ne cédera pas*."

In coming to this resolution, Charles X. had the example of his brother's fate before him. Louis XVI. had arrived by concession after concession at the scaffold. It was one of Charles X.'s own expressions, that it was better to be an exiled than a disgraced monarch; another of his sayings was, that he would never let his crown be dragged through the mud; and another, that he did not wish to do like his brother—he

preferred getting on horseback to riding in a cart. The idea was the same: there was the presentiment of a catastrophe, yet when it came, all he did was to avoid the sacrifice of his life by a precipitate flight. In our own times it is supposed that either of these alternatives may be avoided by granting no concessions whatsoever. By such a system, at all events, the necessity for repressions is done away with.

The difference in the position of Louis XVI. and of Charles X. was great. If Charles X. was like Louis XVI., king in virtue of his birth, he only reigned in virtue of the charter. Louis XVI. was led to the scaffold for not having known how, or not having been able, to defend his royal prerogatives; Charles X. took the highway to dethronement by disregarding the charter he had sworn to observe, and by himself inaugurating the attack upon the rights of the nation. The first check that he met with was in the re-election of the two hundred and twenty-one deputies of the Opposition almost without an exception.

The expedition to Algiers relieved the king and his ultra-royalist ministry for a while. By turning the attention of a very excitable people from home to foreign policy, and by supplanting domestic discontent with brilliant achievements of arms and the glory of foreign conquests, it cleared away troublesome clouds, and left for a short time the political horizon tolerably free and clear.

The successes in Algeria had, however, in one respect, an evil tendency—they increased the confidence of the court party to a degree that led them beyond the bounds of prudence. When the elections of 1830 once more certified that public opinion remained unchanged, the court, instead of accepting the results, determined to overthrow them. The only way to effect this was to annul the laws by which the ministry had been so often defeated. In 1827, the king had so far conceded as to supplant the Villèle ministry by M. de Martignac, and peace had for a time been restored to the country. In 1830, the Polignac ministry signified their willingness to withdraw, but the king would not permit them: he resolved to curb opposition by the strong arm of despotism, and he brought about a revolution of resentment.

The Rubicon that separated legality from despotism was passed, when the ordonnances of the 25th of July were projected. One party, having M. de Chantelauze at its head, whilst admitting the royal prerogative, was from the first opposed to a *coup d'état*. The ministry on its part, its resolution once taken, dissimulated to the last moment. To the anxious inquiries of the representatives of the great powers—Russia, England, and Austria—it denied all intention to have recourse to a *coup d'état*. The letters which convoked the peers and deputies were only transmitted on the very eve of publishing the ordonnances. Every one was deceived, even to the veteran Talleyrand.

Yet on the 26th of July, 1830, Paris learnt on awaking, through the *Moniteur*, that the *coup d'état*, long foreseen, but denied to the last moment, was actually in force. The official organ contained four ordonnances: the first suppressed the liberty of the press; the second proclaimed the dissolution of the Chambers; the third upset the whole electoral system; and lastly, the fourth, convoked the electoral colleges for the 6th and 13th of September, and the Chambers for the 23rd of the same month.

For the first few hours that followed the publication of the ordonnances the physiognomy of Paris presented no particular change. If anything was to be remarked, it was a kind of stupor, the result of concentrated passion ready to explode. The press, struck down by the royal edict, was the first to give signs of resistance. It ventured to hint at legal opposition. No one was at that time prepared for an insurrection. As the day waxed on, the agitation, however, increased, and the streets became crowded by an excited populace. The Bourse was seized with a panic. Those who had taken a part in the ordonnances, M. de Nouvion does not hesitate to say, played at *la baisse*, and came off triumphant. But this looks like an event of our own days made to fit into an incident of the past.

The press, in the mean time, went on steadily with their legal opposition. Dupin aîné, Odilon Barrot, Barthe, and Merilhon, met to discuss the question of the legality of the royal edicts, and they decided against them. M. Thiers took the lead in giving a material form to the resistance. He inaugurated a protest, which was signed by all the editors, and published simultaneously in all the papers.

The deputies on their side were not inactive. M. Casimir Périer led the Opposition against any precipitate measures, and he offered his saloons to discuss the question on the ensuing day. The working classes paraded the streets in the evening, shouting out, "Vive la charte!" "A bas les ministres!" Thus the first day passed over without any disorders; only a few windows were broken at the Treasury and at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. As to Charles X., satisfied that he had saved his crown and France, he was reposing himself at St. Cloud, after passing the day hunting with the dauphin in the forest of Rambouillet.

Tuesday, the 27th, the newspapers appeared, each having the protest determined upon the day previously. A gratuitous circulation was superadded to the ordinary one. From an early hour of the morning the streets presented an unusual degree of animation. Workshops were closed, crowds paraded the streets, shouting, "Vive la charte!" "A bas les ordonnances!" M. de Nouvion gives them credit for not knowing the meaning of what they shouted. In one thing only they were unanimous, and that was their hatred of the Jesuits and of the nobility who had emigrated. Hostilities may be said to have commenced when the police proceeded to seize the newspapers. At the office of the *Temps*, in the Rue Richelieu, the proceedings were attended with effects intentionally theatrical. The commissary of police, attended by his myrmidons, and preceded by a detachment of mounted gendarmerie, was received by MM. Coste and Baude, the proprietors, and all their assistants. When summoned to open the doors, they replied by demanding that property should be respected. When orders were given to break them open, they threatened the smith with punishment for burglary, and the police had actually to get a man employed in the public prisons to carry out their orders. This scene lasted from eleven in the morning till six in the evening, in the presence of a great crowd, whose irritation was momentarily increasing. M. Thiers, Carrel, and Mignet, had been besieged in a nearly similar manner at the offices of the *National*.

The gatherings of the people and the threatening attitude which they had assumed, at length necessitated the employment of armed force.

Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, was appointed to the command, and he took up his head-quarters in that wing of the Tuileries which adjoins the Rue de Rivoli. The garrison under his command presented an effective force of 12,300 men. The garden of the Palais Royal was cleared, as were also the precincts of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; after which the troops were disposed at the most available points, while communication was kept up between these by patrols of horse and foot. This soon brought the military into contact with the people; barricades were raised, the houses of armourers were pillaged, the cavalry charged, the people were thrown down under the feet of the horses, blood was shed, and the killed were as usual paraded through the streets. Yet, at the very onset of the struggle, the line was found to be vacillating in its support of the king, and even the guards were not zealous in defence of the "ordonnances." The people, on the other hand, comparing its numbers to that of the troops, felt assured of an ultimate victory.

Wednesday, the 28th, opened as a day of battle. The tricolor flag had been displayed. Before daybreak the insurgents were busy enclosing the different strongholds of the military with barricades, and carrying stones and other missiles into the adjacent houses. Post after post fell by these means in the more remote parts of Paris into the hands of the insurgents. Among the first to fall were the Arsenal, the powder magazines at Deux Moulins, and the armouries of St. Thomas d'Aquin, of the Abbaye, and others. In addition, 30,000 muskets remained in the hands of the National Guard. Soon the tricolor flag floated from the Hôtel de Ville and the towers of Notre-Dame. The bells of the old cathedral tolled the people to arms from the most remote quarters of the capital, and the students of the Polytechnic school placed themselves at their head, disciplined them, and even restrained them from excesses.

Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, was, it is well known, both from his own Memoirs and from other authentic sources, in reality opposed to the extreme measures of the ministry. He was alike unfavourable to "ordonnances" or to "coups d'état." He did not throw, therefore, any excessive zeal into the task of putting down the insurrection. He may be said to have confined himself very closely within the limits of a defensive attitude. He adhered to the plan of the day before, occupying the most central and important positions militarily, and keeping up communication between such points by movable columns.

Such a system (M. de Nouvion remarks), considering the small number of troops by which it had to be put in force, was wanting in prudence and skill. All these detachments, scattered at a distance from one another, were soon drowned as it were in the ocean of people whose waves gradually enveloped them on all sides. The head-quarters of the marshal himself remained insufficiently protected and exposed to be carried, if the mass of the crowd should happen to direct its steps that way. Marshal Marmont, who had written to the king a few hours before, "It is no longer an insurrection, it is a revolution," made war against a revolution in a manner that would have been insufficient against an insurrection. What the least experienced strategist would have foreseen arose from his plan. The troops thus isolated, not being strong enough to defend themselves, displayed great bravery to no purpose. Baffled at every step by formidable barricades, decimated by balls which invisible marksmen rained upon them from the corners of streets, passages of houses, windows, and even air-holes to cellars, struck down or blinded by incessant showers of stones,

logs of wood, broken bottles, pieces of furniture, bricks, tiles, and bits of mortar, hurled from the roofs of houses, the generality could not carry out the instructions which they had received.

The result was, that at the end of a day's hard fighting in a war, which General Crossard designated with military precision as *une guerre de pots de chambre*, the different divisions had to return to where they went forth from. General Talon's division was beaten at the Hôtel de Ville, and driven into the precincts of the building, but that owing in main part to the defection of the 15th Light Infantry, which was to have operated in the direction of the Marché aux Fleurs, and which stood still with muskets resting on their butts. Several detachments, among others one of the Swiss Guards that arrived in the course of the day, were equally roughly treated.

General Saint Chamans's division suffered still more severely on the Place de la Bastille, although backed by great guns. A squadron of cuirassiers was nearly destroyed in attempting to force the Rue Saint Antoine, and when at last it was deemed advisable to get back to the Tuileries, the Boulevards were so effectually barricaded that the division could not force its way, and it had actually to retrace its steps by the Boulevards and the bridge of Austerlitz to the left of the river. General Quinsonnas's division suffered almost equally severely in the Marché aux Innocents and the Rue Saint Denis. One column under Colonel Pleineselve succeeded in retracing its steps with its numerous wounded to the Champs Elysées the same day, but the general, after effecting a communication with head-quarters by means of an aide-de-camp disguised in a blouse, was only able to get back the handful of soldiers that remained alive by break of day. General de Wall's division, which occupied the Place des Victoires, suffered the least of any. Marshal Marmont had himself headed the attack on the Palais Royal and the Place de la Bourse, but he met with only a temporary success. The unfortunate Swiss were at the same time engaged in defending the Louvre from the attacks made in the direction of the Place Saint Germain l'Auxerrois.

Yet, in the face of these successes, M. de Novion pertinently remarks:

The people of Paris was not, as has been written and sung, a people of heroes. The reason is simple: it does not require two hundred thousand heroes, from ten to fifty years of age, to get the better of ten thousand soldiers, one half of whom did not fight. It is, besides, a very contestable kind of heroism to secrete oneself at the corner of a street, or behind a barricade of stones, to fire at soldiers without any cover whatsoever, or to rain down stones and balls upon them from the roofs of houses. Yet such a war of ambuscades against troops exposed on all sides is the only one which was carried on by the majority of the civil combatants.

Whilst the solution of the constitutional question raised by the ordinances was being settled by the people and the troops in arms, deputies and statesmen were busy endeavouring to effect a compromise. A deputation was sent to Marshal Marmont to stop the effusion of blood. M. Arago had already been with the marshal exhorting him not to load his name, already so unfavourably known in the remembrances of the country, with a further odious responsibility. Among the members of the deputation were MM. Lafitte and Gérard, whose arrest had been

ordered by the ministers. The marshal had the good sense, or the weakness, not to act in this instance on his orders. All that was asked of the king at that period of the insurrection was the recal of the ordonnances and the dismissal of the ministry. Marmont seconded the demands of the heads of the liberal party with the king. This proceeding having no results, the more zealous deputies of the Opposition counselled a fusion with the insurrectionists; but this was opposed by the more moderate, among whom were Guizot, Broglie, Sebastiani, and Casimir Périer. All, however, felt the necessity of being prepared to supplant the legal authority which was on the verge of destruction by a new authority, or soon the dictatorship of the mob would take the place of that of the king. Generals Lafayette and Gérard and the Duc de Choiseul were designated as a provisional government. It only required political chiefs to change an insurrection into a successful revolution. The obstinacy of the crown created these. The terrible events of the 28th ought to have opened the eyes of Charles X., but they failed to do so. He did not even think that the time had come for him to *monter à cheval*, as he had so often said he would do under similar circumstances. He remained at St. Cloud. Generals Girardin and Vincent represented to him the gravity of the position; he only answered, "The Parisians have thrown themselves into anarchy, anarchy will bring them back to me repentant and submissive." To Marshal Marmont's representations he replied by an order to concentrate his forces, to unite them on the Place Louis XV. and the Carousel, and to act only with masses. The king was encouraged in this almost senile obstinacy by the Duc d'Angoulême and the Duchesse de Berri. The latter even projected an appeal to the insurgents attended by her son and by the Duc d'Orléans, who would by such a proceeding be implicated in the ordonnances; luckily the king opposed himself to the project, and saved, M. de Nouvion thinks, "the royal family from the most cruel trial, and France the most painful regrets."

The day of the 29th broke over Paris still in arms. The night had been passed in multiplying and strengthening the barricades. The lamps had been destroyed, and lights in the windows cast a flickering gleam upon the scene of desolation. The museum of artillery had been devastated, and many were the strange costumes seen among the combatants. The troops were literally besieged within a limited space. Left without provisions, the majority were already murmuring at the duty they were called upon to perform, and almost all felt their incapability of conquering a whole population in arms. An attempt was made to reanimate them by the distribution of six weeks' pay as a gratuity. Four hundred and twenty-one thousand francs were drawn from the treasury to this effect.

The insurgents had now assumed the offensive. They converged from all sides upon the Tuileries, pillaging the archbishop's residence, devastating barracks and military posts, and breaking open the prisons on their way. An impostor, who called himself *General Dubourg*, had installed himself at the Hôtel de Ville, in a garb of the old republic, stolen from a broker's, and he enjoyed there for a few hours a kind of revolutionary dictatorship over certain of the more dangerous class of insurgents.

At an early hour in the morning, the Marquis de Semonville and the

Comte d'Argout made a further attempt to influence Marmont. They were received by Prince Polignac himself. M. de Semonville, an excitable man, lost all control on finding himself in the presence of the man who had brought about such misfortunes on his country, and he insulted the minister in the rudest language. Finally, the two peers and the ministers took their departure to St. Cloud, each to influence the king in their own way. M. de Nouvion assures us that Marmont, whilst urging the latter to obtain concessions from the king, transmitted at the same time a message to the effect that, having concentrated his troops, he could hold out for a fortnight. In his Memoirs, Marmont only says that, if the troops had remained faithful, he could have prolonged his defence for twenty-four hours. "But," adds M. de Nouvion, "it is well known how little the reminiscences of the marshal, in this narrative of his life, are really consistent with truth."

Certain it is, that with the object of avoiding further obstacles to a general reconciliation, the marshal refused to permit the insurgents to be driven back, as was proposed, by grape-shot, and they were thus enabled to besiege the Louvre more closely. The regiments of the line began also to waver. The 53rd was the first to go over to the insurrection; the 5th followed, and both regiments went and took up their station at the Hôtel Lafitte. This defection opened the Rue Castiglione to the insurgents. A battalion of Swiss had to be sent to defend the approaches to the Tuileries, so that M. de Salis remained with only one battalion at the Louvre. The marshal sent off despatches to the king, and ordered a suspension of arms. The insurgents, however, disregarded the truce, and took advantage of it to break open the doors and to penetrate into the interior of the Museum. Once there, they opened fire from the windows upon the Swiss, who had withdrawn into the court, and obliged them to retire into the Carousel. This movement became the signal for a general flight. The troops in the Carousel became panic-struck, and even the efforts of Marshal Marmont himself were vain to arrest their progress towards the gardens of the Tuileries. The Tuileries were thus left at the mercy of the insurgents, and, headed by M. Joubert, the people took possession of the palace of their kings amid shouts of triumph. The troops did not form again till they gained the Champs Elysées. A few detachments that had been left at the angles of streets were surrounded, and the unfortunate soldiery were butchered almost to a man. These were among the most grievous disorders committed by an infuriated populace on these two sad days of combat. "What has not been said," writes M. de Nouvion, "to glorify those troops of children who made sport of the horrors of civil war, who threw themselves into the fight as if it were into a party of pleasure, their semi-nudity clad in garments picked off from the bodies of the dead; sneaking into the very midst of the battalions and killing at musket's length, and from behind, in the very spirit of mischief, old officers whose hairs had whitened on the field of battle, or brave soldiers who had survived twenty years of campaigns!"

Nothing remained to Marshal Marmont but to beat a retreat. He could not have recaptured the Tuileries without knocking down every stone of the building, nor was even a retreat without its difficulties and penalties. The bridge of Neuilly had been barricaded, and was obstinately defended. The Bois de Boulogne was full of marksmen. At the

village of Boulogne itself, the demoralised soldiers were joined by the Duc d'Angoulême, who had succeeded Marmont as chief in command. He contemplated the relics of the army of Paris in dismay, nor did he utter a word of gratitude or encouragement, but silently took with them the way to St. Cloud.

In Paris itself, after the final catastrophe at the barracks of the Rue de Babylone, where some two hundred Swiss were exterminated, the revolution was over. The Tuileries were given up to the mob. The dead and the wounded had been collected; they numbered eleven hundred of the former and five thousand of the latter. The different officers, deputies, and others in the metropolis, laboured hard to ensure order. General Lafayette was at once appointed to the command of the National Guard. M. de Nouvion only grants to the boasted patriarch of liberty the credit of having come forward when it was perfectly safe to do so. He had been all along opposed to the insurrection, which he thought would be unsuccessful. Still his name was a great thing. The next and most difficult question to answer was, to whose benefit was the revolution to turn? M. Guizot, as head of the moderate party, succeeded in carrying the first resolution, which was that the consideration of establishing a government should be left open, and that they should content themselves with providing for the security of persons and property by what should be termed for the time being a *commission municipale*. A ridiculous scene took place at this epoch. The 53rd and 5th of the line, we have before said, had established themselves around the hotel where the deputies were deliberating. A body of the National Guard having made its appearance, conducted by M. A. de Laborde, the line saluted their companions in arms with a discharge of musketry. The assembly of statesmen, fancying that they were betrayed, broke up with the greatest precipitation, hiding themselves in the most remote corners of the hotel. General Lafayette alone remained in his chair, but that was because he had a sprained ankle. Another still more grotesque and burlesque drama was being enacted at the Hôtel de Ville, where General Dubourg was ruling as dictator, and issuing proclamations signed by J. Baude and Colonel Zimmer.

The *commission municipale*, elected by ballot, was composed of MM. Casimir Périer, Comte de Lobau, Audry de Puyraveau, de Schonen, and Mauguin. General Gérard was appointed to the command of the first military division. It was a counterbalance to too great power in the hands of Lafayette. The latter had been received at the Hôtel de Ville by General Dubourg, who consented to act under his orders. He was followed by the *commission municipale*, who also established their headquarters in the palace of the Parisian ædiles. M. Odilon Barrot had been appointed general secretary. Baron Louis was nominated to the treasury, Laborde to the prefecture of the Seine, Bavoux to the police, Chardel to the post-office; the different mayors were also nominated, the National Guard was reorganised, the museums and public buildings protected, food distributed to the populace, and the military were summoned to the camp at Vaugirard, with the assurance that they would be treated as brothers.

On the morning of the 29th, M. de Mortemart had taken advantage of the privilege of intimacy with the king to represent to him the real

state of things. It was the old answer, his brother had *monté en charrette*, Charles X. would, if necessary, *monter à cheval*. "I fear much," replied M. de Mortemart, "that you will soon be obliged to do so." The same day a council of ministers was held, at which it was strongly urged by M. de Guernon Ranville to transport the seat of government to one of the principal cities of the departments, to assemble the troops from the camps of Lunéville and St. Omer, and thus put the whole country in the position of choosing between monarchy and revolution. M. de Vitrolles arrived in the mean time on a mission of pacification from the more moderate deputies. He was followed soon after by the Duc de Raguse. The king received him kindly. He did not utter a complaint or a reproach. The Duc d'Angoulême's return from seeing the discomfited troops at the village of Boulogne at length solved the difficulty. The king consented to receive the resignation of his ministers; and he appointed M. de Mortemart to the presidency of a new ministry, in which General Gérard should hold the portfolio of war, and Casimir Périer that of finances.

M. de Vitrolles, de Semonville, and d'Argout started for Paris at five in the evening, bearers of instructions for the formation of a new ministry, the repeal of the ordonnances, and other concessions—more than had been asked for the day before. On arriving at the capital they inquired for General Gérard. They were directed to the *gouvernement provisoire*, which was seated at the Hôtel de Ville! M. Casimir Périer declared that they were an administration, and not a government, and that it was not in their power to decide the question. He referred the envoys to the deputies assembled at M. Lafitte's. Lafayette asked them ironically if the tricolor flag was included among the concessions. M. d'Argout was the only one of the envoys who acceded to the stipulations of the municipal commission. He laid the object of his mission before the assembled deputies. Some of the deputies deemed the concessions offered by Charles X. acceptable. Others, and notoriously M. Lafitte, thought that matters had gone too far for a reconciliation. The discussion was, however, cut short by the insurgents, who rose up in anger when they heard that negotiations with the king were being debated. The well-known author of the "Histoire de Dix Ans" relates that one of the insurgents rushed into the room, and, striking the butt-end of his musket on the ground, exclaimed, in a terrible voice, "Who dares to speak of negotiating with Charles X.?" "No more Bourbons!" was shouted at the same time in the hall. "You hear them?" said M. Lafitte. "Such was the liberty," M. de Nouvion remarks, "enjoyed by the deputies under the protection of the combatants of July!" Such facts would alone suffice to inspire every sensible man with a dread of revolutions, even if they be founded on justice and right. History, when it may be written, as it is now, perhaps, for the first time in reference to the last events of the reign of Charles X., will probably say the same thing of the revolutions and *coups d'état* that followed upon the extinction of the elder branch of the Bourbons and expelled the younger, that attended upon the establishment of a new dynasty, and that are likely to ensue yet when days of trouble and disaster come round in the natural cycle of events.

M. Lafitte already contemplated replacing an old dynasty, which, it was argued, had proved itself to be incorrigible, and which had certainly fallen under the national ban, by a younger, more liberal, and more

popular dynasty—as yet untried. In this project he was abetted by Thiers, Mignet, Béranger, and others of the liberal party. The insurgents had not, during the whole time that the struggle for supremacy lasted, confounded the younger with the elder branch. The Palais Royal, invaded by the people, had been respected. M. Lafitte, Thiers, and others resolved that the Duc d'Orléans should succeed, with or without his will, to the throne. To this effect they issued a proclamation in the following terms :

Charles X. can no longer return to Paris; he has caused the blood of the people to be shed. A republic would expose us to frightful misunderstandings; it would also place us in hostility with the whole of Europe. The Duc d'Orléans is a prince who is devoted to the cause of the revolution. The Duc d'Orléans never fought against us. The Duc d'Orléans was at Jemmappes. The Duc d'Orléans has carried the tricolor flag in the field of battle. The Duc d'Orléans can alone harbour it now; we will have none other. The Duc d'Orléans has declared himself; he accepts the charter as we have always wished and understood it. It is from the French people that he will hold his crown.

When at length M. de Mortemart found his way to Paris on the morning of the 30th, bearer of full powers to make the concessions deemed necessary to re-establish confidence between Charles X. and the Parisians, he was twelve hours too late, and that, in times of successful revolution, is equal to twelve months in ordinary diplomatic negotiations. M. de Nouvion is at great pains to prove that the Duc d'Orléans had nothing to do with the decision arrived at by MM. Lafitte, Thiers, and other leaders of the liberal party. "The faults of Charles X.'s government, the events that sprang from them, and, at the last moment, necessity,—these were all the conspiracies by which the Duc d'Orléans was brought to the throne."

The duke himself had passed the night of the 29th-30th of July in a rather strange manner. He was at Neuilly, but fearful of being attacked there, he had withdrawn with a single aide-de-camp to a pavilion in the park. Horses ready saddled were at the door, and a boat was left in readiness on the Seine, so that at the signal agreed to, of a few musket-shots fired from Neuilly, he could have effected his escape. On the morning of the 30th he left for Le Raincy. He did not wish, he said, to expose himself to outrages from the public any more than from the court. To have gone to St. Cloud, M. de Nouvion argues, would have been to betray France, to have gone to Paris would have been to usurp the throne of Charles X. When the king had abdicated that throne, and the accession of the younger branch was necessitated to save the country from anarchy, then alone did the Duc d'Orléans accept the title of the King of the French.

It might, however, be observed upon this, that the Duc d'Orléans accepted (no doubt for wise purposes, that is to say, to restrain anarchy and restore order) the lieutenant-governorship of the kingdom previously to the abdication of Charles X.; that he refused to accept the same title at the hands of the fallen king, or in his interests or those of his family; and that by handing over the claims of the Duc de Bordeaux to his partisans in the House of Deputies, he virtually rejected them.

The effect of the proclamation had in the mean time been immense. The last sentence, which intimated that the Duc d'Orléans had pronounced, had been altered to, "Le Duc d'Orléans ne se prononce pas.

Il attend notre vœu." M. Béranger went to M. Lafitte's. "Nothing is spoken of in Paris," he said, "but your prince; his name is in every mouth. Do you know where to find him?" "Yesterday he had not quitted Neuilly," M. Lafitte replied, "but I am not sure if he is still there."

Not that the combination which was destined to raise Louis Philippe to the throne had not its opponents among the more ardent of the insurrectionists as well as among the more steadfast of the legitimists. The republican party were very active, and they had their representatives in the persons of M. Mauguin and M. Audry de Puyraveau in the very midst of the municipal commission. There were also a scattering of Imperialists in Paris at that epoch. But Bonapartism was, M. de Nouvion insists, "a memory of glory, a popular superstition, so to say, but it was not a political opinion."

The zeal of the republicans necessitated both activity and resolution on the part of the monarchists. MM. B. Delessert, Odier, and J. Lefebvre proposed that the fall of Charles X. and the accession of the Duc d'Orléans should be at once put to the vote.

This brief sitting was marked by an incident which has all the colour of the epoch. During the deliberation an unknown person introduced himself into the assembly. It was *General* Dubourg, who, finding himself effaced at the Hôtel de Ville by General Lafayette and the municipal commission, thought he might recover his importance at the Chamber of Deputies. He had added a *cravache* to his borrowed garments. Invited by the president to withdraw, he paid no attention to him, but tried to address the meeting. The president having no bell, endeavoured to cut him short by speaking at the same time and with a louder voice. *General* Dubourg persisted, a ridiculous struggle ensued, each trying to dominate over the voice of his adversary. At last, upon a threat of being turned out by the National Guard, *General* Dubourg gave up the contest and withdrew.

The chief opponents to the establishment of a new monarchy were known as the Réunion Lointier, from a restaurant of that name, where they held their meetings. This club sent a threatening deputation to General Lafayette, who was for the time being the only real government, at the Hôtel de Ville. They offered him the dictatorship of the new republic. The general, however, had the dungeons of Olmutz in his memory. M. Charles de Rémusat had put to him the question distinctly: "If the Duc d'Orléans comes to Paris," he had said to him, "he will be king in eight days. If he does not come, you will in three days be president of the republic. Are you prepared to accept the burden and the responsibility?" Lafayette was not prepared to accept the responsibility, so he temporised with the deputation with the same happy presence of mind with which he got through the next difficulty that presented itself in the accidental arrest of the Duc de Chartres at Montrouge. M. de Nouvion places this well-known incident of the days of July in a light by which Etienne Arago, as leader of a band of demagogues, saved, by his intentional delays, the life of the young prince. "C'est un prince!" his miserable followers had exclaimed, "allons le fusiller."

In the mean time, MM. Dupin and Persil had been the first to seek an interview with the Duc d'Orléans to sound his feelings. They had only been received by the duchess and Madame Adelaide. The same thing

happened shortly afterwards to M. Thiers, who had been sent by the deputies on a similar mission. The lady, whom all France afterwards learnt to esteem so much as a queen, and the well-known intellectual Madame Adelaïde, opposed themselves on every principle of right and gratitude to the step proposed by the deputies. But when M. Thiers exposed to them the political necessity of the step to save France from anarchy, and that the prince was not invited to seize the throne of Charles X., but to pick up a crown tumbled in the streets and trod under foot by a rude democracy, Madame Adelaïde gave way, and even authorised M. Thiers to carry her brother's consent to the deputies. M. Thiers, not without running many dangers, as he had likewise experienced on his way to Neuilly, returned to Paris to communicate the results of his mission to the deputies. They were received with unfeigned joy; the news spread like lightning; and the name of the Duc d'Orléans resounded in joyous acclamations both without and within the palace.

From that moment the Duc d'Orléans became the accepted king of the future with almost all, not even excepting those who would willingly have lent a hand in establishing a republic. But a certain apprehension still prevailed in the Chambers. Was it not going too far to attempt to stifle the revolution in a moment? M. Ch. de Rémusat happily suggested a safe middle course: to prepare the public mind by appointing the duke to the lieutenant-generalship of the empire. This suggestion met with an almost universal assent. It presented a means of present security without any definite compromise as to the monarchy. There were only three deputies who gave their votes against the proposal: they were MM. Lepelletier d'Aulnay, Villemain, and Hely d'Oïssel. The declaration which was to be transmitted to the duke was to the following effect:

The reunion of deputies now in Paris have deemed it to be an urgent duty to entreat his Royal Highness the Duc d'Orléans to come to the capital in order to exercise there the functions of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and to express to him the wish there exists to preserve the national colours. It has, at the same time, felt the necessity which there exists of occupying themselves without delay in assuring to France in the ensuing session of the Chambers all those guarantees which are indispensable to the full and entire execution of the charter.

Such were the limits within which parliamentary power confined the revolution for the present. A prince of royal blood lieutenant-general of the kingdom, the charter, and the tricolored flag. It was not only a monarchy, but the monarchy of the Bourbons. The Hôtel de Ville had, in the mean time, become the centre of anarchy, instead of a seat of administration. When Lafayette and Mauguin received the official communication of the "declaration," they refused in the name of the municipal commission to give to it publicity as an act of the government.

M. Odilon Barrot conveyed (M. de Nouvion relates) the remonstrances of the Hôtel de Ville to M. Lafitte. The President of the Chambers did not hesitate to submit to the will of the municipal commission. He admitted that the address was servile and offensive to the national dignity, and he gave his word of honour that he would withdraw it from the hands of the prince and would tear it to pieces.

In consequence of this *veto* of the Hôtel de Ville, this most important act, to which the deputies had wished to give further solemnity by attaching their signatures, was not inserted in the *Moniteur*. What is more: after having been

presented to the Duc d'Orléans, the original was abstracted from his desk. It was found necessary to make another copy, which was signed by those who had signed the first.

While matters was thus progressing in Paris, it was very different at St. Cloud. The king, who had been firm enough so long as he thought he was sure of conquering, fell into the greatest discouragement when he saw that events were going against him. The Duc d'Angoulême, on the contrary, became violent and exasperated. The scene that occurred between the Prince and Marshal Marmont has been too often narrated to be repeated here. The disorganisation of the army had gone on increasing till it had become almost general, and, at last, the royal family withdrew in terror to Trianon.

At the same hour that the king travelled his first stage towards exile, the Duc d'Orléans took his first step towards the throne. The duke saw that Paris were going against him. The Duc d'Angoulême, on the contrary, became violent and exasperated. The scene that occurred between the Prince and Marshal Marmont has been too often narrated to be repeated here. The disorganisation of the army had gone on increasing till it had become almost general, and, at last, the royal family withdrew in terror to Trianon.

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The first thing that he did was to receive the Duc de Mortemart as the representative of Charles X., in order to explain away any misconstructions that might be placed upon his conduct. The result of the interview was curious.

"My embarrassment is great," said the prince, "and the position is pressing. This very morning the commission of deputies will come to receive my answer. What must I do? Forget for a moment that you are a minister, and tell me what would you advise me to do? What would you do in my place?"

"Monseigneur," replied the duke, "if I were in your place I should accept."

The commissioners were received at eight in the morning. The duke hesitated, and asked for time. M. de Nouvion believes in the sincerity of his scruples. When, however, he was made to understand what a volcano they all stood upon, what progress the republic was making at the Hôtel de Ville, and that a few minutes' delay might be at the cost of his head and of the heads of all the deputies who had signed the declaration, he no longer hesitated—he only asked for half an hour to consider, and at the expiration of that time he returned with the following proclamation:

"INHABITANTS OF PARIS!—The deputies of France, at this moment assembled in Paris, have conveyed to me their wish that I should come to the capital to assume the functions of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. I have not hesitated in coming to participate in your dangers, in placing myself in the midst of your heroic population, and in making every possible effort to preserve you from the calamities of civil war and from anarchy. On re-entering into the city of Paris, I wore with pride the glorious colours which you have reassumed, and which I had long ago adopted myself. The Chambers are about to reassemble; they will consider of the means necessary to ensure the execution of the laws and the maintenance of the rights of the nation. The charter shall for the future be a truth."

The deputies had not exaggerated dangers to the prince. When the

news reached the insurgents assembled within and around the Hôtel de Ville, their exasperation was great. They declared that they had been betrayed, and they resolved to deliver the republic from the obstacle placed in the way of its consummation by the Duc d'Orléans by banishing himself and family, or even, if necessary, putting him to death. They even threatened the municipal commission with death if they dared to resign their power.

At such a crisis the Duc d'Orléans felt the urgent necessity of going himself to the Hôtel de Ville, in order that he should be solemnly recognised there as lieutenant-general of the kingdom. The deputies resolved to accompany him; and M. Guizot prepared a declaration of their principles, which was signed by ninety-one members. A procession was extemporised, in which the only military present were a few officers of the National Guard. The prince wore the uniform of a general, with a tricolor cockade. As he went along he shook hands with the working classes; but as he approached the Hôtel de Ville his reception grew more and more lugubrious. Several plans, it is admitted, had been plotted to ensure his death; but all failed—we are not informed how they did so, except in the instance of a young man, who was to have shot him with a pistol within the precincts of the Hôtel de Ville, and whom we are told, when about to use his weapon, found that it had been discharged. That grotesque personage, *General* Dubourg, appeared on this occasion for the last time on the scene. Addressing the prince, he said to him, "You come here to make promises; I hope you will keep them." Then, pointing to the people assembled in the Place de Grève, he added, "But if you forget, we are people to make you remember them." The Duc d'Orléans, after intimating that he had never failed in his promises, added, ironically, that it did not belong to such as him to remind him of them. A universal burst of indignation prevented the impostor from replying. He presented himself once more, a day or two after, but was hooted out of the place.

General Lafayette having placed a tricolor flag in the hands of the duke, he led him to a window opening upon the Place de Grève. The prince unfurled the flag, and embraced the general with effusion. The crowd was delighted at this symbolic alliance of the national colours with liberty and monarchy. They shouted, fired their muskets in the air, and welcomed the monarch elect. The republic was conquered in its stronghold, and the lieutenant-general of the kingdom returned to his palace amidst the congratulations of those who had meditated his destruction a few hours previously.

The same evening, M. Thiers conducted some of the more zealous young republicans into the presence of the prince. "To-morrow, Monseigneur," said M. Brinwilliers, "you will be king. Permit us, perhaps for the last time, to tell you the truth." The prince listened attentively to the exposition of the truth, as it was understood by these young men. He replied to them at length, and discussed the question of a constitutional monarchy, as compared with a licentious republic, at length. To illustrate the evils arising from an assembly in possession of a power without any counterbalance, he quoted the Convention. "Monseigneur," interrupted M. Cavaignac, with some warmth, "my father belonged to the Convention." "And mine also," replied the prince; "and never was man more worthy of respect and esteem than

he ; but whilst I venerate his memory, it is permitted to his son to turn away from his country the misfortunes of which his father had been one of the victims."

M. Thiers asked his companions, at the conclusion of the interview, what they thought of the prince.

"C'est un bon homme," said M. Bastide.

"He is not sincere," said M. Cavaignac.

"He is one of the two hundred and twenty-one (deputies)," observed M. Thomas.

"And it was," M. Nouvion says, "because the Duc d'Orléans was one of the two hundred and twenty-one, or, in other words, because his opinions, his policy, and his views corresponded perfectly with the opinions, the policy, and the views which had been so energetically manifested by the Chamber of Deputies, and which had been solemnly ratified by the country, that he was the man of the situation." This is very true; but was there not also something prophetic in what Cavaignac said?

In the mean time, he whose fatal errors had unchained the tempest was pursuing his lamentable Odyssey towards exile. Charles X. had quitted St. Cloud for Versailles on the night of the 30th and 31st. Finding, however, that the inhabitants were in arms against him, he turned aside to Trianon. There he called a council of ministers, and it was debated how war should be carried on against the revolution. But the defection of the troops, more especially at Sèvres, where they actually went over to the insurgents in the presence of the Duc d'Angoulême, soon satisfied both king and ministers that this alternative was no longer open to them. Nothing remained but to retreat. The few troops who still surrounded the person of the king were directed upon Rambouillet, the king himself making his escape through the wood. At Rambouillet still further defections took place in the army. As a last resource, Charles X. made an attempt, through the Comte de Girardin, to obtain from the Duc d'Orléans that he would accept the lieutenant-generalship at his hands, and that he would exercise its high functions in his name. But the duke excused himself, on the plea that he had been invested with power by the deputies and proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville, and he could no longer acknowledge Charles X. without being a traitor to his electors. Failing here, Charles X. issued a proclamation, in which he declared the Duc d'Orléans to be lieutenant-general by his consent, but this being followed by no results, he determined upon abdicating the throne. To this effect he indited a letter to the duke, intimating his intention and that of the Duc d'Angoulême to abdicate the throne in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux, and inviting him, in his quality of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, to proclaim the succession of Henry V.

M. de Nouvion, as the apologist of Louis Philippe, skilfully removes all responsibility from his shoulders in regard to what was due from him as lieutenant-general of the kingdom to the legitimate claimant of the crown. He takes no notice whatsoever of the prince's own feelings or wishes; he simply states that the Duc d'Orléans immediately took the advice of his intimate council as to the use he was to make of the communication. It was unhesitatingly determined, that raised by a provisional title to the high direction of the affairs of the state, the lieutenant-general had, in no way whatsoever, the power of binding France as to

a question of government, and in consequence to proclaim Henry V.; that it belonged to the Chambers alone to give to the abdications such a character as they might deem to be most conformable to the rights, the will, and the interests of the country; and that the Duc d'Orléans had, under these circumstances, no other duty to perform than that of intermediary between Charles X. and the nation represented by the Legislative Chambers.

The Duc d'Orléans, M. de Nouvion declares, could not proclaim Henry V. His power was great, but he drew it mainly from the revolution. He had received it from the 221, from the sympathies of the National Guard, from the embrace of M. de Lafayette, (!) from the abdication of the municipal commission, from the want of order and the desire among the peaceful and industrious classes to return to work, and from the public disaffection towards the elder branch. Had he come forward as the supporter and reinstater of that branch, the revolution would have withdrawn itself from him and have resumed its impetuous course. This is excellent as an apology, but it is not history. It is true that the Duc de Bordeaux had had the misfortune to have been educated by the Jesuits, but it is not in the habits of a people to visit the sins of the father upon the children's children, and had the Duc d'Orléans advocated the legitimate interests of the Duc de Bordeaux with the deputies, and the deputies with the people, there can be little doubt but that they would have been duly recognised. The circumstances connected with the final exile of Charles X. are sufficiently well known. The Duc d'Orléans having transferred the responsibility of rejecting the pretensions of Henry V. upon the deputies, they, in their zeal for the future monarch, not only repelled all proposals emanating from the fallen court, but they added insult to injury, and determined upon sending an army of volunteers to force Charles X. into exile. This expeditionary force, as it was called, was soon assembled in the Champs Elysées, and was placed under the command of General Pajol. It proceeded thence to Coignères, whence commissioners were despatched to induce Charles X. to withdraw. He having given his consent, the expeditionary force returned to Paris in triumph in charge of the diamonds of the crown and the court equipages!

The royal family in the mean time continued their mournful progress. At some places they were received with pity, at others—notoriously at Dreux, Condé-sur-Noireau, and Carenton—with hostility. At Argentan Charles X. received the news, which his mind must have been prepared for, of the accession of Louis Philippe I. Having at last reached Cherbourg, every facility was given to his evacuation of the country, and he ultimately embarked on the *Great Britain* for Cowes. The ex-ministry were for the most part far less fortunate; tracked and hunted, they had fled in various directions under all sorts of disguises, and exposed to the most severe privations and sufferings. MM. d'Haussez, de Montbel, and Capelle, succeeded in reaching the frontier; but MM. de Peyronnet, de Chantelauze, de Guernon-Ranville, and de Polignac, were arrested and imprisoned at Vincennes.

The first step taken by the lieutenant-general of the kingdom was to open the session of the Legislative Chambers. Great *éclat* was given to the proceeding by his declaring solemnly that he would maintain the charter of 1814, with the necessary modifications, and that he would respect existing treaties. The majority of the Chambers decided, on their

side, that their proceedings should be regulated by the charter. They then resolved that the act of abdication of Charles X. should be received and deposited among the archives. The next step came as a natural sequence. M. Bérard brought forward a proposition to the effect that the Duc d'Orléans should be summoned to the throne, and that the charter should be modified according to the spirit of the revolution. The Duc d'Orléans, on his side, entrusted the Duc de Broglie and M. Guizot with formal powers to complete the proposition supported by M. Bérard. The Chambers also appointed a commission to report upon the same proposition. The legitimist party, represented by MM. de Conny, Hyde de Neuville, de Lézardières, Pas de Beaulieu, de Labourdonnaye, Berryer, and de Martignac, made a last but vain struggle. The Chambers, after a for the most part able and eloquent discussion, adopted the proposition, and afterwards went in a body to the Palais Royal to make their decision known to the Duc d'Orléans. The same succession of events followed one another at the Chamber of Peers; even there the eloquence of the legitimist poet and orator—Chateaubriand—was of no avail: the proposition was adopted, and the peers also carried their allegiance in person to the sovereign elect. The Duc d'Orléans having accepted the modified charter and sworn to uphold it, he was proclaimed King of the French, under the name of Louis Philippe I^{er}.

In this election of a new monarchy M. de Nouvion would have us believe that, whilst losing its mystic and divine character to become a purely human institution, the monarchy was in no way more exposed to the caprices and inconstancies of the people. His argument, if not convincing, is ingenious. "The principle of hereditary right," he says, "had the same guarantees in 1830 as in the monarchy of 1814. That guarantee was a sworn fidelity. On the 9th of August, 1830, the French nation explicitly engaged itself to respect the transmission of the crown in the family of Louis Philippe 'for ever, from male to male, by order of primogeniture,' as it had implicitly engaged itself by the charter of the 14th of June, 1814, to respect it in the house of Bourbon. The principle of right was no more destroyed by being removed from the descendants of Charles X. to the descendants of Louis Philippe, than it was when it was removed, under identical circumstances, from the descendants of James II. to those of William III. It did not in consequence cease to be one of the fundamental laws of the British monarchy, nor have the English people ever since claimed the right to elect its kings or to change the order of succession." The argument as applied to this country certainly holds good, but it goes no further. Without entering into the differences of disposition, modes of thought, and principles, both political and religious, which actuate the middle classes in this country, it is sufficient to point to the results to show that what is true of England is not so with regard to France, and that the latter country *has* claimed and exercised its right to elect a new ruler, and to change the order of succession. He would be a wise man who could prophesy when a principle of action established upon such dangerous precedents shall be entirely and for ever set aside. Whatever might be its faults—and they were, we admit, notorious and culpable in the highest degree—still legitimacy, as established by natural and divine laws, is the only safeguard where there are various interests—monarchical, imperial, republican, and socialist—in hostile array against one another.

THE MILLIONAIRE OF MINCING-LANE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW SECRETS ARE DISCOVERED.

MRS. CUTTS was one of those ladies, of whom there are plenty, who are always secretly scheming. Her mind was wholly bent upon intrigue, her projects centred in nothing but self-interest, and she gave her confidence to none, though the apparent frankness of her manner led most people to suppose that she wore her heart upon her sleeve, for all the world's inspection.

A few, perhaps, knew her better—amongst them, Mr. Thomas Cutts, her husband—who had carefully studied human nature, and fancied himself “well up” in the study; for, let her openness seem what it might, he never came to the conclusion that he had got at the bottom of her thought: there was always, he felt, something more which he would fain have known, though he was too discreet to ask her to tell it. It is very likely that he respected this reticence, having a spice of the same quality in his own disposition, but his ability to conceal was weaker than his wife's, and when it came to a trial of skill between them, the victory was invariably hers.

The design which Mrs. Cutts had formed for turning Lord Harry FitzLupus to account, was one of the schemes the execution of which she kept entirely to herself. To disguise from her husband the fact that she had a special object in inviting Lord Harry to meet her niece, was, of course, out of the question; she even went so far as to admit—when he, very naturally, broached the subject—that she had “Claribel's good at heart,” but further than this she was not disposed to speak, and in what particular way she proposed to carry out her maternal purpose she left him to guess as well as he was able. She quietly requested him not to interfere, and there, so far as he was concerned, the matter rested.

Left to herself, as she had determined to be, Mrs. Cutts pursued her own course.

“Claribel's good” was still the watchword when she took her niece away from Brompton and carried her alone to May Fair, as she now frequently did, to pass the evening. Mrs. Basset was too dependent on her richer and more active-minded sister to question anything the latter might be disposed to do, had Mrs. Cutts been altogether silent as to her intentions; but believing it *was* for the good of Claribel—and she had only one way of interpreting that—she acceded willingly to her sister's arrangements. The splendour of a high marriage, though nothing but sorrow and mortification had ever come of such to Claribel's mother, was always present to Mrs. Basset's imagination, and the prospect of seeing

her niece a great lady, and imparting great-ladyism to herself, filled her with the greatest satisfaction.

Claribel, poor thing, content to be what circumstances had made her, indulged in none of these ambitious dreams, but was perfectly obedient to the wishes of both her aunts. Not, however, in utter passiveness, for the pleasurable feeling which she experienced when first she made the acquaintance of Lord Harry FitzLupus had gradually become a sentiment of almost sisterly regard, while on his part the regard considerably exceeded that of a brother.

But Lord Harry's pleasure in these *réunions* was not altogether without its alloy. For some private reason, which a woman may divine where a man's wit fails, Mrs. Cutts put herself more forward on these occasions than was quite agreeable to the noble lord, who would gladly have dispensed with the attentions which she so profusely heaped upon him. He scarcely knew what to make of an *empressement* from which there was no escape and hardly an interval of relaxation. It is true he both saw and conversed with Claribel, but he saw her always in the presence of Mrs. Cutts, and his conversations were never uninterrupted, a *tête-à-tête* for five minutes seeming impossible. Nevertheless, Lord Harry was thankful for these glimpses of Elysium, and treasured in his heart every casual glance of Claribel's, every word that fell from her lips.

Such was the state of affairs under the auspices of Mrs. Cutts, when upon one of the occasions of her calling at Brompton to take Claribel home, her quick eye made a discovery which gave her anything but pleasure.

It was Richard Brunton's card, stuck under the frame of the pier-glass, and doubly conspicuous there, from being alone in its glory.

"I see, Harriet," said Mrs. Cutts, "that you have had a visitor;" and, as she spoke, she nodded at the glass.

"Oh yes, Kate," replied Mrs. Basset, taking down the card. "It was Mr. Brunton, one of the gentlemen we saw at your house. I can't tell what made him call, for he never spoke to either me or Clary, but sat staring in a corner all the evening."

"Were you at home when he came?"

"Oh dear no! It was yesterday, when me and Clary had gone to the Doctor's; we didn't get home till dark. But John saw him, and he tells me they had a good deal of talk together, and that he is a very pleasant kind of man."

"Oh, John saw him! What did they talk about?"

"I'm sure I can't tell you, Kate. But here he is himself. Ask him."

The little silversmith had come up "just to say a word"—about nothing at all—but he had a good many words to say before the interrogation to which he was submitted by Mrs. Cutts was over.

The faculty of memory exhibits itself in various ways. With one person it is local, with another incidental; some remember dates, some names, some faces, some every detail of the most trifling conversation.

The memory of Mr. Basset was of the last-named description. He had a genius for recollecting what everybody said to him and what he said in reply;—and the less important the matter, the more accurate his recollection.

Consequently he was able to relate every syllable that passed between Brunton and himself, and he dwelt with so much pride on the fact that the gentleman had mentioned his wife with "respect" and Claribel's talents with "admiration," that tears of pleasure came into his eyes as he repeated the words.

It was as well that there were tears to obstruct his vision, for he would have felt no pleasure had he noticed the expression on his sister-in-law's countenance.

"Oaf!" she muttered, when he had done. "To tell all this to a stranger! Bad enough at any time, but with such a man as Brunton! He has some motive for calling here. I must find it out."

On the way home Mrs. Cutts reverted to this unexpected visit.

"I wish, Clary," she said, "that some one would try and break your uncle of that foolish habit he has of gossiping with every one he sees. Mr. Brunton happens to be a friend of Tom's, but that was no reason for telling him all one's affairs. For my own part, I'm not particularly fond of Mr. Brunton."

"Neither am I, aunt," returned Claribel, quietly.

"You! Clary! Why, what do you know about him?"

"Very little; but that little has not impressed me in his favour."

"You don't like his looks?"

"I like his words less."

"His words! Why, Harriet said just now that he had never spoken to you!"

"Not at your house."

"Where, then? Have you seen him anywhere else?"

"Yes, aunt. He comes very often to the theatre, and the last time I played *Rosalind* he was in the green-room."

"Who took him there?"

Claribel hesitated for a moment, and then named Mr. Cutts.

"Cutts took him, did he? Oh! And what did Mr. Brunton say that caused you to dislike him?"

"It was great folly—and great impertinence," replied Claribel, the colour rising to her cheek as it had done on the night when the call-boy suddenly summoned her while Brunton was speaking.

"He made love to you, I suppose?" said Mrs. Cutts.

"Be so good, aunt, not to speak any more on the subject," replied Claribel.

"You are quite right, Clary. The man is not worth thinking of!"

But if Claribel dismissed Brunton from her thoughts, Mrs. Cutts did not. There was something going on between her husband and his newly-revived friend which she was resolved to fathom.

She could make no progress towards discovery that night, for Mr. Cutts, who had never been a very domestic man, was less so now than ever. Since he had begun to prosper in May Fair, he could boast of a more numerous acquaintance than formerly, though indeed there were very few amongst them about whom he would have been justified in boasting, if the phrase had been taken *au pied de la lettre*. They principally belonged to what is termed "the betting circles," which include both high and low; the very flashy turfite at Hyde Park-corner, and the less flashy but quite as turfy gentleman who operates at the other corner

of Piccadilly, and whose Tattersall's is the pavement in front of Lemon Tree-yard. It is even possible that amongst the intimates of Mr. Cutts were more than one of those benevolent parties who so disinterestedly seize the earliest moment to apprise their sporting friends that, through the kindness of a nobleman, who knows all about it, they are prepared to back the absolute winner, and strongly advise their friends aforesaid to invest liberally, having only their benefit in view; on which account they request that orders may be made payable to Henry Howard or Charles Plantagenet, post-office, Blank-street, though they intimate at the same time that bank-notes may be sent by letter with perfect security. But whatever the nocturnal attraction, Mr. Cutts generally stayed out very late, and if the truth must be told, the privation to his amiable helpmate was not very severe. When she wanted Mr. Cutts to stay at home, she had only to say the word; but as this was not often the case, she very seldom said it.

The proverb tells us that "with the day comes opportunity."

Mrs. Cutts made her opportunity by day or night, according as it happened; though she preferred the breakfast hour for putting anything straight that might have gone awry. A man's conscience is more assailable over the morning cup of tea than over the evening glass of port. Not that she ever appealed to the conscience of Mr. Cutts—she knew him too well for that—but at the time she usually selected she got at her object easier, perhaps for the reason that if he had done anything amiss the recollection of it was still too fresh to admit of unhesitating denial.

To accuse Mr. Cutts was not, however, any part of her intention on the present occasion. What she wanted to learn she meant to worm out of him.

In an easy, indifferent way, she accordingly began:

"Where did you dine yesterday, Tom?" she asked.

"At Greenwich, Kate," he replied.

"A party?"

"Only a few fellows. Six or eight of us."

"Who were they, Tom?"

"Oh, none that you know, Kate."

"What, none?"

"Stay—yes—now I come to think of it, there was Brunton."

"You see him so often, I suppose, that he counts for nobody?"

"Who, I? I don't see him near so often as I used—not by a mile of chalks."

"You dined with him the other day?"

"Yes, at the Wellington. He wanted to try the house."

"Isn't he coming out more than he did?"

"I can't say, really."

"Well, but he's making money?"

"Oh, there's no doubt of that, I fancy."

"The next we hear of him very likely will be that he's going to be married!"

"You women are always thinking about marriage."

"Not more than you men, Tom."

"Ah, but Brunton's not a marrying man."

"What makes you suppose that?"

"It's a subject he never mentions."

"The more likely to be in his thoughts. One of the Ashleys, now, would be a good match for him. They are all nice girls, and will have good fortunes."

"That's true enough, but I don't think he cares for 'women's society.' You remember how bored he seemed the night of your party. Oh no, all his thoughts are bound up in cochineal and indigo, and that sort of thing."

"Ah, my friend," said Mrs. Cutts to herself, "you don't mean what you say. One or two more questions, however."

"Clary was here last night, Tom," she resumed, looking hard at her husband.

"Oh, was she?" replied Mr. Cutts, drinking off his tea in a hurry; which probably was the reason why his face all of a sudden became so red.

"Yes;—she is going to play in a new piece."

"Indeed! What is it?"

"I can't recollect the name. A play written, I believe, expressly for her. So Wimple told her."

"When does he bring it out?"

"In about a week or ten days. We must make up a party for the first night. Do you know, Tom, I was thinking of asking your friend Brunton to join us."

"I don't think he'd come."

"Why not?"

"I heard him say he didn't care about plays. He never goes near a theatre."

"How very much changed he must be! Why, before he became a City-man he went everywhere."

"That's it, Kate. He is so thoroughly absorbed in business. I can only account for it that way."

"You have got your lesson thoroughly by heart," again soliloquised Mrs. Cutts. "This man dislikes women and never goes near a theatre: yet he follows Claribel to the green-room and makes love to her there—in your presence! Very good! That will do, Mr. Cutts. If you made a clean breast of it in earnest you couldn't tell me more than I have found out. You may go about your business, Mr. Cutts."

Then speaking aloud:

"Where are you off to, this morning, Tom?"

"To Hampton, Kate. To the races."

"Very well; good-by."

"Good-by, Kate."

And, utterly unconscious of having been pumped so thoroughly dry, but flattering himself all the while that he had thrown his wife completely off the scent, he took his leave, chuckling at the idea of having "done her for once."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A TWIG WELL LIMED.

ALTHOUGH, perhaps, no two men could be more unlike in character and habits than Richard Brunton and Lord Harry FitzLupus, their objects in two essential particulars had been identical. They both started with the intention of marrying the richest heiress in England, and both fell in love, *en route*, with the prettiest actress in London.

Brunton's course was concealed but direct; that of Lord Harry open but uncertain.

If no Claribel had arisen, like a solitary star, to claim Lord Harry's wavering worship, the declarations in Rotten-row and at Saint Barnabas would, without doubt, have been repented; but though he still danced attendance on Miss Travers, he had no heart in the pursuit, and a formal dismissal would almost have been a relief.

On the other hand, his desire for Claribel's society increased daily, and with the opportunities for its enjoyment a change came over the feeling which had first prompted him to seek it. A few weeks before, and he would have betted all round at Lord Dangerfield's that the pretty actress should be seen by his side, on his drag, at the next Derby; now, he would have knocked the man down who dared to hint that such a thing was possible.

His present position, with regard to the beautiful girl, estimating it by what he felt, was at once romantic and delightful, but then it was beset by difficulties.

In the first place, supposing he entertained the thought of throwing up his chance of the heiress and her fortune and making Claribel his wife:—he married a charming girl without a penny!

Next, how was he to repay the money he had borrowed—chiefly in the hope of succeeding with Miss Travers, yet, to a certain extent, on the expectation of inheriting the property of his aunt, Lady Sheepskin, who could have seen him play the knave with the greatest complacency, but would never have pardoned him for playing the fool.

And lastly, if he made this marriage, there was the certainty of being cut off by his noble father, the Marquis of Wolverton, who had the greatest horror of a *mésalliance*: a horror not entertained without reason, if what some people said were true, though the story had long been hushed up, and was almost universally forgotten.

For one whose conduct in life had never been regulated by any strong principle, and who was only prevented from going wrong by an instinctive dislike to what he thought a dirty action, the position in which Lord Harry found himself was, unquestionably, a dilemma.

He stood in need of advice, but whom should he consult?

He ran over the list of his most intimate friends—Lord Dangerfield's set—but he had already taken counsel there. It was in solemn conclave with them that he had decided on "putting up" for Miss Travers, as if she had been Lord Dangerfield's pocket borough. To announce a change in his intentions would not only expose him to the ridicule of the whole party, but raise amongst them—especially with his dear chum Crooky—the serious question of a settlement of accounts, the "*mauvais quart*

d'heure" of Rabelais in its most disagreeable form. He had gone so far in the affair, by borrowing money on the implied understanding with Mr. Coates Taylor that he was to repay him when he married the wealthy heiress, that to declare off without a distinct proposal and its decided rejection, would at once convert that gentleman, now his friend, into a disagreeably importunate creditor. And there was more in the background, where the bills which he had given to Mr. Ashley loomed largely, and unless it pleased the Fates very speedily to cut the thread of Lady Sheepskin's life, those bills must be renewed, every renewal, as he was aware by sad experience, involving him in deeper obligations.

Again, then, Lord Harry asked himself, what was to be done ?

He was occupied with these cogitations at breakfast on the morning of the *tête-à-tête* described at the close of the last chapter, when his valet entered with a note which seemed to have been steeped in *patchouli*. A page, the valet said, had brought it, and waited for an answer.

I am, myself, so far an adherent to the doctrine of magnetism, as to believe that people very frequently have certain sympathetic relations with each other which do not very readily admit of explanation. The fact, as between debtor and creditor, is very easily understood ; nor is it very hard to conceive how those who mutually hate or mutually love should have thoughts in common, occurring, too, at the same moment of time. But the association I speak of is that which brings to one person's mind the recollection of another, ordinarily indifferent to him, who is just then preparing to enter into some matter of interest to them both.

Of all the persons likely to be serviceable to Lord Harry FitzLupus in helping him out of his difficulties, the last he should have dreamt of was Mrs. Cutts, and yet her image had arisen unbidden to his memory as soon as he woke that day ; and this, most probably, had happened at the very time when she sat down to indite the missive that smelt so powerfully of *patchouli*.

Lord Harry took the note, but before he opened it he asked his valet, Pollard, where it came from ?

Mr. Pollard, who was rather a fine gentleman, and apt to be oblivious of names which were not to his thinking sufficiently aristocratic, replied :

"From a lady named Cats, my lord ; Cats, I think !"

"Ca-ats?" said Lord Harry, slowly. "There are several old ca-ats of my acquaintance, but they don't admit it themselves ; neither am I in correspondence with any of them—excepting one ; yes, I must except one."

With this irreverent allusion to Lady Sheepskin, he tore off the perfumed envelope, read the contents with a puzzled air, and then dismissed his valet, telling him he would send an answer presently.

As soon as Mr. Pollard was gone, Lord Harry read the note again.

"So !" he said. "From Mrs. Cutts ! Odd enough that I should have been thinking of her just now ! What does she say ? Her style is peculiar."

This time we will accompany Lord Harry as he reads.

"Mrs. Cutts craves your lordship's *kind indulgence* in addressing Lord Harry FitzLupus, but *circumstances*, which I trust may be held *religiously sacred*, induces her to trouble your lordship with *this request*. Mr.

Cutts *being from home to-day at the races*, is the *reason* for her asking the pleasure of the honour of a *private interview* with his lordship at my house in May Fair, *as early as may be convenient*, and remain, *most gratefully*, your lordship's humble servant,

“CATHERINE CUTTS.

“P.S. At home from eleven till two.”

“I wonder what it all means?” said Lord Harry, when he had gone through the epistle for the third time. “At all events, I must comply with the lady's request.”

Three lines sufficed to say he would present himself in May Fair within an hour, and he was punctual to the time appointed.

He found Mrs. Cutts alone in the drawing-room where he had first been introduced to her, ornate and gay as Samson's faithless spouse. She was befouled and bedizened as if she were going to a series of evening parties: it is the *parvenue's* custom to wear all her wardrobe at once!

Lord Harry asked himself if this array meant conquest, the lady being dressed with so much design, and smiling with so much meaning.

Yet she spoke, as it seemed, with a timidity very foreign to her usual manner.

“I don't know how to forgive myself,” she began, “for having taken so great a liberty as to write to your lordship——”

“You did me infinite honour,” interrupted Lord Harry. “I shall be only too happy to know that I can render you the slightest service.”

“I am so afraid,” she went on, “that your lordship should put a wrong construction on my note. But when I mentioned the fact of Mr. Cutts having gone to the races, I merely intended to say that an opportunity had occurred which—which—I had been hoping for, some time, to—to—communicate something—that is, to tell your lordship; really, I feel so embarrassed—I—I——”

And Mrs. Cutts cast down her very fine eyes, the picture of ladylike confusion—a little overdone.

Lord Harry—who might be excused if he interpreted Mrs. Cutts's hesitation according to his first impression, there being, as he supposed, but one clue to this kind of mystery—began to feel almost as uncomfortable as the lady herself appeared: to be made love to by Mrs. Cutts had not been included by him in the programme of his affairs. He, however, remained silent, resolved to say nothing in aid of the dreaded demonstration. The proceeding was unnecessary, for Mrs. Cutts, finding she was not to have his assistance, recovered herself without much—it may be said without any—difficulty.

“Every family, my lord,” she continued, “has something to trouble it. We have our annoyances as well as other people. Not that I complain of Cutts the least in the world; far from it; domestically speaking, Tom is the best creature in the world.”

Lord Harry breathed again. This was not the tone of a Zuleika.

“I always supposed so,” he observed.

“And you were right, my lord. Perfidy to the wife of his bosom is not one of his faults. Still, he is not perfect.”

Lord Harry might have repeated his supposition, but he only bowed.

"In making that remark," pursued Mrs. Cutts, "I allude to other intimacies. Cutts sees a good deal of different kinds of society, and sometimes chooses his friends in strange places."

"What the deuce do I care about the fellow!" thought Lord Harry, still silent, but looking as if he expected to hear something more.

Mrs. Cutts interpreted his look rightly, and went at once to the point.

"In what concerns himself alone, my husband does what he pleases; I have nothing to say to that; but when others are compromised by his proceedings it is quite time to put a stop to them."

"Do I know any one who is affected by them?" asked Lord Harry.

"You do, my lord. When I mention the name of my niece——"

"Miss Page!" exclaimed Lord Harry, in astonishment.

"Yes, my lord, Miss Page. I am very uneasy about her."

"Good God! On what account?"

"It is so purely a domestic matter," said Mrs. Cutts, with affected hesitation, "that, although I had made up my mind to enter into the subject, I do *not* think I ought to mention it."

"Whatever relates to Miss Page," said Lord Harry, earnestly, "must always deeply interest me—everybody who has the happiness of knowing her."

A gleam of triumph danced in the fine eyes which so lately had been cast down.

"That was my idea, my lord, when I wrote to your lordship. I wished very much to ask your opinion about this business."

"Pray tell me to what you refer. Does Miss Page intend to—to quit her new profession?"

Mrs. Cutts would not reply to the question directly, though she very well knew what Lord Harry was on the point of saying.

"I am naturally anxious about poor Claribel," she replied. "So young and so beautiful—I believe I may say *that*—she is, of course, dreadfully exposed—in her profession above all others. Men *will* admire young persons who are on the stage, if they have the slightest pretensions to beauty. And then they are, in a manner, entirely unprotected, left completely—or at least so much to themselves, that it is hardly to be wondered at if—what shall I call them—overtures—are sometimes made. Now I can place the greatest reliance on Claribel, but I am unable to disguise from myself the fact that she——"

The habits of life of Lord Harry FitzLupus had made him as impassive as most of his class: he could lose his money or his friend with an unaltered countenance, or stand up to be shot at with an even pulse, but—so much empire had Claribel acquired over him—he could not hear her name unmoved.

"Do I understand," he interrupted, "that any one has dared to insult Miss Page?"

"Oh no, no, my lord," returned Mrs. Cutts, hastily; "what I intended to add was, that Claribel is liable to the same thing. I have no reason for believing that anything actually improper has ever been addressed to her—only in the mouths of some people words have such different meanings."

"And you," said Lord Harry, seriously, "mean more than you say, although you led me to suppose I was about to be honoured by your confidence. Will you be kind enough to speak to me, frankly, as to a friend?"

"My lord," replied Mrs. Cutts, with apparent *abandon*, "I will speak frankly since you encourage me to do so. You may remember that I made allusion to some of my husband's acquaintance?"

"Perfectly—but without specifying them;—only in a general way."

"Just so. I mentioned no names. But to make myself understood I must do so. I don't believe there is a better-hearted person in the world than my husband—indeed, his greatest fault is being too kind—he can't say 'No.' When once he has rendered a service to anybody he seems to think he must go on repeating it for ever. Now, when Cutts was in the army, he befriended a young man of the name of Brunton, who stood in need of assistance. Of course he professed himself very grateful, and there was an end of the matter. Well, after that, my husband lost sight of the young man for some time, but at last he heard of him again—he wrote, in fact, saying he was in great distress: that was about two or three years ago. When people are in want, Cutts never can keep his hand out of his pocket, so he found Mr. Brunton out in a poor, miserable little hole of a lodging, gave him what he asked for, and literally set him on his legs again. I must tell you the truth, my lord; I never liked this young man. There was always a something about him that seemed hollow and false, and not to be depended on, and I couldn't help saying to my husband once, 'Take care, Tom, you're not warning a snake in your bosom to turn round and sting you some day!' But I was only laughed at. Well, my lord, this Mr. Brunton is now a very thriving man, a rich one I hear—how he became so I know no more than you—and if it hadn't been for an accident Tom and he might never have met again, for Cutts is much too high-spirited to look after people because they've got money—but, as I said, they met and renewed their acquaintance, and Tom asked him to come and see us. He was here, my lord, the first night you did us the honour."

"Indeed!" said Lord Harry, musing; "I have no recollection of him."

"Perhaps not, my lord, but such is the case. Now, since that evening, it has come to my knowledge that Mr. Brunton has been practising the greatest deception. How he persuaded my husband to take him to Mr. Wimple's green-room and introduce him to Claribel"—(Lord Harry started)—"in such a place and unknown to me, can only be accounted for by Cutts's extreme good nature, and that simplicity of his which leads him to suspect no one. If Cutts had considered for a moment—and he was very, very wrong not to have done so—he would have asked himself why Mr. Brunton did not come to *me* for an introduction if he wished for one, and as he might have done when he was in my house. Cutts ought to have seen there was something underhanded in going to him in that way, but he didn't—the more's the pity! Ungentlemanlike as the proceeding was, if it had stopped there I could have forgiven it; but no sooner was Brunton introduced than he took advantage of my husband's back being turned to make the—the overtures I alluded to."

"Insolent scoundrel!" muttered Lord Harry, quivering with rage.

"What I complain of, my lord," continued Mrs. Cutts, not appearing to notice the effect which her communication had produced—"what I complain of is the clandestine way in which the thing was done. If Mr. Brunton had gone honourably to work and asked my sister or me to

favour his proposals, why neither of us would have stood in the way of Claribel's marriage, if she had wished it, though I know nothing of Mr. Brunton, and Claribel's father, my lord, though poor, was a gentleman—of high family. But here the case was altogether different. It was, as you said, my lord, an insult—in a certain sense, whatever he may have intended—and it is on account of that insult I am now so unhappy."

Mrs. Cutts raised her handkerchief to her face and exhibited signs of strong emotion.

"If," she resumed, making a strong effort—"if the occurrence had been named to my husband, I know what would have been the upshot. In spite of his good nature, he is the most fiery creature in the world where his honour is concerned. A military man, my lord, takes only one view of such a question, and though Cutts has left the army some years, I still call him a military man. Duelling is out of fashion, but there must have been a duel in this case—there may be one still, should Mr. Brunton's conduct ever reach my husband's ears—and what would be my condition if Tom should fall! Oh, my lord, pray forgive me—forgive the anxiety of a wretched aunt—but what is to be done?"

Once more Mrs. Cutts buried her face in her *mouchoir* and sobbed audibly.

Lord Harry FitzLupus rose and paced up and down the room; he knit his brow, and clenched his hands, but did not speak. Either he had not a suggestive genius, or was afraid of saying too much. Mrs. Cutts looked from under her handkerchief, and saw him seat himself again.

"There is only one course to be taken," she said, with an air of a person who had come to a conclusion long debated—"I must make up my mind to the sacrifice and forego all the hopes I entertained from Claribel's undoubted talents. What has happened once may occur again. There are plenty of Bruntons in the world, and he, too, remains. Claribel must give up the stage—leave London—leave England altogether. Dr. Brocas has long urged me to allow her to do so—he wishes to adopt her as his daughter and take her to Italy—there she will be free from molestation—at the cost, perhaps, of fame and—for aught I know—happiness with some one who, even here, might have learnt to appreciate her rare qualities. But this is a subject of too much delicacy for me to dwell on. All that I desired to ask your lordship—for I have been carried much further than I intended—was the favour of your opinion."

"My opinion!" cried Lord Harry, giving vent all at once to the passion that had been working within him—"my opinion is that Claribel is an angel!"

"My lord! Lord Harry FitzLupus!" exclaimed Mrs. Cutts, rising with well-affected astonishment.

"It's of no use to conceal the fact any longer," he rejoined, "but I love your niece to desperation!"

"You, too! Oh for shame, for shame, my lord. I am her nearest relative."

"It is—as such——" stammered Lord Harry, impelled to a declaration—"that I say what I do say. If Claribel will have me, I'll marry her to-morrow!"

"Lord Harry! I am overpowered! That dear child! Oh, my feelings!"

Mrs. Cutts sank down upon a sofa, and for just ten seconds her spirit seemed to have winged itself to a purer sphere. Recovering, however, she said, in a faint voice,

"It is too much! The surprise overwhelms me! So far beyond every expectation!"

"You consent, then," said Lord Harry, with more energy than sentiment—"you consent, then, to back me up with Claribel?"

"Depend upon me," returned Mrs. Cutts, giving him her hand, all signs of languor gone.

"And she hates that fellow?"

"Hates him? I believe you!"

Lord Harry was too far gone to take exception to the language in which the exulting Mrs. Cutts expressed herself.

"When," he asked, "can I see Claribel, to make my own proposal?"

"To-morrow, I trust, at the latest! But you shall hear from me this evening."

"Good-by, then, my dearest Mrs. Cutts!"

"Good-by, my dearest Lord Harry."

Mrs. Cutts watched him from the balcony till he turned the corner of the street.

"Easier than I expected!" she said. "But I was obliged to give Cutts a good character. He shall know nothing of this move, though, till the game is fairly won. I must first of all break it to Claribel. What luck!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

AGAIN A DECLARATION.

RICHARD BRUNTON lost no time in communicating to Mr. Ashley the result of his visit to Mr. Velters, but all that had taken place afterwards he carefully locked in his own bosom.

The Hebrew Dealer was well pleased with what he heard, and Brunton, observing his genial mood, thought the occasion favourable for asking him to fulfil the promise he had made of introducing him to Dr. Brocas.

Mr. Ashley assented very readily to Brunton's request, having several newly-imported *objets* which he wished to show, and they at once drove off together in Brunton's brougham.

Their discourse on the road to Vallombrosa turned chiefly on the character of the person whom they were about to visit, and the Hebrew Dealer was eloquent in praise of the learned civilian, whose exquisite taste, accurate knowledge, and polished manners, had quite fascinated him; so completely, indeed, that he had not yet thought of asking him for money, but parted with his goods without a word.

"Good morning, ma'am," said Mr. Ashley to Dr. Brocas's house-keeper, Mrs. Turner, who was the first person he saw when Brunton and himself were shown in at the Fulham Cottage. "I have kept my promise with the Doctor, and brought him something he will be delighted with."

"I hope," replied Mrs. Turner, smiling, "that your expectations may

be realised. Be kind enough to wait a few moments. I will mention that you are here."

She left the room and shortly returned—still smiling—with the intimation that Dr. Brocas, who was in his study, would receive the gentlemen there.

They accordingly followed her thither, and Brunton was rather surprised, as they drew near, to hear a fine manly voice issuing through the half-open door, and indulging, to the full extent of its range, in the following strophe :

"Tôt, tôt, tôt,
Maréchaux,
Battez chaud !
Battez chaud—battez fort—bon courage !
Il faut avoir cœur à l'ouvra-ge !
Gi !"

"Who on earth can that be?" whispered Brunton to his companion.

The Hebrew Dealer shrugged his shoulders, and Mrs. Turner, who had heard the question, laughed outright.

She tapped at the study door: the song ceased, and the voice, deep, guttural, and *grasseyant*, as if it were gurgling with the letter "r," called out: "Entr-r-rez!"

The impression which Dr. Brocas had left on the mind of Brunton, who had only seen him once, was that of a dignified elderly gentleman, lofty but *suave*, a combination of the courtier, the judge, and the ecclesiastic.

Could the man he now saw be the same person?

The features were there, but the impression was entirely changed. Its refinement and thoughtful gravity were superseded by a look of careless mirth, such as suits the light-hearted French artisan who toils for his bread and gains it day by day, jovial yet philosophical.

His attire was as French as his manner.

His venerable temples were crowned by a blue and white striped cotton nightcap, the tassel of which fell jauntily over his left ear; his shirt-sleeves were tucked up above his elbows; trousers of blue linen adorned his nether man; instead of braces a gay *foulard* was knotted round his waist; and on his feet were gaudy carpet slippers: to make the resemblance more complete, he wore a pair of small, gold earrings.

The occupation of Dr. Brocas was in keeping with his costume.

He was seated at a long, narrow, deal table, covered with chisels, drills, and other tools, and was busily employed with a lathe in turning some kind of hard wood—and as he worked he sang.

The place was a workshop for the moment, but in all other respects it deserved the name of a study, being well stored as a library.

Dr. Brocas raised his head as Mr. Ashley and Brunton entered.

"Ah! comment vous portez-vous?" he said, nodding to the former. "Il faut avoir cœur à l'ouvra-ge!"

"I hope we don't interrupt you, sir," said Mr. Ashley, who could scarcely preserve his habitual command of countenance at beholding the travesty of Dr. Brocas. "I have taken the liberty of bringing a friend with me to-day, who has a very nice feeling for Art, and wishes much to see your collection, sir."

"Hein?" said Dr. Brocas, with the *air hébété* of a man who did not comprehend.

The Hebrew Dealer repeated his words.

"Qu'il soit le bienvenu!" was the reply.

Doctor Brocas plied his chisel briskly for several minutes; then, looking up again and addressing Brunton, he said,

"Faut travailler, monsieur, pour gagner son argent! La vie est dure—allez!"

As Brunton was a good French scholar, it cost him nothing to reply in the same language: he was amused, and wished, moreover, to conciliate the learned civilian.

"Vous avez raison," he said. "Combien gagnez-vous par jour?"

"Ca dépend, monsieur," returned Dr. Brocas, as seriously as if he really were the workman whom he chose to personate—"ça dépend du commerce. Quand l'ouvrage va vite on peut bien remplir ses poches; mais s'il n'y en a pas, ou fort peu, nous voilà enfoncés! C'que je gagne? Dame! Je ne saurais vous dire au justc. Du pain, aujourd'hui; demain, rien! C'est comme ça."

"Vous avez là un beau métier!" said Brunton.

"Croyez-vous?" demanded the pseudo-artisan.

"Mais, certainement: le travail, aussi, est beau!"

"Il n'est pas vilain, allez!"

"Quel âge avez-vous?"

"J'ai soixante ans, monsieur, bien sonnés."

"Etes-vous marié?"

"Non pas, monsieur. Dieu merci! Si j'avais une femme j'aurais des chagrins!"

"Et vous n'en avez pas?"

"Monsieur," said Dr. Brocas, desisting from his work, but holding his instrument ready, "je vous ferai une observation. Il n'y a pas d'homme sur la terre qui ne soit quelquefois contrarié. Mais qu'est ce que ça fait, monsieur? Faut prendre le temps comme il vient!"

"Vous parlez, mon ami, en vrai philosophe."

"Je fais ce que je peux, monsieur. On n'est ni ange ni bête; on est homme."

And, humming the *refrain* of his song, he resumed his task, drilling, and gouging, and chiselling, as if his existence had depended on the issue.

On a sudden he threw down his tools and burst into a fit of laughter.

"Poor Mr. Ashley!" he exclaimed. "He seems thoroughly mystified. I like you, sir," he added, speaking to Brunton—"you suit my humour. What is your name?"

Brunton gave it.

"And you are fond of Art? Well, I can show you a few things. Not like our friend here, though. He lives in an ever-changing museum. Something new to-day, Mr. Ashley? Mediæval work? Good! Now, gentlemen, if you walk into the drawing-room I will be with you in five minutes."

He joined them, in fact, almost immediately, having only taken the time necessary for putting on a large, loose *robe de chambre*, which made him appear himself again.

Mr. Ashley produced the curiosities he had brought, but Dr. Brocas set the case on one side unopened.

"After all," he said, "what is the value of Art, except in relation to those faculties by whose exercise labour and ingenuity obtain their daily bread! Who works for anything else, or who would work a single hour, if he did not expect to fill his belly when his task was ended? Art is only subsidiary to existence, eating and drinking are its prime necessities. Take me into the Vatican, lead me to the Florentine Gallery; will the Last Judgment or the Transfiguration, the Apollo or the Venus, supply the place of a hearty meal? Your enthusiastic people swear they could dwell for ever before the masterpieces of Raffaele and Michael Angelo. Shut them up in the Sistine Chapel for six hours—no longer—let them hear the clatter of knives and forks, let them smell the Pope's dinner—*glorious stews with onions!*—and see how long they will remain indifferent to the clamour of appetite! If they could only get at their food by forcing their way through the palace walls, the frescoes would be shivered to atoms, the canvas torn to shreds. A pork chop—*nicely browned*—to a man who has fasted for twelve hours, is better to him than all the pictures and sculptures in the world. Esau knew what he was about when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and Jacob, the ingenious Jacob, would never have gained his object without the savoury meat which his father's soul loved."

Mr. Ashley seemed rather uneasy at this *tirade*, but Brunton observed:

"Nobody, my dear sir, will attempt to dispute one part of your proposition, that we must eat to live; but does not your own example prove that you have lived for something better than eating?"

"My example proves nothing. I went astray from the right path and have found my way back again. Look at the multitude—the great mass of mankind! Is there anything better in their eyes than *beans and bacon*? And does not every day's experience tell us—is it not a received axiom—that the majority are always right? Talk of your golden dishes and salvers, your gemmed goblets and jewelled *tazze*, your John of Bologna and your Benvenuto Cellini! What are they all in comparison with a plate of *boiled beef and cabbage, swimming in gravy;—with a pot of foaming porter to wash them well down!*"

Brunton could not refrain from laughing, but the Hebrew Dealer still looked grave: he began to think that the learned civilian was a little cracked, and for the first time a vision of bills unpaid floated before his eyes.

Dr. Brocas eyed him with a look of intense satisfaction. The more serious a man's pursuits—and what pursuit so serious as the quest after money?—the more he delighted to perplex and disturb him: like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, his great delight appeared to be to lead people wrong.

But he was never very long in one mood; his jests were generally short-lived; he was too eager to laugh at the credulity of those whom he had taken in to keep them in lingering suspense.

"And so you really suppose, Mr. Ashley, that I am fond of carpentering and gormandising! A mechanical occupation and the instincts of the brute! Ha! ha! ha! I have not had the pleasure of knowing you

very long, but I fancied you too shrewd to be done by artifices so shallow ! But what are the wisest among us ? Is there a wise man on earth ?”

He rose from his chair as he spoke, and marched across the room, pausing after every step, as he recited the well-known lines from his favourite Boileau :

De tous les animaux qui s'élèvent dans l'air,
Qui marchent sur la terre, ou nagent dans la mer,
De Paris au Pérou, du Japon jusqu'à Rome,
Le plus sot animal, à mon avis, c'est l'homme.

“ And now to exemplify my own folly. Open your case, Mr. Ashley, and bewilder me with its contents ! You will very soon find that I am as great a fool as the rest.”

Dr. Brocas sat down and drew near the table, but before he could satisfy the curiosity which now was uppermost in him, some visitors were announced.

They proved to be Mrs. Basset and Claribel.

The latter started on seeing Brunton, and he turned pale.

“ Ah !” said Dr. Brocas, rising and taking Claribel's hand, “ I am glad you are come ! But you ought to have been here before. We have had such fun ! These gentlemen are Mr. Ashley, whom you have met before, and Mr. Brunton, a great lover of Art, whom I beg to present to you. Now, come and see what I have got here. But what is the matter, moppet—you don't look well ?”

“ Oh yes, sir,” replied Claribel, “ I am very well ; at least I was so a minute ago. A sudden faintness, nothing more.”

“ A glass of water, somebody !” cried Dr. Brocas.

Brunton poured out a glass from a *carafe* that stood on the table, and hastened to offer it. Claribel drew back, declaring that she was better already.

“ Something in the room, I dare say,” said Dr. Brocas, looking round. “ Ah ! the villanous *pot-pourri*, no doubt, which that idiotic Turnerini would fill the large china vase with. I detest that kind of perfume ! I detest all perfumes ! Go into the garden, child. The fresh air and the flowers will do you good. Mrs. Basset, I can't spare *you*. Here are the spoons that Julius Cæsar used to stir his tea with, and the sugar-tongs of Alexander the Great ! The greatest curiosities that ever were seen !”

“ Lor !” exclaimed wondering Mrs. Basset. “ You don't say so, Doctor ! Well, I never !”

It seemed to be the greatest relief to Claribel to escape from the room. She waved her hand to Dr. Brocas as he led her aunt away, and went out at one of the open French windows. Brunton's eye was fixed upon her, but she never turned her face towards him.

Mr. Ashley now displayed his treasures, which were well worth a connoisseur's notice. Dr. Brocas was charmed with them, but he was charmed still more with Mrs. Basset's ignorance. There were certain persons who invariably awoke the mocking vein that ran like an under-current through his nature, and Mrs. Basset was one of these. He explained the carvings and reliefs on the weapons and ornaments that were spread before him in a hundred ridiculous ways, invented the most in-

credible stories about their uses and ownership, and finally became so absorbed in the process of mystification that the absence of Brunton, who stole away as soon as he saw that Dr. Brocas was fairly engrossed by his subject, was quite unperceived by him.

Through the same window as that by which Claribel had disappeared, Brunton followed. He looked round eagerly, but she was nowhere to be seen. The garden was very picturesquely laid out, the foreground being filled with beds of beautiful flowers, which were scattered over the lawn; groups of young and graceful shrubs occupied the middle distance, allowing glimpses of the Thames to be seen between, and masses of towering trees enclosed the whole. From a terrace beneath the drawing-room windows various paths diverged. Uncertain which to take, Brunton chose one that kept him out of view should Dr. Brocas chance to turn his head. He was not long in sight from any point, for he walked quickly, straining his eyes to discover the object he was in search of. He left his original track more than once and crossed it several times, but still without success. At last he approached the river side of the garden and was impatiently cursing his ill-luck, when, at a sudden turn of the path, the flutter of a white dress caught his attention, and he saw Claribel advancing towards him, and only a few paces distant. She also saw him at the same moment, and made a gesture as if to retrace her steps, but she changed her mind and moved quietly forward.

Brunton had observed the movement and noticed her heightened colour; two steps more on each side and they were close together.

Brunton took off his hat and spoke.

"I fear, Miss Page," he said, "that I have offended you. You try to avoid me!"

"You will permit me to pass, sir," returned Claribel, without vouchsafing any other answer.

"Not until you have explained to me," said Brunton, "the reason of your indifference, your coldness, your manifest dislike."

"Such explanations," replied Claribel, with *hauteur*, are not due to strangers."

"But I am none, Miss Page. I am your uncle's intimate friend!"

"It may be, sir; but that makes you no less a stranger to me."

"You forget that I have enjoyed your society on two different occasions."

"I remember that the only time when a conversation was possible, you forgot the respect which every gentleman is bound to show to every woman!"

"How can you misconceive me so, Miss Page! There is no one breathing for whom my respect is so profound as for yourself. If in an unguarded moment, impelled by an irresistible passion—a passion that rises to adoration—I dared to give utterance to the feeling that swells my bosom—surely so venial a trespass may be forgiven. It is not in the nature of beauty to hate its worshipper! Say that you forgive me!"

"Forgive you, sir! He who has earned contempt, can claim no other sentiment for his wages. Hear me, since you force me to speak! Believing that you saw in my position one towards whom every familiarity may be permitted, you 'dared'—as you yourself have said—you dared

to address me, at the very first word, if not in terms of licence, in a tone that left room for none but a degrading interpretation. It may so happen, sir, that your acquaintance with our sex has unhappily blinded you to what is pure and good—but you have this to learn, that the character even of an actress may be as highly placed as that of the noblest lady in the land. Shame to you, sir, that I should have to defend that character. Oblige me to say no more!"

She tried to pass Brunton as she spoke, but he effectually barred her passage.

"Miss Page!" he exclaimed, "listen to me also. You are doubly unjust in supposing that I erred from an evil motive. I only saw in you a creature to be loved with all the truth and intensity of which the heart of man is capable. God is my witness that I had no thought of wrong! At the risk of again exciting your anger—for I will not believe that I incur your contempt—I declare to you, here, with no witness but the sun that shines above us, that nothing can make me forego the hope of one day calling you mine. Yes, I swear it, by this—and this!"

He caught her hand and pressed it twice to his lips. Claribel struggled to set herself free. Brunton heard voices on the river and the dash of oars; he relinquished his grasp, and the frightened girl, moving swiftly away, was lost in the shrubbery. There was a loud laugh and then an oath, but he did not wait to ascertain from whence either proceeded. He also turned and walked quickly back to the house. Claribel was not there.

"I am afraid, Ashley," he said, "that my time is up. I have a business engagement in town at three, and it is now half-past two, but my horse is a good stepper."

"What! are you going already?" said Dr. Brocas. "I thought to have shown you my pictures. You must, you say? Well, then, another time, and come as soon as you like. I shall keep all these things, Mr. Ashley."

Claribel saw Brunton leave the house, and when she knew that his carriage had driven away, she re-entered the room where Dr. Brocas was talking to her aunt.

"Better, child, I hope?" he said, as he went to meet her. "But no! you look worse. Good God, what has happened?"

Claribel made no answer, though more than once she tried. Failing altogether, she threw herself in Mrs. Basset's arms and burst into a flood of tears.

LIFE AT THE FRENCH WATERING-PLACES.

SEATED at this moment, with the gently rippling waves making dulcet melody as they break over the pebbles beneath our window, we can fully appreciate the self-torture any luckless editor is undergoing in London, as he paces the burning flags of Pall-mall, and charitably wishes the rebellious Sepoys where he would so much like to be himself, namely, at the bottom of the sea. The English are an amphibious race, and must find their way to the sea-side so soon as the dog-star rages; like salmon, they have their periodical desire to visit the mighty ocean, and return with invigorated health and fresh energies to their tasks. But this longing for salt water is not confined to our side of the Channe: the French, stimulated by the endeavours to convert Paris into a seaport, have rushed off in a body to visit what the German recitative calls "Ozean du Ungeheuer!" and watering-places have sprung up as if by magic along the pleasant coasts of Normandy and Picardy. Suppose, then, that we pay them a flying visit in company with M. Félix Mornand,* who has constituted himself the champion of French sea-bathing places, and doughtily defends them against the attacks of the rival establishments, which sit at the receipt of custom within telescopic range across the Channel.

According to M. Mornand, the present thirst for salt water which affects the Parisians may be referred to the German hydropathists; but, after all, it seems to us that the doctors are still following the principles of Sangrado. At the beginning of the century they indulged in phlebotomy, now they adhere with equal perseverance to water, and possibly they will end by reverting to a happy combination of the two, and Gil Blas's master will be honoured in his grave as a mighty discoverer of the true art of healing. Now-a-days, all sufferers from nervous afflictions are sent off to the sea, as well as those *malades imaginaires* at whom Molière poked such fun. But we fancy they were really ill, and the unfortunate men whom Purgon martyred in the seventeenth century were born just two hundred years too soon. They were, in point of fact, hypochondriacs suffering from the demon of indigestion; and much suffering and many *sols tournois* would that poor Argau have saved if he had been sent to the sea-side. But in the time of M. Fleurant the tonic properties of the Thermal Thetis were almost unknown. The mineral waters, such as Vichy, Bourbonne, Plombières, &c., were being visited, it is true, but a man would have been thought a maniac who plunged into the restless sea; and the feeling of the day may be best exemplified in the remark of Madame de Ludre, immortalised in the letters of Sévigné, when she said, "Ah, Zésu! ma sère De Grignan, la drôle de soze que d'être zetée toute nue dans la mer!"

It was not till the Duchesse de Berry visited Dieppe and bathed repeatedly, that the sea-side became a fashionable resort of the Parisians, and until very recently Dieppe, if not the only watering-place, had no cause to fear any dangerous rivalry. Now, however, all that is changed,

* La Vie des Eaux. Par Félix Mornand. Paris: L. Hachette.

and no fishing village so small but that it allures visitors by boasting the velvety nature of its sands, and by fitting up hotels. The French are beginning to be acquainted with the sea otherwise than through the classic voyage to Havre, and in fact are suffering from an *embarras du choix*. The entire coast from Havre to Ostend is invaded each summer by a countless swarm of bathers, and in their train necessarily moves all that *valetaille* of scamps and *chevaliers d'industrie* who follow the Parisian travelling world, like vultures scenting their prey afar off. At the moment of writing, Paris is at the sea-side, and we all know that the habits and customs of the most frivolous city in the world are packed up with the gorgeous toilettes with which the ladies propose to dazzle the eyes of gentlemen in search of health, and who too often find a wife as the result of their summer trip. Let us, then, while enjoying our own sea-side, take a mental trip to those places where our new-born allies wash off the *arugo* of the capital, and lay in a fresh stock of health to enable them to stand the racket of the following winter.

Of the French watering-places, Dieppe, as the oldest, must have precedence. It is a cleanly, well-built town, which results from the fact of its having been bombarded and burnt by the English in 1694: the great king swore in his wrath that it should rise from its ashes more brilliant and flourishing than before. A Sieur Ventabren, a self-styled architect, was entrusted with the task; he drew some magnificent plans, but, of course, could not condescend to matters of detail. Hence the houses were all built without staircases, and to this day the Dieppese go up to bed by means of a ladder, or something approaching to it. Still, this was a capital exercise for the maritime population, and initiated them in the art of climbing betimes.

It seems curious that, according to our author, the authorities at Dieppe do very little for the comfort of the bathers, although the prosperity of their town depends upon them; and any one venturing to bathe at high water will assuredly meet with the fate of *Œdipus*, as far as his feet are concerned. The beach is very steep, and encumbered with cordage, &c., but the municipality directs its attention solely to the proper maintenance of decency, in an uncompromising spirit which would gladden the heart of the Marquis of Westmeath. It is, indeed, curious that the English, generally so straitlaced in such matters, are so far behind their Continental neighbours in the matter of bathing toilette; but we hope this will undergo an amelioration ere long, not from impossible legislation, but through the united remonstrances of seaside visitants. Our author appears extremely shocked at the conduct of English demoiselles at Dieppe, and says: "But that which cannot be sufficiently admired in this aquatic community is the peaceable demeanour of the chaste and timid English girls, who assuredly would never venture to risk an allusion, even of the most roundabout nature, to the necessary garment, and yet pass the day seated on the beach in modestly watching the gentlemen enjoying their maritime sports."

The Pollet, once an illustrious faubourg of Dieppe, has lost much of its ancient renown, and is now only a suburban congregation of houses without character or elegance. That quaint costume which once formed the delight of masked balls and the *Opéra-Comique* has almost entirely disappeared: still the visitor to Dieppe has plenty of excursions to amuse

him. Close at hand is Cæsar's camp, about which antiquaries have held a terrific war of paper, some asserting that it is the site of an ancient Roman city. At no great distance, too, is the memorable field of Arques, where Henri of Navarre so nearly succumbed to the ventripotent Mayenne. A column of no great architectural pretensions has been erected on the field, to indicate the spot where the Béarnais stood during the action. Or, when wearied with historical reminiscences, the visitor can find plenty of amusement in the rustic *guinguettes*, where dancing is carried on with all the untiring energy of the Norman race.

In conclusion, we may remark that *gourmets* cannot be recommended to visit Dieppe, for hunger is the only sauce to the very Spartan food. Normandy, which supplies Paris with fat oxen, reserves none for its own consumption. We need say nothing about the wine, for Normandy is notorious for its miserable adulterations, which are passed off to confiding Cockneys under the tempting name of Bordeaux. Of course, as Dieppe is a seaport, there is no chance of procuring any fish worth eating, and the few specimens brought to market suggest a far from flattering remembrance of the Rue Montorgueil. Poor Gérard de Nerval boasts in one of his books of having eaten in a Norman port some fish almost as cheap as in Paris. We fancy he might have added, without any exaggeration, almost as fresh. The oysters, of which large beds are kept up along the Arques, are, however, fat and abundant, and in this respect far superior to the celebrated Rocher de Cancale, where the molluscs are hardly ever served up to strangers. Our author mentions how he was disillusionised at that classic spot. By the exercise of great diplomacy, himself and a party of friends succeeded in inducing the guardian of the oyster-beds at the Rocher to let them taste his dainties. The oysters were insipid and lean, and, worse than all, though sold by the hundred, the tally was evidently short. One of the gentlemen, striving to be facetious, inquired, "My good woman, how many oysters go to the hundred here?" "Seventy, sir," the good woman replied, mechanically; and the questioner was shut up at once.

Some few years ago, two or three ladies, tired of wounding their feet on the pebbly beach of Dieppe, and sharing with the *profanum vulgus* the stereotyped pleasures of sea-bathing, resolved to go in search of

—quelque endroit écarté,
Où de nager en paix on eût la liberté.

The feminine captain of this coasting expedition had the good fortune to disinter Trouville, a small seaport in the Calvados. It has been whispered that speculation had something to do in the matter, for the ladies possessed some sterile land at this spot, which was not of the slightest value till fashion pitched its tent there. Some *feuilletonistes* were carried over to sing the praises of the new bathing-place. The world remembered that Isabey and Mozin had exhibited for several years past charming pictures and views taken at Trouville. The battle was won: land gained a fabulous price, and the baths of Trouville were established. At present, Trouville affords the perfect *είδωλον* of a Norman village sunk in the slough of barbarism; but those desirous of seeing it under that aspect must make haste, for the trowel and civilisation make rapid progress. The sands are soft as ermine, and this is the

incontestable superiority which Trouville has over Dieppe. There is no bathing establishment, but merely a few tents of striped canvas, while the bathing men carry old persons pick-a-back into the sea. There is a grand confusion of the sexes, and a young father may frequently be seen giving a swimming lesson to his wife and daughters. Bachelors, however, are kept at a respectful distance, less through fear of danger, we fancy (for a woman in a bathing-dress is protected from the *malocchio*), than to invite them to cherish and desire the legitimate knot of wedlock. Nor is there any gallery or terrace on the beach from which to contemplate these aquatic evolutions, and hence young English visitors to Trouville are to be pitied: their occupation is completely gone. As for amusements, they need not be expected in this out-of-the-way spot: a strolling company of poor players now and then exhibits in a barn, or some stray vocalist gets up a lugubrious concert. But the great charm of Trouville is the perfect isolation of society: every visitor converts himself for the nonce into a misanthrope. The spirit of caste reigns tyrannically at Trouville: there are a Faubourg St. Germain and a Faubourg St. Honoré. The gentlemen amuse themselves by cheapening fish at the port; the English by going to see their meat weighed—a business which they never neglect in any place, our author maliciously adds—while the ladies dress themselves magnificently thrice a day. As a specimen of the refined barbarism Trouville has attained, we may mention that the only pastrycook is at the same time a master butcher. On one table the legs of mutton are exhibited, on another tartlets. There are a few venerable coaches in the village for excursions on *terra firma*, the principal of these being to the Châlet, a charming spot belonging to M. Ulrich Guttinguer, a distinguished littérateur. Other excursions may be made to the Château de Beaumont and the valley of Hennequeville, which offer some magnificent views.

The hotel-keepers of Normandy have a proverbial well-merited renown for covetousness, and we may here quote a truly sublime remark referring to one at Trouville. A legitimist gentleman, who bears a name too well known in the annals of the Restoration, established himself without suspicion at the house of this Rolando among publicans. At the end of a week an enormous bill was handed to him amounting to three louis a day, and he naturally refused to pay. It was referred to an arbiter, necessarily a Trouvillian; but even he was startled at the exorbitant charge, and greatly reproached his countryman. "Spare such people as those!" replied the host, "nonsense; they have done too much injury to France!" "You are right," said the arbiter, conquered by such a display of liberalism; and he condemned M. de P. to pay the amount.

The annual stay of the ex-royal family at Eu, the visits of Queen Victoria, and the consecration of the *entente cordiale* beneath the umbrageous foliage of the park surrounding the ancient residence of the Guises, gained Tréport a high reputation as a summer bathing-place. It is, however, only a fishing village, like Trouville, although it calls itself a town, and boasts of having been the *portus ulterior* of which mention is made in Cæsar. A portion of the expedition against King Harold probably sailed from Tréport; and the Normans, when converted into Englishmen, paid frequent visits to it, though generally with a torch in their hands. Tréport was fired four times by its former citizens, not only in

the middle ages, but as far down as the reign of Francis I., as is attested by the following quatrain extracted from the poetic gazette of some contemporary Loret :

Par un ribaud et faute de support,
L'an mil cinq cent quarante-cinq compris,
Le second jour de Septembre, fut pris
Et mis à feu des Anglais le Tréport.

But such repeated fires have not embellished Tréport, and a single bombardment, like that of Dieppe, would have been of much greater service to the town. It is a mass of ugly buildings congregated on a tall cliff, or scattered over the escarped hill on which the church is built. At a distance, Tréport is very picturesque, but it is entirely the distance that lends enchantment to the view; on closer inspection, Tréport is far from satisfactory. The beach is more unpleasant than that at Dieppe, and the municipality do not pay the slightest attention to clearing away the rubbish brought in with the tide. This seems to be the prevalent fault of French watering-places, and we feel rather surprised at it, for we always understood, when we grumbled about the carelessness in such matters at home, that they managed such things better in France. During the last reign a palace was built here for the young Comte de Paris, which he visited annually, but at present it is neglected; the bathing establishment is confined to some twenty tents in very bad condition, and here and there a plank is laid down for the bather to reach the sea without lacerating his feet. The principal object worth visiting is the church, which is built in a very curious fashion, and is highly picturesque. There is no theatre or dancing establishment, and persons desirous of amusement go to Eu and its magnificent forest. A fine road, though very sandy, and exposed to the fierce rays of the sun, connects the two villages, and omnibuses run hourly. Eu, situated in a valley on the banks of the Bresle, is an ugly and irregularly built place, which attained a factitious renown during the past reign by the presence of a luxurious court. The château, which was at that day the fortune of Eu, stands in the heart of the town, and is only separated from it by a wall. It was built by Duke Henri de Guise (le Balafré) in 1578. It is a very picturesque edifice, and the restorations have been effected with so much taste that it is difficult to distinguish the old part from the new. Eu, like the majority of princely residences, has undergone strange and numerous vicissitudes. Here it was that the Duchesse de Guise, after the assassination at Blois, retired to deplore her husband—perhaps her own weakness; and by one of those sudden accesses of piety, so peculiar to the tumultuous heroines of that gallant period, like a modern Artemisia, she raised a superb mausoleum to the man who had crushed her wrist in his iron gauntlet, and forced her to be present at the murder of the handsome Saint-Mégrin. Here, too, the firm and tender Amazon of the Fronde, the conqueror of Orleans in petticoats and *cornette*, the intrepid artilleryist of the Faubourg St. Antoine, Mademoiselle d'Eu, de Dombes, and de Montpensier, the great Mademoiselle, in short, who became owner of the château on the death of the last Guise, spent the long exile to which she was condemned for so strenuously refusing the hand of a king. Here, too, after all the disgrace incurred through her love of that fortuneless and insignificant younger son, she saw once more, and adored more than ever, that strange Pégulhem, that pallid husband of princesses, in whom,

then as ever, she found, in return for so many sacrifices, the most ungrateful, cold, and egotistical of men. In 1793 the Château d'Eu was seized, the furniture sold, and the pictures sent to Dieppe. The nation decreed that it should be converted into a military hospital, but eventually presented it to the senators of Rouen. General Rampon took possession of it during the Empire, and the spurred boots of the soldier of fortune scratched the inlaid flooring over which the gaily dressed followers of the great houses of Bourbon and Lorraine had once moved in such stately fashion. The Emperor, in his turn, took a fancy to the château, and attached it to the domains of the crown. In 1814, the château was restored to the Orleans family. In 1821, the ex-king of the French returned to it for the first time. He had been educated at the Château de Lamotte, about two leagues from this residence. Hence, one of his first commands was to preserve the old château at any price; and from that period to the end of his reign he displayed a marked predilection for this historic abode.

The chief attraction of visitors to the Château d'Eu used to be the collection of pictures (dispersed in consequence of the decree of the 13th January, 1852, relating to the Orleans property) commenced by the great Mademoiselle, who transferred here her paintings from the Château de Choisy. The pictures were arranged without any regard to chronology, and formed a strange pell-mell, representing a perfect image of life, or rather of death. Here you could see La Fayette elbowing the Emperor; Louis XI., Gabrielle d'Estrées; Charles the Bold, that other Duke of Burgundy who had Fenélon as his preceptor; the Duchesse de Berri (daughter of the Regent) minced next to Père la Chaise; and the full-length portrait of the Duke de Nemours at the attack on Constantinéh had as pendants, on the right, the Duke of Marlborough, and, on the left, Prince Eugène. As for the famous Victoria Gallery, the frames destined for the members of the two royal families, including the king consort, gaped in vain. It was the same with the large pictures; only a few episodic sketches were finished relating to the memorable visit, the breakfast under the trees, the drives in the char-à-bancs, the disembarkation of the queen, and other inspirations of the same force. But the gems of the gallery were the two celebrated pictures known as the "Déjeûner aux Huitres," and the "Déjeûner au Jambon," curious as evidences of the complete forgetfulness of their dignity as men and kings which rulers exhibited in the glorious times of furbelows and laces.

The internal decoration of the château is rich but far from magnificent. Each member of the royal family had a complete suite of rooms, and there was room for friends: Guizot, Marshal Soult, Lord Aberdeen, and the principal members of the defunct cabinets of England and France have found lodgings there. The conqueror of Nézib also received hospitality there, and occupied the room of the conqueror of Toulouse. (?) What would Henri le Balafre have said could he have foreseen that not merely a Huguenot but an infidel should sleep the sleep of the just beneath his roof? The sleeping apartment occupied by the king and queen was not distinguished from the others by an extra ornamentation. We must do Louis Philippe the justice of saying, that personally he displayed almost a republican contempt for luxury. His study at Eu deserves especial mention. On the chimney was a pendule of the *hôtel garni* type; before the window a walnut-wood writing-table, stained with ink, and a

leather chair ; the whole not worth two pounds at a sale. But the king was inexorable : he was implored to have his furniture altered—it was even carried off clandestinely—but all was of no avail. His majesty, in this matter, played the absolute monarch.

Another thing worthy of a visit at Eu is the royal kitchen, most eminently political and international. You could hardly believe there were so many pots and pans in the world as may be seen here. The hierarchy of flunkeyism was strictly kept up here ; there were dining-rooms for each class of livery—one for the footmen, another for the stables, a third for the ladies'-maids, a fourth for the "kitchen," in the strict sense of the term, each served according to rank, for the world of *aiguillettes* possesses its distinctions, delicacies, and castes.

Before quitting Eu we are bound to say that the inhabitants are exceptions from therest of the Normans ; and the hotel-keeper of the *Cygne Blanc* is the only one in Normandy in whom our author found two qualities rarely coupled—those of the aubergiste and the honest man. In fact, when you are at Eu, you can scarcely believe you are in Normandy, so refreshing is the relief from being plundered on all sides.

Of Havre we need to say but little, as the bathing world is swallowed up in the number of commercial men. As a statistical fact, we may mention, however, that it is the dearest town in France, and the living generally very bad. But at an hour's distance is a charming new bathing-place lately sprung up, known by the name of Cabourg Dives, and historically remarkable as the spot whence William the Conqueror set sail for England. The sands are magnificent, and speculators have already commenced building, and Cabourg is destined to attain a great popularity, for man is fond of change—the earth revolves—the Channel has its ebb and flow. Surely, then, we may say :

Il nous faut du nouveau, n'en fût-il plus au monde ;

and we fancy it will be found at Cabourg.

Boulogne, our next halting-place, has become a thoroughly English colony, and the few Frenchmen left in the town are employed in waiting on, feeding, lodging, carrying, driving, warming, shaving, hair-cutting, dressing *MM. les Anglais*. All the prospectuses, signs, provocations, flatteries, are exclusively addressed to them. An English paper is published at Boulogne. The *Guides* to the environs are in the same language. French and English money is received indifferently, or rather a marked preference is given to English sovereigns and shillings over French francs and louis. The money-changers almost decline to receive French gold at par. The landlord of the hotel where our author put up addressed him in English : then perceiving his mistake, said, "*Monsieur est étranger ;*" and assumed what was once his mother tongue. When he entered a *café* he was offered soda-water, ginger-beer, and porter. At dinner, roast beef, sherry, ale, and all the puddings of the three kingdoms were sure to make their appearance. All the cabarets—and there are plenty of them in the town—bear signs as follow : Prince of Wales, Queen Victoria, Castle of Edinburgh Tavern. At the gates of Boulogne, on the road to Calais, and a couple of steps from the column, is an estaminet dedicated to Marlborough. Our author adds, with French indignation, "Why not to Wellington?—that will come : let the manes of his grace be patient for a little while, and Waterloo

will have its hero like Ramillies, Malplaquet, and, without doubt, Trafalgar too."

It is quite certain, then, that if ever the *entente cordiale* were to be broken up, one town in France would remain faithful to it, for Boulogne would be ruined by a war with England. Still, it must be allowed that Boulogne owes its increasing development to the invasion of the English. The streets and shops are equal to any to be found in the most elegant parts of Paris. The upper town is precisely in the same state as when it was besieged by Henry VIII., in 1544, as may be seen by an old engraving kept in the town museum. Near one of the gates of the town is a fountain, bearing a colossal bust of Henri II., who is held in great esteem by the citizens, for the following valid reason: When Henry VIII. took possession of the town, he said he would only give it up for a very large sum, rightly considering it as one of the keys of France. At length it was agreed that Henry should receive two million gold crowns, and give up possession on St. Michael's day, 1554. This treaty was signed at Ardres in 1546; but, in the interval, Henry VIII. and Francis I. both died, and Henry II. of France, finding that his illustrious father had been too liberal in many matters, and more especially in the ransom of Boulogne, refused to ratify the treaty. He pretended to arm, and eventually gained possession of Boulogne at the enormous discount of sixteen hundred thousand crowns. But the English, naturally an energetic race, and persevering in their designs, did not hold themselves beaten. After the lapse of three centuries they have returned to the charge, and recaptured the town much more surely than Henry VIII. had ever accomplished. It is entirely their own at present.

The Museum of Boulogne is worth visiting by the stranger: it contains a curious collection of birds, a cabinet of medals, and a gallery of Asiatic arms and idols. Here, too, are preserved the car, speaking-trumpet, and instruments of the luckless Pilâtre du Rosier and his companion, picked up after the destruction of his balloon and his awful death on the 15th of June, 1785. An obelisk has been erected in the warren at Wimereux, close to the spot where he fell, bearing an inscription commemorative of the tragic event. At Wimereux the first Emperor formed an immense port for the shelter of the flotilla intended to act against England. It is now rapidly silting up, and will soon disappear entirely. Between Wimereux and Boulogne is the memorable column erected to the glory of the Emperor by the army and navy. It was completed by the Restoration, in remembrance—*risum teneatis*—of the Charter and the happy return of Louis le Désiré. Still, the column will ever be a memorial of the foundation of the Legion of Honour, for the first distribution of crosses by the hand of the Emperor took place a few paces beyond, in the plain of Terlinchton.

"If my heart is taken out after my death," said Mary Tudor, with an expiring sigh, "the word CALAIS will be found engraved on it." The traveller would certainly have some difficulty in appreciating this romantic idea, for Calais is truly a dreary spot at present. There seems to linger a curse over the place, and its decadence, though gradual, is certain. Long streets, in which the grass is growing; a few silent passers-by; old, inanimate houses, which no longer retain their Gothic physiognomy; a solitary promenade, planted with trees, on the ramparts, where the inhabitants go at times to enjoy the fresh air, like prisoners,

in the feudal ages, on the platform of a turret; no commercial activity in the port, and hardly any monuments—such is the Calais of to-day. The sea even seems to have joined in the conspiracy against the town, for it is slowly retiring. The bathing, however, is excellent, and the sands form a gentle slope, which prevents any danger, as is too often the case at Boulogne. Our author, in a word, on visiting Calais, might have quoted (always supposing he was acquainted with them) the lines in the "Rejected Addresses:"

It did not seem inhabited,
But some vast city of the dead,
All was so hushed and still!

Dunkirk, which town the French, with their amiable pertinacity, insist on calling l'Eglise des Dunes, is a new and regularly built town, divided into two distinct parts: the one which is seen, new, symmetrical, and carefully whitewashed; the other invisible and subterraneous, whose roofs are on a level with the pavement, and whose shutters open on the *trottoir*. Beneath each house is a profound cellar, not employed to hold casks and bottles, like an ordinary cellar, but a numerous population. It is possible that the repeated bombardments with which the English indulged Dunkirk, led the inhabitants to live in this species of casemates, and the custom has grown with their growth. You descend into the cellars, not through the interior of the houses, but through trap-doors let into the pavement, and closed tightly at nightfall, or when the inhabitants are absent from home. In no other way can light and air penetrate into these vaults. But it must not be supposed that the poorer classes alone live in this way; on the contrary, the cellars are furnished with considerable elegance, and are even let out to visitors in the summer months. Nothing is more common than to see a notice of the "lower part of a house to let;" but a visitor would hardly anticipate that he would be compelled to go so very low.

The sea is gradually retiring from Dunkirk, and the immense piers run out a most hyperbolical distance to keep pace with its withdrawal. It is to be hoped that science will invent some method to prevent Dunkirk sharing the fate of Aiguesmortes and Harfleur. This circumstance, as well as the out-of-the-way situation of Dunkirk, has hitherto prevented it becoming a fashionable watering-place. People do not like having to travel an interminable distance in a bathing machine, on the risk of finding only a teacupful of water to represent the ocean. But the principal charm to visitors is the celebration of those quaint old *fêtes* which form the delight of the population of Flanders, and which are held on every available occasion. The hero of the festivity is the Dunkirk Reuse (corrupted from the German Riese-Giant), who is kept when off duty in the clock tower of the church, whence he can only emerge holding his head in his hand like Saint Denis. He is joined by Gayant and his family from Douay, who have been brought thence in a special train overnight. We may mention here that the Gayant is a chevalier whose traditional bravery saved Douay on several occasions from the most imminent danger. The Reuse was a grand seigneur of Flanders, who excavated the port of Dunkirk. They are carried officially about on every occasion, and no *fête* can be held at Douay without Gayant and his wife, or at Dunkirk without the Reuse. These customs have evidently been engrafted on the Flemings

by their Spanish conquerors. Gayant is simply a derivation of the Spanish *Jayan*, meaning giant. At the present day, these exhibitions of gigantic liberators are common in the Balearic Islands, and particularly in the provinces forming the old kingdom of Aragon.

Ostend, the neighbour and rival of Dunkirk in a sea-bathing point of view, is a fortress, possessing in its streets all that rectangularity which is the despair of artists. There is not a trace left of the town which stood the memorable three years' siege, during which Spain and the United Provinces expended eighty thousand men. What is to be seen now is bran new: not an edifice is to be found of a greater antiquity than a hundred years. As a general rule, regular towns are not particularly gay (witness Mannheim and Carlsruhe), and Ostend does not break through that rule. The surrounding scenery is flat and monotonous to a degree, and we doubt whether a dozen trees could be found within a circumference of five miles. In short, Ostend resembles anything rather than a place of amusement, and yet its prosperity as a watering-place augments every year, proportionately with its decrease as a commercial port and manufacturing town. It owes its reputation to its admirable sands, to the privilege of being almost the only port of a pocket kingdom, and the line of railway bringing to it visitors from every part of Germany.

The dyke is the great meeting-place of bathers, for as the surrounding country offers no attractions, visitors are forced to live by the sea-side. Life at Ostend is exactly like that on board ship, and though Frenchmen are apt to grow tired of it in a very short time, your stolid Germans and Flemings are delighted with their *dolce far niente*, and assume a nautical swagger as they pace their quarter-deck, in the shape of a long and extremely ugly pier jutting out into the sea. There is no doubt of Ostend being a healthy spot, for every face you notice there is blooming, and shows that the fresh sea breezes force their way through or over the confining ramparts. The principal place of amusement is the Casino, situated in the Hôtel de Ville, where balls are held during the season, and strangers are allowed to enter gratis.

One of the principal curiosities at Ostend is the oyster-bed, which is known creditably through the whole *gourmet* world of civilised Europe. Strange to say, the coast does not produce a single oyster. They are procured from England, and when they arrive at Ostend are lean and poor, just as if they were suffering from the national spleen. After a short residence in the Ostend bed they recover their health, appetite, and good looks. In Paris, folk run mad after small oysters, the size, in the eyes of false gastronomers, constituting three-fourths of their merit. As they are sold by weight, the agents who supply Véfour and the Café Anglais beg the owners to send them small oysters, so that the number which can be extracted from a barrel may be increased. The Ostend people are delighted to accede to this request, for it enables them to get rid of their small fry to their own profit, and keep the better oysters for more enlightened consumers.

Altogether, Ostend may be recommended to those persons who go to the sea-side merely for the sake of the sea, and have no wish for other amusement than fishing and smoking. But if they like variety, we hardly think Ostend will satisfy them. We can speak from experience, and consider it the dullest hole to which ever a poor Englishman was condemned to

undergo penance and drink that inexorable bière de Louvain. We think, on the whole, that Boulogne is decidedly preferable.

From Ostend to Biarritz is a wondrous change—from the stolid phlegm of the beer-imbibing and beer-thinking Flemings to the vivacious, merry Gascons, who are honoured each year by the presence of their emperor among them. This happy spot, nearly in the same latitude as the Mediterranean, has the added charm of tide and billows to attract the visitor. Biarritz is situated about six miles from Bayonne, and built on rocks, which rise sheer from the sea to the height of 150 feet. The winding of the coast at this point produces a very rough sea at times, which, driven by the north and westerly winds, dashes with a prodigious noise against the cliffs; but this has the advantage of raising a gentle breeze, which refreshes this unwooded and barren coast. This savage contest between the waves and the cliffs has produced numberless excavations in the rocks, the largest of which, representing a semicircle of thirty-six to forty feet in diameter, and with a height of some twenty feet, has received the traditional name of the "Chamber of Love." It is the pitiful adventure of the shepherd Oura and the shepherdess Edera surprised by the rising tide in this grotto, where they forgot the moments, which procured this terrible cavern its erotic title. The sea has worn away the rock and produced a series of cavities here, which are called the Baths of Love. The cavern and baths present ample danger to those who dare affront the furies of this terrible Gascon gulf; and several young and lovely swimmers have been carried out to sea by the ebb-tide, in spite of the devotion of the most daring bathers. People still visit the Baths of Love, dauntless of the perils incurred; but it is more prudent to shun them, and adhere to the commodious and safe beach of the old port, where a number of boats constantly ply to look after the swimmers who venture too far out, or are assailed by dizziness. Here all the world bathes pell-mell, and it used to be most amusing to see the townsfolk flock in on certain days of the week from Bayonne in *cacolets*, or mules carrying pack-saddles, with double compartments, on each side of which the visitor and the guide take their places, the equilibrium being preserved by adding weight to the lighter person. These were the *fiacres* of Bayonne, which stood for hire at the corner of the principal streets and squares; and we may as well say that the conductors of these *cacolets* were generally young and pretty Basque women, which added considerably to the charm of these pleasant vehicles.

In the sides of the rock looking down on the old port, spacious and convenient routes have been cut, whence the road commands the town, the beach, the sea, and the Doric colonnade of the vast warm-bathing establishment. Following the path to the right, you arrive by an insensible acclivity upon the Atalaya, whence the eye surveys an immense panorama. On one side are the lighthouse, surrounding the point of St. Martin of Biarritz; the mouth of the Adour and flotillas of chassemarées and merchantmen steering towards the ocean; the coast of the Marcnin; which is confounded with the ocean upon the horizon; on the other side, to the left, the dunes of Bedart; the fine village of Guéthary, whose white houses are arranged in an amphitheatrical form; Soroa, and its crenelated tower; Fontarabia, and the entire Spanish coast. At your feet are the waves breaking against the rocks and falling back in cascades, and before you the mighty Atlantic. On the side opposite the Atalaya extends a

superb bed of sand, known as the Mill Coast: it is the meeting place of all the boldest swimmers. Here dangerous contests take place at times against the rampant waves; but all possible precautions are taken to ensure safety, and there are several large basins here where inexperienced persons in the art of swimming can take a plunge without any risk.

During the season, Biarritz is of course a cosmopolitan congress of celebrities of every description, and the fusion of French and Spanish nationalities is very peculiar. Without mentioning the *merveilleux* of the adjoining departments, and the Parisians, who are still rather a rarity, we find here the Béarnais, with his sharp and brilliant eye, his expressive and intellectual face; the Basque of Quipuzcoa, active, careless, and true descendant of those valiant Cantabrians who waged so long a desperate warfare against the Roman eagle; the Catalan and Navarrese women, whom we will not attempt to describe, but refer our readers to "L'Andalousse" of M. de Musset; and finally, among this swarm of blonde and brunette beauties, with blue or black eyes, milk-white or bistre complexion, a simple grisette, the young girl of Bayonne, holds her ground honourably, and justifies the renown of her race, among whom an ugly woman is a phenomenon, in a country where grace and natural elegance are the common type. The public rooms occupy the first floor of an hotel recently built on the principal square. Newspapers, pamphlets, publications of all sorts, music and instruments, are always to be found there. Although the coast of Biarritz is so arid—a fact easily explained by its geological composition—it does not appear that the parching west wind is an insurmountable obstacle to cultivation, as has generally been assumed. An artist, a pupil of Girodet's, M. Feillet, who has settled at Bayonne, has hit upon the fortunate idea of combating and conquering prejudice or nature. He has built on the summit of the Côte du Moulin a hermitage which, owing to his attention, is already surrounded by brilliant vegetation, and will eventually become a great attraction to the visitors at Biarritz.

All along this coast legends swarm, and our readers will probably be thankful to us for omitting them here. A stock of legends is kept here to satisfy the popular demand, like relics of the "Grande Armée" at Waterloo. They are particularly careful to tell you the most appalling tales when the sea is beginning to swell and the storm broods over the coast: the *mise en scène* is then complete. So, whenever you visit the Atalaya, be cautious about entering into conversation with any old sailor. There is a cross on that terrible precipice we fancy planted there at the manufacture of the tenth legend relating to the spot. If you go to Biarritz, then, be on your guard against sailors and crosses; this is the advice given you by a veteran bathier, who has already undergone any quantity of legends while trying the relative merits of the Mediterranean, the German Ocean, the Channel, and a portion of the Atlantic.

In conclusion, we may add that M. Mornand's amusing book is not confined exclusively to sea-bathing. A second portion, to which we may possibly return, gives an account of some mineral waters in France and the adjoining countries, but the list is rather defective. We are bound to complain of the scanty space he has allotted to Baden-Baden: but six pages he considers sufficient to describe that charmed spot, about which an entertaining volume could be written annually without any fear of exhausting the subject.

JACK SHEPPARD IN PARIS.

AMONGST the latest *succès de théâtre*, in Paris, that which occupies the first place is the drama called "Les Chevaliers du Brouillard" ("The Knights of the Fog"), which was produced at the Porte Saint-Martin on the 10th of the present month. It is a French version of "Jack Sheppard," and is founded on Mr. Ainsworth's popular novel, which M. de Goy has very well translated. It has been dramatised by MM. Dumery and Bourges, in five acts and five tableaux, and is preceded by a prologue in action, which tells the story of the hero and his friend *Tamise* Darrell during the period of their childhood. The piece abounds in emphasis and delirium, with a twinkling of slang and plenty of pistol-shots.

At the opening of the Prologue we are introduced to "Mistress" Sheppard—a *veuve éplorée*, whose misery for the loss of her husband, who has been hung, touches the Knights of the Fog, at the head of whom are Jonathan Wild and "Bluskine." These worthies undertake to bring up "The Son of the Fog," little Jeck—as Paul Bedford used fondly to call him—and, like the fairies, they propose to endow him with a gift, in shape of a *whistle*, which he has only to sound to bring them at any moment to his side. Mistress Sheppard, having her husband's fate before her eyes, fears the Danaïdes and their fatal gifts, and would rather have nothing to do with Wild, Bluskine, *Quatre Jambes*, *Quatre Mains*, and all the rest of the ubiquitous crew; but fate is stronger than free will, and she, perforce, submits to their friendly decree. But this is not the whole of the Prologue. It also presents the picture of a man rushing into Mistress Sheppard's room with a child in his arms, which he desires to save. The man is Darrell, who has secretly married the sister of Lord Rowland Montaignu; he has been betrayed by Jonathan Wild to Lord Rowland, who has run him through the body. This, with the name of his son, "Tamise," is all the elder Darrell has breath to utter, and then he dies.

The first act introduces Jack and Tamise in Mr. Wood the carpenter's shop, at the age of twelve years, and in developing their respective characters the novel has been followed with sufficient accuracy for the purpose of the antithesis: Tamise is represented as a skilful workman delighting in his profession, Jack as an idle vagabond under the demoralising influence of Bluskine. A mission to the *hotel* of Lord Rowland, to make some repairs, gives rise to Jack's first exploit. He sees there a miniature, surrounded by brilliants, representing Darrell, the father of Tamise. Struck by the resemblance to his comrade, and attracted no less towards the diamonds, Jack puts the miniature in his pocket. The theft is discovered, and Jack, who has accidentally overheard a conversation between Lord Rowland and Jonathan Wild, in which they propose to make away with Tamise, on account of the enormous fortune to which he will succeed if he one day discovers his origin—conceives the idea of accusing his friend of being an accomplice, in order that the safety of a prison may secure him from the dagger of the assassin. For his own part, supple as an eel, he escapes through the prison window, disguised as a woman, and hurries off to join his friends the Knights of the Fog, longing to

become their captain. On his way to them he plays Jonathan Wild several tricks, whom he finally entraps in a cellar of the tavern called *Le Saumon Galant*.

Then comes the bustle of the drama. Jack makes his *début* before his new companions by killing an Irishman in a duel, possessing himself of his property to the extent of a *million*, (!) and giving it all to the Knights of the Fog. Jonathan Wild is deposed, and Jack is raised to the pinnacle of a Dubsman's greatness by being elected in his place. "Le rhum, le rack, le gin" now flow in torrents, and, in drinking their burning punch, Jack's partisans do not even take the trouble to put out the flame, but swallow outright what Mephistopheles calls "the friendly element," while Jack is mounted on a horse and paraded as their captain through the Old Mint. Suddenly the sound of a drum is heard, the sheriff of London enters with a battalion of the Guards, and declares that, by order of the king, the Old Mint is to be suppressed, and all the houses in it razed to the ground. A revolt ensues; the cut-throats and pickpockets fight with the troops, houses are set on fire, and the lurid blaze reveals the forms of Lord Rowland Montaigu and Jonathan Wild intent on capturing Jack and Tamise, who, by the agency of his friend, has also escaped from prison. Again Jack saves the life of Tamise, but draws on himself a hot pursuit: he reaches the river, seizes a boat, and rows away; but he is followed by his pursuers in another boat, and is on the point of being dashed by the current against the piers of a bridge, when he blows his whistle, and Bluskine, Jack's guardian angel (of darkness), throws him a rope-ladder, and, exhibiting the dexterity of a monkey, he is saved. Lord Rowland, who by this time has reached the spot, also tries to ascend, but Jack cuts the rope, and the noble lord is engulfed. After this follow endless imprisonments and escapes, in which Jack and Bluskine figure as Knight and Squire—there is a *coup de pistolet* at every turn—and finally Jack and Jonathan meet: as a matter of course, the thief-taker is *enfoncé*, and finds a watery grave, like his patron, Lord Rowland.

An episcodical scene, while Jack is in prison and condemned to die, gives rise to some admirable pathetic acting between Madame Guyon, the representative of Mistress Sheppard, and Madame Laurent, who personates Jack with a degree of vigour and fidelity to the original unsurpassed by Mrs. Keeley herself. Let this be the place also for naming the amusing talent displayed by M. Boutin, who represents Bluskine. It will be seen that in this Parisian version of "Jack Sheppard" a general idea of the original story has alone been carried out. The catastrophe is altogether different. Instead of the finale at Tyburn, the hero's life is saved. It is effected in this wise: Tamise Darrell, who recovers his fortune and marries "the carpenter's daughter, fair and free," acquires a high position and great influence, by the exercise of which he obtains Jack's pardon, and he leaves England, with his mother, for India, to become—no doubt—a *nabab*. The scene of his departure for the East, with the bright sun dispersing the material fog of London—as the honesty and good conduct of Tamise have risen above the moral fog of Bluskine et Compagnie—is a very fine one. The City, St. Paul's, the river, its forest of masts and clouds of canvas, are bathed in golden light, and the curtain falls on "Les Chevaliers du Brouillard."

Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWALS:

IV.—NARCISSUS LUTTRELL'S DIARY.*

[FIRST NOTICE.]

THE general practice is, with general practitioners in the art of Diary-writing—and their name is Legion—to be mainly concerned with their proper selves; to dilate and dilute their objective array of facts, with a washy subjective stuff, a thin stew of egotism, insipid enough to other tastes. They take care that the Diary shall savour of the individuality of the writer. They ever write Me and Mine with a capital M, in the spirit if not in the letter. They embody themselves in their narrative, identify themselves with their chronicles, stamp their personality on the record. Sometimes the effect on the reader is simply disagreeable; he would escape this gratuitous presence, and confine himself to facts, but is baffled by the haunting persistency of the spirits he cannot lay. Sometimes it is piquant and amusing, imparts a special attraction to what is written, and thus engages multitudes of readers who otherwise would not think of reading. An example of this, perhaps, may be named in the person of Mr. Pepys, whose Diary is so highly flavoured with Pepsian personalities. Contemporary with Samuel Pepys, lived and wrote Narcissus Luttrell, also a Diary-writer, and on a yet more extensive and systematic scale. But the contrast is edifying between the two, in the particular just noticed. Narcissus gives us nothing of himself; keeps himself in the background altogether; abjures the use of that *multum-in-parvo* monosyllable, that big little word, I; and restricts himself to the province of a copying machine, entering day by day in his well-kept journal whatever authentic fact makes the news of that day, without reference to any impression it may or may not have made upon himself, without comment, gloss, suggestive speculation, or attendant conjecture. His Diary was his hobby, and now, to us who consult it, his Diary is become himself. Though he is not personally in it, we know next to nothing of him out of it; by and in it alone he survives—lives, moves, and has his being.

Survives to some purpose too. Witness the drain upon his resources by our historians of the period he illustrates. Glance at Macaulay's foot-

* A Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs, from September, 1678, to April, 1714. By Narcissus Luttrell. In Six Volumes. Oxford: at the University Press. 1857.

"The Diary of Narcissus Luttrell is printed from a MS. in seventeen volumes 8vo, preserved in the Library of All Souls' College. It was bequeathed to that College at the close of the last century by Luttrell Wynne, D.C.L., a relation of the writer, and a former Fellow of the society.—The Diary terminates abruptly, and as the writer of it lived several years after the last date recorded in it, other and later volumes may have been written, and be still in existence. But in the volumes now printed it has reached a period of our history when the information it contains abates in its interest, and can more easily be supplied from other sources."—*Editor's Advertisement*, p. 3.

notes, and scrutinise his text, if you would know the amount of obligation under which an all-popular modern may lie to an almost impersonal and anonymous antique. And now that six large volumes of this Diary are issued from the Oxford University press, to which an Advertisement is prefixed relating to the scope of the work and the history of the workman, we learn of the latter, from this source, no more than the following: that in June, 1732, there died at Little Chelsea, after a tedious indisposition, Narcissus Luttrell, Esq., "a Gentleman possessed of a plentiful estate, and descended from the ancient family of the Luttrells of Dunstar Castle in Somersetshire;" the said Narcissus being, by the testimony of Hearne's MS. Diary (in the Bodleian) well known for his curious diary, "especially for the number and scarcity of English history and antiquities which he collected in a lucky hour, at very reasonable rates." The same authority indeed imputes to him an over regard for reasonable rates, a miserly and churlish as well as recluse habit of life. "But though he was so curious and diligent in collecting and amassing together, yet he affected to live so private as hardly to be known in person; and yet for all that he must be attended to his grave by judges and the first of his profession in the Law, to whom (such was the sordidness of his temper) he would not have given a meal's meat in his life. As a recommendation of his collection of books, we are told it was preserved in that place, where Mr. Lock and Lord Shaftesbury studied, whose principles it may be he imbibed. No doubt but it is a very extraordinary collection. In it are many MSS., which, however, he had not the spirit to communicate to the world, and 'twas a mortification to him to see the world gratified with them without his assistance." This one fragment from Hearne's Diary, strongly tinged to all appearance with spleen, contains more materials, of a positive kind, for estimating the temperament and character of Hearne, than do the six thick octavos of Luttrell's Diary, for an acquaintance with the man Narcissus Luttrell. As a man, he is content that posterity should give him the go-by. Which, accordingly, posterity hitherto has done.

In our first notice of this "Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs," we shall select, in a continuous series, a number of entries illustrative of the decline and fall, *facilis descensus*, of James II.; reserving for another paper any examples of that omniumgatherum fulness, in matters miscellaneous, multifarious, and heterogeneous exceedingly, which distinguishes the collection at large. A very large portion of these relates to foreign affairs; but the author's contributions to the home department will naturally claim our preference—his details of English life and manners during the reigns of Charles II. and his brother, of William of Orange, and Queen Anne. In the extracts we now proceed to make, it will be more convenient, on the whole, not to retain the old-fashioned spelling, in his use of which, by the way, our Narcissus is apt to be irregular enough.

It is interesting to trace in a work of this character the progressive signs and countersigns of royal policy and public feeling—what in Lord Lindsay's phrase may be called progression by antagonism—from the beginning to the end of James II.'s eventful reign. Luttrell jots down in the driest, dullest way,—as indifferently as he chronicles a high-tide at London-bridge or the death of a county magistrate,—marks and

tokens of popular opinion, facts and events in political history, which to us, who, unlike him, know the end from the beginning, and can see the completed chain of which he could only observe the contributory links, are significant and important in the highest degree. We see the graduated scale of the reaction in the form of an ascending series. What the historian gives us as a coherent whole, we gather from the diarist in scraps and strays, with breaks and intervals, here a little and there a little. "The 6th [February, 1684-5], being Friday, his majesty King Charles II. died at Whitehall about three-quarters after eleven at noon; the news of which put the town in a great consternation, and the gates of Whitehall were shut up, and the guards drawn out: the privy council met, where his majesty King James II., at his first sitting there, was pleased to declare that he would maintain the government as established both in church and state; that he would preserve his prerogative and the rights and liberties of his subjects, and would endeavour to follow his brother's example, especially in that of his clemency and tenderness." On the 11th we come to the following entry—(the brief interval containing, by the way, two noticeable intimations: one, that "'tis said her majesty is with child:" the other, of the same date, that "his majesty hath discharged Mrs. Sedley, to see her no more, since his coming to the crown;" whereby James involved himself in the curse of a father who, as he gazed on Catherine,

— cursed the form that pleased a king,—

a curse which, if Sir Charles is to be credited, now begins to work as a let and hindrance in the monarch's path,—now letteth, and will let, until he be taken out of the way): "The same day also Dalby and Nicholson, Oates' two men, convicted for speaking seditious and scandalous words against his late majesty and the present king, were sentenced each to pay 10*l.* fine, find sureties for life, and to stand in the pillory in all the remarkable parts of the town." Anon comes the announcement: "On Sunday, the 15th and 22nd, his present majesty (as is very confidently reported) was at mass at Whitehall or St. James's." Followed immediately by this entry: "There is a discourse as if there were some commotion in the north of Scotland; and some speak as if the Earl of Argyle were amongst them." Then: "There is a great discourse as if there was a toleration to be, but time must show." To the contemporary, time must show; to us, time has shown,—this, and many another then contingency, conjectured or unconjectured, likely and most unlikely, probable and seemingly impossible, anticipated by the philosophic or utterly undreamt-of in their philosophy. Strangely suggestive it is, in many respects, thus to read history backwards as it were, in the *de die in diem* notes of a journal like this.—Again, a paragraph in March, stating that "Dangerfield, the late evidence of the popish plot, is apprehended and committed to Newgate," is speedily succeeded by another which reports that "there are lately come over from beyond sea many Romish priests, and the papists appear more boldly than ever." A statement of the royal coronation (April) is followed by the ominous memento, "the day of the coronation his majesty lost some jewels from his crown and sceptre." Early in May we hear of persons very busy in elections of M.P.s for the new parliament: "great tricks and practices used to bring

in men well affected to the king, and to keep out all those they call whigs or trimmers"—"king commanding some to stand, and forbidding others," &c. Soon we meet with "a very hot report that the lord keeper North will be turned out, and that he will be succeeded by the chief justice Jeffries." News of the progress of the rebellion in Scotland keeps Luttrell in material for some time to come. Then there is the Duke of Monmouth's affair in the west. Moreover, "there has been papers thrown up and down, and private whispers that there was to be a rising in London, to frighten people, and put fears and jealousies in them." Luttrell is careful at this crisis to note down the fact, that "the late inscription on the Monument for the fire, set up by Sir Patience Ward [sometime lord mayor], relating to the papists burning the city, is defaced by order of the [present] lord mayor." The arrests of suspected and obnoxious persons day by day multiply exceedingly. We see Dangerfield pilloried and whipped for a "scandalous libel." We hear sentence passed on Richard Baxter for "scandalous annotations on the New Testament." Our chronicler faithfully reports progress of Colonel Kirk and Judge Jeffries in the west of England; and before the autumn is out his majesty graciously commits "to George lord Jeffries, baron of Wern, lord chief justice of England, in consideration of his services to the crown, the great seal of England, with the title of lord chancellor,"—a handsome retaining fee for future services from one who had shown himself, too literally, the court's very devoted and most obedient servant to command, peerless indeed, as such, among even those

Judges, in very formidable ermine,

as Byron somewhere has it, who are distinguished by

—brows that do not much invite
The accused to think their lordships will determine
His cause by leaning much from might to right;

but in whose scheme of jurisprudence, on the contrary, might makes right, and *le Roy le veut* is a royal road to the knowledge of law in all its branches, a guide to the practice of equity in all its details.—In October we read: "The 11th, being Sunday, there was (as is reported) a sermon preached in English in the king's chapel at St. James's, by a clergyman of the church of Rome." Not without its relative and international import is the entry a few days later: "Letters out of France speak of the violent persecutions of the poor protestants in that kingdom, and that it is more severe than any against the primitive Christians under the Roman emperors; that the French king hath revoked all the edicts made in favour of the protestants; that he forces them to abjure their religion, or to leave the kingdom in so many days." Next we learn that the Marquis of Halifax is removed from his place of president of the council, "and out of the same; some others are also talked of, but without any certainty; the occasion (as is reported) was his opposing some matters proposed in council to be offered the next meeting of the parliament." Our Narcissus is characteristically cautious with his parentheses of "as is reported," and makes no comment as he repeats the report or echoes the rumour; but no doubt he had his thoughts and his forebodings at this split in the council, nor could hear

without anxiety as to what might come of it, of the disgrace of this powerful statesman, the Jotham* of Dryden's satire.

The 5th of November is at hand, and the day before notice is "given by the beadles and officers in each parish throughout this city, that they should make no bonfires nor throw any squibs the next day, being the 5th of November, in commemoration of the gunpowder treason." James hardly foresees how peculiarly that anniversary is to be connected with himself that day three years.—In December we come to these among other sundries: "There has been for some days past a very hot report of a declaration for liberty of conscience, or a toleration, coming out, but at present ('tis said) a stop is put to it." "His majesty hath dismissed the bishop of London from the privy council, as also his place of dean of the chapel royal." January, 1685-6, opens at once with reports of a "very hot discourse of bringing quo warranto's against the bishopricks, deans and chapters, and the universities; the truth whereof time must show"—the favourite and safe conclusion of *ce bon* Narcissus. There was meaning and mischief he thought, probably, and the world thought, in the circumstance that "the man that has for several years showed the tombs at Westminster is turned out, and another put in: there is great resort to the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor." Another item of the same month records that "there has been a discourse some time past of a considerable body of men to be quartered in London; time must show." In the same page: "Several persons have appeared publicly to be papists, which have been only suspected before." "There have been a great many Irishmen lately come from Ireland." What for? was doubtless in Mr. Luttrell's mind, but he would not commit the query to paper; or if he had, would have tacked to it that serviceable adjunct, Time must show. Again: "There are foot soldiers quartered on the taverns and alehouses in Fleet-street and Salisbury-court; and some houses have refused at first to quarter them, but to little purpose." Here too is an intimation that looks ugly: "There has been some inquiry made about what lands belonged anciently to the church." *Tendimus in Latium* was fast becoming the Protestant apprehension; *festina lente* was already the Popish motto. Or indeed the *festina* without the *lente*, heedless of an adage which says, The more haste the less speed. "At the queen's chapel at St. James's are papers stuck up against the wall by the door, for the praying of persons out of purgatory." What next, and next? "Letters out of Scotland speak of some tumult or stir had been there in the city of Edinburgh, occasioned, it is said, by the chancellor's going or endeavouring to set up mass, which put the common people into a tumult." Jenny Geddes her

* Jotham, of piercing wit, and pregnant thought;
 Endued by nature, and by learning taught
 To move assemblies, but who only tried
 The worse awhile, then chose the better side:
 Nor chose alone, but turned the balance too;
 So much the weight of one brave man can do.

Absalom and Achitophel.

These lines are in the first part of the Satire, published four years before the period with which we are concerned in the text. The satirist, like the statesman, often found occasion (or made it) to change his mind.

ain sel' might be dead and buried, but her spirit survived in auld wives in Auld Reekie by the thousand, and there were still arms as sinewy as hers to fling a stool at a bishop's head, and voices as shrill as hers to hail him as "false thief," and summon broad Scotland to the assault. By the middle of March we are informed of a chapel having been fitted up in Lime-street, "for the service of the Romish church, which the lord mayor and court of aldermen put a stop to; but they were sent for by the king and received a check, since which they go on again." On the 18th of next month, however, there is a "tumult made in Cheapside, occasioned by the meeting at the popish chapel in Lime-street, some of the rabble having followed the priests thither; so that the lord mayor and aldermen were there with the trained bands to quell the same: some of the chief ringleaders were taken; and his majesty, having had an account of it, sent for the lord mayor, and told him to take care of the peace of the city, or otherwise he should be forced to send some assistance to them." An entry dated May 15th runs thus: "One John Osyllivant [O'Sullivan?], an Irish priest of the church of Rome, being some time since taken at Bristol officiating, was this day brought to the King's Bench court by habeas corpus, and, notwithstanding the warrant was very full and plain, yet he was admitted to bail." In the same month occurs the notice of his majesty's having "given liberty to the quakers to meet, and taken off the penal laws against them." To what did this stroke of liberalism tend? Some accepted it as liberalism pure and simple, and accordingly encouraged similar reports to the credit of the king's all-embracing charity; as thus: "There is discourse as if his majesty were going to incorporate the French protestants, and that they should have a church" (June, 1686). But if the king makes a show of concession, and enjoys the credit of a conceding spirit, is he to meet with no acts of concession in return? See now how they treat him in the north: "The parliament in Scotland have got several acts passed in behalf of themselves, but done nothing in behalf of the Roman catholics; which 'tis said his majesty is displeased at, and hath prorogued them." Dissatisfaction and discord, meanwhile, are spreading, and in critical quarters. "It is discoursed [June, 1686] as if there had happened some difference in the army between some protestant and some of the popish soldiers." "Dr. Sharp, dean of Norwich, having given some distaste in a sermon he preached against popery, orders (it is said) were sent to the bishop of London to suspend him, which the bishop said he could not do unless he were proceeded against legally for some crime; however, the dean hath not since (though petitioned) [been] restored to favour, but is gone down to Norwich. Dr. Tully in Yorkshire lies under displeasure, much for the same matter; 'tis said he is actually suspended." "The 19th a train of artillery, consisting of about thirty cannon, with all ammunition and necessaries required in a camp, was drawn through the city from the Tower, so to Hounslow." What with the camp on Hounslow Heath, and the bishops on their bench, and the prebends in their stalls,—red coats here, and black coats there,—King James has his hands pretty full of business at present. But he may (and will) go further and fare worse.

The nature of men's apprehensions at this period is clearly intimated in an entry dated 2nd July, 1686: "Dr. Fell, bishop of Oxford, is

lately dead: 'tis said he left a considerable legacy to Christ Church College ten years hence, but in case popery shall be there established, then to other uses." It must have been a heavy blow and great discouragement to true Protestants to find such a lord-lieutenant appointed, in November following, as that blustering blasphemer, Lying Dick Tyrconnell,

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

For, as Mr. Luttrell reports the appointment, "After all the discourse that hath been of the lord Tyrconnell's being out of favour, the contrary now appears, and that he is to go deputy of Ireland." Towards the end of December we hear of a "dispute between Dr. Jane and Dr. Patrick, of the church of England," on the one side, and "Dr. Godden and Mr. Gifford, of the Romish church," on the other; "'tis said 'twas held in his majesty's presence, and for the satisfaction of the earl of Rochester, who, 'tis reported, is thereby more confirmed a protestant." Such a conclusion on his lordship's part leaves us not unprepared for Luttrell's first entry in the new year: "His majesty hath thought fit to remove the earl of Rochester from lord treasurer of England." It has been remarked by Macaulay, in his usual trenchant style on such topics, that among the many facts which prove that the standard of honour and virtue among the public men of that age was low, the admiration excited by Rochester's constancy to the Church of England is, perhaps, the most decisive—the earl being, in fact, extolled by the great body of churchmen as if he had been the bravest and purest of martyrs—the Old and New Testaments, the Martyrologies of Eusebius and of Fox, being ransacked to find parallels for his heroic piety—so that he was described as Daniel in the den of lions, Shadrach in the fiery furnace, Peter in the dungeon of Herod, Paul at the bar of Nero, Ignatius in the amphitheatre, Latimer at the stake. The highest praise, however, to which Mr. Macaulay will allow him to be entitled was this, that he had shrunk from the exceeding wickedness and baseness of publicly abjuring, for lucre, the religion in which he had been brought up, which he believed to be true, and of which he had long made an ostentatious profession.

With February (1686-7) comes a mandamus to the University of Cambridge, "to constitute a Romish priest, of the Benedictine order, a master of arts." We soon hear that "the vice-chancellor and heads of the university have, 'tis said, rejected his majesty's mandamus to constitute father Francis a master of arts." In March "a new mandamus hath been sent down to the university of Cambridge about father Francis; upon which the heads of the university are coming up." So much for the banks of the Cam. Those of the Isis are soon overflowed in a similar manner. In April we read: "Dr. Clerk, master of Magdalen College, in Oxford, is lately dead, and a mandate is sent to choose one father Warner, a priest, in his room." Some days later: "Magdalen College, in Oxford, have proceeded to the choice of their master; and they have chose Dr. Hough, chaplain to the duke of Ormond, master, and not Mr. Farmer." Magdalen—that college of which old Fuller affirms that there is scarcely a bishopric in England to which it had not afforded a prelate—which had educated Wolsey and Cardinal

Pole, and boasted among its scholars the names of Latimer and Dean Colet, Lily the grammarian, and Fox the martyrologist, John Hampden the patriot, and Dr. Hammond the divine, Peter Heylin the Church-historian, and George Wither the poet—was now put on its mettle, and had resolutely taken its side in the fray. By June we find "Magdalen College, in Oxford," in collision with "the ecclesiastical commissioners," and giving in "an answer why they had not admitted Mr. Farmer; and one Dr. Fairfax was very bold there, for which he was severely reprimanded, and told he was fitter for a madhouse." Within a page again: "The ecclesiastical commissioners having met, have ordered the election of Dr. Hough, president of Magdalen College, in Oxford, to be void, and have suspended the vice-president and Dr. Fairfax." Then occur various delays, adjournments, and postponements. In September, however, "'tis said that 5 mandamuses went to Oxford, for 4 to go out doctors of divinity, and one bachelor of laws, but they were all refused." The spirit of resistance was spreading. The circle made on the waters by the stone of offence cast in by the king's own hand, was rapidly widening, without becoming weaker as it widened. At the very same date his majesty sends a mandamus to Cambridge for a Papist to be mayor there, but the town has proceeded to an election before it comes. Town and gown are of one mind; the colleges will have no Father Francis, the corporation will have no nominee of Rome for mayor. In October the Oxford commissioners are seen and heard again: they have "expelled Dr. Hough and Dr. Fairfax, of Magdalen College, as also the butler, for refusing to raze their names out of the buttery-book, and the porter of that college; and they have installed the bishop of Oxford president by proxy, and have broke open Dr. Hough's chambers." In November they have "actually expelled about 25 fellows," who are not to be outdone in fidelity by the butler and porter, "and ordered their names to be struck out of their books; and 'tis said the undergraduates treat the president and the new mandamus fellows with all imaginable scorn." Meanwhile, "the Jesuits' school at the Savoy, for teaching children gratis," has been opened; and "bishop Leybourn is going a circuit to confirm the new converts in the Romish faith;" and Sir John Davis, chief justice in Ireland, being dead, "one Nugent, a papist," has succeeded him on the bench; and "father Edward Petre, clerk of the closet to his majesty," has been sworn of his majesty's privy council; and in short the storm is busily a-brewing which is soon to come down "with a vengeance" on crowned, and coroneted, and tonsured heads not a few. Not that James has parted with all his popularity yet. His declarations of liberty of conscience have elicited from all quarters acknowledgments of grateful obligation—from the Quakers in Ireland and the corporation of Bath, from the Dissenters of Shropshire and the master-builders in London, from Rutlandshire grand juries and Suffolk municipalities, from Devonshire burghers and Yorkshure deans and chapters, from Coventry traders and Lincoln's bishop and clergy, from Kentish Nonconformists and Welsh churchmen, from the Presbyterians of Edinburgh and the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin. When the king takes his journey in August, and visits Bath and Gloucester, Ludlow and Shrewsbury, Chester, Newport, Lichfield, Coventry, Banbury, Oxford, and other important towns, we are assured that "his majesty hath been received at the several places

in his progress with great acclamations of joy, and all dutiful respects of a sincere loyalty." James thanks God and takes courage. He has been feeling his way; he thinks it lies clear before him now. So he continues to exercise his royal pleasure as seemeth good in his own eyes, and hits on new expedients for turning England round his finger. We come to December (1687), and on the 2nd of that month, Luttrell tells us, "his majesty pricked the sheriffs of the several counties, most of which are papists and great fanatics." Then again: "His majesty hath ordered a review of the lists of the deputy lieutenants and justices of peace, and that those who are against taking away the penal laws and test be put out." "Cardinal Howard is said to be made lord almoner, in the room of the bishop of Ely, and father Petre is made sub-almoner." Next month, "Father Corker, a Benedictine, and resident from the elector of Cologne," has "audience of his majesty in his habit;" and the Dominicans open their chapel in Great Lincoln's Inn-fields; and "it is said there are 52 quo warranto's gone out against several corporations:" things altogether look bad at the best, and as though they must become worse before they can be better. In April (1688) it is duly notified that "the king is taking all the care imaginable to provide stores, ammunition, &c., for his navy and army." In May, "several justices of peace in Middlesex have been lately turned out;" "Father Ellis has been consecrated at the chapel at St. James a bishop," and "Father Smith, a Roman priest," has been "consecrated a bishop at queen dowager's chapel." Luttrell's account of the birth of the Prince of Wales must not be passed over. "The 10th [June], being Trinity Sunday, between 9 and 10 in the morning, the queen was delivered of a prince at St. James, by Mrs. Wilkins, the midwife, to whom the king gave 500 guineas for her pains: 'tis said the queen was very quick, so that few persons were by. As soon as known, the cannon at the Tower were discharged, and at night bonfires and ringing of the bells were in several places." The fact of the queen's being "very quick," and "few persons" being by, was a great fact for the factious, and made the most of by the concoctors of warming-pan stories and other *pièces d'occasion*. Perhaps our Narcissus himself, when he thus worded the fact, believed, or was willing to be thought to believe, that thereby hung a tale. However, he is becomingly interested in the welfare of the heir-apparent, and tells us how that "the young prince hath been troubled with the gripes, and had some fits, but is pretty well again: he was admitted into the church by Bishop Labourn, a popish bishop;" and how that "Mrs. Delabody is made dry nurse to the prince, being he is to be brought up by hand;" and how that "the young prince hath an issue made in his arm." Before his royal highness is a month old, however, we find that "people give themselves a great liberty in discoursing about the young prince, with strange reflections on him, not fit to insert here."

At the same time that the palace is exulting at the birth of a prince, the commotion about the Seven Bishops in the Tower is at its height. The king is sending expresses abroad with the joyful news, but his lieges are hurrying to the Tower to catch a glimpse of the prelates, and beg their blessing. The 29th is the day of trial. It lasts till six in the evening. "And the jury went away, and lay together till 6 the next morning, when they agreed; (one Arnold stood out till then, the rest

agreed over night:) they would give no privy verdict, but came into court, and being called, they found all the defendants Not Guilty; at which there was a most mighty huzzah and shouting in the hall, which was very full of people; and all the way they came down people asked their blessing on their knees; there was continued shoutings for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour, so that no business could be done; and they hissed the solicitor. And at night was mighty rejoicing, in ringing of bells, discharging of guns, lighting of candles, and bonfires in several places, though forbid, and watchmen went about to take an account of such as made them: a joyful deliverance to the church of England." A much more joyful deliverance than that for which poor Mary of Modena had just returned thanks.

A passage dated 20th October goes far to illustrate this: "An extraordinary council was held at Whitehall; where were also present queen dowager, archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops, lord Halifax, Nottingham, and other lords, together with the lord mayor and aldermen of London, the judges, &c.; where the king acquainted them of having advice of the intended landing of the Dutch, against whom he was resolved to go in person; and since he was but a man, and did not know what might be the event thereof, he was willing to leave the kingdom out of dispute about the succession; and though some ill persons had suggested that the prince of Wales was not his own son, he would demonstrably clear it, and was sorry to find any of his subjects should have so ill an opinion of him, to think he would deprive two of his own children to set up another's. Then the several witnesses who were present at the queen's delivery, or knew anything of it, were examined, about 20, who were all examined upon oaths except queen dowager: the king also declared his knowledge, and offered to send for the queen herself, but 'twas declined." Posterity, as Macaulay testifies, has fully acquitted the king of the fraud which his people imputed to him. But at the time, the cry of the whole nation was that an imposture had been practised. And Janes by no means appears to have adopted the likeliest means to prevent or to remedy the current disbelief.

Ere long there is more frequent mention of disturbances connected with the great "papal aggression" question. "On Sunday last [October] there was a great disturbance in Lime-street, at the Romish chapel there, occasioned by the priests scurrilously reflecting on the translation of our Bible." "On Sunday the 7th," again, "a disturbance happened at the popish chapel in Lime-street; swords were drawn, and the rabble got [in], so that the lord mayor came with the constables, and was forced to disperse them: the like happened at the chapel in Bucklersbury." "The 29th, the mobile were got up, and proceeded to pulling down the mass house in Bucklersbury, and seized several things therein, and burnt them." "The lord mayor and sheriffs were sent for to Whitehall, to give an account of that outrage committed at Bucklersbury by the rabble, and commanded to prevent the like again." "The 11th [November] the rabble assembled in a tumultuous manner at St. John's, Clerkenwell, the popish monastery there, on a report of gridirons, spits, great cauldrons, &c., to destroy protestants: they began some outrageous acts, till the horse and foot guards were sent to suppress them; 'tis said they killed some first." Four days later occurs the significant entry: "All the Romish chapels in

this town are shut up except their majesties, queen dowager's, and those of foreign ambassadors." The Prince of Orange had been on English ground now for a week and more, and was steadily advancing towards the capital.

For in vain "his majesty hath put out a proclamation, forbidding and admonishing all persons not to publish, disperse, or repeat any of the papers or declarations of the prince of Orange, nor to read, receive, conceal, or keep the same." Seceders from Stuart are pouring in to Orange. James is bewildered, distressed, perplexed in the extreme. Without are fightings, within are fears. Mind and body both are ill at ease. He goes to Salisbury, and soon after his arrival is "taken with a sudden and violent bleeding at the nose, which," says Luttrell, "much disordered him, but having been since let blood, he was much better." We hear of this bleeding at the nose on many an after occasion. Meantime all is in confusion. The sceptre in the hand of Queen Mary's effigies, in the Royal Exchange, suddenly falls out of the same, and reminds the superstitious of the jewels that fell from her husband's crown at the coronation—twin omens to begin and end a reign. The Lord Chancellor Jeffreys "is privately packing up his things, and removing some of them." "Father Petres hath packed up several great chests from Whitehall, and sent them away." And the announcement that "the prince of Orange advances towards London by very slow marches, lying at gentlemen's houses by the way," is immediately followed by the intelligence that "Father Petres is now quite gone, and retired beyond sea." The wiser man he. Happier herein than the lord chancellor, who had been packing up to less purpose. December opens with the news that "the lord chancellor Jeffreys hath given over housekeeping at his house, and hath father Petres' lodgings at Whitehall." A bad neighbourhood, your lordship, and worse will come of it.

December days darken and draw in, and the king's forces retreat before his son-in-law. The queen and Prince of Wales are sent off. And at last, "things growing more to a fervent [ferment], and all tending towards the prince [of Orange], the king went the 10th at night to Somerset House, and stayed with queen dowager some time; and at 2 in the morning, on the 11th, he took water privately, and went down the river, in order to going beyond sea."

"The 12th, the lord Jeffreys was taken at Wapping in a seaman's habit, making his escape, and was committed to the Tower by warrant from the lords." . . . "His majesty, since his stay at Feversham, was taken with a sudden great fit of bleeding at the nose." Sleeping (not that he slept much) at Rochester on the 15th, James returns to London next day in his coach, attended by his guards. He is vacillating, irresolute; wavering like the sea, that is driven of the wind and tossed. Luttrell now gives "a report that the king hath constituted the prince of Orange captain general of all his forces by sea and land." But on the 17th the prince sends to advise his majesty to retire from town, for fear of the rabble; and James is accordingly off again for Rochester. On the 23rd, "about two in the morning, his majesty privately withdrew himself from Rochester, and, 'tis supposed, is gone for France." Before the month (and with it the year) closes, Luttrell is able to state that "King James is arrived safely in France, and the French king hath sent some guards to

conduct him safely to the queen." Not a reflection does Narcissus drop, but writes on, and "makes no sign" of emotion painful or the reverse. Just the man to keep a diary, and to be depended upon for the cold accuracy of its contents.

William being "his majesty" now, the allusions to James become fitly few and far between. We are kept informed, however, of letters from France which "say that the king and queen are very kindly received by the French king, and are at the palace at St. Germain's" (Jan., 1688-9). "The king of England [for William and Mary are not yet, January, proclaimed] continues at St. Germain's, and hath lately had a violent fit of bleeding again." In March, too, "letters from Paris say that the late king James [William and Mary are proclaimed now], in his way to Brest, was taken with a paralytic fit, and a violent bleeding for some time." But a few days later, "letters from Ireland bring an account that the late king James arrived the 12th of this month at Kinsale in Ireland, with some French officers and money." The allusions to his martial proceedings across the Channel become of course pretty frequent and full. Luttrell thus reports his behaviour at the Battle of the Boyne: "King James did not engage at all in this action (as King William did, who was up and down in the hottest of the action, to encourage his men and urge them forward by his own example, not to be afraid to venture where he thought fit to expose himself), but was upon a hill at some distance; and when he saw how it went, he retired to Dublin, and lay there that night, and the next morning early left that city and went towards Waterford, declaring he would never trust an Irish army more" (July, 1690). Henceforth we now and then hear of a new declaration from him, or correspondence with him, or transmission of arms and money to him—but that not much. Luttrell's interest in him flags. But there is occasionally some such curt and significant entry as the following (Nov., 1694): "The French king hath retrenched king James's allowance." In January, 1694-5, we hear that "king James had sent to Versailles by the earl of Middleton to notify the death of his eldest daughter the princess of Orange [Queen Mary]." In the beginning of 1695-6 James is reported at Calais, preparing for a descent on England; and in March "foreign letters say king James has ordered all his officers and domestics, which he left at St. Germain's, to attend him at Boulogne, where he will reside all this campaign, to keep the English in a continual alarm, and break the measures of the confederates in Flanders." But in October the story is "that the late king James is highly caressed at Fontainebleau by the French court"—another inefficient essay towards keeping the English in continual alarm. With the new year he publishes "a manifesto to all the princes of Christendom, intreating them to restore him to the possession of his throne"—now getting a rather hopeless business, and hardly to be had for the asking. A new century begins, and the old ex-king is not getting younger or stronger. "On Sunday," we read in the diary of March, 1700-1, "came an express from lord Manchester at Paris, advising that king James was the 5th instant taken with an apoplectic fit, and dead for some time [so our Narcissus phrases it, whatever my Lord Manchester may have done]; after which [*i. e.* after being dead some time] was seized with the dead palsy on one side, and supposed could not live many days." But on the 13th, "Paris letter

say, king James is so well recovered of the apoplexy and [the *post mortem*] palsy, that he is gone to the waters of Bourbon." In August, however, "letters yesterday from lord Manchester advise, that king James was seized with another fainting fit as he was at mass, and carried away speechless." And in September, "the last letters from Paris advise, that the late king James lay 2 days in a lethargy, and died on Friday the 5th instant. He ordered that a stone with only this inscription should be laid upon his tomb in the church at St. Germain's, *Jacobus Rex Angliæ*." That tombstone sealed up the sorrows of the aged exile—sorrows which fretted him sorely as he brooded over the present and the past, and of which he might say to William in the language of Richard to Bolingbroke,

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done;

Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:

The cares I give, I have, though given away;

They 'tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

A FISHERMAN'S FIFTH LETTER TO HIS CHUM IN INDIA.

WHAT an intolerable bore, my dear Harry, is the packing up of one's traps, rods, tying materials, tackle, &c., when returning from a fishing trip at some good river. How different are one's feelings with the prospect of sport in perspective. Then, you can't have too many things, for your imaginary wants are innumerable, and everything that you can think of finds a welcome place in your fishing-box, the half of which, let you stay ever so long, you never make use of; now, you can scarcely find room for anything: this paper of hackles, that of all kinds of feathers, &c. &c., cannot be worth keeping, as we never used them the whole time we were here. These, and sundry other things, became the property of Jim, who, of course, came to see us off. He did all he could to persuade us to stay, declaring that the peel could run over the weir for the next week, unless the river ran down much quicker than usual. The lying rascal! there would not be a drop of water going over the dam the evening we started; but, of course, poor devil, he was most anxious that we should stay, as he did not often get the chance of more than a day or two's fishing at a time with gentlemen; the rest of the days, until he gets another job, I fear are spent in drinking the little he may have gained from his previous employers. I scarcely ever met one of this class of men who was not a drunkard. Their life, to people born in their situation, is one of intense idleness: an hour or two in the mornings, and the days when the rivers are not in order for fishing, are spent

in tying flies and making tackle. These they find a ready sale for, as they generally know the colours and patterns that suit the rivers in their immediate neighbourhood; and as most of the materials are given them, they can afford to sell them at half the price that you can buy them at in the shops. With all these imperfections in character, how gladly, however, a stranger avails himself of the services of one of these idlers. Jim was as good a specimen as you generally meet with, and is a most civil creature. I enlisted him to assist me in tying up my rods, &c., and managed, with a little trouble, to pack everything. We had to make a very early start of it, in order to catch the train from Limerick that would enable us to reach — in time to sail the same evening. At 4 A.M. we put ourselves into an inside car, and started for the railway. We arrived in good time, and, for a wonder, the train was pretty punctual, and all went well, and we had time to make a comfortable dinner at — before going on board the steamer.

Our voyage homeward was not so prosperous as our former one, for we found ourselves in a boat literally crammed with nearly every kind of domestic animal. We had about 180 head of cattle, a horse or two, nearly 700 sheep, and about 200 pigs on board. The deck was so crowded with these poor creatures that they were almost standing on one another; the hold of the vessel was also filled with them. This was not the entire cargo, for there was about fifty tons, so I was told, of bacon and butter stowed away somewhere. Had it not been tolerably calm weather, we should have stood a good chance of going down to Davy's locker. As it was, with a dead fair wind all the way, we were eight hours after our time. I need not add that we had beef, mutton, and pork on board when we landed. This is certainly one of the great drawbacks to the Irish steamers (except the mail packets, which, I believe, are restricted within reason for their live cargo) *en route* to England; the other way they appear to carry little or nothing. We had, however, no great cause for complaint after all, for both the captain of the vessel and the railway people were very civil, and forwarded all the passengers by special train, so as to enable them to reach their destinations with as little delay as possible.

We arrived again at the little inn at — without further adventure, and were told no one had been fishing there since we left, except old H., and Negro, of course. G. wished me to write again for leave to fish at the mill where I killed the big trout. I told him I thought we had general permission granted us when we last applied, but he differed with me. So, to avoid any unpleasantness, I despatched a messenger forthwith for it, as G. proposed we should try that part of the river on the following day. We then sauntered about until dinner was ready. We had scarcely finished our repast before the messenger returned, bringing a very small note, which was not, as I thought, from the miller, but from the daughter of the old dame to whom the mill belonged. Her husband, it appeared, had been dead some time, leaving her very well off, with an only daughter. G. seemed most anxious to know the contents of the epistle, which ran thus:

"SIR,—I fear my mother must have explained herself badly when last you asked permission to fish here. I am certain it was her wish

that you and your friend should enjoy your sport whenever you pleased. As she may not be at home until late, I have taken the liberty of answering your note.

"LUCY."

It was written on very nice note-paper, and in a very pretty hand. G. asked me to let him see it, and must have found more to study in it than I did, for he read it over about twenty times, and then put it into his pocket. I was rather curious to know the cause of all this, but thought probably the next day might enlighten me, so I asked him no questions. The following morning, on going out, the first person we saw lounging against the arch of the entrance to the yard was Tim, accompanied by his whole pack. He expressed great delight at seeing us back again, and kindly offered us the enjoyment of a badger bait, saying there was one in the town that had beaten every dog brought against him, but that he thought Shakum would draw him, and he had wagered a gallon of ale on the result of the contest. Not, however, having any especial partiality for that very gentlemanlike amusement, I declined the honour. I thought, perhaps, that G. might wish to renew his friend's acquaintance under a new diversion, but he did not wish to join Tim's party either, being, he said, much more inclined for fishing, as he was certain we should have great sport at the mill. The wind, too, he announced, suited exactly. This last remark was rather a bad shot, since it happened that the wind could not have been in a worse quarter for that part of the river; but it was evidently G.'s intention to fish at the mill and nowhere else, so, as I was more or less his guest there, he having originally got me leave to fish the river, I of course submitted, and off we started. We tried three or four fine streams on the way down, and I believe, had we remained there, that we should have had a grand day's sport; the alder-fly was well on the water, and the trout were taking it greedily, and some very fine fellows there were among them; but G. hurried over his work, and seemed quite vexed when I detained him once for about ten minutes to land a fine trout for me of nearly four pounds' weight, which I hooked in the second stream, and which, together with three others, all above two pounds, I extracted in less than an hour, to say nothing of several smaller ones that I put in again.

At about one o'clock we reached the foot bridge just below the mill, and there G. took up his station, and commenced fishing from it, over a ford where carts were passing about fifty times a day, and certainly in a locality where he could not expect to catch anything much longer than his thumb. I tried the stream below the mill with a minnow, and killed three fine trout out of it. I thought it would be but polite to go into the mill and thank the kind old lady who had been so civil in giving us leave, and to offer her a dish of trout. To this G. most readily assented, and we accordingly knocked at the door.

As soon as it was opened, the cause of G.'s wish to fish that part of the river was explained. A finer creature than the fair maid of the mill I have seldom seen. She received us with a smile and curtesy that some of our grand ladies would do well to imitate. She begged us to walk in and take some refreshment. Her mother, she said, was not yet returned from some visit of charity, but she was sure she would be in shortly, as it

was near their dinner-hour. Down we sat in Lucy's sanctum. This little room was neatness itself. A pretty book-case full of nice tiny volumes, each looking as if it was conscious of contributing its share to form the mind of its fair possessor. I took one out and carelessly opened it—it was Longfellow's poems—but soon found myself looking at its owner instead of the pages. "Do you find anything amusing in that book, captain?" said the monkey, with a most wicked smile playing about her pretty little mouth. I felt I was fairly caught, and put down the book. As for poor G., he seemed quite like a fish out of water, and never took his eyes off the fair Lucy for an instant; and truly she is something indeed to look upon. I could not help thinking what a sensation she would have created, if suddenly placed in a London drawing-room, in her beautifully-made cotton dress and little, plain, straw bonnet, with the bright blush of health upon her cheek, looking clear

As morning roses newly washed with dew.

She had been arranging the flowers in her garden, and the exercise had a little heightened her natural colour. She indeed looked lovely. Her character is what you could but expect from such a countenance—noble, kind, and affectionate. Her friends are among the poor, the afflicted, and the suffering; in fact, she is adored in her little circle. She seldom leaves home, even for a day. The only house she ever sleeps a night in, is the kind old rector's. When I mentioned her to him, the Sunday after I had seen her, he said, almost with tears in his eyes at the thought, "When she goes, the poor lose their guardian angel." He told me, also, that he had educated her entirely himself, with his own daughter, and that her mind is well stored and finely cultivated—but really I think I had better stop my pen, or you will think that it is myself and not G. that has fallen in love with poor Lucy. I cannot, however, in conscience say that I was in any hurry to begin fishing again, so determined to await the arrival of the widow and join them at their dinner. It was not long before she came; she was the image of her daughter, changed by the ruthless hand of time into a kind old lady, for lady she was in all her ideas and expressions, though not born in what the world would call that position. Her welcome was courteous, frank, and polite, and she did the honours of her little repast with a quiet dignity that made you feel you were in the presence of one who possessed all the highest qualities of our nature. I seldom passed a pleasanter hour than in the quiet little sanctum, for at that time the mill was not at work.

When the good old dame rose and said she regretted she was obliged to leave us, as she had business that required her immediate attendance, we of course rose also to take our departure. Lucy told us they always dined at that hour, and she hoped, whenever we fished that part of the river, we would come and partake of their humble fare. What a little paradise is that wild spot. You cannot picture to yourself a fairer scene. The bright, shining, rocky stream trickling through a valley which looks like some fairy garden; the high rocky bank on the one side, covered with every wild shrub and flower, their varied colours painting the landscape in nature's most beautiful colours, and the perfumed fragrance of the air from the wild hyacinth and the fair and drooping lily, almost overpowers you with its sweetness. A water-mill is

at all times a most picturesque object, but with the background as I have just described it, and the neat little garden in the front, this is as sweet a spot as the eye of man could ever wish to rest upon.

G. and I sat for nearly an hour after we left the mill, gazing on the scene, never thinking of throwing a line; in fact, it would have been useless. The wind, that G. had pronounced so good, would not, where we were, have stirred a gossamer; but had it been the best day for fishing that ever came out of the heavens, I don't think G. would have tried it just then. I could have a shrewd guess of what was passing in his mind, as he was singing in a low warble Moore's lines:

You who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes look but on her
And blush while you blame.
Hath the clear pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
From growing near earth?

Although perhaps unkind, I thought it best to disturb his reverie, so roused him by announcing my intention of fishing homewards, and telling him that the next time the wind was in that quarter we had better not fish at the mill. On our way home I stopped on the bridge. I chanced to look up at the mill, and I saw a smiling face nodding a kind adieu. This, I doubt not, accounted for the careful manner in which G. thought it necessary to fish the ford in the morning. Ah, Harry, this reminds me of old times,

When we went a gipsying—a long time ago!

We did but little execution with the trout on our way down, until I arrived at the stream where I killed the four-pound fish in the morning. Here I soon got hold of a very fine fish, but, unfortunately, in a very difficult place to land him, and after playing him about five minutes, he ran down, entangled one of my drop flies in a bed of weeds, and wished me good afternoon, taking with him my stretcher fly, on which he had been hooked. We brought about a dozen nice trout home with us; but, indeed, we neither of us stuck very closely to our work.

The next day, Friday, we tried the streams. I fished the first day of my former visit, and had some capital sport, chiefly with the dottrel fly, as there was a nice light drizzling rain, but we neither of us killed a very large fish. G. had the best of it, having two that weighed upwards of three pounds each, while I had no one that was more than two and a quarter.

About noon, Roving Tim made his appearance, with the entire pack at his heels as usual. He was in search of an otter that had been seen in that part of the river a day or two before; he was very anxious that we should accompany him, as he said he was nearly certain we should find the warmint. I was more than half inclined to continue fishing, for the trout were rising well, but G., who was as restless as a pig before a hurricane, said he was anxious for another hunt, so we wound up our rods and accompanied our friend. We tried both sides of the river for at

least a mile and a half, without coming on the scent of anything. then suggested that we had better try some other day, as it was very clear, if this was the usual abode of the otter, that he was gone out visiting. On our return down, Billy, the unfortunate brute which I had mentioned to you in my last had lost his two toes in a rabbit-trap, came on the trail of something. We were at first of course under the impression that it was the otter, and were on the *qui vive* directly, being all excitement in the prospect of a chase. It, however, turned out to be only a polecat, which had probably come down on a ratting expedition. Billy gave one shake at him, and tough as those little beasts are, it was dead in an instant. How strange it is that men of Tim's class always manage to have the best terriers to be found anywhere. I suppose constant practice and short commons make them take so readily to their work, and do it so well. Two water-rats, killed in equally good style with the polecat, constituted our bag. When we got down to the streams it was too late to commence fishing again, and we were both tired, having had a long walk, with some distance before us to trudge home.

On our way we found old H. at his accustomed post, but I did not see him doing anything. He seemed to anticipate a row between our pack and the Nigger, so was preparing to decamp; but we called the lot together, and kept their unruly spirits in proper subjection. Had they attacked the poor old dog they would have killed him in three minutes.

On Saturday it occasionally rained in torrents, with gleams of sunshine between the showers. We nevertheless took our rods and went up to the mill. I went above to the deep water, where I killed the large trout whose death I endeavoured to describe to you in a former letter. When I had been fishing there about ten minutes, I saw Lucy in her little garden. She had run out between the showers to take a peep at her favourites. She came and asked me to go in; but I rather wished to try the dam, as there was a little curl on it just then, so I persuaded her to remain a short time to see me fish. She told me that John (one of the men at the mill) said there was a very fine trout a little higher up the river, and she thought she could show me the spot. So up we toddled.

I never saw a nicer spot for a big fellow than the place Lucy pointed out. I soon baited a nice minnow, and the gallant fellow made a splendid run at it the moment that I drew it past his habitation, and away with him to the centre of the river, where he threw a beautiful somersault, much to Lucy's delight, who was as pleased as a child with a new toy. He was a fine sporting fish, and gave me ten minutes' very pretty diversion, leaping several times completely out of the water. Finding, then, that he was beat, I asked Lucy if she thought she could land him for me. She said she had never even seen one landed, but she would try. I brought him close to the bank, intending to let him drop into the net, which I had made Lucy place in a very convenient position; but she was too anxious, and instead of waiting patiently, as I told her, she brought the net up to the fish, and before he was far enough in, raised the trout about two feet out of the water, when down it fell and broke my foot-link, and away it went. Poor Lucy was at first quite distressed at this disaster, as she was sure it must have been a

great disappointment to me to lose so fine a fish, and blamed her clumsiness for it. But a minute subsequently she said she was very glad that the poor thing had got away, as she would have been quite unhappy afterwards if she had assisted in its death. I did not tell her that the fish had taken two triangles and a lip-hook in his mouth, or I don't think she would have slept for a week. It was a noble fish, and must have weighed close upon seven pounds.

But where was G. all this time, for he did not come up until some minutes after the loss of the trout. I could have guessed, but soon knew for certain, for Lucy, with the same monkey look that she gave me when she caught me peeping over the book at her, asked him if he had had any sport on the ford.

It now came on to rain again, and we had to make a smart run of it to reach the mill in time to save a wet jacket. We went in and spent nearly an hour there, then started, fishing homewards to the inn. We had but little sport on the way: the fish, by their manner of rising, evidently expected a flood; those we did take bled a great deal, and felt quite warm on coming out of the water, which are two invariable signs of heavy rain.

As I expected, the river was bank-high on Sunday, it having rained in torrents all night; but the day was fine. Monday the water was too thick for the fly, so we spun the minnow all day, and between us bagged nineteen trout, one of five pounds, which G. caught when I was not near him. A shepherd's boy landed it for him, after having twice let it out of the net by trying to lift it instead of dragging the net out of the water, a fault of which too many who ought to know better, I am sorry to say, are guilty.

Before leaving on Tuesday morning we walked down to the mill, to wish Lucy good-by. She looked quite sad when we told her we were going away that afternoon, for we had not mentioned it to her on Saturday. I went out to the garden to shake hands with the widow and thank her for her great civility. On my return I found the young couple looking anything but happy.

"Come, G., we must be off," said I, and gave my hand to the fair Lucy. I was really very sorry to think I might, perhaps, never see that sweet face again. She will long remember my young friend, or I'm much mistaken. But "the old fisherman" will remember her when he is long forgotten.

This is a full and true account of our fishing, Harry, and very good it was, in my opinion, considering that one of the party at least was decidedly thinking of something, or rather somebody else, all the time, which did not assist much to fill the bag, or add greatly to the conviviality of our evenings, as G.'s chief amusement was heaving sighs that would have started a seventy-four from her moorings.

A MIDNIGHT DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED-COURT FARM."

A GENIAL Christmas-eve, bright and frosty, and merrily blazed the fire in a comfortable kitchen of one of the best houses in a country village. It was the residence of the surgeon, and he was out on his wedding tour, having just espoused his third wife.

They were expected home that night, and preparations for the following day's feast were active, being presided over by the housekeeper, Mrs. Muff, a staid, respectable personage, far above the grade of a common servant. She was very busy, standing at the table, when the surgeon's tiger (we must still call him so, though he had recently assumed the garb of a footman) came into the kitchen, drew a chair right in front of the great fire, and sat down, as if he meant to roast himself.

"John," said Mrs. Muff, "I'll trouble you to move from there."

John sat on, without stirring.

"Do you hear?" repeated the housekeeper. "I want to come to the fire every minute, and how can I do so, with you planted there?"

"What a shame it is!" grumbled John, drawing himself and his chair away, for he was completely under the dominion of Mrs. Muff. "Whoever heard of cooking a dinner the night afore you want to eat it?—except the pudding."

"I must put things forward, and do what can be done: there will be too much left for to-morrow, even then, with all the Chavasses dining here. For I don't stop away from morning service on Christmas-day. I never did yet."

The tiger screwed up his mouth, as if giving vent to a long whistle: taking care that no sound of it reached the ears of Mrs. Muff.

"You can take the christmas and dress the rooms. Saving enough, mind, for the kitchen. And then, John, you can lay the cloth in the dining-room, and carry in the tea-things."

"There's lots of time for that," returned John.

"It has struck eight, and Mr. Castonel's letter said nine. Do as I bid you."

She was interrupted by the sound of young voices, rising in song, outside.

"There's another set!" cried John, indignantly. "That makes the third lot we have had here to-night."

"When they have finished, you may look out and bring me word how many there are," said Mrs. Muff.

John left the kitchen, his arms full of holly and ivy. Presently he came back.

"There's no less than five of them little devils."

Mrs. Muff, with a stern reprimand, dived into her pockets, and brought forth five halfpence. "Give them one apiece, John."

"If it was me, now, as was missis, instead of you, I should favour 'em with a bucket of water from a up-stairs window," was John's response, as he ungraciously took the halfpence. "They'll only go and send others."

Suppose master and missis and the new carriage should just drive up, and find them rascallions a squeaking round the door!"

"Christmas would not be Christmas without its carols," returned Mrs. Muff. "I remember, the first winter you were down here, you came on the same errand to old Mr. Winninton's, and got a mince-pie and a penny out of me."

"Ah," replied John, "but I was a young donkey then."

It was past ten when the carriage rolled up to the door. John flew to open it, and Mrs. Muff, in her black silk gown and white apron, stood in the hall, drawing on her leather mittens. Frances, Mrs. Castonel, happy and blooming, sprang from the carriage and entered her new home. Mrs. Muff led the way to the dining-room. It looked bright and cheering, with its large fire, its blazing lamp, and well-spread table, half supper, half tea. "I will go up-stairs first," said the young bride, "and take these wraps off."

Mr. Castonel came in, a slight man of middle height, scarcely yet five-and-thirty, and the tiger followed him. "Well, John," said he, "how has Mr. Rice got on with the patients?"

"Pretty well, sir. None of 'em be dead, and some be well. But they have been a grumbling."

"Grumbling! What about?"

"They say if a doctor gets married, he has no right to go away like other folks, and that this is the third time you have served 'em so. It was gouty old Flockaway said the most. He have had another attack; and he was so cranky Mr. Rice wouldn't go anigh him, and he can't abear Mr. Tuck."

The surgeon laughed. "What's coming in for tea, John?"

"Some muffins, sir. And Mrs. Muff says she knows as that will be one of the best tongues you have cut into."

"Fetch in what there is to come. It is late."

As the tiger withdrew, Mrs. Castonel entered. Her husband's arms were open to receive her. "Oh, Gervase," she exclaimed, "how kind of you to have everything in such beautiful order for me!"

"Welcome, a thousand times welcome to your home, my love!" he whispered. "May it ever appear to you as bright as it does now!"

Loving words; loving manner! But, alas! they had been proffered before, with the same apparently earnest sincerity: once to Caroline Hall, and again to sweet Ellen Leicester.

"If you don't send in them muffins, ma'am, without further delay, master says he'll know the reason why," was the tiger's salutation to Mrs. Muff.

She was buttering them, and listening to Hannah's account of the journey, who had attended Mrs. Castonel. She turned to give him the plate, but stopped and started, for the church bells had rung out a joyous peal.

"It cannot be midnight!" she exclaimed.

"Midnight!" sarcastically echoed the tiger. "It wants a good hour and a half o' that. There's the clock afore you."

"Then what possesses the bells?"

"Well, you be rightly named," returned the tiger, "for you be a muff, a out-and-outer. Them bells is for master and missis; not for Christmas.

I know. The ringers is sitting up, and heerd the carriage rattle up the street. Hark, how they are a clapping the steam on! They'll think to get a double Christmas-box from master."

Just before Mr. Castonel went to his room that night, the bells again struck out. They were ringing-in Christmas. He stood and listened to them, a peculiar expression in his unfathomable eyes, in his passionless face, whose emotions were so completely under control. Was he speculating upon what the next year should bring forth, ere those Christmas bells should again sound? The next year! The clock struck out: he counted its strokes: Twelve! Then he took his candle and went up-stairs. And the bells began again.

"A merry Christmas to you, Frances," he said, as he entered the chamber; "a merry Christmas, and plenty of them."

"Thank you," she laughed. "I think it must be good luck to have it wished to me the moment it comes in."

While she was speaking, a loud summons was heard at the house door. It was a messenger for Mr. Castonel, from one of his best patients. He hurried out, and Mrs. Castonel composed herself to sleep.

A singular dream visited Mrs. Castonel. She thought she was sporting, in her girlhood's days, in her father's large old garden, with her companions, Caroline Hall and Ellen Leicester. How gay they were, how *happy*: for the sense of present happiness was greater than ever Frances had experienced in reality; ay, although she had married where she passionately loved. They were dressed as if for a rejoicing, all in white, but the materials of her own attire appeared to be of surpassing richness. A table, laid out for feasting, was lighted by a lamp; but a lamp that gave a most brilliant and unearthly light, overpowering the glare of day. The table and lamp in her own dining-room that night had probably given the colouring to this part of her dream. The garden was not exactly like her father's, either; in form alone it bore a resemblance to it; it was more what Frances had sometimes imagined of Eden: flowers, birds, light, and the sensation of joyous gladness, all were too beautiful for earth. The banquet appeared to be waiting for them, whilst they waited the presence of another. He came; and it was Gervase Castonel. He advanced with a smile for all, and beckoned them to take their places at table. A fierce jealousy arose in Frances's heart: what business had he to smile upon the others? But, imperceptibly, the others were gone; without Frances having noticed the manner of their departure. The old happiness came back again; the ecstatic sense of bliss in the present; and she put her arm within his, to walk round that lovely garden. Then she remembered her companions, and asked Mr. Castonel where they had gone. He said he would show her; and, approaching a door in the hedge, pushed it open. Frances looked out, and the fearful contrast to the lovely spot she had quitted, struck the most terrifying agony to her breast; for, beyond, all was utter darkness. She shrank back with a shudder, but Mr. Castonel, with a fiendish laugh, pushed her through, and a voice called out, "To your doom! to your doom!" If *his* voice, it was much altered. Frances awoke with the horror, but the most heavenly music was sounding in her ears; so heavenly, that it chased away her terror, and she thought herself again in that happy garden.

She half opened her eyes; she was but half awake, and still were heard

the strains of that sweet music. Had she gone to sleep, and woke up in heaven? for surely such music was never heard on earth. *It was the thought that occurred to her, in her half-conscious state.* The music died away in the air, and Frances sat up in bed, and rubbed her eyes, and wondered; and just then Mr. Castonel returned. "What is it?" she cried, bewildered, "what is it?"

"The Waits," replied Mr. Castonel. "What did you think it was, Frances?"

"Only the Waits!" And then, with a rushing fear, came back the dreadful part of her ominous dream; and she broke into sobs, and strove to tell it him.

But these night-terrors pass away with the glare of day: sometimes pass and leave no sign, even in the remembrance.

The heads and eyes of Ebury were turned towards a gay and handsome chariot that went careering down the street, attended by its coachman and footman. A lady and gentleman were in it, she in brilliant attire: Mr. and Mrs. Castonel were returning their wedding visits. It stopped at the gate of the rectory.

"Don't stay long, Frances," he whispered to her. "I always feel frozen into stone when I am in the presence of those two old people."

Mrs. Castonel smiled, and sailed into the rectory drawing-room, in all her finery; but she really did, for a moment, forget her triumph, when she saw the saddened look of poor Mrs. Leicester, and the mourning robes still worn for Ellen. Mrs. Leicester had not paid, as it is called, the wedding visit; she had felt unequal to it; her card and an apology of illness had been her substitutes. Frances sat five minutes, and from thence the carriage was ordered to her old home. It encountered Mr. Hurst: he took off his hat, and the red colour flushed his cheek. Frances alone returned his bow.

Mrs. Chavasse was in no pleasant temper. She was grumbling at her husband, because he had kept the dinner waiting. He was standing before the fire, in his velvet coat and leather gaiters, warming his frostbitten hands.

"I can't help it," said he. "If I were to neglect Lord Eastberry's business, he would soon get another steward, and where would you all be then? You have been making calls, I suppose, Frances."

"Only at the rectory, papa."

Mr. Chavasse turned sharply round from the fire, and faced his daughter.

"The rectory! In that trim!"

Frances felt annoyed. "What trim? What do you mean, papa?"

"I should have gone in a quiet way, to call there," returned Mr. Chavasse. "Gone afoot, and left some of those gewgaws and bracelets at home. You might have stepped in and taken a quiet cup of tea with them: anything like that."

"In the name of wonder, what for?" sharply spoke up Mrs. Chavasse.

"Frances has gone just as I should have gone."

Mr. Chavasse did not continue the subject. "Will you stay and have some dinner, Frances?"

"And eat it half cold," interposed Mrs. Chavasse.

"I would not stay for the world, papa. I have other calls to make

and Emily Lomax is coming to dine with me afterwards, that we may lay down the plans for my ball. It will be such a beautiful ball, papa: the best ever given in Ebury."

"Mind you have plenty of wax-lights, Frances," advised her mother.

"Oh, I shall have everything; lights, and hot-house plants, and champagne in abundance. Gervase lets me have it all my own way."

"Do not begin that too soon," said Mr. Chavasse, nodding at his son-in-law.

"Where's the use of contradiction?" laughed the surgeon, as they rose to leave:

"For when a woman will, she will, depend on't,
And when she won't, she won't; and there's an end on't."

Frances Castonel was just then the envy of Ebury, at least of all who considered ease and gaiety the only happiness of life. Parties at home, parties abroad; dress, jewels, equipage, show; not a care clouded her countenance, not a doubt of the future fell on her mind; and the shadows, of those who were gone, haunted her not.

One wet day, at an early hour, when she was not likely to meet other visitors, Mrs. Leicester called. She had thought, by delay, to gain composure; but it failed her; and, after greeting Frances, she placed her hands on her face, and burst into bitter tears.

"You must forgive me, Frances," she sobbed. "The last time I entered this house, it was for the purpose of seeing my child in her coffin."

Frances felt dreadfully uncomfortable, wondering what she could say, and wishing the visit was over. As ill luck would have it, she had been hunting in a lumber closet that morning, and had come upon a painting and two drawings, done by the late Mrs. Castonel. One of them bore her name in the corner, "Ellen Castonel." Frances had carried them down in her hand, and put them on the table, wishing, now, she had put them in the fire instead.

"These are poor Ellen's," exclaimed Mrs. Leicester, as her eye fell on them. "She did them just before her death. I have wondered what became of them, but did not like to ask. Would you mind giving me one, Frances? This, with her name on it: it is her own writing."

"All, take them all, dear Mrs. Leicester."

"I would thankfully do so, but perhaps Mr. Castonel values them."

"Indeed, no," answered Frances, with inexcusable want of consideration; "you may depend he has never looked at them since they were done. I rummaged them out of an old lumber closet this morning."

Mrs. Leicester took the drawings in silence, and then took the hand of Frances. "I am but a poor hand at compliments now," she murmured, "but I entreat you to believe, Frances, that you have my best wishes for your happiness, as sincerely as I wished it for my own child. May you and Mr. Castonel be happy."

About this time, rumours began to be circulated in Ebury, that a medical gentleman, who was formerly in practice in it, was about to return.

"You had better take care of your p's and q's," cried old Flockaway one day to Mr. Rice. "If it's true that Ailsa is coming back, I wouldn't give a hundred a year for the practice that will be left for Mr. Castonel."

"How so?" demanded the assistant-surgeon, who had been a stranger to the place when Mr. Ailsa was in it. "Mr. Castonel is liked here."

"Liked in other folks's absence," groaned old Flockaway, who was a martyr to the gout. "He has had nobody to oppose him, so has had full swing. But just let Ailsa come, and you'll see. All Ebury will tell you that Castonel is not fit to tie his shoes."

"I suppose there is room for both of them."

"There'll be more room for one than the other," persisted the martyr. "If a royal duke came and set up doctoring here, he'd get no custom against Ailsa."

The news proved true; and Mr. Ailsa and his family arrived at his house, which had been let during his absence. An unassuming, gentlemanlike man, with a placid countenance. "Little Tuck," his usual appellation, an undersized little fellow with a squeaking voice, who had once been an apprentice under Mr. Ailsa, was the first to run in to see him.

"We are all so glad to see you back, sir," he said, insensibly falling into his old, respectful mode of speech. "Mrs. Ailsa is looking well too."

"I am well," she answered. "No more need of foreign climates for me. But you must have plenty of news to tell us about Ebury."

"Oh, law!" echoed little Tuck, "I shan't know where to begin. First of all, I am living here. Second assistant to Mr. Castonel."

"You had set up for yourself in Brenton when I left," observed the surgeon.

"Yes, but it didn't answer," replied Mr. Tuck, with a doleful look. "I'm afraid I kept too many horses. So I thought the shortest way would be to cut it, before any smash came; and I sold off, and came over here, and hired myself to Mr. Castonel."

"He has played a conspicuous part in Ebury, has he not, this Mr. Castonel?"

"Yes, he has. He came dashing down here from London, with a cab and a tiger and two splendid horses; and got all the practice away from poor old Winninton, and married his niece against his will. When Mr. Winninton died, folks said it was of a broken heart."

"And then she died, did she not?" said Mrs. Ailsa.

"She did. Mr. Castonel's next move was to run away with Ellen Leicester. And she died."

"What did they die of?" asked the doctor.

"I can't tell," replied Mr. Tuck. "I asked Rice one day, and he said he never knew; he could not make it out. They had both been ill but were recovering, and went off suddenly in convulsions. And now he has married Frances Chavasse."

"I should have felt afraid to try him," laughed Mrs. Ailsa.

"Oh, was she though!" responded the little man. "She and her mother were all cock-a-hoop over it, and have looked down on Ebury ever since. They'll hardly speak to me in the street. Frances served out poor Hurst, I'm afraid. I know he was wild after her."

"Who is Hurst?"

"The curate. Poor Mr. Leicester is no longer able to take the duty. Ellen's running away with Mr. Castonel nearly did him up, and her death finished it. I fear he is on his last legs."

"What sort of a man is this Mr. Castonel? Do you like him?"

"I don't. I don't understand him."

"Not understand him?"

"I don't," repeated Mr. Tuck, with a very decided shake of the head, "I don't understand him. He's got a look of the eye that's queer. I wish you would take me on as assistant, Mr. Ailsa. I'd come to you for half what he gives. You'll get plenty of practice back. People will be glad to return to you; for, somehow, Mr. Castonel has gone down in favour. They talk more about that strange woman."

Mr. Ailsa looked up. "What are you speaking of?"

"Well, when Mr. Castonel first came down here, she followed him, and brought a maid with her, and she has lived ever since in Beech Lodge, Squire Hardwick's gamekeeper's formerly."

"Who is she?"

"There's the puzzle. She is young, and very handsome, and quite a lady. Mr. Castonel gives out that it's a relation. He goes to see her, but nobody else does."

"Curious!" remarked Mr. Ailsa.

"By the way, you remember Mary Shipley, ma'am?"

"Yes, indeed," returned Mrs. Ailsa. "Mary was a good girl. I would have taken her abroad with me, if she could have left her father."

"Lucky for her if you had, ma'am," was the blunt rejoinder of Mr. Tuck, "for she has gone all wrong."

"Gone wrong! Mary?"

"And Mr. Castonel gets the blame. But he is a sly fellow, and some people think him a lamb. Mary tells nothing, but she appears to be sinking into a decline."

"I am grieved to hear this," returned Mrs. Ailsa. "Her mother was nurse at the Hall when we were children, and she named Mary after me."

"It appears to me," observed Mr. Ailsa, arousing himself from a reverie, "that your friend Mr. Castonel has not brought happiness to Ebury, take it for all in all."

"He has brought plenty of unhappiness and plenty of death," replied Mr. Tuck. "I don't say it is his fault," added the little man, "but it's his misfortune."

"What a row there is, over this Ailsa!" exclaimed Mr. Castonel, as he sat down that same night with his wife. "Tuck looked in just now, dancing mad with excitement, because 'Mr. Ailsa was come, and he had been sitting with him.' Who is Ailsa, pray?"

"You know, Gervase; you have often heard of him lately," replied Mrs. Castonel, answering the letter rather than the spirit of his words. "Every one is saying he will take your practice from you; even mamma thinks he will prove a formidable rival."

"What is there in him to be formidable?" slightly returned Mr. Castonel. "I'll sew him up, Frances, as I did old Winninton."

"If you mean to imply ruin by 'sewing-up,' I think not," laughed Mrs. Castonel. "He has a large fortune, and his wife is connected with half the great people of the county. She was Miss Hardwick of the Hall, and the nicest girl in the world."

The popular opinion as to Mr. Ailsa's success was not groundless: for of eighteen patients who fell ill in the next three weeks, counting rich and poor, seventeen of them went to Mr. Ailsa, though he never solicited a single case.

How the world would get on without gossip few people can tell. One day Mrs. Major Acre, who was by no means a taciturn or a cautious woman, paid a visit to Mrs. Castonel. "Now, my dear," she said to Frances, "I should recommend Mr. Castonel to call Ailsa out."

Frances glanced at her with an amused look. "Oh, the patients will come back to my husband. They will not all stop with James Ailsa."

"I don't mean that," returned Mrs. Major Acre. "Some stupid people have gone over to him, but you can't call a man out for the caprices of others. No, my dear, But James Ailsa has made very free remarks upon your husband."

"Indeed!"

"It seems Mrs. Ailsa has wormed out of Mary Shipley who it was that led her into mischief—you know the Hardwicks always took an interest in those Shipleys—and Mary has confessed to Mrs. Ailsa what she never would to any one else."

"And who was it?" asked Frances.

"Mr. Castonel."

A vivid fire rushed into the cheeks of Frances.

"And I hear Ailsa declares that, had he been in Ebury at the time, he should have taken upon himself to bring Mr. Castonel before the justices for it. They have forbidden her to let him go there any more."

"He does not go there," cried Frances, vehemently.

"I wouldn't take an oath one way or the other, but if he does, child, he'd not be likely to tell you," observed the senseless old lady. "There's no answering for men. My dead husband had a saying of his own, that he was fond of treating his brother officers to, 'Do anything you like, boys, but never let the women know it.' Meaning us wives, my dear."

Frances sat like one stupified.

"And now I am going on to your mamma's, and——"

"Oh, pray do not say anything of this to mamma," interrupted Frances, rising in excitement. "She would write word to papa, and—— pray do not, Mrs. Acre!"

"As you please, child. If I don't, other people will. It's known all over Ebury."

When Mr. Castonel entered, Frances met him with passion. "You have deceived me throughout!" she cried—"you have deceived papa! And rather than be a dupe, I would leave you and go home to live again. Papa would not let me stay here. I know his sentiments. He spoke to me about this very subject, and begged me not to marry you till it was cleared up. I will not stay here."

Mr. Castonel looked, as the saying is, taken by storm. "What on earth is the matter, Frances? I am guilty of no deceit."

"Equivocation will only make matters worse. Oh, I shall go mad! I shall go mad! To think that people should be able to say the same of me that they did of Caroline Hall and Ellen Leicester!"

Mr. Castonel's countenance flushed red, and then became deadly pale. He faltered forth, rather than spoke—"And what did they say of Caroline and Ellen?"

"That you neglected them for others."

"Oh." The perfectly negligent tone of the ejaculation, and the relieved and half mocking face, did not tend to calm the anger of Mrs. Castonel.

"I know the truth now about Mary Shipley. It has been disclosed to me to-day. Papa questioned you on that report himself, and you denied that there was truth in it."

"There was no truth in it," was the calm reply of Mr. Castonel. "Why did you not tell me what you meant, before exciting yourself thus, Frances? I could have reassured you."

We will leave Mr. Castonel to his reassuring. Merely observing that he did succeed in his task: and so fully, that his wife was ready to go down on her knees for having doubted him. Verily he possessed some subtle power, did Mr. Castonel.

June came in, and strange, strange to say, news went out to Ebury of the illness of Mrs. Castonel. Strange, because her symptoms were the same as those which had attacked Mr. Castonel's first and second wives, destroying prospects of an heir.

Mrs. Chavasse arrived in hot haste. Frances laughed at her perturbation. "You have sent for Mr. Ailsa, of course," said Mrs. Chavasse.

"Mr. Ailsa shall attend no wife of mine," was the determined rejoinder of the surgeon. "I'll see his coffin walk, first."

"Listen, Mr. Castonel. You have lost two wives; it may have been through negligence in not having good advice; I know not. You shall not lose my daughter if I can prevent it. Not an hour shall go over without further advice."

"Call in any medical man you please, except Ailsa," said Mr. Castonel. "I should wish it done."

"You have taken a prejudice against him," retorted Mrs. Chavasse. "None are so desirable, because he is on the spot."

"Ailsa shall never darken my doors. I will send an express to the county town for one or other of the physicians. Which will you have?"

"Dr. Wilson," answered Mrs. Chavasse. "And meanwhile let Mr. Rice come in."

So it was done. Mr. Rice paid a visit to Mrs. Castonel, and declared she was in no danger whatever.

"I hope not," said Mrs. Chavasse. "I think not. But past events are enough to terrify me."

"True," assented Mr. Rice.

Dr. Wilson came, in the course of the day. "No danger," he said; just as Mr. Rice had done.

The following day, however, Mrs. Castonel was worse; and, the day after that, her life was despaired of. Her own state of excitement contributed to the danger. She woke up that morning from a doze, and whether she had dreamt anything to terrify her was uncertain, but she started up in bed, her eyes glaring wildly. Mr. Castonel was then alone with her.

"Oh, Gervase, I am in danger! I know I am in danger!"

"My dear, no." For of course it was his duty to soothe her. "Calm yourself, Frances."

"Oh," she cried, clasping him in deep distress, "can I be going to

die? Must I indeed follow Ellen Leicester? I who have thought nothing of death—who deemed it so far off!”

“Be quiet, Frances, I insist upon it,” he angrily exclaimed. “You will do yourself incalculable mischief.”

“*What will my doom be?* Gervase, do you remember my dream? What have I done that I should be cut off in the midst of my happiness? But not without warning. That dream was my warning, and I neglected it!”

“Frances——”

“Yet what had they done, Caroline and Ellen? Oh, Gervase, save me! what will you do without me? Save me, save me! Let not this terrible fate be mine.”

Mr. Castonel strove to hold her still, but she shook awfully; and as to stopping her words, he might as well have tried to stem a torrent in its course.

“The grave! the grave! the grave for *me!* I who have lived but in pleasure!”

“My dear Frances, what are you raving of? If you have lived in pleasure, it has been innocent pleasure.”

“Oh yes, innocent in itself. If I had but thought of God with it, and striven to please Him; and I never did! *There* lay the sin; not in the pleasure. Oh, save me! Fetch Dr. Wilson. I must not die.”

They calmed her after awhile, and for a day or two her life hung upon a thread. Then she began to get slowly better. But they were anxious faces still, those around her bedside, her husband’s, her mother’s, good old Mrs. Muff’s; for they remembered it was when they were apparently recovering, that the first and the second Mrs. Castonel had died. A few more days, and Frances sat up in her dressing-room, gay as ever. All danger was really over, and Mrs. Chavasse returned home.

“Gervase,” she said, taking her husband’s hand, “what a goose I was to frighten myself!”

“Ay, you were, Frances. But you would not listen to me then, when I told you so.”

“I may go into the drawing-room to-morrow, and see visitors, may I not?”

“To be sure you may.”

“Then ring the bell, please. I must send Hannah to order me a very pretty cap.”

It was Mrs. Muff who answered it, not Hannah. Mr. Castonel left the room as she came in.

“I am to go into the drawing-room, to-morrow,” said Mrs. Castonel.

“Do you know it?”

“Yes, ma’am. I heard Mr. Rice say you might.”

“And admit visitors.”

“I did not hear him say that, but I should think there’s no reason against it,” replied the housekeeper.

“So I’ll tell you what I want done,” added Mrs. Castonel. “Hannah must go to the milliners’ and desire them to send me some sitting-up caps, to choose one from. If they have none ready they must make me one. Something simple and elegant. Shall I have it trimmed with white ribbons or pink?”

Mrs. Muff thought pink, as her mistress was just now so pale.

"Yes, pink; nothing suits my complexion like pink," cried Frances, all her old vanity in full force. "Send Hannah immediately. I am impatient to try it on."

The cap came, but not till night, and Frances had a glass brought to her, and sat figuring off before it, declaring she had never looked so well: if she were but a little older, she would take to caps for good. Mr. Castonel looked on, and laughed at her.

"It is getting time for you to be in bed, Frances," he said. "You must not presume too much upon your recovery."

"I am not tired in the least," she replied. "I will not go till I have had my supper. I never felt better."

"Do you know who they say is dying?" he resumed.

"No."

"Mr. Leicester."

"Mr. Leicester!"

"It is thought to be his last night. So, I hear, is the opinion of his friend and clau, Ailsa."

Mrs. Castonel did not like the tone. "Poor man! poor Mr. Leicester!" she sighed. "Well, they have had their share of sorrow. How papa and mamma would have grieved for me: I have thought of it since my illness: and we are many of us, while Ellen was their only child. I wonder who will get the living. I hope it will be some nice social young parson." Oh, Frances! worldly wise.

"I hope it will be anybody rather than Mr. Hurst," said the surgeon, spitefully.

"What happy days we shall have together again, Gervase!" she went on. "What should you have done if I had died?"

"The best I could," answered Mr. Castonel.

At that moment Mrs. Muff came in with the light supper of her mistress, and remained with her while she eat it, Mr. Castonel descending to his laboratory. As she was carrying down the waiter again, a ring came to the door-bell, and John brushed past to answer it.

"Mr. Castonel at home?"

"Safe and sound," was the tiger's rejoinder, for the applicant was a page in buttons, of his acquaintance.

"Then he must come as fast as he can pelt to missis. She's in a fit."

"You are wanted at Mrs. Major Acre's directly, sir," said John, hastily entering the laboratory. "She's took in a fit."

Mr. Castonel had taken out one of the little drawers—to John's amazement. For the lad had always believed that particular drawer to be a sham drawer. There appeared to be a paper or two in it, and a phial. The latter the surgeon held in his hand, and in reply to the message he muttered something, which, to John's ears, sounded very like "Curse it!"

"I never knew, sir, as that drawer opened. I——"

"Begone!" thundered Mr. Castonel, turning on his servant a look so full of evil, that the young man bounded back some yards.

"Am I to go anywhere?" he stammered, not understanding.

"Go out and find Mr. Rice," raved his master. "Send him to Mrs. Acre's."

Scarcely had John departed, when there came a second messenger for Mr. Castonel. "If he did not go at once, Mrs. Major Acre would be dead." Thus pressed, he took his hat and hurried out, after waiting a minute to put things straight in the laboratory. Mr. Rice, however, had arrived at Mrs. Major Acre's, and Mr. Castonel returned home.

On the following morning, Mrs. Leicester and Mr. Ailsa stood around the rector's dying bed. He lay partially insensible: he had so lain ever since daylight. "Do you not think Dr. Wilson late?" whispered Mrs. Leicester. "It is half-past seven."

"I expected him before this," replied Mr. Ailsa. "But, dear Mrs. Leicester, he can do no good."

"I know it," she answered, through her tears.

At that moment, there rang out the deep tones of the passing-bell, denoting that an immortal soul had been called away. One of the chamber windows was open, to admit air, and the sound came booming in from the opposite church. It aroused the rector.

"Have my people mistaken the moment of my departure?" he murmured. "Or is it that one of my fellow brethren is called with me?"

Mrs. Leicester leaned over him, and gently spoke, her ear having noted the strokes more accurately than that of the dying man. "It must be, I fear, for Mrs. Acre. It is for a woman."

"I fancy not for Mrs. Acre," observed Mr. Ailsa. "Mr. Rice left her, last night, out of danger."

It was striking out now, fast and loud. Mrs. Leicester noticed her husband's anxious eye. "Who goes with me?" he panted—"who goes with me?" and, just then, little Tuck stole into the room, with a whitened face.

"Who is the bell tolling for?" asked Mrs. Leicester.

"For Mrs. Castonel. She died in the night."

With a sharp cry, the rector struggled up in bed. What fear, what horror was it that distorted his countenance, as he grasped Mr. Ailsa's arm and strove to speak? They never knew, for he fell back speechless.

"Oh, where can Dr. Wilson be?" sobbed Mrs. Leicester. "Why is he not here?"

"He will not be long," whispered Mr. Tuck. "He was met outside the village, and taken to Mrs. Chavasse. The shock has brought on an attack of paralysis. Poor Castonel, Rice says, is in a lamentable state."

"What did she die of?" marvelled Mr. Ailsa.

"What did the others die of?" retorted Mr. Tuck. "Convulsions of some sort. Nobody knows. I never heard of such an unlucky man."

He was interrupted by a movement from Mrs. Leicester. The minister's spirit had passed away.

II.

It was the brightest day possible, and the sun shone on Ebury churchyard gaily and hotly. The two funerals had been fixed for the same day: but not intentionally. The bell had tolled from an early hour in the morning, out of respect to its regretted minister. Mr. Leicester's inter-

ment was fixed for ten o'clock, Mrs. Castonel's for eleven; consequently, no sooner had the clock struck nine, than stragglers began to move towards the churchyard, and soon they increased to parties, and soon to shoals. All Ebury went there, and more than Ebury. They talked to one another (as if seeking an excuse) of paying the last tribute of respect to their many-years rector, but there was a more powerful inducement in their hearts—that of witnessing the funeral of Mr. Castonel's wife, and of staring at him.

All the well-dressed people, and all who possessed pews, entered the church till it was crammed in every nook, scarcely leaving room for the coffins to pass up the aisle. The mob held possession of the churchyard, and there was not an inch of land, no, nor of a grave, but what was alive with feet.

They saw it fill out of the rectory and cross the road, a simple funeral, Mr. Hurst officiating. The coffin was borne by eight labourers, old parishioners, and the mourners followed with many friends, Squire Hardwick of the Hall and Mr. Ailsa walking next the relatives. And so the body was consigned to the ground, and the traces of the first funeral passed away.

But what was that, compared with the show which followed? With its mutes, and its feathers, and its black chariots, and its hearse, and its mourning coaches, and its velvet trappings, and its pall-bearers, and its training-scarfs and hatbands, and its white handkerchiefs! The mutes alone, with their solemn faces and sticks of office, struck dumb the fry of infantry who had congregated amongst their elders.

"Look at him! look at him!" whispered the mob as Mr. Castonel moved up the path by slow degrees after the body, the beadle and sexton clearing the way with difficulty. "Don't he look white? His handkercher, as he's a covering his face with, ain't whiter."

"Enough to make him. He——"

"Hush-sh-sh! See who's a following of him! It's Mr. Chavasse. A sobbing like a child, for all he be such a great stout gentleman!"

"But Mr. Chavasse were still in foreign parts, and knowed nothing o' the death!"

"They sent him word, I heerd. And he come over the sea in a carriage and six, to be in time for it, and got here at half-after nine this morning. How he's a crying!"

"And his eldest son a walking with him, and Master Arthur and the other behind, all a crying too. Poor things!"

"It seems but yesterday that Miss Chavasse come here in Lord East-berry's carriage, like a queen. Who so proud as she, in her veils and her feathers?"

"Queens die as well as other folks. It's said Mrs. Chavasse won't be long after her. She have had a shocking seizure."

"Well, it's a fearsome thing for the poor young lady to have been cut off so sudden."

"It were as fearsome a thing for the other two. And worse. For Miss Chavasse might have took warning by them, and not have had him."

"I know what I know," interrupted Dame Vaughan, who made one of the spectators. "That I should like to clear up what it was as did cut 'em off."

Murmurs were arising amongst the crowd. "Ay, what was it? what took 'em?"

"What took that baby of Mary Shipley's, as was a lying safe and well on my knee two minutes afore it went into the agony?" persisted Dame Vaughan. "I have not forgot that, if others has. The physic I give to it was supplied from Mr. Castonel's stock."

"I heerd," broke in a young girl, "as this Mrs. Castonel died of convulsions."

"So they all did, so they all did. The wretch! the mur——"

"Come, come, you women," interrupted a man, "this ain't law nor gospel. Keep civil tongues in your heads."

But the cue had been given, the popular feeling arose, and hisses, groans, and ill words were poured upon Mr. Castonel. He could not look whiter or more impenetrable than he had done before, but he doubtless wished the beadle put to the torture for not forcing a passage quicker, that he might get inside the church. As soon as that object was attained, the beadle rushed back amongst the crowd, and used his tongue and his stick vigorously; and what with that, and his formidable cocked-hat, he succeeded in enforcing silence.

So Frances, Mrs. Castonel, was laid in her grave, like unto the two fair flowers who had gone before her, and the procession returned, in its course, and disappeared. And the mob disappeared in its wake, after winding up with three groans for Mr. Castonel.

LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

MY FIRST MOVE AT PLYMOUTH.

PLYMOUTH was the terminus of my Devonshire tour; but, though I entered the town with something more than a mere hope of its becoming the place of my professional residence, I had been too well schooled in disappointment to think of its ever proving to me the productive locality it became. The beauty and interest of its immediate vicinity, and its proximate situation in respect to some of the more striking features of the picturesque county in which it is situated, made it most desirable as a place of abode; but when I took my first lodging in No. 8, Tavistock-place, I scarcely ventured to reckon on the social delights and substantial gains which my new home was to afford me.

Connected with, and indeed related to, one of the leading families in the borough, I was soon advantaged by some valuable introductions. My acquaintance with the eminent artist, Mr. (now Sir Charles) Eastlake, whom I had met at Rome, gave me kindly favour in the eyes of his brothers, Messrs. W. and G. Eastlake, with whose family name the intellectual character of Plymouth, as it then existed, was greatly associated; for the father of these gentlemen (deceased some time before) was ever spoken of as eminently the local sage of his day; and, leaving the fame of the Royal Academy President to speak for itself, I may allude to his

brothers as the worthy successors of their gifted sire. Prepared, however, to wait for professional opportunity, and having announced myself as an "Architect" prompt to acknowledge it without delay, I proceeded to put into publishing form the topographical matter of my tour; duly sent it off to my employers in London, and was duly paid. The leisure of this period was occupied in improving my social alliances in the town, and in visits to my lady-love, who resided with her father, my mother, and our mutual brother and sisters, in the pleasant valley of the river Meavy, some nine miles off.

Scarcely were my topographical occupations completed, when, to my infinite satisfaction and surprise, I was applied to by a wealthy builder to receive his nephew as a pupil! And thus I entered on the duties of an architectural instructor before I had the positive assurance of any architectural practice. The cause of this rather premature acknowledgment of my professional ability should perhaps be explained.

There was at this time a Literary and Scientific Society of more than common pretensions. Its meetings were held in a building of the most classic Grecian Doric, *expressively*, at all events, warranting that title which has since become so absurdly prevalent in every little village which can muster the means of hiring a reading-room, and of taking in a newspaper or two, a magazine, "Chambers's Journal," and the "Household Words." It was called "THE ATHENÆUM:" and really presented an aspect justifying a reference to "Lemprière's Classical Dictionary," wherein it is said, "The Athenæum was a place at Athens, sacred to Minerva, where the poets, philosophers, and rhetoricians generally declaimed and repeated their compositions. It was public to all the liberal arts." Such, in no "base epitome," was the Plymouth Athenæum, where, once a week, during six months of the year, lectures were delivered, followed by discussions, in which, occasionally, oratory of senatorial pretension might be heard. Of this society I became immediately a member, and, without loss of time, prepared a lecture on architecture (copiously illustrated by drawings), the delivery of which at once gained me favourable regard in the minds of the local art-loving *literati*. An extended social reception soon followed; and, to say the least of it, the prospect of professional success grew as promising in likelihood as the chances of a fair-day, ushered in by a fine spring morning.

Still, the prize at which I aimed—a *wife*—was not yet, nor for a long while, to be reckoned on; and I was rationally, with all self-controlling prudence and patience, prepared for a protracted probation. (The reader must excuse the extraordinary alliteration of the last sentence, which has been wholly unintentional.) I looked for at least a two years' further trial of mere *brotherly* companionship with my bride elect—my mother's husband's daughter—when lo! with a precipitancy surprising to me, the very father of the lady came to me and proposed our speedy marriage! It is not for young gentlemen to suggest obstacles when grave sires cannot see them; and, on the anniversary of my birthday (26th of August, 1829) I was—married! A more speculative act, according to the common estimate of probabilities, has been rarely ventured on; but the thing which cannot be undone (except under circumstances of crime and cost that may not be contemplated) was consummated; and the church bells of Buckland Monachorum rang as merry a peal as though the heir

of many lands had wedded the heiress of as many more; and as if the Bishop of Exeter, "assisted" by the rector of the parish, had given an *éclat* to the occasion commensurate with its happiness to the parties concerned. The curate, however, married us without a fee; but the bell-ringers and post-boys were not so considerate; so that when we arrived at Exmouth, to enjoy our honey-week by the sea-side, we were limited to that amount of honey which can be obtained without any heavy demands upon the purse. Our honey-moon, therefore, had three weeks to run, when I returned with my bride to Plymouth, where, in our wonderfully small lodgings in Union-street, we were put to honest shame by (compared with ourselves) the wonderfully large people who were constantly calling upon us. Then came in marriage-presents of wonderfully varied kind and amount, from large hampers, filled with all sorts of useful glass and crockery, to the valued small parcel from my infant cousin, enclosing four silver salt-spoons. All our old friends, in short, sent presents, in number too many for distinct mention; till, though our "apartments" were quite adequate to ourselves, they were soon rendered incompetent to our possessions.

Grown too large, then, for the "front and back" of a first-floor lodging, we shortly moved off to a house entire! We became master and mistress of *all* the floors of No. 9, George's-place—yea, verily, of a servant!—yea, ere long, of two servants; for, though ruin might threaten us, one assistant alone could not creditably support us to the day of our appointed fall. Other callers paid us their *devoirs*; and now came the poor-rates, and the water-rates, and the way-rates, and the paving and lighting, and the king's rates; leaving, instead of neatly printed bits of printed pasteboard, limp forms of paper, saying the callers were not obliged to call again; and that if we did not pay their demands within so many days, we might have to pay the penalty and the demand too. I shall never forget the commingled pride and perturbation these exacting tributes to our *householdership* excited in my newly-conditioned state of mind. The "pomp of circumstance," and the weight of apprehensive responsibility, at once elated and oppressed me. "The attempt, and not the deed" was a "confounding" thought. At this juncture, however, my wife unexpectedly came into the possession of a few hundred pounds; and, what with *her* means, her economical management, and her executive ability as an upholsteress, the tax-gatherers were paid, our household expenses defrayed with a readiness which surprised the tradespeople; and our home (which was, substantially, the lowliest that ever pretended to gentility) was pronounced the prettiest little dwelling in the town.

And now (revived emotions of gratitude come with the revival of the fact in memory)—now came—my first little job! The Plymouth Guildhall was a wretched thing of nondescript style, erected in the mayoralty of B. D., which was assumed by the western wits to signify "Bad Design." Its architecture was unimprovable, in the sense of its incorrigible abomination; but I was employed to rearrange its floor levels and sittings. And then came a second pupil, and, soon after, a third; not regularly articulated learners, but the sons of builders desirous of instruction in the making of working drawings. And then came further "little jobs," and more lecturings, with their fruitful influences, and small social popularities, with their sequent increase of connexion. Then larger jobs came in. We

were afloat; and my professional receipts of the first year, from the date of *first* job, pupils included, were no less than three hundred pounds!

Plymouth, as I first knew it in 1829, contained two churches; one venerable old edifice of the true Gothic period, and another of Gothic debased, completed at the time of the Restoration, and dedicated to the memory of the unhappy Charles, whose kingly conduct at his trial and on the scaffold effaced for the time his previous delinquencies, and gave a "martyr's" fame to one who might otherwise have lived to be infamous in spite of much radical desert. The other chief ornaments were the Royal Hotel, with its grand octastyle and tetrastyle Ionic porticos (and which, according to local proverb, was "the ruin of the corporation and the making of the town"), a handsome public Library, the Athenæum aforesaid, a Soanean-fronted chapel, the portico'd classic façades of Princess-square, and one decent row of houses known as Windsor-terrace. All else was in the anyhow style of old towns which have increased in size without a corresponding increase of beauty; and as there is not even yet, still less was there then, in Plymouth, a single good business Street of the imposing character we see in other towns of like extent and population. Devonport, and the intervening town of Stonehouse, were of like negative character; the former graced with a picturesque cluster of Greek, Egyptian, and Hindoo-Mahomedan design in one spot, and the latter having a neat sort of Gothicised, rather than Gothic, chapel, with some neighbouring classic beginnings, and the government Victualling Buildings, with their handsome granite gateway, as its only features of architectural character. The suburb of Stoke presented a fair range of houses on St. Michael's-terrace, and two or three handsome Greek villas; the whole of the buildings enumerated, excepting the two Plymouth churches and the Victualling Buildings, being the work of the then chief resident architect, John Foulston. The entire population of the three towns (which, in the eyes of strangers and visitors, will ever be regarded as one) was at this time about 70,000; and, not more in numerical importance than in respect to the scientific and literary requirements of its leading men, and its consideration as a great government station and commercial emporium, was the triple town the real Capital of the south-west of England. Here, then, I now found myself established as *an* architect, and, as has been shown, my "first move" was made.

THE PLYMOUTH ATHENÆUM.

As a literary and artistic aspirant, the Plymouth Athenæum was to me a grand object of interest; the conservatory, as it were, in which the seedlings of my professional and literary tastes were to be cultivated; and, at the time of which I speak, there was a combination of varied talent and acquirement truly remarkable, in respect to what might be looked for in so remote a provincial locality. Names, subsequently known to fame, were enrolled in its list of members. On one evening, there would be a refined paper on the objects of such an institution by the Rev. R. L——n. On another, a lecture by Colonel C. H. S. on anything illustrating the history of man or beast, fish, bird, or reptile; of architecture, civil, naval, or military; of the costumes, customs, and manners of nations; of art in its progressive developments; of antiquities in their

elucidation of religion, taste, or science; and, in short, of everything we "hear, see, or discourse of." On another evening, J. P. would inform his ever attentive auditors by a lucid discourse on chemistry; on another, J. H. would illuminate at once the lecture-hall and its occupants by his fluent exposition and splendid illustrations of light and heat; on another, Sir W. S. H. would epitomise the lightning-charged clouds of heaven by cotton resemblances, discharging their fire on the masts of a model ship, which went to pieces, or not, as it was, or was *not*, provided with his copper conductors, safely carrying the dreaded thunderbolt, not only through the ship—but through a miniature barrel of real gunpowder in the hold! On another, the Rev. T. B., or the Rev. J. H. M., would deliver a "flood-gate" outpouring of learning and eloquence on the Greek drama. On another, the Rev. S. R. would carry the mind's eye over Dartmoor—"land of the logan and the cromlech"—quoting largely from the blank verse of the local poet Carrington. On another, J. N., the Mæxas of the place (princely minded and large hearted, with a gallery of choicest pictures, and a table ever open to his "many friends"), would contribute his essay on Art, to be backed up in his enthusiasm by the sensitively appreciative A. B. J. On another, would poor J. B. appear—though to prove, that a man may have the power of admirably painting a colossal picture of the Crucifixion, without being able to *say* very much to the purpose. On another, would a lecture by any one, on any subject, be commented on, in the discussion by W. Eastlake, who ever spoke with a philosophical perspicuity and felicity of expression, which constituted him the very Nestor of the society; nor may I omit to mention Dr. C. as among the leading debaters, and who first introduced me to the members of the Institution.

The initials of many other names, then, or since, attached to the list of lecturers or speakers, might be appended; but those to which I might well allude, in connexion with high acquirement and ability, belong to gentlemen who will understand why I do not venture to distinguish them from others whose modest consideration might not equal their own. I may, however, without fear of invidiousness, and without asserting their real superiority to others not so known to the world, mention the following names as having become public property—viz., Colonel Charles Hamilton Smith, Sir W. S. Harris, J. M. Rendel, C.E., J. Foulston, Architect; Rev. Dr. Byrth (see "Moncrieff's Memoirs"); Reverends D. Coleridge, J. H. Macaulay, and S. Rowe; and Charles Armitage Brown, author of Shakspeare's "Autobiographical Poems."

It were, moreover, graceless, in this notice of the Plymouth Athenæum, to leave unmentioned Henry Woolcombe, who for many years occupied the president's chair, and aided by his unremitting attention, his purse, and lectorial industry (to say nothing of his weekly dinners and occasional *soirées*), to hold the society together. The lecture-hall was his presence-chamber, and an imposing room it was, with its surrounding friezes and metopes, filled with Elgin easts; in its four angles the recumbent Perseus and Theseus, the Apollo and Antinoüs; its throne-like chair, high on dais; with treasurer's and secretary's seats a little lower on either hand; and four bronzed candelabra, two flanking the president's platform, and two illuminating the lecturer's table. And there, in cushioned dignity, backed by screen severely Greek, and surmounted by the benign and helmeted head of Minerva the Wise, sat Henry Woolcombe, with his little hammer "to order," looking down with grave but

protective amiability on the lecturer before him, and with controlling regard over the assembled members occupying the rows of rising seats on either hand; now rising to read the prospectus and start the lecturer; then sitting in composure to hear it; anon rising again to invite "the members and their friends to enter upon a discussion of the important topics that have been brought forward;" then, during the two hours of debate, holding the reins of strict but mild conduct in hand, while the speakers, in manner more or less bland, praised or badgered the "learned," or the "reverend," or the "gallant," or the "worthy" lecturer; finally rising once more to announce, that, whether the "issue of the debate" had, or had not struck home, the clock *had* struck ten; and that therefore the members must home depart, to settle the matter after their own fashions over their gin-and-water.

Seriously, however, the Plymouth Institution, for some time after my first acquaintance with it, afforded much advantage in concentrating and strengthening the intellect of the town; and more especially affording an arena for the earlier practice, or for the personal presentment of some who have since acted no mean parts on the "stage" of the "universal theatre." Though the humblest of its *élèves*, I am not the least grateful; and it was, for near a quarter of a century, my industrious effort to make the benefit as mutual as I could by a constant provision of lectures in my turn; though I fear my benefits as a recipient were something disproportioned in their excess over the benefits conferred. That I worked hard, may, it is hoped, be said without arrogance. My architectural lectures were illustrated by drawings expressly made for them, which in their collected surface-amount, and in their consumption of time and *séppia*, are, perhaps, not to be surpassed by a resembling mass of waste-paper in any lecturer's possession. It was my aim to instruct myself and inform my audiences by as full and pictorially attractive a development as possible, of every style of building, that prevailed in any part of the then known architectural world, from the times of the patriarchal Stonehenge to that of the renaissance classic of the Plymouth Athenæum; though it is now my conviction, that the mere temporary *entertainment* of many occasional hours is all that remains vaguely impressed upon the memory of my hearers; while a thousand square feet of pictured cartridge are all that is else left, in attestation of my vain attempt to excite any true feeling, or establish any principle of judgment, in the minds even of the more select public in respect to Architecture as an art. Vain and innocent fool that I was, to think that on each occasion I might be more and more establishing especial and *lasting* claims to the architectural professorship of the locality in general; unmindful of the fact, that the uninquiring confidence awarded to a tyro, almost wholly untried, may subside into unimpressed indifference when he becomes more truly that which in the first instance he was only supposed to be. But I must not anticipate the final sequence of my professional life. At all events, I instructed myself and my pupils, and gained a temporary advantage which was more than temporary in its results. My friends were many and true during my professional ascent; and I must not complain if they found me out at last.

My reception, however, as a lecturer remained favourable to the end; nor was there but one instance in which the *castigatory* came down upon

me with a force not to be forgotten. To my late distinguished friend, Dr. Byrth, I was as yet unknown. He had returned to Plymouth after a long absence, and came into the Athenæum one evening while I was advocating the cause of Gothic architecture, at that time as culpably neglected as it has since been absurdly ascendant.

"What," said I, "is all this cant about the classic? Why is not York Minster as classic as the Parthenon? Why is not Shakspeare as classic as Æschylus?"

The indignant scholar *looked* the beginning of his wrath; and to damage my cause and justify his contempt, I admitted, with inadvertent honesty, my ignorance of the Greek dramatists, save through the medium of English translation. At the same time, I was guilty of no real presumption, since I had made no assertion hostile to Greek perfectability; having merely put, in my ignorance and innocence, a simple question, leaving the onus of reply to the better informed, my query being no more than this—why may we not have British, as well as Athenian classics? and why may not an English cathedral or play be as worthy the world's esteem as a Greek temple or tragedy? But the opportunity for my opponent's eloquence was not to be lost to local fame; and, entertaining "a real belief that it was *right*, and in some sense a duty, to put down what he considered as sciolist pretences to scholarship,"* he rose, during the discussion, to crush the pretender.

He was small, both in bulk and stature; but no one could call him a "little" man. With a capacious head, a brow of commanding breadth, and a countenance rendered the more striking by a certain obliquity of vision, he riveted attention the moment he was upon his legs. Let it be further considered that I was proud of his presence, though not without some misgivings as to the result; for I had once before heard him smash another Dr. B. with unsparing power. Still, my hopes were beyond my fears.

He rose then from his seat, moved his hat a little further from his feet on the floor, as if to secure more space for action, folded his arms, as though to concentrate his "corporal agents" in their energy, paused a few moments, looked first at the president, then at me, and then again at the president, and, having thus "nipped" his expectant auditors "into listening," he began, slowly and syllabically to speak. "He doubted not it might be thought strange that *he* should rise to speak upon such a subject as Architecture, but he felt, that if precedent had been afforded by the lecturer for leaving the main purpose of the evening to indulge in gratuitous discursiveness, he was himself warranted in following where the lecturer had led him, and in regarding the lecturer as responsible for the consequent perplexities of his erratic course." Increasing gradually in loudness and volubility, waxing in warmth, and finally bursting forth in all his power, he concluded his overwhelming peroration in tones (the echoes of which are still murmuring among the Elgin casts), in words of this character, or at least to this effect: "If the lecturer have mistaken the abortive efforts of the incompetent translator for the consummate perfections of the great original—if he have confounded the imbecile dilutions of the English renderer with the pure streams from the urns of

* See Moncrieff's Memoirs of Dr. Byrth, wherein this incident is related.

Castaly—if he have founded his opinions upon fallacious grounds, and drawn his knowledge from a polluted source—then, let me tell him, that his judgment is less than of no worth, and that such knowledge is worse than ignorance!”

There was no applause—at least none expressed by cheering. Like Milton’s “darkness visible,” there was a kind of “silence audible;” and I shall not forget the comparative bodilessness of the tones, though loud, with which, in my petulance, I unhesitatingly replied; concluding, however, with a somewhat advantageous quotation from “Hamlet,” “Nay, an’ thou’lt mouth, I’ll rant as well as thou!” Moreover, some cheers followed this (for there was a kindly sympathy for the weaker party), seeming to say, “Stand up! go it, little ’un!” My friend, Sir W. S. H., rose to my aid; suggesting that “the learned and reverend doctor had been crushing a fly with a steam-engine,” &c. The reader must be left to understand whether *I* was the fly, or the matter (of misconception) which had so stimulated the orator. But the latter was not so to be met; and, said he, “I once more ask the lecturer, and not Sir W. S. H., what,” &c. &c.? I replied: but as I did not then precisely know what I was saying, it is not to be expected that I can remember it now. It would appear, however, that both my answer and the doctor’s rejoinder were something hostile to the laws of debate, or even of allowable privilege in cases of extremity, since the president rose to say, “Gentlemen, if this personality continues, it will be only left to me to leave the chair.” The sage, grave William Eastlake, however, settled the question. Referring to what my opponent had been previously saying of architecture, and to my equally uninformed allusion to the Greek poet, he submitted that “two very excellent gentlemen, in their respective ways, had been talking of two subjects respectively foreign to their understandings.” This settled the point. The scholar walked off; and the architect was left to proceed with other points more immediate to the legitimate subject.

Well digested lectures and rational discussions continued, and doubtless still continue, to accredit the proceedings of the Athenæum; but, soon after my connexion with it, the debates became of less oratorical character; and, though the “Transactions of the Plymouth Institution”* sustained its substantial worth, it became the habit to talk of its “golden days,” as those of Byrth and Macaulay. The latter was not present on the night of my castigation, otherwise I am convinced there would have been a counter appeal on my behalf, with a “steam-engine” force equivalent to that of the attacking power; for Macaulay would, in his friendship, have seen my meaning, and the incident would have been “improved” as an item in the institution records.

The reverend classic last mentioned, largely partook of the talent and accomplishments associated with his name. He was eldest brother of the barrister, Mr. K. Macaulay, Q.C., and a first cousin to the eminent historian; and, having conducted for some time a large school at Plymouth, subsequently became head-master of that at Repton. Akin to Dr. Byrth in mental power and acquirement, he was his direct opposite in personal substance; a large man, with a handsome radiant face, prodigious voice,

* A highly creditable volume has been published under this title.

amazing memory, alike eloquent in his written compositions and declamatory exhibition, and with a heart to match the bulk of his body; a large fund of classic attainment, drawn from the founts of Rugby School and Trinity College, Cambridge; a large abundance of native wit and genial good humour; a laugh, hearty and catching as Mrs. Nisbett's (albeit with the power of assuming a look terrible to timid youth); and a happier mixture of the retained buoyant schoolboy and matured man, than can be conceived by those who knew him not.

Among the scientific leaders of the society (including Mr. John Prideaux, the chemist, and Sir W. S. Harris), the name of one, from a peculiar circumstance, has a warrant for particular mention, for it points to an example of "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," which such an upbearing mind may recognise as no difficulties at all. While making some chemical experiment, Mr. Jonathan Hearder lost his sight by an explosion, yet he soon subsequently appeared again behind the lecturer's table, cheerful as ever, with a pair of green spectacles to conceal his useless eyes, and with no apparent diminution of his readiness as a manipulator. He had, indeed, an assistant or two; but a casual observer might deem the aid nothing more than need be required under ordinary circumstances of unimpaired vision. His manner seemed to imply that he had *had* his eyes, and done with them; that they had sufficiently informed him on all matters of form, light, and colour; and that they were now dismissed to a lasting sleep behind his goggles, while he employed all his other senses in their practical use and philosophical treatment. "Get thee glass eyes," says Lear, "and, like a scurvy politician, seem to see the things thou dost not." But Jonathan Hearder continued, at any rate, to see all the things he *had* seen, and the common witness could imagine there was nothing more for him to observe; if there were, he saw it so readily in description, that, as Charles Mathews, junior, in "*Clatter versus Patter*," anticipates every informant with "Be quiet, I know it," so might our blind philosopher cut short every describer with "Be quiet, I see it." "I see it," in short, became his most characteristic expression. As a lecturer, local and itinerant, as a manufacturer, turner, and *spectator*, no one might detect the deception of his spectacles. Strangers going into his shop, and following his rapid steps up-stairs and down stairs, cautiously obedient to his directing care, lest they should knock their heads or bruise their shins, leave him unconscious of his "affliction;" and as he walks the street, with his young guide, rushing round sharp corners, and over crowded crossings, observation only seems to recognise an excited human locomotive running away with a little boy!

Mingled with my architectural lectures, were many on Shakspeare; and these, whatever their demerits, were ever the most attractive. This, flattering in one sense, was disappointing in another, since my popularity had no marked reference to my competency for a particular subject, but rather to subject itself. This was made evident to me in the end, though it does not appear the dramatic love ever militated against my architectural progress. Indeed, some friends attributed my general acceptance rather to extrinsic than professional exhibition; and it was "some salve" for my wounded vanity, as a *master of art*, to think I was at least admitted as an amateur expounder of the Bard of Avon.

SOME HINTS FOR THE "TWELFTH."

IN something less than a fortnight after this paper sees the light, any one who will take the trouble to walk as far as Euston-square or King's-cross, stands a good chance of seeing, at the departure of the different north country trains, something that may both astonish and amuse him. Plaid-coated and plaid-trousered gentlemen of every degree of physical development will be seen taking their seats in the *coupés* of first class carriages, some with the calm deliberation of old stagers, and others in that fussy, excited state that betokens either weakness of mind on the part of the traveller himself, or else a pardonable want of faith in the administrative capacity of "John," who, aided and abetted by a railway porter, is doing all he can to effect the destruction of his master's property by insanely poking it into the impossible corners of an already overcrowded luggage-van. Dogs of the setter species, two and two like the animals in the ark, are being coaxed and wheedled by sturdy keepers to take the places provided for their especial use in temporary kennels of wonderful construction—knowing dogs some of them, who might claim kindred with the extraordinary animal of the same species immortalised by Mr. Jingle in the pages of "Pickwick," with others of such questionable reputation that, so far as they are likely to be of any use to their respective owners when he gets them on a Highland moor, might as well have been left to pick up a precarious livelihood in Kent or Sussex. Gun-cases, game-bags, shot-pouches, powder-flasks, and all the other paraphernalia of the sportsman which one sees being stowed away for transmission to the north, give earnest that the Twelfth of August is approaching, that the London season is about an end, that ere many days are over Badenoch will be more thickly peopled than Belgravia, that the dog-call and the drowsy, monotonous "weet-weet" of the green plover will be more familiar to the ears of the habitué of Pall-mall than the dulcet strains of Piccolomini; that, in short, from the wilds of Ross and Sutherland to the mountains of Argyll the crack of the fowling-piece will be a familiar sound for a month to come, and our old and excellent allies Donald and Sandy will be picking up during that period as much of the circulating medium from amongst the English sock-puddings as will make some considerable addition to the comforts of their lonely sluicings during the coming winter.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that in the ranks of this advancing army of sportsmen, there must be not a few tyros to whom any plain and practical directions in regard to the use of the gun, the management of dogs, choice of ground, &c. &c., must be extremely useful, and we must say we have seldom seen such suggestions more successfully embodied than in a work which has recently come into our hands by Mr. James Dalziel Dougall,* whose name is not unfamiliar to sportsmen in Scotland, whatever it may be to those on this side of the Tweed. Al-

* Shooting Simplified: a Concise Treatise on Guns and Shooting. By James Dalziel Dougall, Author of a "Treatise on Angling," &c. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

though Mr. Dougall has not indulged in any methodical arrangement of his matter, the contents of his little volume may be said to be divided into four parts: first, the mechanical construction of the fowling-piece, with a minute description of its component parts; secondly, the proper mode of using and of preserving the utility of the gun after it is constructed; thirdly, the characteristics of game generally, management of dogs, &c.; and, fourthly, some extremely judicious hints as to the selection of shooting-ground, a most important point, and one which is too apt to be overlooked by the sportsman in his anxiety to begin the operations of the day.

Apröpos of the best description of fowling-pieces for the inexperienced, our author says:

The fowling-piece having now been described in its most important parts, it only remains to be said that in the choice of a gun the young shooter must be guided by such directions as have been already given, and by his own strength and ability to carry weight. It is not advisable that he should use a gun in the slightest degree too heavy for his strength; rather let him err on the other side, even at the presumed loss of range. He will enjoy his sport the more that he has only to handle a light tool, within his capability, and not overpowering him as the day advances. If he is a slow shot, requiring to dwell steadily on his aim before drawing the trigger, the barrels should be at least thirty inches in length. For a quick shot, who throws up his gun and fires at once, a short, wide gun will be found the most effective; and the "covert gun," already described, will suit him admirably. As to the quality of gun, where the sportsman shoots very often, the best and highest-priced article will be found by far the cheapest in the end. In this respect a gun may be likened to a locomotive engine, which, as is well known, has a certain amount of "life" in it, the duration of which can be pretty well calculated beforehand, according to the efficiency of the workmanship—that is to say, the locomotive will run a certain number of miles, and no more. In like manner, a gun will efficiently shoot a certain number of shots, and no more. When we consider the extraordinary strain and vibration through all its parts to which a gun is subjected at every discharge, and that it is a combination of some sixty to seventy pieces of iron and wood, we shall see the necessity of sound workmanship and good material, where frequent use is anticipated. For an occasional day in the season, a plain gun may serve efficiently for many years. As guns get used, the separate parts become looser, and the whole gun consequently loses its compactness, and the metal in the barrels its elasticity and tenacity; in a word, the gun gets used up, and this sooner or later, according to its original intrinsic quality. It has been already mentioned that a rather straight stock should be chosen, even although it does not at first appear to mount quite readily to the eye. In the field, the advantages of a straight stock will soon become apparent. The gun should have no fantastic devices carved on it, but should be a quiet-looking piece of mechanism, possessing "that within which passeth show."

The predilections of Mr. Dougall, expressed in different parts of his book, appear to be altogether in favour of short barrels, say from twenty-six to twenty-eight inches for the practised shooter. We should be sorry to advance our own experience against that of one who shows himself to be an authority in such matters; at the same time, we are of opinion that a barrel of the average length of thirty inches, is, in every case, the most useful, whether for a slow or a quick shot; if quick, the destruction of game is equally effective with a barrel of this length, and if slow, it enables the sportsman to take in the object of attack with greater certainty by increasing his range, whilst the difference in weight, if the gun

is well constructed, adds little or nothing to the fatigue of carrying. This matter, however, is very much one of taste, and you will hardly find two men in a company to agree in opinion as to what the exact length of a barrel should be.

The following hints as to dress, if observed, will be found useful :

The dress used in shooting excursions should be of neutral colours, or a mixture of colours: shepherd's tartan is, perhaps, the best of all. The whole suit should be of wool, widely and freely made, with cap of the same material. Unless accustomed to their use, let no sportsman rashly trust his feet into laced boots. These articles are seldom made to fit properly. Custom and gradual use may enable the sportsman to wear them with impunity; but impeded circulation and stiffened ankles result from lacing them tightly: slacken the laces, and blistered heels follow. This apparently trifling matter has blasted many a young sportsman's high-wrought expectations on the "Twelfth." Plain lacing shoes, with light hobnails, and leathern gaiters, are by far the best things for shooting in. They are light, do not impede free motion, and are sufficiently protective to the ankles. For covert shooting, and where the ground is soft, leathern leggings are very comfortable to wear.

In addition to the above, we would simply caution the young sportsman never, as he values the preservation and placidity of his temper, to take the moors on the Twelfth with boots or shoes he has never worn before. The Memel leather, of which these are usually made, "draws" so tremendously in hot weather as to become after a few hours absolutely unbearable, causing the unfortunate wearer the most exquisite torture. We speak feelingly upon this subject, because we have ourselves suffered on more than one occasion from a want of proper precaution in the matter. If at all practicable, shooting boots and shoes should be worn occasionally in wet weather for a month or two before the Twelfth, so as to give them the set of the feet before starting upon any lengthened excursion.

Mr. Dougall appears to be a keen observer of the habits of dogs, his chapter upon that subject being one of the most interesting in the volume. Speaking of the acute sense of smell possessed by some dogs, our author relates, as an example, the following anecdote :

The author had a black pointer slut (from the kennel at Lennox Castle) which, while shooting on a moor in Argyleshire, he had severely rated for eating some carrion, part of a dead and putrid sheep. Passing to leeward of the same carrion about an hour afterwards, "Bess" evidently remembered the former rating, and giving an expressive look to her master, continued to hunt. The stench from the carrion was so great as to be almost insupportable, and hurrying past it, the author was surprised to observe the pointer, generally a most obedient animal, make a sudden wheel, and "draw" directly upon it, from which no whistling or command could prevent her. An advance to check her led to only her steady and regular approach, making point after point, to the dead sheep. Annoyed at this, he seized her by the neck and drew her away, when at that moment a cock-grouse rose from the very mass of carrion, where it had possibly been feasting on maggots, and gaily crowing, flew down the hill-side, but was in a few minutes afterwards safely bagged. After the bird had gone, the pointer at once cheerfully resumed her hunting. Now here was the sense of smell so powerfully discriminative as to detect the presence of one small bird, from which not very much scent could come, amid the horribly tainted air from the dead sheep. The same pointer would road a bird through apparently endless windings until she made it out, but was frequently led into errors, of which she was evidently ashamed, by the over acuteness of her sense of smell.

Again—

"Blinking" arises from a fear of the gun. Many good young dogs blink at first, and much care is requisite on the part of the breaker. It consists in breaking the point and running behind the shooter when the gun is raised or fired. Sometimes the fear of the report is so great that the dog leaves the field altogether, and goes home or takes refuge in the nearest farm-house. Nothing but the greatest gentleness will serve to remove this fault. No sportsman worthy of the name will grudge devoting time to such a case. The young dog should be shown the gun; the sportsman lying down on the turf beside him, caressing and encouraging him to look at the gun in different positions, and using every means to make him understand that it is not used with intent to injure him in particular. A dog, judiciously treated, will actually lick a fowling-piece all over, and an hour thus spent will never be regretted. When a young dog has accidentally received a shot, the probability is that his blinking is incurable. . . . "Snifters" carries off very many puppies. It seems now to be an ascertained fact that vaccination either entirely prevents or modifies this disease, which is however much less virulent when the puppies get plenty of milk and little animal food.

As regards the choice of ground, Mr. Dougall gives the following as the result of his experience :

The choice of ground is important to the young sportsman, who is too apt to overlook circumstances which may render a thousand acres in one place as good as three thousand in another. It will suit the present purpose and space to put the following advice in the shape of rules—or rather hints.

In the choice of a moor, first learn the nature of the ground—if it is at all or only partially heathery, hilly, or flat—has the heather been lately burned—what are the contiguous lands, and how shot upon and preserved. If flat, the grouse will sooner become wild; if very mountainous and far from cultivation, the birds will leave for lower lands as autumn advances. Low-lying moors, near cultivation, may not afford good bags at the very beginning of the season, but if near mountainous country, will on the other hand be stocked thence in autumn. Avoid moors with open or common ground contiguous—also, try to learn if there are peat-mosses in their centre (often the case) from which the neighbouring cottagers procure their fuel. If so, you may rest assured that, if not prevented, the colliers are busy chopping young birds as rapidly as their masters are casting peats. This is one reason why moors apparently well stocked in April or May, with abundance of nests, if not preserved, show so few young birds in August. Stony and grassy lands may afford hares and some few black-game, but are worthless for grouse.

The best grouse lands have high dry clumps of heather favourable for nests, with no part far from water; with undulating swells and hollows. Heathery hillocks afford excellent basking-ground for grouse, and also give concealment to the approach of the sportsmen. Flat ground gives no such shelter, and the birds soon become unapproachable. Grouse generally become sooner wild south of the river Forth, except in Argyleshire, than in the more northern parts of Scotland, but the southern birds are larger, and are also earlier on the wing. When only a few days' sport at the beginning of the season is desired, the southern moors are therefore excellent. In Argyleshire, grouse sit well throughout the season, unless the weather be very stormy.

We could have wished much that the space at our disposal permitted us to reprint the entire chapter devoted to grouse-shooting. As it is, we must content ourselves with the following extract, in which Mr. Dougall comments upon the want of ordinary care evinced by some Scottish land-owners in the preservation of game on moorlands, for which they are receiving a very considerable sum annually. Our author's strictures might

have been much more severe, and yet scarcely have met the justice of the case :

It has been attempted to make an approximation to the annual value of grouse-shootings in Scotland; and a popular periodical some years ago set down the rents alone as at least 70,000*l.* But this sum is undoubtedly far under the mark, while the money brought into, and expended in the country by sportsmen and their families, must, in the aggregate, be so large as to invest the sport with quite a national interest. Many grouse-shootings are let at from 300*l.* to 1000*l.* per annum. Add to this the very great contingent expenses for keepers, watchers, bag-carriers, carriage of game, &c. &c.; and it is to be observed that a large amount of this expenditure is by strangers who, without this attraction, would not visit Scotland at all. These large sums are annually brought into the country, not in payment of exported produce, but of rents and services. In point of fact there is an annual introduction of new capital, the profits or accumulations of other countries, which is carried in a golden stream into the most remote Highland valleys, and all this occurs without affecting, in any appreciable degree, the pursuits of cattle-rearing or agriculture. It is, therefore, not without some reason that the proprietors of grouse-shootings should pay attention to this source of income. It is a matter which cannot be concealed, that the avidity with which everything possessing the name of a "shooting" is taken by English gentlemen, has caused many places to be let as such, and as being "strictly preserved," where no heather is known to bloom, and whose nearest approach to a keeper is the shepherd.

This is certain to have a reactionary effect. Grouse-shootings are now a recognised element in the value of Highland estates; and what sportsmen have to complain of in many cases is, that while high rents are charged for such shootings, there is a looseness in the management of the ground when not let, as well as in the general character given to the ground, which would not be tolerated in any other pecuniary transaction where a full *quid pro quo* is expected and given. No proprietor, for instance, would allow an unlet farm to return to a state of nature; yet in the matter of shootings there seems to be a very frequent disregard of proper trapping and preserving, so that, on entrance, the tenant has to begin anew to raise a stock of game upon what may be termed the raw material, while the rent is far from being proportionally low. These remarks are, it is to be hoped, not out of place here, and are worthy the attention of landowners, who have merely to adopt the same management of shootings, which they use in other matters to the enhancing of the value of their estates.

The author writes guardedly, and from considerable experience on the subject; and were he inclined, or were this the proper place for such expression of his opinion, he could make not a few remarks which would tend to prove that the system now carried on—not universally, yet still too frequently—has begun to have the effect of deterring many sportsmen from taking the risk of a Highland "moor." The remedy is simple. Stop all poaching, trap the ground duly, and, in general, let there be the same consideration given to the interests of the prospective tenants as would be in letting farms, but do not treat the question of the stock of game as a mere sporting matter, and yet charge for the shootings a solid and substantial rent, which is no matter of sport at all.

It frequently happens too that there is a very great disregard for the interests of tenants of the shootings, as secondary to those of the farmers, whenever the driving of cattle and gathering of sheep are concerned. Now, although as a question of social economy the farmer's interests are superior to the sportsman's, yet when there is a mutual agreement and a full rent paid, the sportsman has as undoubted a right to be protected from all unnecessary annoyance in the prosecution of his sport, as the farmer has in the rearing of his cattle. The general reader—who may be disposed to view this question in that utilitarian spirit which seems to reduce every subject to a pecuniary standard, and forgets that

there are such things as health and recreation required even to fit mankind for the pursuit of wealth—is reminded that grouse moors are here treated of, not the over-preservation of game on arable land. The preservation of grouse, and the business of the sheep or cattle farmer, may be carried on in perfect consistency with due justice to both interests.

That these remarks are not unequalled for, one anecdote only out of numerous others may be here recorded. The author advertised for many consecutive weeks in a well-known newspaper for good grouse-shootings, and having formed quite a collection of replies, all more or less highly laudatory of the excellence of the various shootings, the gentleman who wished to become the lessee started on a tour of observation. Not one of the letters conveyed a just description of the respective shootings. Preservation or trapping was generally unknown. On one estate not a head of grouse was known to exist, and on the proprietor being asked why he could possibly recommend his place as likely to suit the advertiser, he coolly replied, "Oh, there's capital otter-shooting along the shore here!"

Besides grouse there are many other kinds of shooting common in the Scottish highlands and lowlands touched upon by this intelligent writer, such as the ptarmigan, capercaillie, roe-deer, wild duck, woodcock, partridge, &c. &c. The last extract we can give shall be devoted to our graceful little friend the snipe, for whom we have always had a particular fancy:

The popular belief that a snipe makes the most difficult of all shots, has arisen from its comparative smallness, its sudden rise, and swift corkscrew flight. When shooting snipe over dogs, the best modes of killing them may be reduced, generally, to two. These two are, either to fire the moment the snipe rises, or to give it time to get over the tortuous and resume the direct flight. Thus extremes meet, and one man is a crack shot at snipe for being very quick, and another quite as crack for being very slow. One of the latter case managed thus: Carrying his gun over his shoulder, in the other hand he held between finger and thumb a pinch of snuff. A snipe rises; with due deliberation and emphasis he inhales into each nostril the titillating grains; down from the shoulder comes the deadly tube; it is levelled, fired, and *Scelopax* is done for. Wonderful analogy discovered by this original-thinking philosopher between the period necessary to take snuff with full enjoyment and the mode of flight of the poor heather-bleater!

In conclusion, we can conscientiously recommend this sensible and unpretending little volume to our sporting friends generally. It has served us as mental *pabulum* of a very agreeable kind over a journey of more than four hundred miles. The young shot who is willing to live and learn will find much to interest him in its pages, whilst the more experienced may get what is vulgarly but expressively termed a "wrinkle from its perusal, if he chooses to take it up during a leisure hour.

GALLERY OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

He comes to tell me of the players.—SHAKSPEARE.

VIII.—CHARLES KEAN.

WHAT a pleasant holiday spot is Richmond, with its attractive scenery and picturesque walks—its park, which Jeannie Deans must have admired when she sought an interview with Queen Caroline—its beautiful river, meandering along so quietly between gardens and meadows. Of this piece of the old Arcadia—where Nature, it must be confessed, seems occasionally attired in a court dress—Cauova said that it only needed crags to make it perfect. Apart from its natural beauties, Richmond is crowded with historical recollections, which rise up before us at almost every step. To say nothing of the Henrys, the Edwards, and the Elizabeths who once made the place their kingly home, we may recal two or three of the sovereigns of literature and art who have been attracted to the spot. Turner and Hoffland resided in its near neighbourhood, and the prevailing spirit of its scenery may often be traced in their works. Sir Joshua Reynolds once lived at the top of the far-famed hill, whilst the elder Colman was located at the bottom. Horace Walpole has given importance to Strawberry Hill, and Twickenham is sanctified by the genius, poetry, and wit of Pope. Hampton—with its Palace of the Cartoons—has a charm in connexion with Garrick, whose great tormentor at the theatre, Mrs. Clive, passed her retirement at Little Strawberry Hill. “Sweet Kitty” is finally resting at Twickenham, whilst another member of Garrick’s company, the captivating Peg Woffington, sleeps in the adjoining hamlet of Teddington. With the church at Richmond, however, are we at present more immediately concerned. Many of note have there sought the “bed of slumber.” Thomson is with them, he who sang so pleasantly of the “Seasons;” whilst among the histrionics we may mention Joseph Taylor, who, according to old Downes, the prompter, was instructed by Shakspeare to play *Hamlet*, which he is said to have performed “incomparably well;” Richard Yates, famous as a comedian in the days of Garrick; and Mrs. Yates, one of the most popular of the predecessors of the Siddons. By the western entrance of the old church is a monumental tablet, which we might at first have referred to, had not this gossip conducted us to it by such a circuitous path. The tablet in question has a medallion portrait, bearing the following inscription:—“Edmund Kean, died May, 1833, aged forty-six. A memorial erected by his son, Charles John Kean, 1839.”

We have at length come to the subject-matter of our sketch, the portrait of one whose act of filial duty was the raising of that marble slab. To introduce, however, the earlier career of the son, we must make brief mention of his celebrated father.

The birth and parentage of Edmund Kean is involved in mystery.

Whoever may have been his parents, it is certain he was indebted to them for little save his birth. His first two or three years were passed in considerable neglect, when a friend was found in Miss Tidswell, who occupied a respectable position upon the London boards for nearly forty years, taking her farewell benefit at Drury Lane in May, 1822, when the poor outcast boy she had befriended stood forth in his popularity, and played *Don Felix* for the first time in London. Kindly assuming the maternal offices, Miss Tidswell sent her young charge to school, and became his first dramatic instructor. At a tender age he was selected to play Cupid and similar characters at Drury Lane. Sometimes at school, and sometimes a truant in the streets, he indulged his wayward fancies; and this freedom of his early days had doubtless an effect upon his after actions. At the age of ten years, Edmund Kean was an intelligent, merry, reckless boy, with a pair of brilliant eyes and a superb head of jet-black curling hair. He soon after became the associate of tumblers, posture-masters, and equestrians; but he is said, nevertheless, to have cherished a love of Shakspeare and the "regular drama." At Windsor—when in the company of the redoubtable Richardson—he recited before George III., and must have left the Castle with a proud heart: Royalty had pronounced him an astonishing boy, and two guineas were chinking in his pockets. Thrown upon his own resources, but a proficient in tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, and pantomime, he became a member of several provincial companies, encountering every vicissitude which it is possible to connect with the life of a strolling player. In 1808 he married Miss Mary Chambers, and passed the next six years in a struggle for fame—we might in truth have written, for bread.

Still engaged in the unequal conflict, the year 1811 saw him at Waterford, in Ireland, in which town his son, Charles John Kean, was born, on the 18th of January. He was happily spared much of the unprofitable wanderings of his father, for when he had just completed his third year—January, 1814—Edmund Kean stood before the footlights of Old Drury, and the first dawn of future greatness alighted upon him. On quitting the theatre that night, he returned to his lodgings in Cecil-street, Strand, where his wife was anxiously awaiting the result of the trial, in which were centred the hopes and fears of a life. After the first transport of joy at his success, the happy tragedian took his infant son from his cradle, and, kissing him, fervently exclaimed, "Now, my boy, you shall go to Eton."

Prior to the fulfilment of this paternal promise, Charles Kean was sent to the preparatory seminary of Mr. Styles, at Thames Ditton, and subsequently to the school of the Rev. Mr. Polehampton, rector of Greenford. In 1824 he became an Etonian, remaining at that seat of learning three years, and quitting it on the 1st of August, 1827. At this period, the erratic nature of his father—the seeds of which were planted in his youth—was being developed. From the night when he placed his foot before the "floats" of Old Drury, wealth and honours had crowded upon him; but he suffered his prosperous career to be beset by unworthy companionship, and all were sacrificed. In 1825 an action was brought against him by the husband of a silly, forward woman, when the tide of his fortunes changed, and never flowed again in his favour. Public disapprobation drove him to America, and—worse than all—to the bottle.

He never recovered strength or spirit after that unhappy trial. It is true that on his return to England his errors seemed to have been forgotten, but the spirit had been broken, and the fire was lighted up no more.

At the time when Charles Kean was leaving Eton, the offer of an appointment in the army serving in India had been obtained for him by his father. He was induced, however, to pause in accepting the same. Edmund Kean was then estranged from his wife, who was in ill health, and threatened with the discontinuance of the annuity received from him. Perceiving the probability of her being left without the least protection, and touched with her distressing position, Charles Kean was bewildered how to act. Money he had none, and but few friends. He sought the best advice he could, clung to his mother, and threw himself upon the stage for their double support. We know not what the proffered cadetship might have produced; but we know that the affectionate schoolboy, in launching his argosy upon the waves of the drama, found them at first more wild and troublous than those which would have borne him to India.

To a recent portrait placed in our Gallery—that of William Charles Macready—we appended the fact of his having thrown aside the honours which the Pulpit or Bar might have secured him, embracing the Stage with the hope of retrieving the fallen fortunes of his father. Charles Young, in like manner, relinquished other pursuits for the more devious course of the drama, from its offering a readier support to an injured mother; and here, in our present sketch, have we a case of singular affinity. The Merchant Tailors' School, Rugby, and Eton, sent each a scholar into the playground of the world, who paused in their intended game in filial duty, to which act the stage became indebted for the departed Young, the retired Macready, and Charles Kean.

It was on the 1st day of October, 1827—now thirty years since—that Charles Kean made his first appearance upon the stage, at Drury Lane, as *Young Norval*, in Home's play of "Douglas." But little study could have been devoted by him to this new calling, seeing that two months only had elapsed since he quitted the college upon the banks of the Thames. He had certainly, in his still more juvenile days, occasionally indulged in a few theatrical experiments. For instance, in the tedious hours often passed by his mother in watching the return of her husband—who occasionally went back to his schoolboy habits and played the truant—he would recite passages of plays, to her great satisfaction, though his sire was much incensed when such recreations were mentioned to him. Upon his appearance at Drury Lane, Charles Kean's reception by the audience was flattering and kind; but the press, judging him probably by too high a standard, assailed him with considerable bitterness—even the step he had taken for his own support and the protection of his mother was termed wilful, thankless, and disobedient! During his first season; in addition to *Young Norval*, he appeared as *Selim* ("Barbarossa"), *Lothair* ("Adelgitha"), *Frederick* ("Lovers' Vows"), and two or three other characters, and then visited the provinces. On the 1st of October, being then at Glasgow, he appeared in conjunction with his father, playing *Titus* to his *Brutus*, in Howard Payne's play. On the 29th of December following he reappeared at Drury Lane, in the part of *Romeo*. The press, however, still manifesting its severity towards

him, he returned to the country, and in the summer of 1829 again played with his father, at Cork and Dublin, supporting him in *Bassanio*, *Well-born*, *Iago*, *Icilius*, and *Macduff*. In October of this year he was engaged for six nights at the Haymarket, where he personated *Romeo*, *Frederick*, and *Sir Edward Mortimer*, in Colman's "Iron Chest." Fortune—

The stern coquette, that only smiles
On the most tireless suitors in her train—

now began to favour him, for his performance of *Sir Edward Mortimer* won from the critics positive praise. He had studied hard and toiled for practice, but the unmitigated abuse heaped upon his efforts was sufficient to destroy hope and drive him from his purpose. He was emulous of histrionic distinction, but the press had hitherto resolutely opposed his aspirations. Now, however, his judges began to "smooth their wrinkled front," and the young actor received a spur to his endeavours.

To accomplish himself further in the resources of his art, Charles Kean returned to the provinces. An offer was next made him of an engagement at the Haymarket for the ensuing season—the praise bestowed upon his performance of *Sir Edward Mortimer* having opened the managerial eyes; but he preferred seeking his fortunes in the New World, and crossed the Atlantic in the good ship *Caledonia*. His first appearance at New York was on Wednesday, the 1st of September, 1830, the character of *Richard the Third* having been selected for his introduction. Great kindness and encouragement here met his efforts, and he now began to "cut his bright way through," eventually establishing an enduring American reputation. But whilst the young aspirant is winning from his new friends their golden opinions, let us beguile the time by relating an anecdote of another ambitious spirit, who, like Charles Kean, ventured out to America, and was emulous of excelling in the part of *Richard*.

The Thespian to whom we refer was an Englishman by birth, who had evidently mistaken his forte; for with features formed to express every comic emotion, and a fund of humour "to set the table in a roar," he was obstinately bent on being a tragedian. Having completed an engagement at Natchez, he availed himself of the privilege of a benefit, and selected *Richard* for the occasion. He was a man of some research, and remembered the attention paid by George Frederick Cooke to the minute matters of the piece, more especially the introduction of a banner with the "boar," a cognizance of the house of York, which in all the latter scenes was carried by an attendant, and elevated immediately behind him on his taking his position on the stage. For some days preceding the important night, the hero of our story had carefully examined the scenery, properties, &c., of the establishment, without discovering the boar in question. He was told by the manager that other actors had dispensed with the desired banner, but it was at length decreed that the same should be painted. The artist of the theatre was a young Kentuckian of promising talent, and his good offices were appealed to for a formidable representation of the monster. On the night preceding the benefit, the "leading man" was the life of a party, comprising many of his brother actors and their patrons, who had retired after the performances to a neighbouring tavern. The song and jest went round, and the painter, who was of the

company, was profuse in anecdote and marvellous stories, all bearing upon the superiority of Kentucky, which, by his description, seemed to be the veritable land flowing with milk and honey. "Ah!" said the comic tragedian, "that's the country where quatern loaves grow on the trees, and the pigs run about ready roasted, with a knife and fork stuck in them, crying, 'Come, eat me!'" Now, ancient as this joke may be, it was received with loud applause and satisfaction by all but the scenic artist. The ensuing morning came, and *Richard* was all "himself;" the supernumeraries were rehearsed, the banners and properties displayed, but the important one was missing. He rushed to the artist's room, and was told that at night he might depend upon its being ready. The morning was then devoted to drilling an attendant, as to the manner and precise time of hoisting the banner over the ideal monarch at night. The painter had, in fact, almost forgotten both boar and banner, until his attention was drawn to it by a recollection of the laugh at his expense on the preceding evening, and in a moment a plan of revenge was concocted. In the evening the house was crowded, and all went smoothly until the commencement of the fifth act. *Richard* was in a high state of excitement, having all but achieved the accomplishment of his wishes. Having to change a portion of his dress, he arrived at the wing in time only to hear the flourish that announced his approach, and to observe that his soldiers had formed in a row, with the banners edgeways to the audience, ready to display them on his appearance. "Is the boar all right?" said he, hurriedly, to the prompter. "Beautiful, sir," replied that functionary. "Here pitch we our tent, even in Bosworth field," commenced our hero. Whirl went the banner borne by the well-drilled attendant, and in one moment, as if by magic, every countenance in the front relaxed into a broad grin, and roars of laughter, which swelled into a universal shout, palsied the efforts of the aspiring actor. He looked fiercely on his companions, one of whom, he felt satisfied, had been guilty of some incongruity, and advanced more to the front to free himself from their proximity. Faithful to his morning's instructions, the banner-man followed in his wake, and again the yell was renewed. Approaching the footlights, *Richard* prepared himself to address the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, but in vain; the merry storm was up, and shouts of laughter rendered his appeal inaudible. Disgusted and annoyed, he at length turned his back contemptuously on his benefactors, and facing his gallant followers, fixed his eyes with astonishment and horror on the fatal cause of the uproar. Firm at his post, unshaken by the din, stood the well-instructed banner-bearer, whilst raised on high was the cognizance of York—slightly altered, it is true, from the original design, being in a rampant position, with the addition of a long curly tail, a large knife and fork thrust in the back, and from its mouth, by way of motto, protruded the words, "Come, eat me!" Rushing on the attendants, he demolished with his ready sword the memento of the painter's vengeance, and the curtain fell amidst a mingled call for *Richard* and the "Boar of York."

Return we now to the subject of our portrait, whom we have to congratulate upon the success of his first visit to America. During our

digression, he was fulfilling engagements at the principal theatres in the United States, the journalists being unanimous in extolling his merits, declaring him to be a veritable "chip of the old block." At a later period of his career—at a public dinner given him at his native town of Waterford, in 1836—Charles Kean thus referred to the encouragement awarded him by the citizens of America :

"Thrown before the public by untoward circumstances at the early age of sixteen and a half, encompassed by every difficulty, friendless and untutored, the efforts of my boyhood were criticised in so severe and spirit-crushing a strain as almost to unnerve my energies, and drive me despairingly from the stage. The indulgence usually extended to novices was denied to me. I was not permitted to cherish the hope that time and study would ever correct in me the faults of youthful inexperience. The very resemblance I bore to my late father was condemned in me as being 'strange and unnatural.' Sick at heart, I left my home and sought the shores of America. To its generous inhabitants am I indebted for the first ray of success that illuminated my clouded course."

Mr. Kean continued in America two years and a half, and during one entire twelvemonth he received for his professional exertions fifty pounds per night, independent of valuable presents from the leading members of the Congress. Sailing for England in the *Ontario*, he arrived at Portsmouth on the 11th of February, 1833, having been forty days on the voyage. In descending from the vessel into the boat, it being at night, he fell from the rope ladder, and narrowly escaped drowning. Though the biographer's task, happily, did not here terminate, this was a cool reception for the young actor after so long an absence. The services of Charles Kean were immediately secured by Laporte, at a weekly salary of thirty pounds, for Covent Garden, at which house he played for the first time on the 21st of February. Contrary to the wishes of the management, he made it a stipulation that he should open in *Sir Edward Mortimer*—having before him the remembrance of his success in that part at the Haymarket.

Edmund Kean was at that time playing at Brighton, and it was intended by the lessee of Drury Lane to have pitted him against the son ; but this step was rendered impracticable, by the elder Kean being taken ill and unable to reach London. Slightly recovering, he was likewise engaged by Laporte for Covent Garden, though at this time he was the mere wreck of his former self, his feebleness being painfully apparent. On the 25th of March, 1833, he was announced to play *Othello*—Charles Kean being the *Iago*, and Miss Ellen Tree the *Desdemona*. The events of that night were of too striking a character not to be here recorded. There was no rehearsal, nor any arrangement as to their mode of play, between the father and son, who were to appear together for the first time in the metropolis. On arriving at the theatre, Charles Kean found his father exceedingly weak and shivering. "I am very ill," said he ; "I am afraid I shall not be able to act." Charles Kemble, who was present, strove to cheer his spirits, and the play commenced. After the first scene, Kean observed, "Charles is getting on to-night ; he's acting very well. I suppose that's because he's acting with me." Kean himself grew weaker, and was only encouraged to proceed by the aid of stimulants. At the commencement of the third act he said to his son,

"Mind, Charles, that you keep before me. Don't get behind me in this act. I don't know that I shall be able to kneel; but if I do, be sure that you lift me up." He made the exit with *Desdemona* without any apparent change; but on re-entering he was scarcely able to walk across the stage. He held up, however, until the celebrated apostrophe, which he gave with much of his former pathos, when, on attempting the speech, "Villain! be sure thou prove," &c., he made one or two feeble steps, his head sank on his son's shoulders, and his acting was at an end. "I am dying," groaned he in his son's ears, "speak to them for me," and was borne senseless from the stage. Slightly recovering, he was removed to the Wrekin Tavern, and from thence to Richmond, where he finally closed his days, seven weeks after his last appearance at Covent Garden.

Thus terminated the career of Edmund Kean, an actor of great original genius, possessing vigour, pathos, and sarcasm of the highest order. Stepping forward with a bold spirit and an eagle eye, he elucidated the beauties of Shakspeare, and infused into the prostrate drama the breath of life. By the force of mental energy he met opposing circumstances, and enthusiasm for the art raised him from want and obscurity to the summit of histrionic renown. We have previously shown how the ready ball was kicked by him aside, and how the game in consequence was lost.

Continuing at Covent Garden, Charles Kean obtained an original character, that of *Leonardo Gonzaga*, in Sheridan Knowles's play of "The Wife," brought forward on the 24th of April, 1833. The clever author himself played *Julian St. Pierre*, whilst *Mariana* found an able representative in Miss Ellen Tree. The success of this piece was partially checked by the abrupt closing of the theatre; but the company opened the Olympic, where they performed until the 29th of June, when "The Wife" was represented for the fifty-second time.

Charles Kean appeared now to have secured a metropolitan footing, though he still felt that little or no impression had been created. There was within him, however, high Resolve—

That column of true majesty in man—

and he determined to act no more in London until the managers of its theatres should have sufficient confidence in his success to offer him a large nightly salary. This resolution he kept, content for the time "to labour and to wait." The provinces were now again his field of action, and each visit to the principal towns secured him new laurels. Edinburgh was his "reputation's home," and here, for a four-weeks' engagement, he received twelve hundred pounds. Dublin received him with equal cordiality, and introduced him as a guest at the Castle. Bath, Manchester, Liverpool, Brighton, &c., were not behind in their encouragement, but raised up "troops of friends," by whose influence the best of society was open to him.

Prominent among those who at this time took the young actor by the hand was the late Duchess of St. Albans—the Harriet Mellon of our stage annals. She had herself, in earlier days, been familiar with the struggles of life, though fortune had in reserve for her some of her choicest gifts. The last professional part of this favourite actress was played at Drury Lane, on the 7th of February, 1815, when she ap-

peared as *Audrey*, in "As You Like It." She was a handsome *Audrey*, and her French peasant costume suited well her style of personal appearance. On the evening we have named, when the earlier scenes of the play were over, she visited the private box of Mr. Thomas Coutts, hoping for the same compliment which the audience throughout the evening had bestowed upon her. The countenance of the Cræsus of bankers, however, had no approving smile; but taking her hand, and surveying her fanciful costume, he observed that he could not allow her to appear thus again. This wish decided her previous thoughts of retirement. Returning to the stage for her final scene, she whispered, at its close, to the astonished *Touchstone*—"honest Jack Bannister"—that she should never again be his *Audrey*; and having stepped rather in advance of the other performers, and curtseyed profoundly to the audience, her leave-taking was completed. The ever-open hand of Miss Mellon contributed to the comfort of Edmund Kean during the three months he was in London awaiting the opportunity of an appearance; but the kindness subsequently shown by her to his son was independent of any former intimacy. She had heard that he was a young man of talent who needed patronage for his advancement, and her sympathy was awakened, having herself experienced the disheartening drawback. Her influence and interest was thereupon exerted in procuring for him, during his provincial engagements, an introduction into the principal families of the district.

The time at length arrived when the metropolitan managers opened their ears to the rumours which constantly reached them of Charles Kean's provincial doings. For nearly five years had he "scoured the country round"—his success rendering him perfectly independent of the metropolis—when an offer was made him by Mr. Bunn, to play forty nights at Drury Lane, at fifty pounds per night. This was the turning-point to many changes, and much excitement prevailed in theatrical circles when it was known that the young actor had accepted the proposal. His appearance in London after his long sojourn in the provinces was at Drury Lane, on the 3rd of January, 1838, in the character of *Hamlet*, and the unanimous approbation of the audience was awarded to the performance. The result of that night was the achievement of a triumph. During his first engagement he played forty-three nights, the receipts on those occasions being 13,289*l.* 2*s.*, or a nightly average of 309*l.* 10*s.* The characters represented were *Hamlet*, *Richard the Third*, and *Sir Giles Overreach*, her Majesty witnessing the two first-named performances, and sending to the young actor the expression of her delight at the same. Another compliment awaited him, in the shape of a public dinner, given in the saloon of Drury Lane Theatre, at which he was presented with a vase of the value of two hundred pounds.

The Haymarket manager soon followed in the wake of Mr. Bunn, and for five summers Mr. Kean fulfilled a short engagement at that house, being retained at fifty pounds per night. At the termination of the first of these engagements, he paid a second visit to his liberal friends in America, before whom he again appeared at the National Theatre, New York, in September, 1839, in the character of *Hamlet*. This theatre was shortly after destroyed by fire; in addition to which our

tragedian was suffering from extreme ill-health, so that this second visit was somewhat brief and unproductive. On his return to the Haymarket, in June, 1840, *Macbeth* was added to the list of characters played by him in London, the piece enjoying a run of eighteen nights. During the following season, "Romeo and Juliet" was the attraction of this summer engagement—*Romeo*, Mr. Charles Kean; *Juliet*, Miss Ellen Tree. On the 29th of January, 1842, the representatives of these characters, being then at Dublin, were united in the silken bonds—a far wiser step than that taken by the Italian lovers, in consigning themselves to the tomb of the Capulets. Charles Kean, in his selection of new characters, never exhibited greater taste than when he added to his repertoire this estimable lady and admirable actress.

In the summer following this union, Mr. and Mrs. Kean played together at the Haymarket, in "As You Like It," the "Gamester," &c. The next metropolitan season saw our tragedian once more at Drury Lane, where "Richard the Third" was produced for him with great magnificence. A provincial tour followed, and then, for the third time, in company with Mrs. Kean, he visited his American patrons.

This trip was of the most gratifying and productive character. At the Park Theatre, New York, Mr. and Mrs. Kean fulfilled six engagements, playing seventy-two nights. "King John" was there brought forward in a style approaching the late revivals at the Princess's Theatre, with a costly attention to costumes, scenery, and decorations. Another engagement—occupied between New Orleans, Mobile, and St. Louis—extended to fifty nights, realising the clever artistes fifteen thousand dollars, being an average of three hundred dollars per night. On the evening of closing this latter engagement, Mr. Kean thus remarked to the audience: "The cordiality with which we have been received by crowded and brilliant audiences, the courteous attention of the management, and the efficient manner in which we have been supported by the company, have rendered our professional tour of nearly three months in the south and west, one of uninterrupted pleasure."

Upon their return to Europe, at the close of 1847, Mr. and Mrs. Kean performed at Manchester, Dublin, &c.; and on the 17th of January, 1848, reappeared at the Haymarket, after an absence from that house of nearly five years. Upon that occasion was first brought forward Mr. Lovell's play of the "Wife's Secret," which had been played by them in almost every town in the United States. In this piece, Charles Kean, as the Puritan *Sir Walter Amyott*, gave a fine elaboration of passion and affection struggling against doubt, exhibiting an energy and intensity appearing like actual truth. This play ran thirty-seven nights consecutively, and was only withdrawn in consequence of previous managerial arrangements. Mr. and Mrs. Kean then revisited their numerous friends in the provinces, from whom they received unequivocal testimonies of esteem.

In May, 1848, Mr. and Mrs. Kean returned to the Haymarket, where they played, at intervals, for some considerable time. At this house, at the commencement of 1849, "Othello" was brought forward, when Charles Kean personated *Iago*, James Wallack *Othello*, Creswick *Cassio*, Wigan *Roderigo*, Mrs. Kean *Emilia*, and Miss Laura Addison *Desdemona*. On the 20th of June, in the same year, Westland Marston's poetic play of

"Strathmore" was produced, in which Mr. Kean acted with an earnestness, power, and effect, that lent reality to the author's conception. The struggles of *Strathmore* lie between his love for *Katherine* and his devotion to the cause of the Covenanters; and in one scene, in the actor's portrayal of this contest, there was a glimpse of his father's glory.

It was during this year—in March, 1849—that Mr. Kean had to regret the loss of his mother, for whom he had evinced such undeviating affection. She lies in the churchyard of Catherington, a secluded and pretty hamlet a few miles from Portsmouth, and a short distance from Keydell, the pleasant country retreat of our tragedian, where his mother ended her days. We have previously noticed the grave of Edmund Kean: the following inscription, on an elegant tomb, marks the resting-place of her who shared with him so many of his hopes and fears: "Native of Waterford. In Memory of Mary, relict of the late Edmund Kean, who departed this life March 30th, 1849, in or about the seventieth year of her age. 'Flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.' This tomb was erected by her affectionate son, Charles John Kean."

At Christmas, 1849, her Majesty commenced a series of theatrical representations at Windsor Castle, under the direction of Mr. Charles Kean, and which, at intervals, have since been continued. Our present gracious sovereign is not the first royal patron the drama has had to acknowledge. Elizabeth witnessed some of the earlier representations of Shakspeare, and the company to which the bard belonged had a protection granted them, that they "be not restrained, nor in any wise molested in the exercise of their quality, so that they may be enabled the better to perform before her Majesty for her solace and recreation." Elizabeth's successor, James, continued this protection to the "poor players." Charles I. had his Masques—those courtly and regal exhibitions to which Ben Jonson, Daniel, and Fletcher, had previously applied themselves—and which were given at Whitehall, where the monarch's own fearful tragedy had soon to be enacted. The second Charles, as well as his brother James, had their dramatic companies, known as the "King's" and the "Duke's." In the members of the house of Brunswick the taste for theatrical entertainment seems to have been inherent. George I. attended performances in the great hall of Hampton Court, the plays selected including "Henry the Eighth"—the fall of Wolsey being thus represented upon the scene of his former greatness. George II. frequently visited the theatres, notwithstanding his imperfect knowledge of the English language prevented his enjoying many of the beauties of the drama. This sovereign was at Drury Lane when the Culloden despatches were presented to him from his son, the Duke of Cumberland. George III., when a boy, was instructed by Quin, and occasionally took part in the plays given at Leicester House. In after life his Majesty was exceedingly fond of dramatic entertainments. At Windsor, during the summer months, he would twice a week visit the little theatre in High-street, with the whole of his family, walking through the streets, or riding at a slow pace. The performances were either a comedy and farce, or three farces, interspersed with comic songs; and occasionally would the King lean back in his capacious arm-chair, and shake the house with genuine and hearty merriment. At eleven o'clock the entertainments terminated, and the flambeaux gleamed through the dimly-lighted streets of Windsor, as the happy family re-

turned to their tranquil home. Her present Majesty inherits this theatrical inclination, and is an efficient patron of the art. In the performances given by her in her own halls of Windsor—which have echoed with the splendid language of Shakspeare with which Elizabeth was charmed—Mr. Charles Kean has ably carried out the wishes of his royal mistress.

In 1850, Mr. Kean—in conjunction with “the Keeleys”—became connected with the Princess's Theatre, which opened under the conjoint management on the 28th of September, with Shakspeare's comedy of “Twelfth Night.” The representatives of tragedy and comedy eventually parted company, and the house has since been successfully presided over by Mr. Kean, by whom a series of Shakspeare's plays has been represented with pictorial embellishments, in some instances aided by much archaeological research. The latest of these productions, “The Tempest,” is marked by a complete originality of design, and is the most elaborate and splendid of these embellished revivals.

It is a vexed question whether these gorgeous presentations tend to heighten or obscure the genius of the poet.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike.

For ourselves, we would not have the sentiment converted into scenery, nor the actors who should give life to the play superseded by gilded walls. There should be a limit at which the embellishment should stay and become ancillary to the text. We have a strong faith in the enduring vitality of the Drama, but excess of decoration has been, in all ages and nations possessing a national theatre, a symptom of decadence in the histrionic art. The extravagance of the Alexandrian and Roman theatres, in sumptuous attire and complicated mechanism, is well known. Much has been said in disparagement of their modern imitators, though the cry is not a feature peculiar to the present age. It dates, at all events, as far back as the days of Dryden, some of whose plays were brought upon the stage with much gorgeousness. Pope levelled his satire at these spectacular exhibitions, which were made a subject of reproach to Garrick, and accounted among the errors of John Kemble. If Charles Kean, therefore, in his capacity of manager, has erred in the abundance of his embellishment, he has at least erred in goodly company.

Mr. Charles Kean—whose thirty years of a theatrical life we have here glanced at—has acquired an extensive and highly-merited reputation. He is a careful and an elaborate actor, whose course, of late years, has been unmistakably upward. At the outset of his career, whatever might have been the inward promise, it was not pregnant of realisation. Hope, that flatters so charmingly, had scarce a whisper for the young actor. “There are dark shadows on the earth,” says Dickens, “but its lights are stronger in the contrast;” and Charles Kean, in looking back upon his earlier efforts—met though they were with unmitigated severity—may feel the greater pride in his present position. It was at first said that he would never succeed; but time dispels many objections. Evidently attached to his art, he has fought bravely for the profession of his youthful choice, and legitimate and honest has been his success.

His style of acting, naturally enough, was at first formed upon that

adopted by his father. Edmund Kean possessed that wonderful insight into character which is given by the intuition of passion; and his fiery and intense style, blended with the gift of an original mind, made amends for many defects. Genius, however, is not of every-day birth, neither is it an inheritable gift; and the acting of Charles Kean, when contrasted with that of his father, exhibits the great distinction between industrious talents and careless genius. Twenty years since, when he had fought his way successfully in the provinces, and brought to London his experience and repute, some of his former detractors began to pause in their censures. At that time he rather sought to startle by isolated points than to elaborate a character from beginning to end. Now, he is the sedulous, conscientious artist, with whom every line is equally worth reflection, and who, far from being satisfied with flashes of effect, first grasps a conception, and then pursues it down to its minutest detail.

With a right mind and a diligent industry, his merits and accomplishments fit him well for his task. His study bears the stamp of elaboration and care, and his performances are at once scholarly and artistic. One of his most elaborate personations is *Hamlet*, to which each representation appears to add a new finish; and his portraiture of the princely Dane must be regarded as the production of a practised and skilful artist in stage requirements.

As a man, Charles Kean has never faltered in his path of duty, and can claim the honour of a spotless life. An early lesson was read by him in the chequered fortunes of his father, and he saw that prudence was needful to the strongest determination, the most untiring industry. That prudence has ever gone with him, accompanied by gentlemanlike bearing and unblemished honour. His actions are characterised by much of liberality, and innumerable acts, which no laudatory types ever published, are in the great Ledger on the credit side of his account. Foremost stands the noble protection given by him to his more than widowed mother. It is among the recollections of our life that we once sat between him and that parent, when his boyhood's efforts were being related to us by himself. Affection for his mother was cherished by him in childhood, and her closing years were gladdened by attention which had known no change.

'Tis a soothing memory,
Which, when the loved are resting, chronicles
Our goodness to them ere they pass'd away.
Oh! sweet to think, in cars that now are stopp'd,
We breathed affection's blessing—look'd with love
Into the eyes, that now return no glance,
Supporting in their wanderings the forms
That never more shall bear us company.

Should other proofs be needed of his generous nature, stand forth, ye numerous orphans, allied to him by marriage, and tell the world that he has been to you more than a father!

Such is the "unvarnished tale" of the career of Charles Kean, whose after life has yet to be written. May his later biographer have to record its happiness!

A VISIT TO ELBA.

GREGOROVIVS, a German author, who has already gained an honourable place among us by his very valuable work on Corsica, in which he imparts much fresh and interesting information about the first Napoleon, has supplemented that work by a recently published account of Elba.* The history of the founder of the French imperial dynasty has had so much new light thrown upon it lately, and is beginning to be regarded under such a favourable aspect, that our readers will possibly be willing to join us in perusing a chapter of this new book.

The communication between Elba and the Continent is maintained during the summer months by a government steamer, which runs from Leghorn to Porto Ferrajo once a week. The *trajet* lasts about five hours, for the steamer runs along the Tuscan coast, and calls at Piombino. But the traveller has no occasion to regret this delay, for the magnificent scenery which the vessel skirts is ample compensation, that is, always supposing the weather to be calm. The first glimpse of Elba reveals a rocky islet, apparently uninhabited, for scarce a trace of houses can be seen, with the exception of a small port, which is surmounted by an old grey tower, called by the people Torre di Giove, and forming a venerable beacon for the mariner who approaches this Napoleonic isle. But as soon as the vessel has skirted a brown promontory, a sudden change takes place, for the splendid gulf of Porto Ferrajo opens to view, an amphitheatre set in by lofty mountains, whose slopes are covered down to the sea with gardens, villas, small chapels, all beshadowed by cypresses, aloes, and mulberry-trees. To the right of the gulf a peninsula juts out into the sea, of very narrow dimensions, on which stands the town of Porto Ferrajo, the old Argous, afterwards rechristened Cosmopolis—a fair monument to the fortunate Cosmo I. dei Medici, and still more renowned as the temporary exile of Napoleon.

The town itself, though small and confined, possesses peculiar attraction for the traveller through its Tuscan grace and simplicity; the small squares and green orange gardens which begird the town are very pleasant. The town itself glistens with a bright yellow hue, harmonising admirably with the fresh verdure of nature and the deep azure of the sea. It is, in truth, a glorious residence for dethroned kings to write their memoirs in. Even the towers and bastions of the three forts, Stella, Falcone, and Castel Inglese, add to the picturesque scenery. At their feet lies the port, set in with good quays, the work of Cosmo dei Medici. You enter the town through the Tromba gateway, after casting a glance of satisfaction on the very promising inscription :

Templa, Mænia, Domos
Arcis Portum Cosmus Med. Florentinorum Dux II.
A Fundamentis erexit A.D. MDXLVIII.

According to this statement, Cosmo the Fortunate built here every-

* *Figuren, Geschichte, Leben und Scenerie aus Italien.* Von Ferdinand Gregorovius.

thing—temples, walls, and houses—leaving nothing for a Napoleon to erect, save those castles in the air which were to defend the restored Empire.

But the traveller is not satisfied until he has visited the sole curiosity the town contains—the palace of the banished emperor. It resembles a Tuileries built for a pigmy monarch. Of the town itself nothing need be said, save that it contains 5000 inhabitants, and that the streets run up and down hill in a despairing manner. One of them is called *Via del Paradiso*, another *Via degli Ebrei*; for the Medici who favoured the Jews so much in Leghorn gave them also abiding places in Porto Ferrajo.

We find no rest till we have climbed up to the residence of Napoleon; it is situated between forts Stella and Falcone, and is so built that the front looks out on the gulf, the rear on the sea and Piombino; but the prospect over the sea, and the majestically enchanting coast of Italy, is too exciting for a banished emperor. The house is very small. It consists of a plain two-storied *corps de logis*, with four windows in front, and two smaller wings, through one of which is the entrance to the house. A garden wall joins these wings, and encloses the small garden in which Napoleon took his morning and evening stroll. Citron-trees behind the walls, a few plants, some scattered flower-vases, and statues of green marble—such are the riches of the imperial garden at Elba. Napoleon laid it out himself, and ornamented it with acacias. It seemed to me highly characteristic that I found cannon planted in it. As the garden is a portion of the Stella fort, and serves at the same time as a redoubt, these guns must, in all probability, have been there during Napoleon's time; and they were the emperor's favourite flowers, to him bringing a sweeter fragrance than roses and orange blossoms. We can imagine him walking up and down this garden, standing by a howitzer, brooding, forming resolves, watching the sea, and gazing over to the Continent, the scene of his renown, which recalls to him the deeds of his great mind, accuses his inactivity, and spurs his soul incessantly with the trumpet cry: *Cæsar, thou sleepest!*

It is very curious that this Tuscan sea should contain a second rocky islet, which will bear an undying name in history as the retreat of an emperor. We allude to the island of Capri, the hermitage of Tiberius. Elba and Capri, Napoleon and Tiberius, are two most contradictory aspects of despotism: here an emperor banished by force to the little island, longing to return from the insupportable confinement, to take his place again in history, insatiable for conquest and deeds of heroism; there an emperor who holds the sway of the entire world, and guides its history with a movement of his eyebrows, and who voluntarily banished himself from history with a half-ironical, half-timid smile, to live as a hermit on the smallest eyrie of his empire.

In truth, it was a childish *naïveté* on the part of the great powers, in 1814, to banish Napoleon to Elba. We might almost be tempted to explain this most innocent thought of the greatest politicians of Europe by a tendency to romance on their part. At least, the only meaning which may be found in Napoleon's banishment to Elba occurred to me as I stood on the iron works at Rio, and I said to myself that the diplomatists of 1814 had a very poetical idea when they banished Napoleon, the god of battles, the sword of the history of the universe, to the iron island. From its inexhaustible veins the nations have forged weapons for more than twenty centuries, and Rome, although ordered by Porsenna, king of those Etruscans who first forged the ore of Elba, thenceforth only to employ iron for agricultural purposes, brought the world under its dominion by the iron of Elba. Hence Napoleon was properly banished to Elba, and made the man with the iron mask. He wore the mask of Elba magnificently. But could it be

really credited that the ruler of one-half the world, who had grown accustomed to hold the destinies of nations in his hand and play with royal crowns, would suddenly be converted into a pensioned officer, planting cabbages on an idyllic island, using a few grenadiers as playthings to remind him of the past, and going out with his neighbours on Sunday to the chase? Could the diplomatists have been thinking of Diocletian, Tiberius, and Charles V? Wearied rulers lay down the crown because it oppresses them, and after they have grown tired of it; but the weightiest crown never yet appeared too heavy for the head of a man who rose by his own energies, and wrested that crown from fortune or destiny. Such men can only cease to rule when they have been overthrown by the same destiny. It was, therefore, a strange and most romantic idea to place the Corsican lion on this island, in the open sea between France and Italy, in the focus of his master passions.

When Marshals Macdonald and Ney announced to Napoleon at Fontainebleau that he might choose Elba, or some other spot, say Corsica, over which to exercise the sovereignty, he exclaimed, passionately, "No, no, I will have nothing in common with Corsica." It requires but a novice in psychology to read his thoughts. "Elba! who knows Elba? Find me an officer who knows Elba. Show me a map on which Elba is drawn. Elba—stay—Elba——" and a rapid thought crossed his mind. The favourites of his sister Eliza of Tuscany had proposed Elba, because it lay so near her dominions; and so he went, bearing the title of emperor with him, as sovereign to Elba. Such was the result of the repeated struggles that shook the universe. On the 20th of April, 1814, Napoleon took leave of his Guards. Reader, pardon us if we remind you of much that is old and well known, but we are glad to recal the picture of an extraordinary man, even in his fall. For by such a scene the mind is elevated to a wiser consideration of life and the eternal dispensation. When little men fall from the height of their grandeur, to which they have risen, not by their own innate strength, but through the weakness of the age, the end is not tragical. Possibly Napoleon's end is the greatest tragedy we can find in the history of the universe.

The words which this man addressed to his Guards on parting were a strange mixture of truth and falsehood, of policy and sentimentality. The parting scene is very characteristic, because it is so thoroughly theatrical. In truth, much more theatrical pomp and tinsel hang round the figure of Napoleon than round those of Alexander and Pompey. On the 27th of April, Napoleon, after escaping in wretched disguise from the assassins of Provence, reached Fréjus. The road he had once flown along when returning from Egypt to celebrate his triumph, he had now hurriedly traversed, dressed in turn as a postilion and a servant.* A French and an English vessel lay waiting in the port. On the 5th of May he landed in Elba; seven years later, and on the self-same day, he was to die at St. Helena, on a distant islet in the ocean, whose name he had scarce heard. It was six in the evening—a southern lovely day. The people of Elba, his subjects, stood on the quay. Poor men in sheepskin jackets, with the Phrygian cap in their hands, awaited timidly and curiously the great man who had subjugated the world, and had given away lands and crowns, as other kings give rings and crosses, and who was henceforth to be their

* A vivid description of this passage in Napoleon's history is quoted by Marmont in his *Memoirs*.

ruler, the Prince of Elba. Napoleon, however, remained the whole night on board the ship; how confined he must have felt in this circular bay, which the very mountains seemed to enthrall!

When Napoleon landed, the former French commandant, Dalesme, received him. Napoleon had announced his arrival to him, and written: "General, I have sacrificed my rights to the welfare of my country, and received for myself the sovereignty of Elba: inform the inhabitants of the island that I have selected their country as my abode, and tell them that they will ever be the object of my liveliest interest." This letter sounds like Napoleon's death-warrant signed by himself—Elba, for the future, the object of his liveliest interest! a rock taken in exchange for the world! The mayor and elders of Porto Ferrajo presented themselves with the keys of the town. The emperor received them. It was the same scene he had so often witnessed, before Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, Milan, Madrid, Moscow, only the actors had been changed—a poor stuttering mayor from Porto Ferrajo and a few of the elders of the town. Napoleon proceeded to the governor's house, the imperial palace we have described, with its guns and little flower-beds. He began enlarging it immediately, till it contained a handsome dining salon, and ten or twelve larger and smaller apartments. In Napoleon's little sleeping-room still hang copperplate engravings representing Egyptian scenes, and his writing-desk is still visible in his study. In truth, the residence in Elba resembled the idyllic villegiatura of a Roman emperor, who retires from the burdensome life of a great court to enjoy the fresh air and peace with a few confidential friends and servants at Antium or Baiæ. But, possibly, the air of Elba was a more torturing captivity to Napoleon's feeling than that which he inhaled on the rock of St. Helena, at a period when he had learned resignation.

He had been allowed to retain seven hundred foot and about eighty horse guards, in some measure as playthings. Imagine this band of veterans assembled, like shipwrecked mariners, resting on the strand. Any one who listened to what these rough men—French, Corsicans, Italians, Poles—talked about, could hear the strangest things, and see scenes from half the earth pass before his mind: the Pyramids, the fearful ice-fields of Russia, the Alps, Leipzig, Marengo, the sun of Austerlitz, Eylau; names such as Ney—oh, Ney! that pains—Marmont, Bernadotte—those sting the old warrior-heart—the false, splendid Murat—"What has become of him?" "Oh, he is still a king over there in Italy; two or three days' sail and we could offer him a hand." "Patienza!" says the Italian; "Vive l'Empereur!" exclaims the Gaul; "Noch ist nichts verloren!" shouts the Pole. At times they are exercised, for the emperor has not forgotten the old handiwork. The guns are bravely fired, but they only idly beat the wind. It is too bad; but patience! and all will yet be well. The emperor in his restlessness traversed the whole of the island, accompanied by Campbell and a guard, for he feared assassination, more especially as Corsica was governed by Brulart, who had been formerly captain of the Chouans and friend of George Cadoudal. In a couple of days the emperor had convinced himself that his kingdom was not large; but he formed the plan to make roads and aqueducts. He determined to adorn this little Elba imperially as Tiberius had done before him to Capri. His restless spirit thirsted

for employment and action, and time must be killed somehow or other. Napoleon's glance first fell on the little reef of Palmarota. He sent forty of his Guards to take this island, which no one prevented, as no one lived upon it. The Old Guard took the island without delay, built a tower upon it, and had thus augmented Elba. Napoleon also occupied and defended with a redoubt the little desolate island of Pianosa, whither Augustus had banished his grandson Agrippa Posthumus, whom Tiberius soon after had strangled by hired assassins. The emperor may have been induced to this step by the old imperial names of Rome, or by the tragic lot of Agrippa, with whom, perchance, he compared his own fate. He built storehouses, quays, stables, an aqueduct, a lazaretto, and even the small theatre in Porto Ferrajo, where he had his imperial box, just as in Paris. For himself he built a villa in the campagna. The road made by Napoleon runs along the right of the gulf to this Versailles of Elba. Thither the emperor was pleased to ride or walk, and conversed frequently with the peasants who came along the road driving their fruit-laden donkeys before them. The valley in which the Villa de San Martino stands, and where Scipio Nasica is once said to have had a palace, is exquisite. It is embedded in the bosom of the magnificent mountains which rise on the Corsican side of the island. A stream winds its way through the verdurous depths; on both sides are countless villas overshadowed by trees, and wherever the eye turns a rich blessing of blue swelling grapes, which recal the Campagna Felice at Naples. A man with a contented mind might live happily there. The whole year through there are roses to crown the goblet, and trailing ivy to festoon the head. The air is mild and spicy, and the view over the sea, where the valley opens toward Porto Ferrajo, is sublime. But when a man has once worn a golden crown, the roses and vines of San Martino, and even love, could not render him happy. The man to whose hand the sword has grown will behave like Rinaldo in the Gardens of Armida.

Napoleon's villa now belongs to Prince Demidoff. This Russian Cæsar is converting it into a Napoleonic museum. It will be splendid, with its halls of marble and fairy salons, in which all the deeds of the emperor will be depicted on the walls *al fresco*. Napoleon himself, who planted the orange-trees on the terrace of his country house, was satisfied with having the salon decorated in the Egyptian style: indeed, the remembrance of Egypt seems to have been the dearest of all to him, for it was the most extraordinary—the romantic hero-epos of his hero-youth. At present Prince Demidoff has collected all imaginable relics which relate to Napoleon's history, and will display them in the apartments of San Marino. Possibly, however, the prince will not exhibit here a living relic of Napoleon's which he once possessed, because he did not take proper care of it, so folk say—I mean his former wife, Mathilde Bonaparte, daughter of the ex-King Jérôme, sole remaining relic of Westphalia. When the house has been properly arranged, the workmen told me the prince intends to run a steamer weekly from Leghorn, at his own charges, to enable all the world to see the sight. At present, however, no one is allowed admission, and so I could not visit the interior of Napoleon's modest villa. When I returned to Porto Ferrajo, I was consoled for this by the lovely moonlight, which can recount so many things to us. Ruins and reminiscences of every sort can be best regarded by moonlight, for the charm of a dubious light harmonises so well with everything that is transient. Is it possible to love Napoleon? After a thousand years will there be a living being on the scene of his life who can be moved to tears of grief by a recollection of him? I do not know. There is one great name in

history which sounds somewhat like Napoleon—it is Timoleon. I confess that the remembrance of that man moved me to tears, when I thought of him as I stood in the theatre of Syracuse. How Napoleon would have feared this Greek, who would have sent him to Corinth in silent contempt, as he did the tyrant Dionysius. Other times, other greatness. Napoleon, when young, adored the hero of Plutarch; when he had himself become an emperor, he abused Tacitus, and held a panegyric on Tiberius.

In truth, the weeks at Elba must have appeared to Napoleon like ages; he often complained bitterly to Campbell, more especially because wife and child were torn from him, and he was refused a favour which was granted to the most wretched exiles, from humanity. His mother came in the summer. In what state did Letitia Ramolino find her son again? The mother's heart had also been hurled from the pinnacle of fortune, but it was strong, and did not break; Josephine's heart was broken—thirty days after Napoleon's first fall she had died at Malmaison. His sister, Pauline Borghese, also came to see him; she who had once been the new Helen, at whose feet crowned heads lay, now buried herself in the retirement of the Campagna. Many mysterious persons came and went. The seven small ports of the island had never been so animated. During the nine months, 1200 ships had come in, and 800 Italians and 600 English had arrived to see the man of Elba, among them being many officers in Italian, English, and French uniform, from Marseilles, from Genoa, and Leghorn, or from Naples, Civita Vecchia, and Piombino. With all Napoleon conversed willingly, and received their reports about the condition of his country or the Continent.

One day a strange lady with a little boy came to Porto Ferrajo. The emperor received her kindly but mysteriously. She was allotted rooms in the Campagna, and in a few days she had returned to Italy with the boy as mysteriously as she had arrived. All sorts of rumours spread, though few knew the truth, about the apparition; but she had not been able to remain unseen, for, as may be imagined, Napoleon was like a distinguished stranger in a country town, on whom every eye is fixed, about whom every tongue wags. The foreign lady was a Polish countess, the boy Napoleon's child, the fruit of a tender hour passed in bleak Poland. I do not know what the child's future destiny was, but I believe that in December, 1852, this boy appeared before Queen Victoria as official envoy of France, and announced to her that spite of Elba and St. Helena, France had become Bonapartist once again, and that a second iron age had broken out, for eight millions of Frenchmen had summoned Louis Bonaparte to the throne of France. It is a dream. History dreams like individuals, at times of old loves and old destinies. In 1852 it dreamed of Napoleon.

But a want of money was beginning to grow perceptible. Napoleon's income scarce amounted to 400,000 francs. For France deliberately broke the agreement drawn up at Fontainebleau—an annual pension of 2,500,000 francs. The emperor remonstrated, and Lord Castlereagh took his part, but the French government hesitated and did not pay. It probably foresaw that the exile would employ its money to carry out some *coup de main*, or, at any rate, apprehended a landing in Italy; no one imagined for a moment that the emperor would attempt a return to France. Here at Elba, in the immediate proximity of France and Italy, two countries offered themselves to the emperor as the scenes of a possible restoration. How he must have walked up and down the gardens, weighing in the balance France and Italy—on one side the re-

newal of an old career, or of an empire he possessed; on the other, an utterly new career, a perfectly new monarchy which had still to be founded:

Let us pause here a moment, for this is a mysterious passage in Napoleon's life-history, which offers an extraordinary attraction, like every potentiality connected with a great character. For a minute, we may say, the spirit of an incalculable future hovered over Italy, while Napoleon still sat on Elba. For what would have been the consequences if this man had turned his attention from France, and, himself an Italian, had appeared in Italy in a new character, as organiser and uniter of these lovely countries, as a Roman-Italian emperor in the city of the world, throned on the Capitol of Rome? It is indubitable that such a plan was formed, but how far Napoleon was connected with the agents of an Italian union which emanated from Turin, cannot be decided in spite of numerous revelations. The plan of a constitutional empire in Rome, to the head of which Napoleon should be summoned, now sounds more chimerical than it may have done in 1814, at a period when territories and kingdoms were being carved out in the rough. Napoleon then was to be Roman emperor, the Kings of Sardinia and Naples were to receive a monetary compensation, the chief cities of Italy, Naples, Milan, Venice, Florence, be creeted into viceroyalties to satisfy their local patriotism. The Pope would be declared a phantom, which must be removed. This was the Italian project, and a war was intended to carry it out. For Joachim Murat, still King of Naples, was to commence a war with France, and Napoleon appear before the two armies at the moment of collision, when he would have infallibly united them, and, Italy once secured, the Bourbons would have been forced to recognise him.

But enough of these chimeras. Napoleon could have held Italy in excitement by lending an ear to its prayers, and had he really landed in Italy the peninsula would have been the scene of confusion and war's alarms. Doubtlessly he would have thrown himself into Italy if France had offered him no prospects, but the news brought by his agents showed him clearly that his landing only was required to dispel the Bourbon restoration like a mist. In the mean while, they led a harmless life at Elba: Pauline, the soul of the company, instituted a festival at times. But, in order to save money, the court expenses were cut down, the works suspended, and even an artillery train sold. The emperor was buried in journals, newspapers, and reports. In his little cabinet at Elba he sat as before in his study at the Tuileries. The man was the same Napoleon, in whose mind giant plans and world-astounding ideas were revolving. Thus then he sat in the little room of the governmental house at Porto Ferrajo, from which the modest banner of Elba alone fluttered, violet and white, studded with the imperial bees, while high diplomacy was holding congress at Vienna, moving a thousand pens and a thousand tongues, the entire world a protocol and a diplomatic speech, and all this about one little man at Elba: the latter, silent, solitary, like a magician in his rocky cavern, who summons up, receives, and sends forth invisible spirits; the former, full of the noise of triumphal festivities and debates. A strange contrast! The little iron man of Elba suddenly rises from his table. The congress is over, the princes and diplomatists hurry asunder, and the world is once more a huge battle-field.

Napoleon was well acquainted with everything that took place in Paris and Vienna. At the beginning of 1815 disunion threatened to range the allies in battle against each other. Austria, France, and England, joined in a secret treaty against Russia and Prussia. France, too, demanded

from Austria the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of Naples. Murat tottered on his seat. He, therefore, became a natural ally of Napoleon, to summon Italy to union, and keep the Austrians in check. The ominous word Saint Helena had already reached Napoleon's ear. The decision was confirmed in his mind. The emperor became still more reserved. He avoided speaking with Campbell, except when he returned from Leghorn, whither he often went, for a rumour began to spread that Napoleon intended to land in Italy. As sovereign of the island, Napoleon had four vessels of war, which sailed under the new flag of Elba, and were even respected by the pirates of Barbary; for they frequently brought presents to the captains of Elban ships, saying that they were paying the debt of Moscow. The emperor sent these ships still more frequently to sea, the better to conceal his design, and he concealed it so carefully that only Bertrand and Drouot were acquainted with the secret, and that only twenty-four hours prior to the departure. Nothing was breathed to the ladies: while in the adjoining Corsica the only confidant was Colonna, the friend of Paoli.

The decision to go on board, and leave this desolate solitude of Elba for the world and fresh Titanic struggles, must have caused a fearful emotion in Napoleon's mind, such as Cæsar felt when he crossed the Rubicon. It was one of those desperate throws, which the result, according as the dice fall, denominates either heroic and great, or mad and adventurous. Such moments, when a determined man rushes on his fate with the boldness of despair, claim our entire sympathy; and when the enterprise is successful, the daring appears even to have redoubled the greatness of the hero. Napoleon now resembles that Fernando Cortez, who orders his vessels to be burnt in his rear; and, in truth, he proceeded to reconquer France, and battle with the armies of the great powers, with scarce more troops than that great adventurous Spaniard had, when he proceeded to subjugate the wild Indians. It must not be forgotten, though, that two of his greatest armies and advanced guards were already drawn up in France—the magic of his name, and the hatred felt for the Restoration.

It was on a Saturday, the 26th of February—Pauline Borghese gave a ball in the imperial palace. The Guards and other troops, 800 men, stand ready to march on the *Piazza d'Arme*—seven vessels lie ready to sail in the port. The emperor is very restless; the little man walks up and down, looks out of the window at the evening sky, at the gulf, which is full of heaving waves. The Guards will go on board! *Alea jacta est!*

Here now, as the mighty man goes on board to tempt the gods for the second time, it seems to me as if a voice yelled behind him, "It is the malicious and eternal law in all things, that when they have attained the summit they fall back into the depths more rapidly than they rose." The voice is the voice of Seneca, that old bird of ill-omen, who has a special right to utter this warning to Napoleon, for he saw the mighty men of the earth end terribly—the Emperor Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Cæsar Germanicus; and because he sat for eight long years in banishment at Corsica, and learned wisdom, and hence learned the nature as well as the end of Napoleonic ideas from the most thorough experience.

But Napoleon sailed away, unseen by the English corvette, which was at Leghorn. The sea ran hollow. They hoped to get beyond Capraia before daybreak; but the wind fell, and they were still in sight of the island when the sun rose. By four in the evening they were off

Leghorn, and a French man-of-war, the *Zephyr*, sailed up to them. The crew wished to board it, but Napoleon ordered them to lie down on deck. The *Zephyr* spoke the brig, and inquired how matters were in Elba, to which Napoleon himself replied through the speaking-trumpet, "The emperor is in good health!" He escaped the danger! The emperor had drawn up, prior to embarkation, two proclamations to the army and the people; but, as no one could decipher them, he threw them into the sea, and dictated two others. Every one who could write copied them: they could be seen writing all around, on drums, on grenadier caps, on knapsacks—a strange scene on the fickle element and the ship *L'Inconstant*: for that was the name of Napoleon's vessel and of his fortune. On the 1st of March, at three o'clock, the flotilla entered the Gulf of San Juan, and at five o'clock Napoleon trod the soil of France. His band bivouacked in an olive grove.

In this Napoleon exactly resembled the romance heroes of his Corsican fatherland. For though now he appears in the character of an adventurer, it was thoroughly Corsican. The greatest heroes of his country had attempted in the same manner to return home from exile. In 1408, Vincetello d'Istria landed with a few Spaniards and Corsicans on that island to tear it from the Genoese. After a glorious struggle, he was taken prisoner and executed. Gianipolo made an inroad in 1490 with four Corsicans and six Spaniards, his entire army. After a glorious struggle, he died in banishment. Thrice did the brave Renuccio della Rocca invade Corsica from his place of banishment; the first time with eighteen men, the second with twenty, and the third time with eight friends. Each time he boldly marched into the country, with his banner flying, and issuing proclamations. After glorious struggles against Genoa, he was killed in the mountains in 1511. In 1564, Sampiero, the bravest of all Corsicans, effected a landing in his fatherland with thirty-seven Corsicans and Frenchmen. He also was killed in the mountains in 1567, after fighting gloriously against the armies of Genoa. With five hundred Frenchmen, Guards, with two hundred Corsicans and chasseurs, and with one hundred Poles as lancers, who carried their saddles on their heads because they had no horses, the Corsican Napoleon Bonaparte marched against France and the royalist army. After glorious struggles he was banished to St. Helena. With a small band of Corsicans, Joachim Murat landed in 1815 to reconquer his kingdom. He was shot soon after his daring exploit.

Lastly, with a few men, the Corsican Louis Bonaparte, within our memory, marched on Strasburg to conquer a kingdom containing thirty-five million inhabitants. As the attempt failed, he landed again with a few followers at Boulogne. History will be bound to recognise these doubtlessly adventurous attempts as the historical premisses of a man who soon after became really Emperor of the French. But we must not esteem any one fortunate before his end.

But as old Seneca, the Corsican exile, says, "falling things fall quickly." Rapid was Napoleon's flight from San Juan to Waterloo, and thence to St. Helena. On the 1st of June he was politically defeated on the Champ de Mai. On the 22nd he was again a fugitive, and dictated, "*Ma vie politique est terminée, et je proclame mon fils, sous le titre de Napoléon II., Empereur des Français.*" On the 10th of October the hapless hero landed at St. Helena. There—it is the last picture in the life of this marvellous man—there he lies on the distant African island, on his death-bed, pale and tranquil, his mighty soul having burst its fetters, covered with the blue cloak of Marengo, at his feet the pallid marble statue of

his son, the King of Rome, his faithful friends and servants sobbing by his side. The sun is just sinking into the sea. The priest, who has administered extreme unction, raises his hands and exclaims, "Sic transit gloria mundi!" So departed a great man; and even if we condemn human nature because it can be sooner converted by the soldier despotism of a Napoleon than by the civil statutes of a Solon and a Timoleon,—even if we accuse that great man because he forgot his mission, and degenerated into egotism and love of power,—still we stand full of admiring reverence before his statue, and praise the vast impulses which emanated from him to work upon the life of nations and the progress of the universe.

Having thus given to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, we will now proceed to give the Elbans their due. They are about 20,000 in number, a peaceful people, with distinct Tuscan manners and language, and possessing no material peculiarities. The island is too small, and lies too near the Tuscan coast to allow any independent popular spirit to rise. There are no Corsican customs to be found, although so near that island, and no traces of the vendetta are now visible, although instances of it have been known; only in a case of absolute necessity does the Corsican bandit seek a refuge in Elba when he cannot maintain himself elsewhere. But both island races have one trait in common—hospitality. The villages look brown and gloomy, like the Corsican, as they are built of the native stone. They also stand on the heights to protect them from the pirates, and are guarded by towers. The most fertile portion of the island is that looking towards Italy, and the mountains of Marciana contain an abundance of valuable granite, marble, alabaster, crystal, and other minerals, while the village of Marciana grows the best chestnuts. There are but few and bad olives in Elba, and there is generally a great want of wood on the island. Wine is produced in large quantities, and lemons grow in profusion. Large quantities of maize are grown in the valleys. Hence, the people of Elba want nothing to live and rejoice in their charming and mild country, for besides the blessed gifts of the garden and the fields, the earth has given them the inexhaustible iron ore of Rio, and the sea its salt and splendid fish. The Etruscans and Romans used to visit Porto Ferrajo to catch sardines and thunny, which are still found in extraordinary quantities. The fish and the iron rendered Elba an object of cupidity to all seafaring nations, and like Corsica it was ravaged by Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Tyrrhenes, and Romans. In the old times it was called *Æthalia*, then *Iloa*, and *Ilva* in the middle ages, whence the present name of Elba is derived.

Next to Porto-Ferrajo, the most important town is Longone, on the opposite side of the island. It is surmounted by a fortress, originally built by the Spaniards, but which Napoleon destroyed in a great measure in 1815, after he had left the island. It is now used as a fortress for political offenders. In Longone, Napoleon also had what is called a palace, a modest-looking house, where he alighted whenever he rode over from the capital. The surrounding scenery pleased him greatly, and he was accustomed to dine on an open spot below the mountain, on a seat cut out of the solid rock (still called the *Canapé*), round which he had planted mulberry-trees. Thence he would examine through a telescope the

passing vessels and the coast of Italy. Not far from Longone is the rich valley of Rio, so celebrated for its iron-works. The stream from which it derives its name is popularly supposed to rise in Corsica, and reach Elba by subterraneous passages. Chesnut leaves and branches which the water brings with it are a plain proof of its Corsican origin. However this may be, this new Arethusa at Rio seems to bear a poetic reference to Napoleon's fate. There is another circumstance connecting the iron mines of Rio with Corsica, for Peter of Corsica, or Petrus Cynæus, as he was called from his historical work, the most elegant historian of Corsica, fled hither from his father-in-law, and supported his life by carrying down iron ore to the port.

Since the earliest ages the iron of Rio has been worked, without being in the slightest degree exhausted. It is a mountain about 500 feet in height, composed of iron ore. In the vicinity are other almost equally rich veins; and among them the Calamita, which is the true Magnetic Mountain. The Etruscans were the first to carry off the mineral: they transferred it to Populonium, to whose territory the island belonged, and there the iron was smelted. The want of wood prevented the operation being performed in Elba, and even at the present day the ore has to be carried to Naples, Genoa, Marseilles, or Bastia. The mines of Rio are richer than those of Prince Demidoff in Siberia, and probably their equal cannot be found in the world. At present they are worked by a Tuscan company, and produce about 35,000 tons annually. Up to the present there has not been a shaft sunk, and thus, in all probability, the iron supply will be unfailling.

In conclusion, we must remark that, although in our notice of Gregorovius's new work we have confined our attention exclusively to his account of Elba, it must not be supposed that the other portion of his book is not equally interesting. We should have liked to give some extracts from his Roman sketches, but the ground has been already *exploité* by the brilliant *Florentia*, whose vivid sketches would render it extremely difficult to add anything new to her account of the scenery and people of Italy. We trust, however, that the extracts we have made will serve to draw our readers' attention to this valuable work, and they can judge for themselves whether our praise is in any way exaggerated.

THE MILLIONAIRE OF MINCING-LANE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XXV.

FAR OFF, YET NEAR.

MR. TEMPLE TRAVERS had reported truly when he said that Philip Hastings was getting on well in India.

Endowed with first-rate abilities, energetic in all his pursuits, steady in his conduct, and devoted to his profession, he soon made himself a name in his regiment, and was looked upon by all who had discernment as one who was sure to rise—by opportunity if it offered, but, if it came not, by making opportunity.

There were three subjects that chiefly filled his mind: the ambition to be distinguished; the desire to ascertain his father's fate; and the hope of one day gaining the hand of Alice Travers.

Of the first he never despaired; the second he cherished for his mother's sake; the third seemed all but impossible, yet he clung to it in spite of the chances and changes which the absent have only too commonly the right to fear.

There might, it is true, be something to encourage hope in the fact that, in all his mother's letters—and she wrote to him by every mail—he read the same gratifying intelligence, that Alice still remained unmarried: he learnt, too, that Mrs. Hastings saw her constantly, and that he was frequently the theme of their conversation. Of whom, indeed, could a mother more naturally speak than of her only son? Neither was it unnatural that Alice should feel interested in hearing of the welfare of one who had for so many years been her constant companion. Hence the kind messages which she sent, though, kind as they were, Philip would gladly have exchanged them all for one single line in her own handwriting. Still she remembered him, and sought to be brought to his remembrance: that was much, under the circumstances of time and distance, and all “the distractions of a various lot;” and there was this in addition, that Alice told his mother of more than one refusal, on her part, to marry. Was it possible, Philip sometimes asked himself, that these communications were made in the hope of their being repeated to him? Was he wrong in the instinct, if it were no more, which assured him of the existence of a deeper feeling than friendship in the bosom of Alice Travers? But however he might indulge in the day-dreams of his love, the same honourable spirit that had prompted him to self-banishment, pervaded all he wrote to his mother in reply: a more cordial and earnest expression of thanks could not be conveyed in words, but Mr. Temple Travers himself might have read his letters, undisturbed by a shadow of apprehension.

At a very early period of his Indian experience, Philip Hastings

became convinced that there was no more certain road to promotion than the acquirement of an intimate knowledge of the natives, as well the people in general as the troops with whom he served. He studied, therefore, not merely their language, but their habits, character, thoughts, and feelings, and as far as the difference of station and religion would permit, identified himself completely with those who surrounded him. This study, which, in the abstract, gave him infinite pleasure, was greatly facilitated by the frequent removals of his regiment and the detachment duties on which he was employed, so that in the course of three years there was no one of his standing, in the army or amongst the "politicals," who could give so good an account as young Hastings of all that was passing or likely to come to pass on either side of the Indus. His talents were fortunately appreciated by the local government, and a separate command of irregular cavalry was the first decisive indication of its approval.

This appointment was the means of bringing him still nearer to the country which he had always been so desirous of exploring—the scene of his father's presumed death, or, at all events, the place where, when alive, he had last been heard of—and Philip Hastings left no effort untried to satisfy his own and his mother's yearning. In vain, however, were all the attempts he made to procure reliable information: the district in which it was supposed Colonel Hastings was killed had frequently changed masters, villages had been swept away, populations dispersed, and vague traditions at best were the substitutes for substantial records.

But as in searching for one thing you often find another of equal value with what is lost, so it happened to Philip Hastings that, failing to discover any trace of his father—which would, without doubt, have had some marked effect on his subsequent career—he came to the knowledge of circumstances which, in the end, materially influenced his fortunes.

While stationed in the Punjab, accident made him acquainted with a man of singular character and peculiar position.

It arose in this way.

For some time previous to the organisation of the irregular corps which Philip Hastings commanded, the whole of the country lying between the Chenab and the Sutlej had been overrun by a notorious robber-chief, named Juggernaut Chuprassee, who committed the most fearful outrages, plundering the villages, destroying the crops, and murdering the defenceless inhabitants. No better service could be rendered the province than that of ridding it of the presence of this man, and Philip Hastings readily undertook the task.

Being quartered at Moulton, his field of operations lay directly before him, and quitting that city with a body of about twenty horsemen, he proceeded towards the robber's principal haunt. Impunity had begotten indifference to the measures of the government in the mind of Juggernaut Chuprassee, and he took no pains to conceal his movements, so that Hastings had no difficulty in tracking his course, which, indeed, was evident enough in the devastation by which it was marked.

It was the season of the year when the pilgrims, who travel from all parts of India to the great fair of Hurdwar, return to their homes after worshipping Ganga on the *ghaut* which piety has raised amid the head waters of the sacred river. Juggernaut Chuprassee cared little for the religious object which set the population in motion, but he was greatly

interested in the fact that amongst the multitude were many of the wealthiest in the community; and these he made his spoil, robbing or holding to ransom all who fell in his way.

One evening the scouts whom Hastings had sent out returned to his encampment with the news that Juggernaut Chuprassee was only a few miles distant, preparing, as they judged, to bivouac for the night in one of the gorges through which the high road passed that led from Moultan to Loodeeanah. Here was a favourable opportunity for surprising the robber, and Hastings gave immediate orders for moving on. The moon had risen, and the party advanced with caution. After a march of about two hours they had nearly reached the entrance of the defile, when the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by loud cries. Hastings halted his men and listened attentively to learn the nature of the noise. He was not left long in doubt; shouts for assistance were mingled with the most savage yells, and he guessed at once that the band of Juggernaut Chuprassee had attacked a caravan: it was an ambuscade, and not a bivouac, which the robber had prepared.

Hastings spurred his horse and rode quickly up to a turn in the road from whence the whole extent of the gorge was visible. His conjecture was correct: the broad moonlight which flooded the sky revealed what was passing as clearly as if it had been shown by day. Several hundred yards below the spot where he stood the gorge narrowed to its utmost limit: this point had been chosen for the attack, and there the travellers lay at the mercy of their ferocious assailants, and small was the mercy they showed them: a sword-thrust accompanied every cry, and some unhappy wretch fell beneath the stroke.

There was no time to be lost for saving or for slaying. Hastings gave a signal to his troop, who formed on the crest of the hill in as broad a front as the width of the road permitted, and then, without a word, as their leader lifted his hand they charged on the unprepared foe.

So rapid was the movement and so unexpected the assault, that the greater part of the robbers were scattered or cut down in as brief a time as it has taken to tell of their discomfiture: those fled who could, but from the nature of the ground they were very few in number; only about three or four, at the head of whom was Juggernaut Chuprassee, defended themselves like men. The robber-chief seemed intuitively to know that the attacking party were led by an English officer: he shouted an opprobrious word of defiance, and rode straight at Hastings with uplifted sword, hoping, if he killed him, to cut his way through his followers and make his escape. But the young man's eye was on him: he parried the blow and shivered the robber's weapon. The two foes now were almost side by side. Juggernaut Chuprassee crouched in his saddle and made a spring to seize the Englishman by the body and hurl him to the ground. Too near to strike with effect, Hastings swung round his horse as quick as thought, and before the robber could recover his seat he was caught by the heavy sweep of his antagonist's sabre, and rolled in the dust with his head cleft right in two. On seeing him fall, the others, who had till then fiercely resisted, threw down their swords and called upon the English officer to spare their lives. Had it depended on the Irregulars, every single robber would have been put to death on the spot, but Hastings ordered them to be made prisoners, and they were seized and bound. He then directed his attention to the people whom he had rescued.

Out of twelve persons who formed the caravan, so fierce had been the onslaught that all but one were stretched upon the ground apparently dead. He who had thus escaped was the principal personage of the whole party, a rich Baboo, a native of Moultan, whither he was returning from Hurdwar. As he sat, almost stupified with grief and fear, amid the ruins of his palanquin, Hastings addressed him in the dialect of the country, bidding him be of good cheer, for that all danger now was over.

The Baboo sighed heavily and tried to rise, but he was a very stout man, and could not do so without the assistance of his deliverer. At last, being fairly on his legs again, he surveyed the field of battle, and when he had counted the slain his equanimity returned, and citing one of the laws of Menu, he calmly said, in Sanscrit :

"The soldier who, fearing and turning his back, happens to be slain by his foes in an engagement, shall take upon himself all the sin of his commander, whatever it be.

"And the commander shall take to himself the fruit of all the good conduct, which the soldier, who turns his back and is killed, had previously stored up for a future life"

Hastings, who understood what he said, could not but admire the coolness with which the Baboo at once disposed of the poor fellows who had actually fallen in his defence, and the complacency which appropriated their virtues to himself.

"And again," continued the Baboo, as he turned to look upon the dead body of Juggernaut Chuprassee, "the slayer of a twice-born man shall inevitably sink to the condition of a brute. Multifarious tortures await him: he shall be mangled by ravens and owls; shall swallow cakes boiling hot; shall walk over inflamed sands; and shall feel the pangs of being baked like the vessels of a potter. He shall assume the form of a beast continually miserable."

Having thus settled the condition of his fallen foe according to the most orthodox receipt for transmigration, the Baboo held out his hand to Hastings, and sedately offered his thanks.

"I am sorry," said Hastings, "that we did not come up with these rascals a little sooner. All your people might then have been saved."

"It must be as it is," replied the Baboo, philosophically; "we cannot bring them to life by weeping."

And as weeping was useless, the Baboo did not even offer to shed a tear.

"But," said Hastings, who could not reconcile himself so easily to the scene before him—"are they all dead? Let us see."

It turned out that seven of the number had been killed outright, three were severely wounded, and one lay motionless without a wound, as if he had died of fright.

After caring for the wounded, and following the Baboo's example in not lamenting the departed, they examined the individual whose condition seemed so mysterious. He was raised up, and when placed in a sitting posture, to the surprise of all he opened his eyes, a process which made those who beheld him open theirs still wider.

One of the Irregulars asked him what had been the matter, but he made no answer, and the Baboo observed that they were only losing their time in vain questions, for to the best of his belief the man had lost the

use of his tongue, at least to all intelligible purposes. He then made a gesture which seemed to be quickly comprehended, for the "party"—so to designate him—immediately threw himself on all fours, and scoured away to the palanquin with the swiftness of a beast of prey. Arrived there, he busied himself in putting the broken vehicle to rights, and then came back to his master, with as much speed and in the same attitude as before. He had a singularly wild and sinister look, and every movement denoted the most remarkable strength and agility.

"You have a strange kind of servant there," said Hastings to the Baboo.

"Very strange, but very useful," was the reply. "I will tell you his history. This creature, by the sentence of Yama, has transmigrated before his time. He is now eighteen years of age, and when only three years old was carried off from the village of Chuprah by a wolf. Nine years afterwards two hunters from Sultanpore fell in with a well-grown boy, in company with three young wolves, on the edge of a jungle near Chuprah. The hunters gave chase immediately, the cubs escaped, but the boy was captured while trying to force his way after his companions through a crevice in some rocks. He was taken to the bazaar, when, owing to certain marks on his body, he was recognised as the child that had been lost. It was soon found that he was a flesh-eater, and of unclean habits, one sunk to the level of a Súdra. His parents dreaded to keep him; he became unto them as a pariah, like the dogs he consorted and fed with. By the decree of Bráhma I passed one day through the village of Chuprah, and the boy was shown to me. Instead of slinking away from my presence as he did from that of all others, he came and crouched at my feet. Then I saw what had been ordained. At a sign from me he followed, and ever since he has been by my side. Though but a worm, I obey the sacred law, and when his penance is expiated, this creature, by my prayers, may one day become a twice-born man."

In the mean time, it seemed that he had twice the activity of any other man, and nothing could exceed his docility. So that it was quite clear, whether Bráhma relented or not, that the Baboo had got, as he said, a very useful servant.

This adventure was the commencement of a friendship between Hastings and the Baboo, to which the latter testified on every possible occasion.

"I have learnt," said Hastings, in one of his letters to his mother, in which he related the particulars above described—"I have learnt more of this country in a few hours' conversation with the Baboo Gooroo Chunder Danurjee, than I could have gained in any other manner in as many months. He is a man whose knowledge of India is perfect: he has relations with all parts of the peninsula, and seems to be acquainted with everything that is going on. He sometimes talks in a strain that I do not exactly comprehend, and when I press him to be more explicit, he tells me to wait. What I am to wait for I know not, but I hope it is not my promotion. I do not like to be a suitor for what I think I deserve, but perhaps if you were to suggest a favourable word to the Court of Directors from Mr. Temple Travers, the command I now hold might soon be accompanied by brevet rank. I must mention something I had almost forgotten. Ram Sing is, I think, as much attached to me as he is to the Baboo. What an odd thing to have a wehr-wolf for one's friend!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

A CONTRETEMPS.

QUESTIONED anxiously by Dr. Brocas and Mrs. Basset as to the cause of her tears, Claribel only replied by pleading extreme nervousness, the result, she supposed, of over study. Her pride would not allow her to confess the real cause, which was not alone the insolence of Brunton, but a misgiving, amounting almost to a conviction, that there had been other witnesses than themselves to his conduct in the garden.

She, as well as Brunton, had heard the laughter in the boat, and the angry exclamation which followed it; she had also seen—or fancied she saw—as she hastily broke away, the face of Lord Harry FitzLupus amongst the party on the river, and if this supposition were right, what conclusion might he not have drawn!

A desire for his good opinion had been predominant with Claribel ever since she became acquainted with him. It would have been difficult for her to have explained, even to herself, the cause of this desire, but its existence was certain, and the oftener she saw him the stronger it grew: a fact which might, indeed, be ascribed to the marked change that had taken place in his manner towards her, every trace of affectation having given way to a natural, manly tone, which expressed none but honest thoughts and genuine feelings. Perhaps Claribel had already detected the reason for this change! Perhaps the sisterly regard itself was changing!

But besides the contempt which she felt for Brunton, Claribel's delicacy shrank from the unpleasant task of making an *esclandre*. It is true she had not hesitated to utter her real sentiments to Mrs. Cutts; but with Dr. Brocas the case was entirely different. His humour was so variable that it was all a chance how he might view the subject. She could not bear the idea of his treating it with ridicule, and making her, as was not unlikely, the theme of a perpetual jest; and, on the other hand, she dreaded an explosion of passion, for a fit of rage with him was always the precursor of a severe attack of gout. Claribel, therefore, resolved to remain silent about what had just taken place, but she also determined to prevent Brunton—as far as it lay in her power—from having a second private interview. For the last meeting she blamed herself, having given him the opportunity of following her into the garden: it must be a rare chance that should afford him another.

"It's what I meant to have told you, doctor," said Mrs. Basset, who believed in her niece's explanation, "Clary does study too hard; this new part is a very heavy one; the whole weight of the piece is on her shoulders, and if she breaks down under it, why there's an end of everything."

Dr. Brocas glanced shrewdly at Claribel. He had not received for gospel the plea of nervousness from over-work; but though he saw that there was something concealed, it was impossible for him to guess precisely at its nature.

Of the real cause he had not the slightest suspicion, yet, had he suspected, he could hardly have applied a more searching test than the one he unconsciously employed.

Leaving Mrs. Basset's remark unanswered, he spoke of his new visitor. His vanity had been greatly flattered by Brunton's instant adoption of the whim which had puzzled Mr. Ashley, and he praised him highly.

"I like that readiness and presence of mind," he said: "it shows that the man who possesses it is capable of acting in any emergency. My Hebrew friend, who knows what business is, tells me that Mr. Brunton stands very high in the City, and either has or will have an enormous fortune. There is no character so deserving of respect, none for which I have so profound a veneration, as that of the British merchant. It has been a source of regret to me all my life that my excellent father did not put me into a counting-house instead of making me a lawyer. To be the possessor of millions, able by a word to influence the destinies of nations, to be the real arbiter of peace and war, the instrument of progress, the controller of public events—to be a Cresus in expenditure, a Lucullus in magnificent enjoyment—such a position is the very acme for human ambition to long for! The efforts of learning, the reaches of art, the intrigues of diplomacy, alike fall short of the practical aims of commercial greatness. I envy not your Chancellors of the Exchequer, or your First Lords of the Treasury; the money they distribute is not their own—their tenure of office is but for a moment; but he who really makes me envious is the colossal capitalist, who thunders on the Stock Exchange and rules over the Three per Cents.!"

It is not in the least to be doubted that even a much milder opportunity of dealing in Consols would have been in the highest degree agreeable to Dr. Brocas, whose banker's balance was more frequently below zero than above it; but for the moment he appeared to despise the ordinary uses of money, and to be capable only of estimating its value in the mass.

"Why, what on earth, doctor," exclaimed literal Mrs. Basset—"what on earth would you do with the Three per Cents. if you had them in your trousers-pockets?"

"Do, my Bassettini!" he replied, "I would level mountains, cut through isthmuses, irrigate deserts, construct railroads, dig canals, build bridges, rear cathedrals, repeople solitudes, bring out the capabilities of the New World, and restore those of the Old. My name should be a beacon to all future generations. And this lofty eminence is attainable by no one but the enterprising British merchant. If I may claim some small share in the faculty of prophetic vision, the man who will one day achieve the glorious distinction I point at is Mr. Brunton, the gentleman who only a quarter of an hour since was amongst us;—Mr. Brunton, I say——"

What further eulogium he might have pronounced on one of whom he knew absolutely nothing, but whom he had taken so suddenly *en belle passion*, was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Cutts.

For the first time in her life her presence was a real relief to Claribel. There was no way of checking Dr. Brocas when once he had mounted a fresh hobby but by allowing him to ride it until he was tired, unless a new object interposed to give a different current to his thoughts. The arrival of Mrs. Cutts effected an instantaneous diversion. Her look was so exulting, her air so confident, she seemed to be so sure of carrying her point, whatever it might happen to be, that she fairly took Dr. Brocas

by surprise, and brought him to a full stop in the very midst of his harangue.

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Brocas," she said, as she entered the room—"I beg your pardon for forcing my way, as I may say, into your lovely abode—for there literally wasn't time for the servant to announce me—but I had something of so much consequence to say to Claribel, and knowing that I should find her here—so kind as you always are to my darling niece—that I positively did——"

Mrs. Cutts paused for a moment to take breath, and Dr. Brocas took advantage of it to assure her of the pleasure which her visit gave him.

"And if I may judge from appearances, my dear madam," he continued, "the communication which you have to make to our dear Claribel is not of a disagreeable nature. Pleasant tidings will, I am sure, be welcome: the little moppet stands in need of something to raise her spirits. I have been for this last half hour describing the most admirable condition of existence, and it has failed to produce the slightest effect upon her. I hope you will be more successful."

Mrs. Cutts looked at her niece attentively. It was a new thing to be told that Claribel was not cheerful.

"Oh, never fear, sir," she replied; "I think I can safely answer for that. But what I have to tell her must—for the present, at all events—be private."

"You must not take her away, though, my dear Mrs. Cutts," said Dr. Brocas. "I am curious to see if Claribel bears good fortune with equanimity. Remember, child, that in this life we ought to have no wants, be moved by no ambitious wishes. The only happiness is content: a cup of water and a crust of bread are of more real value than all the wealth of the universe."

Claribel could not help smiling. A moment before, and the descendant of Dr. Brocas had been the inappreciable utility of riches. But she was accustomed to his love of paradox. What concerned her more, just then, was to know what Mrs. Cutts could have to tell her that made a private interview necessary.

"I am quite ready, aunt," she said, "to hear your wonderful news. I certainly do hope with Dr. Brocas that it won't quite overwhelm me. Has Mr. Wimple relented about the plume of feathers, and may I play in my own hair only?"

"Something better than that," replied Mrs. Cutts, with an arch smile. "Come with me, Clary—Dr. Brocas will excuse us for a few minutes."

"I may come too, I suppose?" said Mrs. Basset, rising.

"No, no, my Bassetini," said Dr. Brocas. "Don't you see your sister wishes to be alone with Claribel? You shall stay with me till they return. Sit down to this chess-board. I'll try to teach you how to avoid fool's mate: you have already learnt the moves."

Reluctantly Mrs. Basset obeyed, while her sister and her niece left the room, taking their way into the garden and following the same path by which Brunton had gone. It led them to the spot which Claribel had so abruptly quitted.

Mrs. Cutts did not open her lips till they reached this place.

"We are far enough now from the house," she said. "I don't wish

anybody to overhear us. Let us sit under those trees that face the river."

"Clary, dear," said Mrs. Cutts, when they were seated, "you know what a great regard I have for you. I haven't been so much with you as your aunt Basset, but for all that, though I say it, I've done you a great deal more good. How should you like to be married?"

"Married, aunt!" exclaimed Claribel, in visible astonishment.

"Married! yes, married," returned Mrs. Cutts; "the thing itself is not very surprising. All girls marry—if they can."

"I have never thought about it, aunt," said Claribel, quietly.

"Then it is time you should begin, for there is a gentleman who means to propose to you."

"He has made you his confidante in the matter?"

"Just so. Only yesterday. I could not see you last night, so have come the first thing to-day to bring the good news."

"But how are you sure that the news *is* good?"

"Let me alone for that. You will jump at it, Clary, when I tell you who he is. Guess now."

"I shall never be able to guess, for I don't know a single human being—that is, nobody at all likely."

"What do you think of a lord?"

"A lord!" repeated Claribel.

"Lord Harry FitzLupus—the fourth son of the Marquis of Wolverton!" cried Mrs. Cutts, triumphantly.

Claribel's cheek became pale: the next moment it was crimson. The scene, not yet an hour old, which Lord Harry, she believed, had witnessed, rushed painfully back to her memory. There was shame in the recollection, whether she loved him or not.

"I knew it," said Mrs. Cutts. "It always takes away the breath. The same thing happened to me once—not, however," she added, in a lower tone, "when I married Cutts." Then aloud: "Well, Clary, what do you say?"

"My dear aunt," replied Claribel, "how could I have expected this! You surely are not in earnest."

"As much in earnest now as Lord Harry was yesterday," rejoined Mrs. Cutts. "Will that satisfy you?"

Mrs. Cutts waited for Claribel's answer, but she remained silent.

"Why don't you speak?" resumed Mrs. Cutts, after a pause of some moments.

"I don't know what to think or say," returned Claribel, in a low voice.

"I broke it rather suddenly, perhaps," said Mrs. Cutts; "take your time. Now then?"

"My dear aunt," said Claribel, making a strong effort, "it is very kind of you—of Lord Harry FitzLupus—he is always most kind,—most friendly,—but I have never dreamt of him as a lover."

"Dream of him as a husband, Clary, for he means it. I never saw any one in such a state in my life as he was yesterday. I happened to mention the possibility of your going abroad with Dr. Brocas, and he burst out at once, more like a volcano than an officer in the Guards. He said he was mad about you—quite mad. Think of that; a man of his rank!"

Claribel sighed.

"Ah, my dear aunt," she said, "even if I could bring myself to the state of mind you desire, you have mentioned an insurmountable difficulty. His rank is in itself an objection."

"Nonsense, child, rank has nothing to do with it. When a man's in love he only cares for that."

"But others care for something more: his family and friends! No, aunt, it must not be thought of."

"But I tell you, Clary," said Mrs. Cutts, warmly, "it must and shall be thought of! A fig for his family and friends! He wouldn't be the first lord, by a score, who has married an actress; indeed, you can hardly be said to be that; not six months out, people would soon forget you ever were on the stage. Besides, why should you make a difficulty if he don't?"

"Because, aunt, I feel it would be wrong to give him any encouragement. Putting the stage aside, are any of us in a condition to justify me in seeking to be the wife of a nobleman?"

"Fiddlestick about condition! A pretty girl may marry where she pleases. All the world's open to her, from the lowest to the highest. Your relations, perhaps, are not all of them dukes and duchesses, but you seem to forget that your mother married a gentleman!"

"That ought to be a warning, aunt, and not an example: his family disowned him."

"More shame for them. The matter should never have dropped as it did if I'd been in England when your father died. Your poor mother was a great deal too meek and forbearing, and when once his people set their faces against her, she succumbed. It's my firm belief that she knew who your father really was, as well as he did, though she never would tell any one, not even your aunt Harriet, after she went to live with her. As for me, I was abroad, as you know, till after your mother's death, or I'd have pretty soon found out.—But all this, Clary, is nothing to the purpose. The long and the short of it is, Lord Harry's in love with you, and you mustn't say 'No!'"

"But I fear I can't say 'Yes!'"

"That's of no consequence; you needn't say anything. Silence gives consent."

"But silence on my part would be deceit."

"Not if you have any liking for him."

"'Liking,' aunt, to use your own word, I have already,—the liking of a friend; but, as yet, I feel nothing more."

"That's quite good enough for a beginning; the rest will soon follow. Lord bless your heart, Clary, I didn't care a pinch of snuff for Cutts when I married *him*,—and see how we get on!"

This parallel was not very exact, nor the argument very conclusive, and Claribel's smile said as much. Taking no notice, however, of the comparison, she replied:

"Were all obstacles removed, dear aunt, still I must love the man I marry. But the subject is an idle one, for again I repeat, it can never be. Report says that the Marquis of Wolverton is the proudest man in England. He would never consent to Lord Harry's marriage, and without his consent, freely given, not extorted, Lord Harry shall never have mine!"

"Upon my word, Miss Claribel," said Mrs. Cutts, angrily, "you take things with a high hand! Is this the answer you mean to give?"

"I can give no other—I ought to give no other."

"I don't believe it. It's all very well for you to tell *me* so, but when Lord Harry asks you himself I shall hear a different story."

"After what has taken place between ourselves, aunt, I must not see Lord Harry again."

"Not see him again! That would be a disappointment indeed! Why, I strongly suspect he is waiting to see you now. I made a kind of appointment to meet him here to-day. He was to be on the river, and it's only a stone's throw from Putney-bridge to Vallombrosa." Again the colour deeply dyed the cheek of Claribel. It must have been Lord Harry whom she saw!

If any doubt could have remained on her mind, it was speedily removed by what at that moment happened.

"As true as I live," exclaimed Mrs. Cutts, "here he comes!"

Claribel started and turned towards the house.

"Not there, not there, Clary! In that boat! He's going past! He don't know the place. Lord Harry! Lord Harry!"

Mrs. Cutts aided her voice by waving her handkerchief to attract his attention.

The boat came swiftly down the stream. Lord Harry was steering, but, as it seemed, mechanically, for his head was bent and he looked in deep thought; one of the tiller ropes had slipped from his hand, and the boat came close to the shore.

"The landing-place is higher up, my lord," screamed Mrs. Cutts.

Lord Harry was roused from his reverie. He looked up and saw Claribel and Mrs. Cutts, who held her niece fast by the hand. He rose in the boat; his countenance was very grave; it wore even a stern expression; he did not attempt to speak, but looking full in Claribel's face he lifted his hat, and then, without noticing Mrs. Cutts, he turned to his friends, who had rested on their oars.

"Give way," he said, in a sharp tone; and the boat shot swiftly ahead.

Claribel trembled violently; Mrs. Cutts, with open mouth, looked the picture of astonishment.

"What on earth," she exclaimed, as soon as she recovered the use of speech—"what on earth can be the reason of this! Lord Harry must have lost his senses. Clary, can you explain?"

"For God's sake, aunt," replied Claribel, "ask me no questions! Nothing can come of this. It was folly in the beginning; its end can be only folly!"

She disengaged her hand and walked away. Mrs. Cutts followed the boat with her eyes till it was completely out of sight. Lord Harry did not once look back.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT "NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH."

IF Brunton's love affair with Claribel did not prosper as he desired, indemnity was offered him in the affection of Margaret Nalders.

The question was, Did *he* look upon it as an indemnity?

And the answer he gave to that question said, Only so far as it assisted his views.

These views—the business ones especially—began to develop themselves more and more every day. Not, however, to the extent of causing him to neglect a single mesh of the web which he was weaving.

Welcomed by Mr. Travers, he frequently met Alice at the old house in Broad-street, and whether there or elsewhere—for he had been permitted to call in Belgrave-square—he was received with much kindness by the heiress.

Alice was deeply grateful to him on account of her dearest friend, and that friend—being impressed by Brunton with the necessity of representing him in the best light to the daughter of Mr. Temple Travers, so that the great man also might be favourably disposed towards him—left nothing unsaid that could advance his cause.

She little knew the nature of the cause she advocated!

Beneath a calm and gentle exterior, which nothing till now had stirred, strong feelings lay deep in the heart of Margaret Nalders. The world had swept past without giving her its love, and though she smiled to see it pass, as if its love were not worth having, a void was still within—a yearning dwelt unsatisfied. At last there came the object which, sooner or later, all meet—or deem they meet with—and the passion which Brunton feigned, she felt in all its force.

To devote herself to the interests of the man who had given to the life he saved its only value, was a duty she at once accepted, subject to all the conditions he imposed. She had even of her own impulse suggested a course by which his prosperity might be ensured; and remembering this, in conjunction with Brunton's expressed desire, her whole thought was bent to one issue.

Nor was there anything in her advocacy that appeared unnatural or out of place.

Brunton acknowledged high aims, but none could doubt, from what he said, that he was guided to them by the purest and loftiest motives. He admitted that he was no stranger to ambition, but it was the laudable ambition to do good, and in that direction he traced the path with circumstantial plainness. If not so eloquent as Dr. Brocas, Brunton was more convincing, and whether it were Alice Travers or Margaret Nalders who listened, his hearer believed.

But there was harder stuff in Brunton than went to enslave the mind or the heart of woman. He had violent passions, and those led him one way: he had the greed of gain upon him—perhaps for the indulgence of his passions—and that took him another. To become a Millionaire was the paramount idea of his life, and as he looked round him he felt that wilder dreams than his had been realised.

Yet, independently as Brunton wished to act, there was one control from which he could not free himself—the influence of Mr. Ashley. It was something more than the bond he had given him that made Brunton, if not his slave, in almost all things subservient to his will. There were private transactions with Mr. Ashley which never appeared on Brunton's books, although the result already swelled the balance at his banker's. There were others, identifying him in a great degree with the house of Temple Travers, which, if completed according to the calculations of Mr. Ashley and himself, held out the brightest promise. And apart from

these, whose objects were special and known only to Brunton and his secret adviser, there were the general business engagements which all the world had cognizance of, and which, the greater their extent, the world the more admired.

"Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold!" was the legend which Brunton had adopted for his motto, and he found his account in doing so.

With capital at his command, and the opportunity for its most favourable investment, with credit which was increasing daily, and a reputation for success—and consequent wealth—established, there surely was enough to have satisfied the cravings of the most eager commercial enterprise. But Brunton knew, perhaps, that the ground on which he trod was hollow, that it might one day crumble beneath his feet, and to guard against such a catastrophe he strove to arm his bow with a second and surer string.

The wealth which Miss Temple Travers would inherit was almost fabulous; according to public report, it was more than sufficient to prop up any deficiency, however large, retrieve any false speculation, however ruinous. Once master of that, he might defy the hazard of the game by whose fascination he was so deeply enthralled. It was necessary to his ultimate success that he should look to a double event: a reputation for wealth to sustain his matrimonial pretensions, and the money itself to support or cover the ventures in which he embarked.

Brunton was one who could contemplate a crash with the greatest coolness, but nobody took greater precaution than he to hedge against such a contingency.

This was the reason why he hampered himself with all the difficulties attendant on his pursuit of the great heiress,—not the least of which was the declaration of his love for Margaret Nalders.

"A broken heart, more or less," he said, as he ruminated over his projects, "will not prevent the sun from shining every day, nor the world from turning on its axis. Women were made for man's purposes according to the shape in which he fashions them. Alice is essential to my prospects—Margaret is the ladder by which I climb—and Claribel—ah, Claribel—she is the one thing needful to my existence. If I could have done without Margaret I would; to forego all of Alice but her money were no sacrifice; but not to possess Claribel is to render life itself a hateful, wearisome burden: all three must, therefore, submit to my will. It is perfectly clear that only one of them can be my wife, and quite as evident who that wife must be. Pity they can't change places, or merge into the same person Alice's fortune, Margaret's love, and Claribel's beauty! How happy their possessor! Claribel's beauty! And why not Claribel's love? As yet I have only been honoured by her aversion. The humorist says it is best to begin with that. He means that women rush into extremes. No answer to my letter! That is of a piece with her repelling coldness. I have twice offended her. How will she resent my offences? Who is to be her champion? Not the fantastic virtuoso—not the paternal manager—certainly not my kind, accommodating friend Tom Cutts! Is there no one else? Oh, yes! Suppose, *par hasard*, it happened to be Lord Harry FitzLupus! I have a kind of notion it was his intellectual face and classical language that put an end to our last interview. Lord Harry had better take care. I know rather

more of his affairs than he of mine. Ashley holds bills enough to swamp him over and over again. He would part with them to me for a proper consideration; so again I say, Lord Harry FitzLupus, beware! No championship then. Perhaps no occasion for any! If Claribel makes no appeal, there is nothing to fear;—a great deal to hope. She has already in her hands the assumed evidence of my penitence, the renewed avowal of my love. The first she may believe,—the last she cannot doubt. Women, beyond all other things, are won by perseverance; and where is the woman who hates a man for telling her that she is beautiful,—for telling her that he loves! Claribel is a woman like the rest. She will yield at last. I must wait a little longer. If waiting, and pleading in all humility, should fail, a different course must be adopted. In the mean time I must not lose sight of my tools. And first, to find out Cutts."

The search was not very difficult. There were given periods in every day when the *habitat* of Tom Cutts might be discovered with perfect certainty, by those who knew him well. Like the imaginary shepherd of the philosophising king—philosophising in the midst of battle—Mr. Cutts divided his days into their allotted uses; and the comparison was most in point when he spoke of shearing fleeces.

Mention has been made, in one of the foregoing chapters, of the class of gentlemen who frequent the locality which bears the name of "Lemon-tree-yard." Low sporting, in all its varieties, was the great *penchant* of Mr. Cutts, and in that neighbourhood he was fully enabled to cultivate his tastes. Mr. Cutts was known in most of the "Stores" and "Divans" which abound in Windmill-street and the upper part of the Haymarket, but his favourite haunt was Lillierap's, just seven doors and a half from the corner of Jermyn-street.

There is a bar at Lillierap's which is well attended by parties in long-bodied waistcoats, loose drab shorts, and very much wrinkled gaiters;—parties who generally have sprigs of rosemary in their mouths, which they manage to keep there while they drink; parties who always look down when they talk to each other, and whose muttered monosyllabic words are few and far between, the only similitude they bear to things of angelic nature.

But Mr. Cutts, though he does not disdain to make use of the bar, *en passant*, while he exchanges monosyllables with the worthies in shorts and gaiters, calls for what he takes in the parlour up-stairs, an indication of which convenience is blazoned in gold on Lillierap's taproom window. In that parlour you might put your finger on Mr. Cutts at any time between nine at night and some small hour on the following morning, and thither Brunton went to seek him.

As smoking was not strictly prohibited in Lillierap's genteel establishment, a somewhat cloudy atmosphere prevented Brunton from immediately discovering his friend; but at length he caught sight of him in a corner—a long pipe in his mouth and a glass of something-and-water on the table before him—listening to an individual whose appearance was eminently sporting. From the confidential, not to say the mysterious, manner of this gentleman, Brunton inferred that something "dark" was on the *tapis*, but as he had no time to spare he did not hesitate to interrupt the pair.

"I want to speak to you," he said, touching Cutts on the shoulder; "can it be here or outside?"

Mr. Cutts looked up, and seeing who it was that addressed him, nodded to his companion, and said, "You'll excuse us, Hinkin. Business!"

Mr. Hinkin, who thoroughly understood the meaning of this last word, rose at once, and in an off-hand way observed:

"Well, I was just a goin' to mizzle. There's a stunnin' silver mug to be ratted for at arf-p'st nine, over at Jemmy Shaw's, and I've a black and tan as I think will do the trick. Bivens takes the cheer arterwards, and I faces 'im. Good evenin', Mr. C. You'll keep an eye on that 'ere! If you want any nice blue rocks, I know of a party as can per-wide the werry best—to be heerd of at Parnaby's. Your servant, sir!"

And, touching his hat to Brunton, Mr. Hinkin withdrew.

"That's a capital fellow!" said Mr. Cutts; "has done more ratting, perhaps, than any man living."

"A vast accomplishment!" returned Brunton. "He ought to be in Parliament."

"He's got the smallest white stock bull-dog in the world!" continued Mr. Cutts, in the same eulogistic strain. "A dog that can do anything; and so," he added, as Mr. Hinkin's form vanished amid the smoke—"and so can his master! What's more, he makes no bones about doing anything. Only pay him!"

"There's a possibility, then," said Brunton, "that one of these days Mr. Hinkin's talents may be turned to account; but we will leave him in the enjoyment of his rats for the present. Can we talk here? Is it safe?"

"As a church," replied Cutts. "Only you needn't speak too loud. As a general rule, nobody comes to this place that hasn't business of his own to look after: other people's concerns don't trouble them."

"Very good. Now, tell me—when did you last see Claribel?"

"About a week ago, I fancy."

"Where?"

"At our house."

"Has she been out to Fulham lately;—since you saw her?"

"I believe she has. I know she was there just before."

"How do you know that?"

"Because my wife brought her back."

"Which day was that? Try and recollect."

Mr. Cutts considered for a moment. He remembered. It was the day after Hampton races.

This corresponded with the date of Brunton's visit to Vallombrosa. He pursued his inquiry.

"Did you hear if anything particular had happened that day?"

"Yes—something had; but my wife's so devilish close I could not get at what it was."

"Then you learnt nothing?"

"Not from her."

"From any one else?"

"I'll tell you. In fact, I meant to have found you out to-morrow to have told you."

"Why not sooner?"

"I didn't get at the rights of it till this afternoon."

Mr. Cutts drew a long whiff at his pipe, refreshed himself from his tumbler, and then proceeded :

"We keep a boy, you know. He goes on all my wife's errands. Lately he has had a good deal to do carrying out notes and bringing back answers. Now Mrs. Cutts is not, in general, over fond of letter-writing, and when I find she has taken so much to that amusement, I naturally wish to find out her correspondent. Bob swears by his mistress, but boys are boys, and money's money. A crown did it. Sealing-wax is out of fashion; envelopes are easily opened, and a little gum makes 'em all right again. So that way I discovered all I wanted to know."

"What did you discover?" asked Brunton, eagerly.

"That Lord Harry FitzLupus was head over ears in love with Clary. That there'd been a row of some kind between 'em. That it was all made up again. And that my wife congratulated Lord Harry on his success. Yes; 'success' was the word."

"Damnation!" muttered Brunton. "Do you think he wants to marry her?"

"How can I tell? Men do strange things at times."

"And Claribel? Do you think—no, she can't be—is she fond of the — fellow?"

"All I can say is, that when I left home this afternoon, my wife was in a better humour than ever I saw her. When I left she was on her way to Brompton: you may guess what for."

Brunton's brow was as black as night. He threw himself back in his chair, folded his arms, and reflected gloomily for several minutes. At last he appeared to have come to some resolution.

Taking out his pocket-book, he opened it and produced a bank-note for a hundred pounds. He held it between his finger and thumb while he spoke.

"I didn't forget you," he said, "about the consignment I promised. You'll clear a good seventy per cent. by it. But perhaps you're in want of cash. Here's some on account. There may be expenses."

Mr. Cutts satisfied himself of the amount, and folding up the note deposited it in his waistcoat pocket.

"When is the best time for seeing Wimple?" inquired Brunton.

"I should say," answered Mr. Cutts, "in the morning, before rehearsal, between nine and ten o'clock. At his own house."

"Give me his address."

Mr. Cutts wrote it down.

"Shall you see that Mr. Hinkin again to-night?"

"I *can* see him—if you wish it."

"Do so, then. Tell him to meet you here to-morrow night. I'll let you know what for. You say he's not particular?"

"Not very!" returned Mr. Cutts, dryly. "Between you and me, Brunton—it needn't go any further—Hinkin's a ticket-of-leave!"

"So much the better."

They went down stairs, and parted at the door. Mr. Cutts crossed over to Jemmy Shaw's. Brunton wandered about the streets for half the night. He lingered for full two hours before the house of the little watchmaker where Claribel was sleeping. The day broke before he reached home. His jealous fury was brooding over vengeance.

THE RIDE OF NOSTRADAMUS.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS."

Scene, Paris.—Temp. 800.

NOSTRADAMUS, wizard old, in his mantle fringed with gold,
 Comes to chide the wicked king ;
 Throws into his foolish lap Normandy's red cancelled map,
 Tells him of his woes—the spring.
 Ludovieus the Wicked spurns, as his beard he champs and churns,
 Golden footstool at his feet ;
 Nostradamus, with a frown, breaks in two the royal crown,
 Crying, " Fool, thy fate is meet !"

Then the king with angry eyes, and a face of many dyes,
 Lifted up his ivory rod ;
 Smote the old man, bent and weak, on his thin and withered cheek.
 " Is our juggler turned a god ?"

Nostradamus at the gates, mounts his horse that champing waits—
 What a red scar on his face !—
 Rides through Paris hot in anger, with an iron din and clangour,
 Heaping curses on the place.

" Murrain and red blister—blight all thy burghers spot and bite !
 Lightnings shrivel up the dead !
 Hear me, beings of the air, wheresoever now ye fare,
 Melt the gold crown from his head !"

As the angry wizard spoke, witch-fogs rose as thick as smoke,
 Drowning all the roofs' and spires ;
 Through these mists like arrows passed, hot and eager, fierce and fast,
 Livid lightning's sudden fires.

This dark necromantie spell was, I'm certain, heard in hell,
 For an earthquake shook the street ;
 At the clatter of his hoofs, spectres danced upon the roofs,
 Voices answered deep and frequent underneath our trembling feet.

" Water demons, livid blue, river rapids looking through,
 Drive your corpses down the fords ;
 Mine and salamander kings, with your fiery throbbing wings,
 Smitc with fevers as with swords."

Tempests shook the double towers, where the bell proclaimed the hours,
 O'er the roofs of Notre-Dame ;
 Shooting stars fell sheaf by sheaf, like the autumn's dropping leaf,
 Raining as the darkness came.

Then the listening weathereoks, perched above the turret clocks,
 Clapped their golden wings and crowed ;
 Up the stone king on the bridge leaped from frozen saddle ridge,
 Where for centuries he rode.

When the abbey door he past, spurring hot, and fierce, and fast,
 All the blood-red royal martyrs in the golden sheets of glass
 At the Eastern window glared—even Pontius Pilate stared,
 Seeing Nostradamus pass.

Withered bishop on his tomb, praying for the knell of doom,
 Rose erect, and slowly lifted crumbling grave-clothes from his face ;
 Cross-legged old crusading knight sprang impatient for the fight,
 With the devil-army crowding to the Jewish battle-place.
 Though it was the midnight time, just as if at chilly prime,
 All the bells began to clash ;
 Every giant beat his mace on the well-worn hollow place
 With an anger mad and rash ;
 Every clock began to strike any hour it seemed to like—
 All the wheels were on the buzz ;
 Every hand was on the move, every weight ran in its groove,
 Fit to chafe the man of Uz.
 As he passed the river-arch where the sentries freeze or parch,
 All the silver fish stared there,
 Looking up with wondering mouth, whether you gazed north or south,
 Gaping for both speech and air.
 As he threads the city gate, where the stone gods sit and wait,
 Down they hurled their marble globes.
 Have you seen—has any one—how the eighteen-pounders run?—
 Thistle-down against his robes.
 Watch-dog's loud and frightened howls woke the eager-mousing owls
 On the roof and in the tower !
 Whizz ! they flew in frightened rout, from the church-bells round about,
 Where with hoots they count the hour.
 With a shrieking yell and bark, misers' dogs awoke the dark,
 Tugging fierce at kennel-chain ;
 Yellow-toothed and carrion rats woke the miller's sleeping cats
 By their squeaking in the grain.
 Splashing storms with bitter pelt on the barred-up windows melt,
 Scaring sleeping citizen ;
 Nightmares, many-hoofed and red, trod and trampled on the bed
 Of the beggar in his den—
 Woke him by a dying scream from a cruel suffering dream :
 Many naked rose to pray.
 Comets with a crimson glare blazed across the troubled air,
 Till the night was bright as day.
 Ay ! that very night there fell, long before the matin-bell,
 Wrath and curses dire and dark ;
 Thunder, with its blasting boom, split the blessed martyr's tomb ;
 Lightnings splintered on St. Mark ;
 Fire ran fast upon the ground, darkness dismally profound
 Covered Paris—pomp and pride ;
 Children, though unborn, might rue, that dread curse that blighting flew :
 Curse not wizards when they ride !
 But a year had passed away, just a year—the very day,
 And the doom had come indeed :
 Wicked Louis, gashed and red, lay upon his battle-bed,
 Careless of his realms that bled.
 Now the moral of my tale : Let the wise man never fail
 To respect a wizard's age,
 Never pull his reverend hair, never mock him with a stare—
 Dreadful is the wizard's rage !

RAIKES'S JOURNAL.*

WE find Mr. Raikes in his third volume where we left him at the conclusion of the second, in the Paris of Louis Philippe and of M. Thiers—Paris as it was in July, 1836. A Tory by principle or predilection, Mr. Raikes never entertained but one idea as to the fate of the citizen king—the presentation of an impending catastrophe surges to the surface upon almost every occasion that a political difficulty or a new attempt at regicide brings the unfortunate monarch on the *tapis*. But dwelling amidst the intense exasperation awakened by the Anglo-Russian alliance against the Pacha of Egypt, Mr. Raikes was too much carried away by the influences which surrounded him to argue, and still less to prophesy, so correctly upon that point. His prejudices against the citizen king go so far as to induce him to give partial credence to a report which, if correct, would of itself be sufficient to counterbalance all merit in the so-called “historical” view taken of the relation of the younger to the older dynasty by M. de Nouvion :

There is some mystery about the influence which ——— decidedly has over Louis Philippe; he is in possession of some secret or papers which might seriously implicate the interests of H. M., who is, therefore, anxious to secure his good-will by benefits and attentions of no common order. The pension which he enjoys from the privy purse is far more considerable than people imagine; he has 48,000 fr. a year, paid quarterly, and occasional donations from the same source of 12,000 fr. at a time, when he applies for it. The other day, when the marriage of the Duke of Orleans was finally concluded, the king sent for Prince Talleyrand, and desired him to go forthwith to ———, and announce to him the event; the old prince obeyed the command, and was lifted up by his two footmen to ———’s apartment, where he delivered the message. ——— called for pen, ink, and paper, and immediately wrote a letter of congratulation to the king, who that very day returned him an answer *in his own handwriting*, to thank him for the interest which he evinced in the welfare of his family. Now this from a king to a subject may be deemed an extraordinary condescension, and has created much comment among the few who have had opportunities of knowing it.

Both are wily characters, and ready to spare each other for their own private interests. It is supposed that ——— is in possession of certain letters written many years ago by Louis Philippe, when in Sicily, which prove the underhand part he even then was acting to supplant the elder branch of the Bourbons, and perhaps of others relating to schemes of the like nature, though of more recent date. ——— was violent in his abuse of Louis Philippe when he came to the throne in 1830; but the means of pacifying him were soon found.

Our business is, however, not so much with politics as with more sketchy and more characteristic anecdotes. Our first example carries us back to the days of Henry Fox:

One of Henry Fox’s jokes was that played off on the late Mrs. ———, who had a great fondness for making the acquaintance of foreigners. He first forged a letter of recommendation to her in favour of a German nobleman, the Baron von *Seidlitz Poudertz*, whose card was left at her door, and for whom a dinner was immediately planned by Mrs. ———, and an invitation sent in form. After wait-

* A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847. Vols. III. and IV. Longman and Co. 1857.

ing a considerable time, no baron appearing, the dinner was served; but during the second course a note was brought to the lady of the house with excuses from the baron, who was unexpectedly prevented from coming by the sudden death of his aunt, the Duchess von *Epzom Saltz*, which she read out to the company without any suspicion of the joke, and to the entertainment of her guests, among whom was the facetious author.

Still more retrospective, but remarkably characteristic, is a trait of Napoleon :

During the heat of the Great Revolution, when the populace rushed into the Château of the Tuileries on the 20th June, two individuals were observed walking arm-in-arm on the *terrasse* near the river, engaged in conversation. One was dressed in the uniform of the Royal Artillery, rather the worse for wear, and the other was in plain clothes. The artilleryman was heard to say to his companion, "Viens du côté des bassins, et suivons les mouvemens de cette canaille."

When they arrived in the middle of the garden, the officer appeared to be fired with indignation on seeing the disorders committed in the palace, and particularly when Louis XVI. was forced to appear at the window, with a bonnet rouge on his head; he then exclaimed to his friend, "Che coglione, comment a-t-on pu laisser entrer cette canaille? Il fallait en balayer quatre ou cinq cents avec du canon, le reste courrait bien vite."

This indignant speaker was Napoleon Bonaparte; had he then been overheard by the mob, the future destinies of Europe would have been altered, and France would have been deprived of a great name in her history.

The duel between Armand Carrel and M. Emile de Girardin is passed over without any sense of its real political significance and import; so also of the attempts at insurrection made by "the son of Louis Bonaparte, ex-king of Holland," at Strasbourg and Boulogne. Of the latter, it is intimated as an instance of a common perversion of the political mind in Paris, that Thiers was not only secret to it, but actually an instigator. On the other hand, as early as on the 8th of February, 1837, we find Mr. Raikes avowing that there was something in the state of France which was eminently alarming, and any day "an *émeute* may arise, which, if seconded at the moment by circumstances, no one can say what might in four-and-twenty hours produce a revolution." He had before recorded :

The Duc de Nemours is arrived at Paris without his baggage, which was left in the mud near Constantine. He will cut a sorry figure at the family dinner on Christmas-day.

Everything here is got up as a clap-trap. Last year at this period the Mascara expedition was enacted for the Duke of Orleans, who mingled his laurels with the mistletoe. This year the tables are turned; and his brother brings nothing but a bunch of cypress. The chief disappointment of all is the blank which it must make in the king's speech.

Yet, as he too justly remarks, "parties can learn nothing: the march of events finds them motionless and insensible to the changes which pass around them. Mankind is always the same; and history, though useful as a record, has been written in vain as a lesson." Perhaps it was meant to be so by Providence. If any one was to seriously consider the fate of the late dynasties in France, who would venture to sit upon the throne? The account given of Sir R. W——, is one of the many choice bits of biography contained in these pages. Sir R. was a great newsmonger,

and, like many others of the same type, often got hold of the wrong end of a story. Mr. Raikes, who was a thorough clubbist, was not above making a few hundreds by his blunders. On the day when the news of the great victory at Waterloo reached this country, late in the evening, he was dining with the present Lord and Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, and a small party, among whom were Sir R. W—— :

When the ladies had retired and the wine had opened Sir R. W——'s heart, he condescended to inform the company, that he had received a private despatch from Brussels, announcing the total defeat of the Anglo-Prussian army by the French, with the additional circumstance that Napoleon, after his decided victory, had supped with the Prince d'Artemberg at his palace in that city. On doubts being expressed as to the correctness of his information, he offered readily to bet any sum on the strength of his despatches. We took him at his word: I betted with him 400*l.* or 500*l.*, and others did the same to the amount of above 1000*l.*

When the Egyptian obelisk was placed on its pedestal we are told :

It was rather amusing to hear the exclamations against the English, on the supposition of the envy which we must feel at this surprising national effort. "Comme ces sacrés Anglais vont tirer la langue; comme ils vont serrer les dents." They even went so far as to assert that we had attempted to cut the ropes of the machinery in the night, to mar the success of the undertaking!

In a capital notice of Sir W. Knighton and George IV., we are told of the latter :

His dress was an object of the greatest attention to the last; and, incredible as it may appear, I have been told by those about him, and by Bachelor, who, on the death of the Duke of York, entered his service as valet de chambre, that a plain coat, from its repeated alterations, would often cost 300*l.* before it met his approbation. This, of course, included the several journeys of the master and his men backwards and forwards to Windsor, as they almost lived on the road.

And of his decease :

He went to bed, without any particular symptom, on the night of the 25th of June, but at three o'clock in the morning he seemed to awake in great agitation, and called for assistance. Sir Wathen Waller, who was in attendance, came to his bedside, and at his request helped to raise him from his bed. He then exclaimed, "Watty, what is this? It is death! They have deceived me!" And in that situation, without a struggle, expired.

Here is an incident manifestly treasured up for its horrible details :

An event occurred the other day at Port Louis, near Lorient, which has created much sensation in that neighbourhood. A young lady who was waltzing at a ball, suddenly felt the hand of her partner become of an icy coldness; she looked at his features, and beholding a deadly paleness, and the muscles of his countenance dreadfully distorted, she gave a cry and lost her senses. Both the dancers lay prostrate on the ground. Every one ran to their assistance, and by degrees she was recovered from her fainting fit, but when they attempted to raise her partner he was a corpse. The young lady remains in a distressing state of mind; she maintains her dancer had ceased to exist for several seconds, and that she had waltzed round the room with a corpse.

As a relief to which we also quote the following :

From the highest class to the lowest the French are a most singular compound of eccentricities; the impulse of the moment carries them away without reflection; and scenes are of constant occurrence in society, which, to the calm, composed temperature of English feeling, would seem near akin to madness.

The Marquis de —, eldest son of the duke, is married to a handsome wife, and both are sincerely attached to each other. No union can be more happy. The other night they had dressed for a grand ball, to which they were invited, and at the moment of departure the lady made her appearance in such a bewitching toilette, and looking so divinely beautiful, that the husband was seized with a sudden fit of jealousy, and without any feeling of resentment or ill-will to his wife, but merely to prevent others from the enjoyment of such a sight, he very deliberately tore her gown in pieces from her back.

Many English ladies would have sued for a separation. I asked how the young French marquise bore the disappointment. The answer was, "She was flattered beyond measure, and proud of this proof of her husband's admiration; and, in fact," said the narrator, "il y avait quelque chose de beau et de sublime dans cet élan de sentiment." I had so little *poésie* in my nature, that it struck me as very ill-bred, rather cruel, and exceedingly selfish.

Still more amusing is an anecdote of the dissipated and rude Lord Barrymore :

He had a famous song for this purpose, the chorus of which was "Chip-chow, cherry-chow, fol-lol de riddle-low," well known to all his associates. It had never reached the ears, however, of General Sir Alured Clarke, who was very proud of his campaigns in America, and very ready to dilate on the information he had gained concerning the tribes of savage Indians in some of the back settlements. Barrymore once attacked the old general unawares upon this his favourite subject, by an affected desire to obtain some knowledge about them. Thus he began : "What is the tribe of the Chip Chows?" The old general, taken perhaps by the sound, and whose information might have been rather superficial, began to describe a tribe of savages in a particular district, remarkable for their cruelty and warlike propensities. Seeing that the bait was swallowed, the questioner proceeded, with much seeming interest, to inquire, "What were the Cherry Chows?" These also were described, with other particulars, in the same grave manner, and the addition that they always ate their prisoners. Upon this, Barrymore, throwing off the mask, burst into a loud horse-laugh, and said to the astonished general, with an oath, "And what do you think of the Fol-lol de riddle-lows?" There was then a general burst from the whole room; but Sir Alured, though evidently discomposed, rose from his seat with great dignity, and said to his merciless foe, "My lord, during all my travels, I have seen few savages so barbarous as yourself." And leaving the room at once, was never induced to speak to him again.

Of Paris in 1837 :

After a dinner that was given at the Café de Paris by Lord and Lady Fitzharris, with the Duc and Duchesse de Grammont, the Duc de Richelieu, and Lord Harry Vane, I went into the club, where I was very much amused with looking on at a party of Humbug, played by Count Ferrari and Medem; the former had lost two or three hundred louis, and to win them back was anxious to bet any sum with the bystanders; a ring of rocks was immediately assembled, and he had soon six or seven hundred louis on every game, but fortune seemed inclined to spare him, and he retreated with only a slight loss.

And of the court so much despised by the Tories :

The numerous servants at the Tuileries look more like a herd of fellows collected and hired for the day, to wear livery on some pressing occasion, than the regular disciplined establishment of a royal household.

When Massey Stanley was invited the other day to the fêtes given by the Duc d'Orléans at Chantilly, he was asked by the comptroller of his royal highness's household to tell him frankly, while they were sitting together at dinner, whether he observed anything in the service which would not be permitted in England? Stanley replied, "I can hardly hear what you say; the servants make such a noise behind us that I am really quite deaf." He answered the question without knowing what was asked.

The following reminiscence of olden times would delight a cynic :

In looking over several old *Moniteurs* of the time of the Revolution, I found the following paragraphs on the extinction of the Reign of Terror : " Enfin le 9 Thermidor nous a purgés de la présence, des tyrans ; la joie Française est revenue, des bals se sont ouverts au profit des victimes." The idea is unique.

Further on, the same feeling is shown when Napoleon gained the ascendancy over the Council of Five Hundred at St. Cloud : " Le 18 Brumaire a sauvé la France de l'ignoble despotisme de quelques proconsuls. La gaieté Française renaît de toutes parts. Déjà les bals s'organisent au profit des victimes."

And in 1814 the same paper contains the following paragraph : " L'Ogre Corse est terrassé, les Bourbons sont remontés sur le trône de leurs pères. Que les cœurs respirent la joie ! On dansera demain à Tivoli au profit des victimes."

The fourth and last volume still finds Mr. Raikes at Paris. Louis Philippe's declining popularity, the fortifications of Paris, the Syrian difficulty, symptoms of weakness in the ministry at home, coupled with a Chinese war, and the Neapolitan sulphur embroglio, constitute, with more domestic themes, as the trial of Madame Lafarge and the wonders of magnetism, the chief topics of the day. An incident which attracted but little attention at the time happened at the same period :

Conversation has been engrossed to-day by the appearance of Prince Louis Napoleon in France, who landed near Boulogne with fifty-two followers, English, Italian, and French. He was opposed by the National Guard, and made prisoner, with the Generals Montholon and Parquin who attended him, and the whole of his party. A lieutenant of the 42nd Regiment, in garrison, joined the attempt, and is included in the capture.

There may have been some foundation unknown for this apparently headlong enterprise. It is certain that in the universal apathy the people in France exhibit with respect to their rulers, the name of Napoleon still retains its prestige in the country ; and what is singular enough, while there is scarce any importance generally attached to this fact, it is the name that Louis Philippe fears alone, and his chief anxiety is to keep that family in proscription. The king is gone to Eu, followed by his ministers, and Guizot has passed through Calais to join him.

The incidents of the day were at the same period diversified in a way that now seems quite extraordinary by the multiplicity of the attempts made to assassinate the French king. The manner in which these would-be regicides were treated was somewhat singular :

Darmes, the regicide, is at the Conciergerie treated with every possible indulgence ; nothing that he asks for is refused him ; the chancellor and the grand referendary visit him, and the people about him converse with him, and are attentive to his wishes. This is called the process of kindness ; and if it fails to work upon the culprit, and produces no discovery of his plot or accomplices, recourse is then had to the process of reduction. He receives little or no nutriment, is frequently bled, never allowed to go to sleep, and his strength thus sapped away by inches ; if in this exhausted state he shows no sign, they make a third experiment with excitement. Wine and spirituous liquors are administered *bon gré mal gré* ; he is kept in a state of constant intoxication, in hopes that his incoherent replies may give some clue to his secret thoughts.

Here is an incident of the ever-recurring inundations in France :

A letter from a naturalist residing at Aigues Mortes, near the mouth of the Rhône, states that, during the inundations, he and many others had seen, on the banks of sand in the middle of the waters near that place, numerous wild bulls, horses, foxes, polecats, rabbits, rats, and a great number of snakes, with other

animals usually hostile to each other, congregated together without doing each other any harm. A man who had taken refuge in a tree found it impossible to prevent several snakes from making themselves a shelter under his clothes.

The epithet "wild," as added to "bull," may be left out without impugning Mr. Raikes's veracity. His informant meant by *sauvage*, excited, mad bulls, not positively wild animals. It might be asked, why are inundations more common in France than in this country? The answer is, because the French occupy themselves with the theoretical question of the *défrichement*, or clearing of forests, instead of looking to the practical point of the embankment of the rivers themselves.

In Mr. Raikes's time, Russian millionaire princes were not the myths that they have since become. Their eccentricities were, tradition says, as numerous as their ducats, and the following anecdote of the celebrated Demidoff lends countenance to the popular belief:

M. A. Demidoff, the Russian millionaire, lately married, at Florence, the beautiful Princesse de Montfort, the daughter of Jérôme Bonaparte. In order to accomplish this marriage, he was obliged to obtain the permission of his own emperor, and the dispensation of the Pope, as his intended bride was a Catholic. He first wrote to H. I. M., binding himself that his children should be brought up in the Greek religion; the emperor not only assented, but gave him the title of prince of some place where his manufactories are situated. He then addressed the Pope for the same purpose, binding himself equally that his children should be brought up in the Catholic faith. He comes to Rome with his bride, and boasts that he has mystified the Pope, adding, that where a man gives 100,000 fr. for a dispensation to marry, he at least should have the right of bringing up his children as he likes. The Pope, hearing this, immediately sent for the régisseur, and asked what was meant by the payment of this extraordinary sum. The poor man said he could not account for it, as he had only received his usual fee of about 10 fr. Upon this the Pope ordered Demidoff out of the Papal States forthwith. It is likewise come to the ears of the emperor, who has deprived M. Demidoff of his title of prince.

The following play of words—an amusement to which the French are much addicted—is unusual from being in Latin, and it is also unusually neat. It was copied from a tomb in Munich by Scrope Davies:

Oh quid tua te
be bis bia avit
ra ra ra es,
et in
ram ram ram
i i.

Oh *superbe*, quid *superbis*? tua *superbia* te *superavit*.

terra es
et in
terram
ibis.

Lady Sandwich said of the boy Jones—the Buckingham Palace sneak—that he must have been a descendant of In-I-go Jones, the architect.

The return of the Tories to power brought with it a gleam of hope as to the journalist's future prospects. He addressed the Duke of Wellington, who appears to have been always his staunch friend, but was much disgusted at his want of success.

The Duke of Wellington is detained at Windsor; but Alvanley tells me privately that I shall find him very much *aigri* by late circumstances. The present

government owes much to the lustre which his great character and universal popularity shed upon it. The Duke knows it, and feels severely that he is thwarted in the few objects which he may wish to see accomplished. He was disappointed that his relation, the Duke of Beaufort, did not obtain the desired embassy; that when he asked the Buckhounds for Lord Rosslyn, the first offer should have been made to Lord Forrester; and one or two other rebuffs of the same nature, that have been inflicted upon him by his colleagues in office, to prove their independence of him who formed the present cabinet, and made them all what they are.

He justly enough observes upon another occasion :

A few lines from the Duke, prove to me that there is not much consideration paid by Lord Aberdeen to his wishes in my favour. And on that question I shall probably never know *le dessous des cartes*.

The return of the Tories to power appears also to have induced Mr. Raikes to return to his old haunts. After such a prolonged absence, he observes with exceeding truth :

I am very much struck with the mania for gossip which now rages in society here. There seems to be no other subject of conversation in the fine company of London. The only topics that afford interest are local ones. This arises, doubtless, from the fact that, diplomacy excepted, London society is entirely national; while that of Paris, being more absolutely cosmopolitan, leads to greater familiarity with subjects of general import, and the resources of conversation are there, consequently, much less limited.

And,

Dining at White's with Alvanley, Allen, and Standish, put me in mind of old times.

Here is a bit of gossip from Vienna :

"Princess Marie * * * walked about the last *redoute* with the little G * * * (one of the English attachés), who was more than half drunk, and is *très joli garçon*. She gave him an appointment for the next day at the fashionable milliner's, and preceded him there, and took her place behind the counter. He arrived, was well pleased with the beauty of the unknown, bought some trifles, and went away thinking he had begun an intrigue with a *modiste*. Two days after he went to Princess * * * 's, and there found his *modiste* in full dress and the extremity of fashion. He was so astonished, he would not believe his eyes, and thought it was some extraordinary and unaccountable dream. Some one reproached her, 'Qu'elle se moquait de lui;' she answered, 'Comment savez-vous que je m'en moque?' I have not heard of the *dénouement*."

Anecdotes characteristic of English society for a time take the place of those illustrative of the various phases of French society :

The Dowager Duchess of Richmond is given over. I remember a story of her long ago which, at the time, was often repeated. She went one Sunday with her daughter to the Chapel Royal at St. James's, but being late they could find no places; after looking about some time, and seeing the case was hopeless, she said to her daughter, "Come away, Louisa; at any rate we have done the *civil* thing." This was completely the idea of the *card-leaving* dowager of her day.

And again :

As Lord and Lady Willoughby were coming to dinner yesterday, at General Fremantle's, where I dined, their carriage drove over a child in Parliament-street, but fortunately without doing it much harm. A mob, of course, was drawn together to the spot; but all agreed that the coachman was by no means in fault, and Lord Willoughby got out of the carriage, and saw that every kind

attention was paid to it. How different was the conduct of a French mob, three years ago, in Paris. The old Duchesse de Dodeauville, passing over the Pont Neuf in her carriage, the coachman by accident drove over a child and killed it on the spot. The mob assembled with frightful cries, and called out, "A la rivière, à la rivière!" meaning to throw the old duchess over the bridge, which they would have executed if the *Garde Municipale* had not been attracted by the noise. Foiled in this attempt, they picked up the bleeding body of the child, threw it into the old lady's lap, and made the coachman drive away with it.

Mr. Raikes's stay in London was, however, very brief. He appears to have arrived in England early in March, 1842, and to have left again on the 20th of June. The untimely death of the Duke of Orleans had occurred in the interim, and the eventful bearing it had upon the fate of the dynasty was fully felt at the time.

This morning I was stopped in South Audley-street, by Lord Huntley, to tell me that news was this moment arrived by the pigeon-carriers, that the Duke of Orleans had been thrown out of his carriage, and so badly injured that he died in three hours afterwards.

He had gone after the review to see his family, previous to his departure for Plombières; on the road the horses took fright and ran away with the phaeton, near the *Barrière de l'Étoile*; he jumped out, and was killed by the fall. Just as I got into Grosvenor-square, I met the Duke of Wellington on horseback; I stopped to tell him the news, which he had not heard. He got off his horse, and walked on with me further, talking over the event, and discussing the important results which may arise from it when the king dies. It is a mortal blow to Louis Philippe, as weakening the chances of his dynasty, which it is the most anxious wish of his heart to establish. A long regeucy will never be supported by this phosporic nation, and fears must be felt for the increasing power of the republican party. The Duke of Orleans was no friend to this country; that is, he thought he should gain more popularity in France by siding with Thiers and the war party, rather than by seeking an alliance with the English government. The Duke said to me, "I always remember Talleyrand's expression about him, '*Le Duc d'Orleans est un prince de l'école normale.*'"

Intentionally or accidentally, we hardly know which, this remarkable journal concludes with the following entry:

I this morning received the afflicting news that my old and valued friend, Lord Rokeby, died on the 6th inst., at Naples. An attack of the gout in the stomach acting upon an already shattered constitution, carried him off at a time of life when other men hardly begin to feel the approaches of old age. His talents, his information, his charming disposition, and uniform good temper, rendered him the favourite of every circle both here and on the Continent, where his time has been chiefly spent for the last ten years, while his sterling qualities of high independent feeling, honour, and generosity, commanded the respect and affection of all who knew him. Such friends are rarely to be found by those who are commencing life; how irreparable, then, must be the loss to me who am arrived at that dreary period when new connexions are impossible, and every day diminishes the few remaining links in the chain which binds me to this world.

It would have constituted as just a tribute to Mr. Raikes as to the worthy nobleman for whom it was intended.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

Just one hundred years ago the victory of Plassey consolidated that magnificent Indian empire, of which the basis had been laid by the Anglo-Saxon energy of our traders. During one hundred years we have advanced from victory to victory, and continued annexation and appropriation have extended our powers to the furthest ends of the Indian peninsula. How, then, could it be anticipated that the centenary of the battle of Plassey would be inaugurated by the most foul and bloody mutiny ever yet inscribed in the annals of history. It is true that we have known down-trodden nations rise against their oppressors, and satiate themselves with blood, in remembrance of long-endured wrongs, but the Indian mutiny is unparalleled. The policy which has guided the rulers of India has been essentially that of conciliation, and hence the fearful blow that has fallen upon us was unmerited. It may be that such policy was false; that the Asiatic mind is incapable of analysing motives, or drawing a distinction between clemency and weakness; but, at any rate, there is some slight consolation in the thought that, if we have hitherto erred in our treatment of the mixed peoples of India, the error has been one of judgment, and the causes of the outbreak cannot be sought in our tyranny.

The condition of the Sepoys has been the subject of grave consideration to many far-sighted men; even so far back as 1822, Sir Thomas Munro warned the Company, that "owing to the unnatural situation in which India will be placed under a foreign government, with a free press and a native army, the spirit of independence will spring up in this army long before it is thought of among the people." He then proceeds to state that the assemblage of Sepoys in garrisons and cantonments will render it easier for them to consult together regarding their plans. They will have difficulty in finding leaders qualified to direct them; but patience, their habits of discipline, and their experience will hold out to them a prospect of success. *They will be stimulated by a love of power and avarice to carry their designs into execution.* Does this not seem like a voice from the dead warning us of the present fearful crisis? Nor has there been any lack of advisers from that time to the present. Men like Sir Charles Napier, Colonel Jacobs, and Lord Melville, who agreed on no other matter, were unanimous in drawing the public opinion to the unsatisfactory condition of the Bengal army. The revelations made to the House of Lords by Lord Melville prove that the directors must have known the danger for a long time, and blindly closed their eyes against it. He stated openly that, in 1850, when the Company was sedulously engaged in disgusting Sir Charles Napier, and eventually driving him from their army, because he affirmed it was largely afflicted by a thirst for mutiny—the discipline of that army was, in point of fact, of the worst possible description. The grossest overt acts of mutiny had been committed, and so bad was the condition of the army known to be, that his lordship was entreated not to give utterance to the facts in public, as it was considered undesirable that foreign nations should be made acquainted with the real state of affairs. The late General Anson, from the time he assumed the command, deemed it to be his duty to represent to the Board

of Directors the absolute necessity of increasing the European force in India, but to that recommendation, so far as government was concerned, no sort of attention was paid. On the contrary, the directors, as if desirous to prove their utter incompetency, went on the old wrong path, and unhappily found a willing instrument in Lord Dalhousie. During that nobleman's governorship, the extension of British territory and absorption of native states have tended to alarm the Hindoo. Thirteen different kingdoms or states have been annexed during the last ten years, ten being seized for lapse of male heirs, without regard to the Hindoo law, which admits of adoption. At the same time, their policy was suicidal: by striving to bring Europeans under the native law, owing to their insane jealousy of independent settlers, and thus pampering the prejudices of the Hindoos, the Company have at the same time insulted them in their religion, by fostering the efforts of the missionaries. So far, indeed, has this gone, that a colonel of a regiment has actually tried his arts of persuasion on his own troops, and produced consequences which, for the sake of humanity, we believe he could never have foreseen.

Nor must it be forgotten that, for a length of time, a feeling has been rife among the natives that some great crisis in their religious polity is at hand, and that Hinduism will be supplanted by Christianity. As is usual in such cases, old prophecies are raked up to become pregnant with meaning. Mr. Irving tells us in his very valuable work, "The Theory and Practice of Caste," "At Benares there stood a pillar, which was a beautiful shaft of one stone, forty feet high, covered with the most exquisite carving, and dedicated to the god Shiva. A tradition concerning it had long been current among the people, that it was formerly twice as high, was gradually sinking into the ground, and when its summit should be level with the earth, all nations would be of one caste, and the religion of Brahma have an end. During a disturbance which happened at Benares, a few years before Heber's visit, between the Hindus and Muhammadans, during which the former had thrown slaughtered hogs into the mosques, and the latter had polluted the Hindu temples, and especially a well, of peculiar sanctity, by smearing them with cows' blood, this identical pillar was thrown down. The occurrence, connected with the excited state of the public mind and the atrocities which had been committed, was universally regarded as an omen fatal to Hinduism. Again, there is a prophecy that the sanctity of Hurdwar will cease in about forty years from the present time, when pilgrimages will no longer be performed there." For some time previously to the present mutiny, a report was in circulation and believed by the natives, that the "padres" had addressed a petition to the Queen, representing that, whereas in the time of the Mussulman kings the natives were compelled to become Muhammadans, for the sixty years during which a Christian government has held the ascendancy, not one native had by force been made a Christian. "Tippoo made thousands of Hindus become of his religion, while your Majesty has not made one Christian." And the alleged petition recommended that bullocks' and pigs' fat should be employed to grease the cartridges, which the Sepoys would put into their mouths, and thus lose caste, and by this means a certain road will be opened for making many Christians. The report went on to say, that "when the Queen read the Urzee, she was greatly pleased, and replied, 'This is

a very good thought, and by this means I shall have every Sepoy made a Christian.'” The train being thus laid by the instigators of the mutiny, all that was necessary was to fire it, and the mutiny at Barrukpore was the ostensible result of the “greased cartridges.”

But we are of opinion that this was only an inciting cause; the government did all in its power to prove that no bullocks' fat was employed in the manufacture of the cartridges, and the proof would have been amply sufficient to any men with whom mutiny was not a foregone conclusion. There appears little doubt now that a widely ramified conspiracy had been arranged to seize Calcutta and restore the Muhammadan rule, and that it failed more through accident than any display of energy on the part of the European officers. But though the conspiracy was thus forced into a different direction, it speedily burst forth in all its hideous strength. The 3rd Cavalry at Meerut gave the signal, and the whole of the troops followed their example. After committing those fearful atrocities which have caused wailing and lamentation in many an English home, the mutineers were, by some inexplicable mismanagement, allowed to escape to Delhi to continue their atrocities. They were there joined by the three native regiments to which Lord Dalhousie, the much honoured and lauded statesman, had entrusted the defence of that most important city.

In all mutinies, more especially in those commenced by Indian troops, “*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*” is an axiom; and it is probable that, had the insurgents at Meerut been rapidly and energetically pursued, they would have been prevented carrying out their fell designs. Unfortunately they succeeded in making their escape to Delhi, where they set up the king as their ruler, and the mutiny acquired consistency and purpose. It would be a twice-told tale were we to go through the list of defections, and show how the insurrection spread from station to station; how regiments, but to-day rewarded for their staunchness, convinced the rulers of the fallacy of their views by revolting on the next; but we may be permitted to refer to the manner in which the authorities seemed determined to add fuel to the fire by their reckless conduct and utter disregard of the native temper. A spy came to the 9th Native Infantry to tempt them to revolt, but their feeling was so sound that they delivered him up to the commanding officer, which led to his being tried by a court-martial of native officers, and being sentenced to death. The commanding officer ordered him to be hanged. Upon this the Sepoys remonstrated, saying, that as he belonged to their caste, they would all suffer disgrace if such an ignominious death were inflicted upon him, and they begged that he might be shot—a sentence which they considered he richly deserved, and which they were willing to carry out. As the revolt had been occasioned by disregarding the prejudices of the natives, this opportunity of converting a loyal into a mutinous regiment could not be neglected. Accordingly, the commanding officer insisted that the man should be hanged, and the whole regiment revolted the same night. At the same time, the example of individual bravery was frustrated by the most injudicious proclamations, and the mutineers carried out their design of concentrating themselves in Delhi, where they have hitherto defied the European forces brought up to their attack.

In addition to the strong natural defences of Delhi, it must not be forgotten that, thanks to the far-sighted policy of Lord Dalhousie, the rebels found in that city one hundred and fifty guns, and tons of stores and gunpowder. That they are skilled in the use of their artillery is unfortunately proved by the correspondent of the *Daily News*, who mentions that the rebels are firing two 24-pounders to our single 18-pounder. But we have it on very good authority that the Company do not intend to take Delhi at present: they wish to keep it as a trap in which to catch the mutineers—if they are foolish enough to enter blindly—and they pride themselves on the fact that there are very few percussion-caps in Delhi. If this be the case, it evinces a foresight with which we had not been disposed to credit the Company.

And how were these startling events received by the government of England? Did they evince any repentance for allowing such a state of things to have occurred, or did they strive to make up for past faults of omissions by increased energy? We wish we could answer this question in a satisfactory manner; but up to the present ministers do not appear to have attained a sense of their perilous position. Even though Lord Ellenborough, speaking from past experiences and a competent knowledge of the Indian character, urged on the government the necessity of immediate action, our jaunty premier persisted in feeling "no alarm." Lord Granville quoted with pride the satisfactory state of the Indian funds, while Mr. V. Smith even went so far as to maintain the disaffection to be at an end. The insurrection was purely military—such was Lord Palmerston's expressed opinion—and we regret much that the *Times*, suggesting as it does the political views of the multitude, should have deliberately endorsed this opinion. In vain was it urged that native rulers were mixed up, that the revolt was referrible to different causes than those alleged—in vain was it urged that emissaries had stolen from regiment to regiment, "bearing the bloody lotus-leaf and the bitter cake of revolt:" in a word, that the neglect of good government had fostered dissatisfaction and swelled sedition into revolt. The recognised authority on Indian matters in the House, the avowed mouthpiece of government, deliberately rose in his place to deny that the mutiny was national, or that there was a shadow of evidence of any conspiracy among the native princes. At this very moment the news was flying along the telegraph that the government at Calcutta had arrested the King of Oude, having obtained proof of his complicity in the *conspiracy*. The entrenchments behind which the ministry had collected being thus sapped, the palinode would have been ludicrous had not the perverseness of government led to such lamentable results. The government organ was forced into the avowal that it was a conspiracy; that the greased cartridges had little or nothing to do with the movement; and that the real secret of the rebellion is in the intrigues of the King of Oude and some of his neighbours. Even the *Times*, which had looked in vain for so long a time for the influence of dethroned rajahs, at last admitted that the conduct of the native princes was far from satisfactory. The eyes of the nation were at length opened. It was seen that the outbreak was a rebellion of the people and princes of India against our rule, and that the army has been the first exponent of the national discontent. Hence has arisen one universal cry against the present system of Indian government, which must eventually lead to a perfect reconsideration of our policy towards that country. With every

mail that arrives from India is received further confirmation that the revolt is not confined to the army. We see it in the gradual spread of discontent, in the apathy of the natives, in the rebellion of the native contingents, and in the fears felt in Madras and Bombay. Day by day the outbreak is assuming more gigantic proportions, and every hour's delay in the despatch of troops is raising hundreds of enemies, who see in that delay a palpable proof of British weakness, and gain a factitious courage to revolt, by seeing our inability to put down the forerunner of a national insurrection.

And in this posture of affairs can we say that Lord Palmerston has acted up to his reputation, or displayed that energy which, being attributed to him, gained him his present exalted position? We will only refer our readers to a speech lately made in the House by Sir De Lacy Evans, who is assuredly no croaker. That great soldier, no foe to the present government, but whose sympathies are generally, though independently, enlisted on their side, was compelled to rise in the House and draw attention to the apathy with which reinforcements had been sent off to India; and while allowing that troops had been despatched with greater rapidity during the past month, he urged that the number required could not be procured without a heavy call upon the muscles and sinews of the agricultural classes. But to the appeal so strongly put forward that troops should at once be sent off by the overland route (for every man now landed would be worth one hundred six months hence), government, we regret to say, turned a deaf ear. The experiment had been tried with the 10th Hussars during the Crimean war, and our consul-general in Egypt strongly hoped that he should never be so troubled again. Ye gods! who ever heard of such a reason before, as that the comforts of an official should be consulted when an empire is at stake. It is well known that as many as three hundred passengers have been carried across the desert in the Company's vans at one trip; and we have no doubt that, by the outlay of a little energy, thrice that number might be carried. Nothing would have been more simple than to telegraph to Bombay that transports should be held in readiness at Suez to land the troops in that presidency, whence they would have had an easy and pleasant march to the North-West Provinces, instead of being delayed probably for months, after they arrive at Calcutta. Unfortunately, we have no one at the head of affairs who will act with promptitude. Either through indolence, or fear of responsibility, our ministers prefer adhering to the old beaten track, regardless of the lavish expenditure of blood and treasure which hesitation at such an awful crisis entails. As a worthy counterpart of this, we may refer to the jocose manner in which the prime minister alluded to the presence of troops in the Indian waters, and assumed credit to himself for the hostilities in China, which enabled them to be so seasonably diverted. We hardly think, however, that such *ad captandum* arguments are worthy of a great minister, as Lord Palmerston wishes himself to be considered; nor do we admire the good taste which induced him to refer to a matter about which the least said is decidedly the best.

But there is one other matter in which the prime minister has undoubtedly committed a grave error; we allude to the decided manner in which he discountenanced the Euphrates Valley Railway, and refused it government assistance at a moment when the most sanguine persons

allow that India cannot be tranquillised under five years and an expenditure of money awful to contemplate, and ready means are offered to bring India practically one thousand miles nearer to England. The Euphrates Valley Railway is no crude scheme, and has none of those natural obstacles which justified our minister in at once condemning the Isthmus of Suez Canal; for more than twenty years the eyes of England have been turned to the Valley of the Euphrates, as the great channel by which our communication with India could be facilitated. It is essentially an English scheme, and from the time of General Chesney's exploration to the present day, the subject has been continually ventilated. The conditions for carrying out the project were never so favourable as at present; Turkey has been Europeanised by the communication with the Allies engendered by the late war, and yet Lord Palmerston declines to furnish government assistance, because, though the grand inducements are political, it can only be properly carried out by a commercial organisation; and as the government cannot find any precedent to support such organisation, it must apparently remain for ever at a dead lock.

While matters, then, are in such an unsatisfactory condition at home, we should be truly glad if we could predicate anything better of the Indian government. For a time we were disposed to look favourably on Lord Canning, as any successor would be preferable to the strange freaks and obstinate self-esteem of Lord Dalhousie. We were aware that he arrived at the seat of government perfectly unversed in Indian matters, and found his hands tied soon after his arrival by the dislocation of troops for the purposes of the Persian war. There is, it is true, an anecdote current that, when the Premier was asked why he had selected Lord Canning as governor-general of India, Lord Palmerston replied, "His father gave me my first place in a cabinet, and I could not do less by his father's son;" but we are disposed to regard this as a myth. We knew that Lord Canning had been carefully trained in habits of business, and hoped that he would act in a manner worthy of his great name. We regret extremely that our anticipations have not been fulfilled; the files of Indian papers to hand are filled with severe and, apparently, well-founded critiques on the governor-general's policy. They state that he has shut himself up from the remonstrances of those persons who are well acquainted with the nature of the Hindoos, and have a deep stake in the welfare of the country, and is blindly led by the prejudices and short-sighted policy of his immediate *entourage*. The law respecting the press appears to afford confirmation of this unpleasant rumour; for it is one of the "maddest things ever done," to quote Lord Canning's own remarks about Mr. Colvin's ill-judged manifesto. Pursuing that fatal system of conciliation which, during the existence of the mutiny, will only be regarded by the natives as a proof of weakness, in his desire to fetter the native press, the governor-general has offended his most honest supporters, the representatives of the English press; even the *Friend of India* has received a first warning because it had the courage to point out abuses, and offer suggestions for their remedy. At a moment like the present, when the friends of government might almost be counted, so general is the dissatisfaction, no more suicidal policy could be attempted than restraining the openly expressed opinions of those persons who are most competent to judge of the real condition of India.

We fear that we have taken but a gloomy view of Indian matters, so far as we are hitherto acquainted with them ; but this does not result from any want of confidence in the issue. We feel perfectly certain that India will be reconquered, and that the British government will be re-established even stronger than before, but we regret that men should be passed over whose talents and reputation would guarantee a rapid remedy of ill. For the last twenty years, our system of Indian government has been deteriorating, and whenever a good man has by accident been entrusted with the management of affairs, he has been recalled to make room for incapacities. We can all remember the satisfaction felt in England when the reign of Lord Auckland was put an end to, after he had caused our best blood to be shed in Afghanistan ; but was his successor, Lord Ellenborough, treated fairly ? His rule—and this even his opponents will allow—was bold and decisive. Although he committed some errors, principally in his language, his views were original and masterly. At any rate, he upheld the greatness of the British name in India. And his reward ? The Court of Directors recalled Lord Ellenborough towards the end of April, 1844, without asking the consent of her Majesty's ministers, and apparently without even consulting with them. Lord Ellenborough retrieved our honour and prestige in Afghanistan ; he recovered our captives when on their way to slavery among the barbarians of Central Asia ; he broke up the shameful government of the Ameers in Scinde ; he trampled out, at Gwalior, the last spark of that Mahratta fire which had so often set India in a blaze ; he found the army disheartened, and a notorious want of discipline in a great portion of it, and he left that army full of heart and confidence, with its discipline restored. Such were the achievements of Lord Ellenborough, recalled to make room for Lord Dalhousie, who, by pursuing an insane system of annexation, left Delhi and the North-West Provinces an easy prey to the mutineers of that army of which he so jactantly said, "The position of the British Sepoy in India has long been such as to leave hardly any circumstance of his condition in need of improvement." But the whirligigs of time bring strange revenges, and Lord Ellenborough, the contemned of the directors, now possesses the ear of the senate and of the public out of doors. He is the only recognised authority on Indian topics, and to him we are indebted, in great measure, for that increased energy the government has lately begun to display.

But, although the affairs of India are in a gloomy condition, owing to the incapacity which allowed the insurrection to attain such proportions before any steps were taken for its suppression, we would not be regarded as advocates of the Manchester school of policy, or recommending the surrender of India because it will cost us so large a sum to recover ; on the contrary, we urge immediate steps for the tranquillity of our Eastern possessions, and deem no sacrifice too great by which that consummation can be obtained. We consider that the mutiny or insurrection, or whatever it may be, must be coped with, and the most exemplary severity displayed against the ruffians who have so ruthlessly shed English blood. For them there is no excuse, no palliation ; and while yielding to the lust of power, they have degraded themselves below the level of brutes. Every wretch who has been engaged in these fearful excesses must be exterminated, trodden under foot like noxious vermin. And this chas-

tisement we may safely leave to our brethren in arms, who are disposed to show no mercy. So long as one spark of mutiny is still smouldering, we must be betrayed into no concession, but be actuated by a stern and righteous spirit of vengeance. Only in such a way can we ensure the future tranquillity of India.

But there are limits to our vengeance: though stern, we must be just, and, while punishing the malefactors, we must not wreak our fury on the emblems of that religion, in whose unhallowed name these outrages have been committed. We must strive to draw a line between the satisfaction of our vengeance and the dictates of our policy; and so soon as concession can assume the graceful proportions of magnanimity, let us seek to revert to that conciliatory policy in religious matters which was for so long our greatest protection. The first great step towards reconciliation will be found in the abolition of the self-condemned Company, and in the government of India emanating directly from the Queen. The evil results of Leadenhall-street rule are exemplified in the insurrection we have now so deeply to deplore. Had it not been that injustice is synonymous with John Company, there would have been no occasion to despatch a large army to Hindostan for the purpose of putting down a mere Sepoy insurrection, as the directors would so much like to prove it. Were it so, if the nation at large were with us, the Indian government would have had no difficulty in putting down this revolt. Ten times as many Sepoys as those who have revolted could have been armed and enrolled from among the warlike tribes dwelling in the districts between Calcutta and Delhi. The Europeans in Calcutta appear, however, to put no faith in the natives, for they are enrolling themselves in self-defence, and with each mail we find stronger evidence that the nation is prepared to rise *en masse* against us, so soon as a reasonable guarantee of success presents itself. But Lord Ellenborough has best described the Board of Directors, when he said that they resembled the ostrich, which, thrusting its head into the sand, imagines that it is safe. But this is a question which we have no doubt will be fully ventilated in the next session of parliament. One thing we may, however, venture to predict. The British nation will demand, as the recompense for so much blood and treasure lavishly expended, the most uncompromising scrutiny, and if the result prove that the East India Company is responsible for the present fearful crisis, no half measures will suffice. The knell of the Company will be rung to inaugurate, we trust, a better and a happier state of things.

For the present, the issue is in the hands of Lord Palmerston, and on his measures depends the termination of the struggle. He will require great energy and stern determination, and if he display these qualities, the nation at large will not be backward in supporting him, if necessary, with its last man and its last shilling. India must be reconquered, and Lord Palmerston has an unparalleled opportunity for displaying those administrative talents which he undoubtedly possesses. In the words of Lord Ellenborough, it depends upon our premier "whether he shall obtain for himself a reputation like Lord Chatham, or allow his government to go down as the most calamitous, the most disastrous, and the most disgraceful since the time of Lord North."

A FISHERMAN'S SIXTH LETTER TO HIS CHUM IN
INDIA.

France, July, 1857.

CERTAINLY, my dear Harry, agreeable as a *sojourn* in this country is, one can never leave the dear old islands, our fatherland, without great regret. However short a time you may remain there, you become accustomed again to the comforts that everywhere surround you, and which, indubitably, no other country in the world possesses in the same degree, though our neighbours here are beginning to think that there may be some things worth copying even from *perfidè Albion*, and are making feeble attempts to become daily more comfortable (they have arrived as far as making use of the word). If they could once achieve that, there would be no country pleasanter than this to reside in. Here one can live upon an income that in our country will barely procure you the necessaries of life—ay, and live well too, for if a poor man desires luxuries, it is to France that he should turn his steps. All here seem alike to try and make their money go as far as it can, and enjoy life every day. One of the only things I see greatly to condemn in their system is, the absurd extravagance in the ladies' dresses. A Frenchwoman thinks, and I firmly believe dreams, of nothing but what she can put upon her back; and as to going into the street except *en grande toilette*, why she would as soon think of flying. I fear, also, that they value strangers too much on the size and quality of their skirts. Our fair countrywomen, with all their freshness and beauty, are often, on their first arrival, totally eclipsed by crinoline and flounces, and are the objects of much mirth to our gay and certainly elegantly attired neighbours; but I think I know, if the birds of both nations were let out of their cages, which side the laugh would be on. Can anything be more frightful than a woman, about four feet high, with an acre and a half of skirt, looking for all the world like a Nassau balloon cut in halves, or a very thin woman stuck into a cage of whalebone large enough to hold a rhinoceros? Yet, in spite of their knowledge of dress, they have allowed themselves to fall into these extremes, alike absurd and expensive. If you remark that Madame ——'s robe appeared rather *outrée* the other evening, the fair creature you address shrugs her shoulders, and with a smile (a Frenchwoman knows how to smile), says, "Que voulez-vous, monsieur, c'est la mode." But I am treading on tender ground, and had better stop before I sink too far.

Here I am sitting in my little garden, with my table before me, writing hard for fear that I should not save the post, and right glad I am to be able to beguile the time so agreeably to myself. I have not now the temptation of a stroll down to the river—there is no mill near; besides, the hay season is only just brought to a close, and if you went into the meadows before it was got up, you would be shouted at and threatened with the *jugé de paix* for Heaven knows what imaginary damages. Here you can scarcely go two hundred yards on end without coming into a new proprietorship; it is, therefore, not worth while to ask for leave from any particular person. This, however, is never refused, as

nothing can exceed the liberality and good nature of all in that way, provided you are known and behave yourself properly, which, I am sorry to say, is not always the case with some of our countrymen when residing on the Continent, who seem to think that they may go wherever they please, and do as they please. The consequence of course is, that there are some few places in which you run the chance of being warned off, the well-conducted suffering for the irregularities of those who have left their bad names behind them; but these instances, I am happy to say, are becoming of less frequent occurrence. All this, however, is, I fear, a little prosy to you; but some day or another I hope you will pay me a visit, and judge for yourself of this country for a poor man's residence.

When I bid adieu to G., he was in a very melancholy mood; he told me that I must not be surprised if he paid me a visit some day, and sure enough, last week, he arrived. He looked as if he had been doing *maigre* for some time, but of course I made no remark upon it, and was indeed only too glad to see him. He was so surprised to hear that I had not been out fishing since we parted, and seemed as if he thought I had gone suddenly deranged when I asked him if he would join me in my endeavour to establish an aquarium, which had been my amusement ever since I returned home. He soon entered into the spirit of the thing, and you cannot imagine the pleasure it has given me. I am just now as eager after minnows, sticklebacks, tadpoles, and water-snails, as I am, in a more favoured sporting country, after a salmon or some big trout that I had previously spotted, and the excitement that prevails if I bring home a fat water-beetle, or some ugly-looking pupa, would not be surpassed by the presentation of a twenty-pound salmon to the household. As to G., he hunts a puddle with quite as much zeal as he ever fished the best river I have seen him throw a line in. The fact is, it is something so new, so different to any other fishing amusement that I ever tried—and I have been, I think, at all in the ring—that it interests me amazingly. It is not only the live stock that there is much trouble about, you must also be most particular in your selection of the plants you put into it. Unfortunately, all the learned writers give such jaw-breaking names to everything that grows, that it is totally impossible (unless you buy a cartload of expensive books on the subject) to know what you ought to cherish and what throw away. My system—I grant a most desultory one, but which appears, as far as I can judge, to answer uncommonly well—is this: I hunt every little rivulet and ditch, and whenever I find a pretty weed, as we uninitiated call them, or any stone nicely covered with moss, or any plant growing to it, into my pail it goes. On my return home I seek the most picturesque place for them in the aquarium, and the greatest admirer of plants does not watch the coming out of some new orchide with more anxiety than I do the flowering of one of my pet weeds. The soil I made use of for my foundation was peat earth, damped, and then pressed tightly down; on the top of this, sand. I then planted my treasures with as much care as if I was laying out a flower-garden, which, in fact, I was, only under water. My store of stones was then built into a pretty rockery, among which I introduced a few small pieces of charcoal, which is said to be a great purifier of water, leaving occasional small apertures for my happy family (as a fair lady very aptly named them) to traverse at pleasure, and also placing them in

such a way that any that wish to play at hide-and-seek can immediately ensconce themselves in some snug little spot out of view and out of the light, which many of the family seem to object to. Having established the gardening part, I put in a little fine river gravel and several very pretty small shells from the sea-shore, which I have washed to get rid of the salt, then about six inches of water and some water-snails, that they might devour any decayed leaves, &c., which would make the water impure. All this precaution is necessary before the fish can be safely put in, as, did you place them in the water on the first formation of your aquarium, before the plants were rooted and growing, and without the snails to act as scavengers, they would probably one by one turn up and die. It is astonishing the quantity of decomposing vegetable matter that a few of these small snails will consume. Without them the water would soon become poisonous for your fish. The plants in a healthy state absorb the carbonic acid, which is poison to fish, and in return give out oxygen, which sustains them. Thus you see how beautifully the vegetable and animal life assist each other. All this, my dear Harry, is a study for years, and far too lengthened and learned a subject to enter deeply into in a letter; but without being aware of these circumstances, any attempt to establish an aquarium would of course be a failure. As soon as I considered my plants to be safely established, I began my almost daily rambles to collect my live stock, and, since G.'s arrival, much rivalry and fun we have had, being quite as jealous over the capture of an eel three inches long, or a young stickleback, as we ever were as to who should first fill his basket with trout. You would never guess the first fish I got for my aquarium. I was hunting a small rivulet for animalculæ only, when I saw an eel, which, being first blood, I looked upon as a grand prize. When I caught it, I of course thought it was a common eel, and it was not until I changed the water that I found that it was a young lamprey. It was rather curious my catching this fellow, for in all our hunts we have never found another. He was the sole occupant, for the first night, of the future residence for so many of the inhabitants of the water, and was the founder of my happy family. "I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture."

I was some time before I considered my collection worth showing to any one, being very fastidious in my choice, rejecting many subjects that a younger gleaner for an aquarium would have seized upon with avidity. I have innumerable kinds of small fry—dace, chub, minnows, tench, crawfish, perch, &c.; in fact, with the exception of trout and salmon, almost every kind of fresh-water fish, all nice little tiny fellows, the largest, which is a young pike, not being more than five inches long; also hundreds of animalculæ, which I find daily on the decrease, being probably eaten by some of the epicures of the family, in spite of the care that I take to supply them with every dainty. Of all my collection, the most amusing, in the spawning season, were the sticklebacks; at that time they were never quiet for an instant. There are, as I suppose you know, two kinds of these fish, the three-spiked and the ten-spiked—the former is much the largest and most common; indeed, I was some time before I could find any of the ten-spiked kind. The system of depositing their spawn is also different. When the female (three-spiked) is about

to spawn, the male commences making a nest upon the ground, which he makes entirely himself, his mate being too fine a lady to assist in any way. It is thus made: he first grubs the sand away from the root of some plant, and then weaves with it some loose bits of sticks, straw, &c., which you must provide him with, and get them from the bottom of some rivulet, as, should they not have been some time in the water, they would not sink. His nest will be finished in about three days. As soon as it is done he drives the female to it, and she tries it; if it suits her capricious ideas, for they are most arrant coquettes, she will commence spawning; if, on the contrary, she does not find it to her taste, she quietly swims through it, and no driving or bullying on the part of her ungallant mate will induce her to enter it again until it has undergone some alteration. The male then makes such changes as he thinks will meet madame's approbation; then she tries it again. This continues until she is quite satisfied with her *chambre à coucher*, and as soon as she considers that all arrangements for her comfort have been duly attended to, she goes into the nest and deposits her spawn. As soon as she has done, she passes through the nest, and the male then takes possession of it and deposits his melt: this continues until the female has laid all her eggs. She then retires into some sequestered spot, the male continually trying to drive her to the nest, in the hope, no doubt, that she will continue spawning, until he finds the attempt futile. He then returns to the nest, which he continues to watch until the young are hatched off. He constantly fans the entrances to the nest with his fins, and occasionally goes in to see how things are going on, taking care to close the entrance again. He seldom leaves the nest, and is invariably to be found within a few inches of it. It is better to let these little fellows spawn in a place by themselves, but take care to remove the careful parent as soon as his children are born, or he will repay himself for the trouble he has had in rearing them by devouring them before you have had time to count them. The ten-spiked kind perform precisely the same eccentric manœuvres, but their nest is even more interesting than the other, for it is always built midwater, in the growing weeds, and looks like a diminutive rook's nest. It is a very pretty object in an aquarium. These little devils are, by far, the most pugnacious members of my family, especially the three-spiked gentlemen, and will furiously attack every living thing. There is one inmate, however, who, although not larger, is their master—that is, a large pupa of the dragon-fly. He is a regular bulldog, and all give him a wide berth. His appetite is most voracious. I have, in spite of all the food I have given him, caught him two or three times devouring my poor little inmates. On each occasion he selected a minnow. In fact, they will eat any amount of animal food. I was told by one of the best authorities on sporting matters I ever met, the late Mr. C——, that no otter, net, or anything you can name, is more destructive to salmon than these little monsters—that they burrow into the spawning beds and destroy the roe. He made the following experiment with one that he himself took from a spawning bed. He placed it in a bottle of water, and put in with it twenty-four salmon roe; in eighteen hours they were all eaten. He then put in a small parr about five inches long (I forget whether he said the parr was alive or not), and in twenty-four hours it was nearly demolished. The pupa must thus have eaten very many

times its own weight in an almost incredible short time. I'm afraid we can't legislate against these marauders, Harry. The rest of the family, generally speaking, live amicably enough together; but a worm will often cause a fight, and I occasionally miss a minnow, and fancy my pike looks fatter for a day or two after. How you must laugh at my new toy! But I assure you I have seldom seen anything prettier or more interesting, ay, and instructive too, than a nice aquarium. G. and I spend hours watching it, particularly when any new inmates are put in whose habits we wish to become acquainted with. I forgot to mention a wonderful large, fat beetle, whose name was told me by a "savant" who was passing through here, but unfortunately he had been christened by my children the Beadle, and for the life of me I cannot call him by any other name; indeed, I have long since forgotten his proper name. I have never seen another like him. A London alderman at a lord mayor's feast would envy his appetite, which is equal to, if not greater than, the pupa's. He would ruin a poor man if he were *gourmet* as well as *gourmand*.

The last time I went to the Zoological Gardens I spent my whole time among the fishes. It was there that the idea struck me that I might beguile many a weary hour making a collection of the different fresh-water fish. Their habits are a source of much amusement and reflection; each takes up his position according to his taste, and, if strong enough to retain it, holds it permanently. Thus you see the perch taking up his abode behind one stone, and the crawfish occupying a little den just above him, into which he backs himself the moment anything alarms him; in fact, except before rain, he does not often show his nose out of doors. At that time all the household are in commotion, and the minnows get into a cluster, evidently fearing an inroad from some hungry companion, and the pugnacious stickleback attacks alike both friend and foe, for their single combats are fierce and numerous. It is also most amusing to see them all at feeding time, which is morning and evening, except when visitors come, and then I am of course very proud of showing them off to the best advantage, which is during a meal. In fact, I am almost ashamed to say that I spend many an hour watching the manœuvres of my happy family.

Think that time
Has golden minutes, if discreetly seized;
And if some sad example, indolent,
To warn and scare be wanting—think of me.

Nevertheless, I have derived more knowledge of the habits of fresh-water fish in general, in the few weeks that I have had this resource, than I had gleaned in the most careful watchings of many years by the river side.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

I fear you have been so long absent from Europe that you have forgotten the enjoyment of a pic-nic. I mean a real, genuine, old-fashioned pic-nic—none of your new-fangled ideas of pine-apples and ices, but a good substantial pie, quarter of lamb, and well-stocked hamper of suction pic-

nic, and the party consisting of a few good men and true, each vying with the other who should contribute most to the conviviality of the party, instead of a mixture of male and female, old and young, who never amalgamate, the young being, very naturally, always inclined to pair off, and the old spending their time in trying to arrange the couples to their wishes, and when that does not come off to their satisfaction—which, of course, it never does—hunting and rowing the whole of them. Such merry meetings I eschew, and have for many years studiously avoided joining them, when possible to escape, which is not always practicable. In order to amuse G., and let him see a little French fishing, I arranged a party last week. I had long since determined to try a large lake that is close to the sea, at about twelve miles distance from hence, and where reports spoke of huge pike, thousands of perch, enormous eels, and occasionally a very large *truite becque*. There is a small stream that runs through the lake, and probably several trout from thence may take up their residence in the lake. I knew that there were large pike there, for a young friend of mine, a Frenchman, on whose veracity I can depend, told me that he once killed one there that weighed twenty-nine pounds, French weight, two days after it was killed; this would be upwards of thirty-two pounds and a half of our weight—a goodly fish in any water. In order to have everything ready, we despatched a man that we could trust, and who knew something about fishing, the day before, to engage the boat and have it emptied, as he said they generally kept it sunk that it might not get cracked by the sun, and (promise you won't tell) instructed him how to put out a dozen and a half trimmers, that we might begin operations as soon as we arrived. An enormous bait-kettle, belonging to a friend, who seems always prepared for great deeds, but whom, I fear, from all I can learn, is generally disappointed, was well stocked with minnows for the perch and small dace for the pike. This huge travelling aquarium we found no small difficulty in packing into our American, which, with four rather large passengers, the prog, and the suction-basket, was a very decent load for one miserable, half-starved hack; in truth, it was cruelty to dumb animals, but we hunted the town over and could find no other conveyance for the hour that we started at, which was in the dead hour of the night—at least half-past two in the morning. When all around were wrapped in gentle slumber we were on the road for our fishing pic-nic, determined to try every means, fair or foul, that the ingenuity of man has invented for the extraction of the finny tribe by means of hook and line. Of course, all the Frenchmen and the rest of our compatriots, who were either too lazy to go, or who were not asked to join our party, tried to laugh us out of our intended trip, but, nothing daunted, either by taunts or ridicule, we made up our minds for slaughter, having a firm conviction that there was good business to be done there, as one of my countrymen located here says of all places where it is supposed sport of any kind can be had.

Off we started, with the hopes of Greenland whalers for a take, and a hamper of prog and etceteras, that bid no token of a speedy return, as we intended remaining the following day if there was any fun going, although C. was engaged for the evening. There is a village near the lake where one could, on a pinch, find accommodation such as a sportsman need not turn up his nose at, but which is not, I will confess, quite

what a London swell would think sufficiently grand for him to venture into.

We arrived, much to my astonishment, without a break-down, and were met at the rendezvous by our avant-courier, who had executed all our orders, even to the setting of the trimmers, which he informed me he took good care should not be examined until our arrival, for, as soon as he had set them he locked up the boat by its chain and put the key into his pocket, and as he had placed all the trimmers in the middle of the lake there was not much danger of their being disturbed. "No," thought I, "neither by man nor fish."

Of course, the first thing that we had to do was to have our miserable quadruped housed, and have some forage hunted up for him, which is not always to be found on a chance visit of this kind. We were, however, in this instance, tolerably fortunate, for we dislodged a couple of working bullocks, and soon left our Rosinante as snug as a lady's lapdog, with lots of grub, such as it was. This part of the business arranged, away we went down to the lake, as eager for operations as if we had never seen a fish killed in our lives.

Our plan was first to examine all the lines that had been set overnight, and rebait them, to troll for pike or any fish that might be inclined to run at us in our passage from one ligger to the other; so we had plenty of irons in the fire, as Paddy would say. We drew lots who should commence to take up the trimmers, that each might have fair play. In went the prog into the basket, but the drinkables were deposited in a nice clear cold spring, that bubbled up near the bank of the lake. There was but little fear of a robbery being committed on our store, for few ever put a foot on that wild spot.

The lake is a very large piece of water, from two to three hundred acres, and is in parts very deep. The greater part of its banks is surrounded with high rushes, so that scarcely any of it can be fished from the shore; and as there is but one boat, you can fancy a very large portion of this extensive water has never been fished at all, which is the reason that some good fish remain there, as any place that can be got at in this country is always fished to death. C. and myself, who had drawn the two last chances, took the oars, and commenced our search for the trimmers. We had not pulled very far when we saw one, which, as the line was run off it, we of course expected a prize. It was H.'s first turn, and he placed G. ready to gaff for him. When we came close I pronounced a blank, as the trimmer did not move, and a pike would certainly have made a run as soon as the boat got near him. I was right; the bait had not been taken, but had in its struggles unloosened the line. No. 2 was soon found, and this time there was a fish, an eel of about a pound and a half. We now gave up the oars, and took our turn. No. 3, a small jack of about four pounds; No. 4, blank. We rebaited the lines most carefully, so that when we had examined the whole of them we could recommence, if we were having no sport trolling. On the eighteen lines we had seven fish: three eels, one perch of about a pound and a quarter, and three small jack. I can tell you that here this would generally be considered an enormous day's fishing. We were very well contented, as we now knew that there were some fish in the *mare*, as it is called, and it gave us hopes for better luck on our next inspection, particularly as our

bait were better, the first lot having been all small bream, which is the staple commodity which the lake affords, and which is certainly not the most tempting morsel for any fish, and they were all too large for the perch. As soon as all our trimmers were reset we commenced a serious warfare against the perch. Two of us fished with worms, and two with minnows. It did not appear that the spot we were in was a good one, for the deuce a fish of any kind could we stir, so we up anchor and drifted about a hundred yards down wind, and then set to work again. Here we were a little better placed, for I soon killed a small perch, and G. another, but they were very diminutive; and certainly there was but a small skull of them, as we took but five in an hour and a half, all tiny fellows. We now thought we might overhaul the trimmers again, and then refresh the inner man, so we accordingly commenced by turns, as before; but the result was not promising—but one small jack. However, it was early in the day, and it's a long road that has no turning, and we trusted to the evening to provide us with a good dish of fish for our supper; at any rate, worse come to the worse, we had already more than we could eat. I am thus particular in describing our sport, that you may form an idea of what temptation there is here for an old fisherman to leave the bosom of his family for the chance of a day's fishing. I begin to think, after many years' experience, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the grubbing-time is the most amusing at any pic-nic, more especially a fishing one, when there is always wind or weather, or something or another, to prevent the fish from taking. I only wish they had been half as well inclined as my young friend G. was, who (to my astonishment, for I had put him down as a love-sick swain) made the pie disappear at such a pace that we were obliged to look out for ourselves, or we should have stood a good chance of coming off with very short commons, as far as our *pièce de résistance* went; and it appeared that the pie required washing down, for the St. Emilion followed suit at a great pace; indeed, we none of us required much pressing on that score, for

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.

Having finished a most glorious repast, and the smokers regaled themselves with a cigar, we packed up our supplies and went to work again. At starting, G. suggested that we should use our empty bottles as trimmers to add to our chance, and forthwith proceeded to bait them, as he said he thought he could do them better than any of us. All being ready with the first bottle, we consigned it to the deep, when, behold! it dived most gracefully, G. having put too much water into it. This gave us a jolly laugh at his expense. I believe he would have gone in after it, if we had let him. Before the other bottles were all turned adrift, I saw in the distance a brood of young wild ducks swimming out towards the middle of the lake. H. was for giving chase *instantly*, but I, knowing those wild gentlemen a little better than he did, stopped proceedings in order to let them get farther from the shore. We could then, by pulling into the rushes, intercept them, as we should be down wind of them. We planned our attack admirably, and got them well into the middle of the lake before we gave chase. I used to think, as a boy, that there was no

fun more exciting than a good duck hunt, and I really had no reason to change my opinion then; for I believe no four grown-up men, three of us the wrong side of forty, ever laughed more or kicked up a greater row than we did. Away we went, charging slap into the middle of the brood. We then singled out the one that was heading straight for the rushes. G., the lucky young dog, having got first hold of the landing-net, placed himself at the bow of the boat and directed the chase; and right badly he did it, for he let the duck give us the slip and escape before we had been five minutes after him. We soon viewed another, and a prettier hunt I never saw. Three times did G. get a chance at it, and missed it, when he was pronounced a muff, and the landing-net forfeited to H., who made bad worse, for the moment he thought himself within reach, he stretched his long arm and half his body out of the boat, and, in stooping to take the duck, went head over heels into the water. We positively roared so at this, that for some time we never thought of helping him. He was sentenced to pull the bow oar until he was considered sufficiently dry to be allowed to come aft. This dive of H.'s nearly lost us all chance of the ducks; but the one we had been hunting was so blown that we soon got up to him again, and in a little time landed him. We then immediately started in pursuit of the rest of the fugitives, and so continued our chase, without further mishap, until we caught three more, two of which I had the pleasure of landing.

We had had enough of this fun by this time; for it's no joke pulling after these little devils, as they invariably head up wind, instinct, I conclude, telling them that their enemies cannot make much headway against it, besides their own habit of seeking safety by their smell rather than their sight. No one who is unaccustomed to wild fowl can imagine how much this is the case. To see it, you should be present when ducks are piped at a decoy. If the wind is at all foul—that is to say, not blowing up the pipe towards the water on which they are sitting—you cannot drive them into it; they prefer facing you—which you would naturally imagine they would consider the real danger—rather than flying down the wind, thereby losing the power of detecting a hidden one by their power of smell. This is so certain, that a decoy-man never attempts to drive fowl when the wind is not quite favourable for the pipe they may be sitting at.

Our chase had taken us far from our fishing-ground, but we had but little trouble in getting back again, as we had merely to drop down with the wind, fishing as we went. We had not turned long, when we had a run at one of the rods that were dragging at the stern of the boat. It was a strong pull, and evidently, from the break, a large fish. I told C., who took hold of the rod, to get to the bow, and I would go to the stern and gaff the fish for him. It was indeed a nice fish, and gave three or four good races. When I got a chance at him, and brought him into the boat, it was a pike that weighed twelve pounds. This put us in great heart, and we expected our trimmers would be all taken. We stirred nothing more before we got to the first line, which had not been taken, and such was the case with all the rest. There were two baits gone, but no fish. Young G. suggested that, as the fish were not taking, we should take the opportunity and attack the viands again. Somehow, one is always hungry when fishing, and there was not a dissenting voice to that

proposition, and for about half an hour they disappeared like magic, though one could scarcely have imagined we had had time to regain our appetites. Having recruited ourselves, we once more examined the trimmers, and one eel and a miserable little jack were the produce. We now put it to the vote whether we should remain for another day's fishing or take up our lines. G. was in the minority, being the only one who voted to stay; so we took up our lines, and thus ended our fishing pic-nic, Harry, which, I can tell you, although I acknowledge our sport most indifferent, was as pleasant and jolly a day as I have often passed.

The following week I went with G. to the river at P—t F—y, for a couple of days. Our friend the Otter received us with much politeness; but in truth, I fear he would rather a great deal that we had tried some other river, as I am sure he fancies our countrymen, who often go there, are apt—which is certainly generally the case—to extract more fish than he can, or that he likes to see fall into the hands of the Philistines. Gaudin paid us a visit also in the evening, and told us that there was a party made up for the next day to dig out some foxes; we thought it would be good fun to see their proceedings, and asked permission to join them. Gaudin said he had come for the purpose of requesting us to join the party. Bang was also invited. I promised to bring him, but did not quite see what use a fat retriever, almost as large as one of their six months old calves, could be at the digging out of a fox. However, I was wrong, as the sequel proved. We were called at five o'clock, and having laid in a store of eggs, washed down by café au lait, awaited the arrival of the party. We were determined not to lose our fishing entirely, the wood where the fox was being close to the river, so took our rods with us. Off we started, headed by Gaudin, and accompanied by half the village. I cannot say the pack, from its appearance, promised so much sport as Tim's would have been likely to have shown us under similar circumstances, but there was an odd mongrel or two amongst them that had rather a varmint appearance, particularly one, which I imagine was a cross between a bloodhound and a turnspit, for I never saw so extraordinary a looking animal; but he had a good spice of the devil in him, which he showed by forthwith attacking Bang, who, by-the-by, would have probably killed him in two minutes. His master had much trouble to prevent him renewing the engagement, after having twice had such a shaking as would have effectually cured the ambition of a less pugnacious beast. After this little skirmish the pack came to terms; Bang, however, would not associate with any of their crew, but remained at my heels as usual until we arrived at the earth. I was most anxious to see how they would proceed, for the position was anything but a favourable one for our proceedings, being among roots of large trees and rocks—

And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds.

The party were evidently prepared for a very tedious and difficult piece of work, for they had brought all sorts of tools with them, and not a little gunpowder for blasting; in fact, were determined to succeed, if possible, in securing the whole lot, mother and all. There had been a

litter of cubs reared there in the spring, and they were supposed still to occupy the earth. I gave G. a hint to let them alone to their own devices, and not suggest anything unless their proceedings threatened the loss of the prey; so down we sat together with those who were not at work, forming a mystic circle round the doomed victims of our cruel ambition. I must confess, the party who commenced the operation proceeded on a very sound principle. They first of all removed all the stones near the earth to a distance, as they said they would otherwise impede the dogs should the fox bolt; they then put a long pole as far down the earth as possible, and having agreed as to its direction, closed up the entrance, and dug down until they arrived at the hole again. This was a work of much time and labour, as blocks of stone had to be raised and large roots cut through; but they all in turn worked so hard, that eventually they accomplished that much of the task, of course only to commence another. Just as the spade opened an aperture into the run of the earth for the third time, out bolted the old lady and two of her three-parts-grown progeny. I never saw such a scene. The whole party were thrown into the utmost state of confusion, sticks, spades, stones, every kind of missile flying in all directions but the right one. Such rubbing of shins and screeching you never saw or heard. They ran over the dogs and one another in the most marvellous manner, the only one of the party who seemed to have his wits about him (for G. and I were enjoying the fun of the general *mêlée* a great deal too much to think of the fox) was Bang, who immediately singled out the old vixen, and made such a good run at her that he toppled her over. She nipped him by the nose, and made him call out most lustily, but he stuck to her, and bandy-legs, who again showed much pluck, coming to the rescue, she was soon secured, but not before she was so much injured that she died immediately. One of the cubs fell a victim to some stick or stone, and the other managed to escape into a cleft in the rock, from which we could not extract it even by smoking him. We were pronounced to be entitled to the honour of the day, not for what we had done ourselves—for except looking out to save our shins when the fox bolted we had scarcely moved—but on account of Bang's performance, which was pronounced by all a wonderful specimen of agility, courage, and *sang-froid*. I did not give it as my opinion that he ought not to have yelled quite so loud, but allowed him all his honours.

Having partaken of some of the cider that freely flowed around, we started for our fishing, wishing the party *bon jour*, as a hint that we wanted no assistance to land a fish in case we hooked one. I had not forgotten the Otter's attempt at gaffing for me on my former visit. I cannot say that I felt very sanguine about our sport, but "worse than lose one can't," and as we had come solely for the purpose of fishing, the digging the earth being an unexpected pleasure, we were determined to give this very pretty river a good thrashing for two days. The water was in very fair order, considering the dry season we had had, and Gaudin informed us that he thought there were a great many fish up, but that at that season it was seldom fished, as every one had a great deal of work to do. He advised us to go to the upper mill-dam, as he said his friend the *bourgeois des Trois Rois* (alias the Otter) often killed salmon in that part of the river. We took his advice, and walked up to

the spot he indicated before we put our rods together. On arriving, we found the mill stopped. G. cast a longing look at the windows, but there was no smiling face there to give him a kind nod of recognition; he seemed to feel the blank, and, sighing, put his rod together. I doubt not his thoughts were, "I wonder what Lucy is doing? it ought to be near her dinner hour;" at least, when he looked up, that was about what came into my old head. There was a good supply of water running over the dam into a fine rocky stream below, which looked a very likely pool to hold half a dozen fish. We tried our two favourite flies—Dig and Tricolor—tied small, but without having a rise; we then took our snack and let the stream rest, and afterwards tried again. I rose a small grilse, which I missed; on G.'s covering him he rose, and took him well, and we landed him. This, mind, constituted a good day's sport here, but, as good luck would have it, our fun was not destined to end there, for at the tail of the pool, behind a large rock (a spot I do not think I had quite covered the first time), I got a heavy drag. I was fishing deep, as I always do, and on raising my hand found my line running out at a tremendous pace, and a fine fish at the end of it. It was not a very easy place to kill one in, as you could not follow it should he take down. I was, therefore, delighted to find my friend heading up at a grand pace. "I bet a sovereign he runs up the dam," said G. I was half inclined to take the bet, but he was going at such a stroke that I thought G. might be right, and, to my surprise, so he was; up he went as if there had been no dam at all, but I could not follow him without going round some distance, so I started G. off that I might pass the rod to him. I never remember holding a fish in a droller position. I was so far below him that the top of the rod was within a foot of the water above me, and the fish heading away like mad; fortunately he stopped a little to shake his head and plan some mischief, for he had run nearly all my line out before G. arrived on the dam-head. I dare not check him, for fear that he should come down on the top of me, and then I should have had no little trouble in winding up the slack line, and but a very slight chance of killing the fish; but things went better than usual. G. soon wound up, and got opposite to him with but few yards of line out, and when I arrived, the fish was making very pretty diversion by jumping several times, and trying G.'s skill in sundry ways, but, strange to say, he never once attempted to head down again. I did not take the rod again, as I wished G. to have all the fun that might be going, calculating that he would not be wearied with the exertion of playing many fish. This one, however, gave him a quarter of an hour's very good sport, and when I gaffed it for him, he was not half dead. I took a chance at it as it passed close to the bank trying to rub the hook out against the rough stony side of the river. He was a fine fish, weighing nearly eighteen pounds, but had been a long time in the river. His back was as black as your hat, and his sides were very red; in fact, he would have been pronounced a *truite becque* by a Freuchman. In the evening G. killed a nice trout and two small jack, spinning. I took one pike of about six pounds. This was our day's sport, and a very grand one for this part of the world. The following day we tried the lower part of the river, where I lost the fish when the Otter cut my line, and again, in nearly the same place, hooked a nice fish, which I killed, and

G. also killed a small one, and, with a couple of pike, this finished our season's sport, for I probably shall not throw a line again until the spring, as I shall have no inducement to go out now that G. has left me, which he did two days after our trip to P—t F—y.

I have endeavoured to amuse you, my dear Harry, by complying with your request to hear of my encounters with big fish. In the course of my letters I have occasionally touched on other matters; but I trust, at so great a distance from all the scenes of our youth, that those trifling deviations from my original intention have rather tended to recal early and happy days back to your memory. Should you still be an exile next season, which I fear you will be, I will willingly resume my pen, and add to the feeble attempts at description that I have already sent you such incidents as I think worth recording, and that will amuse a Chum in India.

TO A DAISY TRANSPLANTED FROM THE COUNTRY INTO THE TOWN.

<p>TENDER Blossom—star-eyed flower, What dost thou here? Here, where a blast may any hour Thy beauty scar!</p> <p>Orphan Blossom—lonely blooming From kindred far, In this London darkness looming Like a star.</p> <p>Do thy fellows at their pastime In their glade, Ever think upon the last time You too played?</p> <p>Are their faces still the faces Known to you? Have they yielded up their places To a new?</p> <p>Has the ploughshare swept their races From the ground? Are their traces—are their places No more found?</p> <p>As you bloom upon the narrow Window-seat, The poor town-bred half-bird sparrow Knows you sweet!</p>	<p>And he sits and wistful gazes With an awe, For he feels all other daisies He e'er saw,</p> <p>And by him till now esteemèd Beautiful, As a town-bred bird beseemèd Dutiful,</p> <p>Now are worthless and seem faded By your side, As an old thing worn and jaded By a bride.</p> <p>Can you bloom with other daisies And not pine? That in fields with their town-gazes Could not shine.</p> <p>Ah! the wooing of these breezes Is but bold, And the town-taught warble freezes Very cold!</p> <p>And you think of days long vanished That were thine, Now from thee for ever banished, Left to pine!</p>
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Mingle-Mangle by Monkshead.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWALS:

V.—NARCISSUS LUTTRELL'S DIARY.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WILLIAM PENN, Quaker, colonist, and general agent (or "handy man") in the service of King James, appears to have been regarded on the whole by Narcissus Luttrell with the eyes rather of Mr. Macaulay, than with those of Mr. Hepworth Dixon—so far at least as a bias either way may be inferred from such bald bare narrative, which "makes no reflections," as that of the Diary. The first mention of him is in June, 1681. "William Penn, the great quaker, is making preparation for his voyage to a part of America called Pennsylvania, which his majesty [Charles II.] hath been pleased to give him a grant of." In the June of next year again we read: "Several ships have lately set sail for the plantation of Pennsylvania, laden with quakers, who are going to settle there, his majesty having given the government thereof to William Penn, the great quaker." At last the great quaker himself is off. September comes, and Mr. Penn is gone. "Mr. William Penn, the quaker, is sailed for Pennsylvania, whither he is gone governor." Our Narcissus does not seem to have interested himself much in the Quaker settlement, or its "great" governor as such,—saying nothing more about him while absent, nor mentioning his return. It is towards the close of a new reign that we next hear of Friend William. In August, 1688, the *on dit* is reported, that "Mr. Penn, the quaker, ('tis said) is to be superintendent of the revenues of excise and hearthmoney." About the middle of September we read, "Mr. Penn is made supervisor of the revenue of the excise and hearthmoney." We hear no more of him until just after the king's flight in December, when this note occurs: "Father Ellis, a popish bishop, is lately taken; and also Penn, the quaker, was apprehended in Whitehall." Nor again until June, 1689, when it seems, "Mr. Penn, the famous quaker, and one Scarlet, another busy fellow, pretendedly a quaker, have been lately taken into custody for some practices against the government." In November he appears at the Court of King's Bench, pursuant to his recognisances, and is discharged. Then in September, 1691: "Wm. Penn, the quaker, is got off from Shoreham, in Sussex, and gone for France"—a previous entry in January having informed us that "a warrant is out for the taking up Will. Penn, the quaker, who is also in the new plot"—and the attorney-general receiving orders in May to "prosecute the late bishop of Ely, Wm. Penn, and Mr. James Graham, to the outlawry for high treason,"—while in July we hear of "one Layton, of the crown office, and one Lerner," being examined "at the secretary's office upon a discovery of their holding correspondence with Wm. Penn, the quaker, proscribed by proclamation." We lose sight of him again until the November of 1693, when he turns up, or turns out, in the character of preacher: "This

week William Penn, the quaker, held forth at the Bull and Mouth in this city." Item: "Wm. Penn, the quaker, having for some time absconded, and having compromised the matters against him, appears now in public, and on Friday last held forth at the Bull and Mouth in St. Martin's." In August, 1694, it is announced that "the council have agreed to restore William Penn to his colony of Pennsylvania, but are altering some laws for the better government thereof;" and accordingly, before the close of that month, "the queen has signed a revocation of part of col. Fleteher's commission relating to Pennsylvania, and signed a warrant to restore William Penn to that colony." But it is not yet all smooth sailing for the restored Philadelphos. A passage in the Diary, dated 2 March, 1696-7, runs thus: "The committee of lords sat about trade, and heard Mr. Randall accuse William Penn, governor of Pennsylvania, for breaking the act of navigation in trading to Scotland, &c.; and Mr. Penn was heard what he had to say, and ordered to attend again." Mr. Luttrell, however, takes no further notice of Mr. Penn until July, 1699, when he notes down the fact, that "William Penn has declared his resolution of speedily going with his family to settle in Pennsylvania." On the 12th of August, "William Penn, the quaker, had a conference with the lords commissioners for regulating trade in the plantations, in order to settle some affairs before he goes to Pennsylvania; and on Friday preached at Brewer's Hall his farewell sermon to a numerous auditory." In a week he is gone: "Yesterday [the 22nd] Wm. Penn, the quaker, with his wife and family, embarked at Cowes for Pennsylvania." In April, 1701, there is mention made of his son's petitioning that counsel may be heard for his father against a bill "for uniting to the crown of England the government of several colonies and plantations in America, as Pennsylvania, Carolina, the Bahama Islands, &c."—and counsel is heard accordingly in the middle of May, after which the bill is ordered to be read a second time. The next entry referring to the governor, dated four years later (May, 1705), is a little curious: "'Tis said William Penn, who obtained the queen's pardon for Harris, condemned for robbing on the highway, has also got a commission for him to be lieutenant of the militia in Pennsylvania, to which plantation he is to be transported." Queen Anne had other favourable negotiations with her father's Friend. Thus, July, 1705: "William Penn, the quaker, has obtained a grant from her majesty for the government of his colony of Pennsylvania; by which he is empowered to convene the chief of the inhabitants to make such laws as shall be thought necessary for them; and in a few days the same will pass the seals." Later in the month there is another farewell sermon at the favourite old sign: "Yesterday [20 July] Mr. William Penn, the quaker, who is going for Pennsylvania, made his farewell sermon at the Bull and Mouth, and next week designs to embark for his government there." And after this, like another Pilgrim, in another Progress, he goes on his way, and we see him no more.

The coolness that at one time existed between Queen Mary and Sister Anne, excited too much public attention not to be matter for frequent mention in Mr. Luttrell's journal. In April, 1692, William being then abroad, a paragraph states that "yesterday [27th] the queen ordered the lord chamberlain to give notice to her servants not to go to Sion House

during the princess's residence there." On the following page we read: "The difference is increased between the queen and princess, none of the privy council or servants to the queen are to go to Sion House, by particular order.—The prince [George of Denmark] and princess in a few weeks go to the Bath, to reside this summer." A line in May is observable: "Said, the lady Marlborough is taken up and committed;"—as also this: "The lord Marlborough, 'tis said, is retired, and has not been before the council yet;"—and again, in the same month: "Captain Churchill, we hear, is sent for from the fleet." (The "we hear" of Narcissus is a frequent formula, and gives him more than ever the quidnunc air of a modern newspaper authority.) At the beginning of June occurs a notice that "the report of the princess of Denmark making a visit to the queen proves a mistake: she came only to the Cockpit, and returned the same day to Sion House." In July, "Some say that the earl of Rochester and bishop of London are forbidden going to the princess, till further order." And a day or two later, "Monday last the prince and princess of Denmark went to St. Albans, and dined with the earl of Marlborough and the countess, bishop of London, &c., which is taken notice of." The breach widens. The sisters cease to be on speaking, even on bowing terms. "Yesterday," writes Luttrell on the 18th of October, "the prince and princess came to the Cockpit, and after a short stay returned in their chairs through St. James's Park to Berkeley house, so to Kensington; the queen in her coach followed the same way and passed by them, and no notice taken on either side." Oct. 29th: "This day the usual show at lord mayor's, where the king [just returned to England] and queen dined, most of the nobility, &c., but the prince and princess were not invited." In January, 1692-3, Luttrell reports that "the prince and princess of Denmark go constantly now to St. James's church with little attendance." A state of things productive, no doubt, of many moral reflections interchanged between Mistress Morley and Mistress Freeman. The same month we hear that "a scandalous pamphlet is published about the princess of Denmark, after which strict search is made." In the August of 1693 more agreeable news is current: "The princess of Denmark is coming to court to reconcile herself to the queen." But the rumour is too good to be true. "The discourse of the princess reconciling herself to the queen proves a mistake." It is renewed in February, 1693-4: "We hear the princess of Denmark is reconciled to the queen." In March, therefore, as might be expected, "there is a discourse that the lord Marlborough will come into play again, and be a general in Flanders." Before the new year, however, the elder sister will be beyond the vexation of family jars and the cares of state. Mary died on the 28th of December. There is something semi-ludicrous in one of Luttrell's melancholy entries of the 29th: "The prince of Denmark was yesterday to condole the king, but his majesty being asleep he did not see him." Not admitted to condole the king, one fancies him condoling himself with his habitual phrase, *Est-il possible!* Within the week, however, his majesty is pleased to send archbishop Tenison to wait on the princess, and to offer her an apartment at Whitehall. And by the middle of January, Anne had begun to appear publicly at Berkeley House, where she was for the future to keep a court, as if she were a crowned head, whither the court ladies would resort. "Her royal high-

ness visited the king on Sunday [13 Jan. 1694-5], and was graciously received, so that all the former differences are now compromised." Pity that the trysting-place, which made harmony once more practicable, should be a wife's and a sister's grave.

In common with his countrymen generally, Mr. Luttrell found matter of unusual interest in the visit of Peter the Great to these shores. William III. being at Utrecht in 1697, we hear of a conference there between him and the czar, who is described as using "all means to prevent being known by the common people," and as lodging "several nights with a blacksmith who formerly lived at Moscow, with whom he converses freely; his usual disguise is a Dutch seaman's habit, and his attendance seldom above two persons." In November, "here is a report that the czar of Moscow came over hither incognito with the earl of Portland, and that he went with his lordship the other day to see Windsor castle." Some days later: "Most people are of opinion that the czar of Moscow is here incognito, and the rather, for that sir John Wolfe, one of the last sheriffs, who was acquainted with him at Moscow, and understands the language, was absent at the cavalcade on Tuesday"—referring to the procession by which King William was met on his return to England. On the 13th of December, "Sir John Wolfe attended three Moscovites, and showed them the lords and commons as they were sitting; one of them was in a green vest, richly lined with fur, supposed to be the czar." But a week afterwards the news is that "two men of war and two yachts [or yatchs, as Luttrell invariably spells it] are ordered for Holland, as 'tis said, to bring over the czar of Moscow." And the diary of 11 Jan. 1697-8 records that "Yesterday the czar of Moseovy was brought from Greenwich in his majesty's barge, and at present lies incognito at a house joining to the water side in Norfolk-street; he cares not to be seen [seen], and when he came out of admiral Mitchell's ship, which brought him over, he caused all the seamen to go under deck: his ambassadors, 'tis said, will make their public entry next week." Two days later: "The czar yesterday dined privately with the king at Kensington, and is attended by two grooms of the bedchamber and two messengers. And last night, as he was at supper in his lodgings, observing two persons to look hard at him, rose presently and withdrew." Again: "Yesterday his majesty went privately with the earl of Rumney in his lordship's coach to make a visit to the czar in Norfolk-street, the czar having sent to desire him to come with as few attendants as possible." (Jan. 15.)—"The earl of Macclesfield on Thursday went to see him, and chanced to be at dinner; but suddenly rose from table, and went up-stairs, locked himself in his chamber, and said 'twas strange he could not eat without being stared at.—He is this night at the playhouse incognito to see the Prophetess acted." "The revels in the Temple are ended, where was a masquerade last night, and the czar among them incognito in a butcher's habit." (Jan. 22.)—"This afternoon his majesty went to Windsor to hunt for some few days, whither the czar designs also to go: he was last Sunday at a quakers' meeting incognito, where a woman held forth. . . . He spends most of his time, as also his retinue, in studying the mathematics, chiefly navigation, being assisted by the most eminent in that art, and are already gone through great part of it." (Feb. 1.)—"The king has been three times incognito to see the czar, who is re-

moving to Deptford to be amongst the ship-carpenters." (Feb. 3.) Peter's incognito visits to the playhouse are repeatedly chronicled; theatres and masquerades seeming to divide between them his taste for amusements. Other recreations, however, intervene—such as a visit (Feb. 24) to Westminster Hall and the parliament houses, and another (Feb. 27) to Lambeth House, whither "the czar and his priests" betook themselves, one Sunday morning, "to see the archbishop ordain a minister of the church of England." In March he is off for Portsmouth, and a naval review is got up for his "divertisement." Back to town in April, when he "came by water to the house of lords, where the French and Swedish ambassadors were present to see his majesty (who came thither in his coach of state drawn by eight horses) pass" certain acts. "Last week," writes Narcissus, on the 14th of April, "the czar went privately to Oxford, to see the same; but being soon discovered, he immediately came back for London, without viewing those curiosities he intended." "Yesterday [18 April] his majesty and the czar dined with the archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth house." "Yesterday [20 April] the duke of Leeds and marquis of Caermarthen entertained at dinner at Wimbleton the czar and his retinue, where were the musicians and singing men to divert him." Peter was at length coming out. But even now his time is up. Only the next day after the ducal "spread" in honour of him, "Mr. Chancellor Montague showed the czar the mint in the Tower, after which they dined on board the Royal Transport, and then admiral Mitchell convoyed him to Holland: he distributed 1000 guineas among the king's servants who attended him." That day week he is reported as "still wind-bound at Chatham;" which is the last intelligence of him on or off our shores. Meantime he has diverted the town, and supplied piquant pabulum for Mr. Narcissus Luttrell's diary.

This Brief Relation of State Affairs is sometimes unreasonably brief, according to all the laws of proportion, on events of marked interest and importance. Of the bloody business at Glencoe, for example, it has next to nothing to say. Some three or four lines, divided into two separate entries, are, as far as we are aware, the sum total of Luttrell's information on the subject; and these, not burning lines, not hot, not even languidly lukewarm, but, *more suo*, coldly indifferent. On the other hand, his transcriptions from news-letters, mails, and foreign gazettes, are profusely rendered. From these we shall not copy, being more concerned with his contributions to our knowledge of home affairs. In the latter department he supplies ample materials under the head of all kinds of accidents and offences—street-fires, street-riots, assassinations, robberies, duels, suicides, and the like. He is punctual as the Old Bailey sessions themselves in his record of their proceedings—how many were condemned, and to what. He has the eye of a detective for the movements of highwaymen, and gives all the statistics of their doings with the precision of a Blue Book-man. Footpads and their feats he is careful to report; clippers and coiners are sure of a place in his diary. Some elegant extracts illustrative of this elegant society we propose to draw from him. Let us first, however, make a quotation or two, worth observing, in which Royalty itself is seen to exhibit *de facto* a certain *jus divinum* all its own. We allude to "touching for the evil"—a once jealously-honoured prerogative of majesty, but now become, like (as the witty

conundrum has it) majesty stripped of its externals, a jest. In February, 1681-2, we read, Charles II. being then on the throne, "The king hath lately touched for the evil." In March, 1684-5, "His majesty hath begun to touch for the evil, and will continue till Easter." James II. continues the rite, with a difference. Thus, May, 1686: "The 23rd, being Whitsunday, the king touched for the evil, but had not, as usual, any of the bishops, but his own priests." Queen Anne is regular and zealous in her observance of it. "The service and attendance belonging to the ceremony of touching for the king's evil went for Bath last week, her majesty designing to touch there" (8 Oct. 1702). "Her majesty did not touch yesterday for the evil as designed, having the gout in her hands" (20 March, 1702-3). Malaprop queen's evil, thus to disappoint many a subject suffering from king's evil, who otherwise would of course be cured—great Anna's touch being enough, and then "off at a tangent," off and away, whole every whit—the faith of the community towards her majesty's gouty tangents being, that *nil tetigit quod non*—sanavit. But again, on the 8th of April we read: "This day her majesty's surgeon gave tickets to 100 persons to be touched for the evil to-morrow." Did her majesty's surgeon preserve his gravity throughout, even down to No. 100 on the list? No doubt he did, honest man; the query, on second thoughts, is to be dismissed as frivolous and vexatious. Here is another entry, dated 18 April, 1704: "Saturday, the queen touched several persons for the evil at St. James's." And one more, a twelvemonth later (8 May, 1705): "On Friday last the queen touched above 200 for the evil in the open court-yard at St. James's." At this rate the sovereignty of these realms promised to be no *sinecure*.

From royalty, however, let us descend to a class who lived by (and sometimes died for) defacing and abusing royalty's image and superscription. It is well known to what an intolerable extent the practice of clipping the coinage, and otherwise impairing the currency, eventually grew in the days of William and Mary. Mr. Luttrell is particular in his diurnal attentions to the craft of clippers. We are constantly meeting with some such entry as, "Several clippers, coiners, and filers taken up in the Mint on Sunday last and sent to Newgate" (1 Sept. 1692). "Seven clippers were cast yesterday at the Old Bailey; and to hinder clipping for the future, lords of the treasury have petitioned the queen to grant no pardon to any of them, unless before conviction they discover all their accomplices." "Information is given of near 300 coiners and clippers dispersed in divers parts of this city, on which warrants are out against several." "Last night 3 women clippers were seized with a hatfull of clippings, shears, and other instruments" (6 Oct.). "A woman clipper seized at Lambeth as taking water: she threw some clippings into the river; she had a list of several concerned in that trade, one of them a goldsmith." "Search yesterday [Nov. 7] made in Covent Garden for clippers in a suspected house, and found many of king James' new declarations locked up in trunk, and a parcel of clippings with them: two women were seized on suspicion, and sent to Newgate after examination." "Yesterday [Dec. 7] 4 smiths were taken up in Southwark for making picklocks and clipping instruments, and committed to the Marshalsea." "A refiner's wife with 2 servants were yesterday [15 March, 1692-3] committed to Newgate for clipping: the husband escaped." "The mother, son and daughter of * * * were taken in the

act of clipping; and with them near a bushel of clippings, and a stamp to coin guineas; the father was absent, otherwise he had been taken and committed" (22 July, 1693). "Last week three clippers were taken in the very act in a wood near Dunmore in Essex, being discovered by a boy a nutting, and committed to Chelmsford, as also the grazier who supplied them with broad money" (3 Oct.). "Thursday night [12 July, 1694] a person was observed to carry a box into a tavern in St. Martin's Le Grand, which was esteemed but a bad house; a constable went in and seized him, finding in the box 726 ounces of silver in bars, supposed to be clippings melted down: so was committed to Newgate." Every few pages, in fact, we hear of "a gang of clippers and coiners taken in the very act in Gray's Inn-lane;" or of certain goldsmiths being "in trouble, accused of furnishing clippers with broad money, for which they received 25*l.* per cent.;" or of some "rich housekeeper in Peter-street, Westminster," or elsewhere, "committed to Newgate on suspicion of clipping." Now "twenty clippers" are "apprehended at Bristol in the very fact;"—now three clippers are "executed at Tyburn," "one of which was John Moore, the tripeman, said to have got a good estate by clipping, and to have offered 6000*l.* for his pardon;"—now "a whole nest of clippers" is "discovered by one Smith in hopes to get a pardon,"—and so on, from bad to worse, until the House of Commons' committee investigates the whole question, and remedies of a gradual and for some time a doubtful nature are enforced.

But if Mr. Luttrell is full on the subject of the clippers, he overflows on that of the highwaymen. His statistics of the state of the roads are overwhelming. William III., in the first year of his reign, put forth a proclamation "for the discovery and apprehending all highway men, and promising the reward of 10*l.* to the discoverer." Had our Narcissus, who, we are told, loved money, been gratified with the said reward for every fresh highwayman he took note of, *de die in diem*, he could hardly have been more attentive to this class of entries. Sparse must be our selections from the grand aggregate. Thus, 17 Aug. 1690: "A great robbery was committed near Acton upon several stage coaches by a parcel of highwaymen; but the country having notice pursued them, and took some of them." Here is matter for what the newspapers call a sensation in court: "A highway man lately condemned at the sessions was going to be tied up by the hangman according to custom, but he knocked down the hangman in the face of the court, and made very indecent reflections on the court." More complacently Mr. Luttrell has to announce, in December, that "a notorious highway man, commonly called the Golden Farmer, was executed [on the 22nd] in Fleet-street, at the end of Salisbury-court, and is after to be hanged in chains upon Bagshot-heath," the scene, no doubt, of the Golden Farmer's exploits in his once golden age. Next March two members "of the Golden Farmer's company" also come to a bad end. Other companies, of various degrees and sizes, are similarly broken up, but the race, far from dying out, appears to flourish all the more for the excision of its exuberant branches. Nor do the gentlemen of the road lose their assurance, or bate a jot of their foppant style when confronted with the powers that be. Thus, 23 June, 1691: "One Walker, a notorious highway man, and of the Golden Farmer's gang, was apprehended the 24th, and carried before the lord

chief justice; and was very impudent, declaring he did not own him for a judge, king James being his lawful sovereign." In December there is a statement that on "Thursday last about 3 in the afternoon, the Worcester waggon, wherein was 4000*l.* of the king's money, was set on and robbed near Gerard's Cross, within 4 miles of Uxbridge, by 16 highwaymen; and the persons that convoyed it thinking themselves secure, being within one mile of their inn, went before, and left only 2 persons on foot to guard it, who having laid their blunderbusses in the waggon and walked by, and on a sudden were surprised by 16 highwaymen on horse back, who took away 2500*l.*, and left the rest for want of conveniency to carry it."—"This morning [29 Dec.] one Savage, a notorious highwayman and murderer, was seized at a farrier's shoeing his horse." "One Smith, a lecturer for Chelsea, was seized in Westminster-hall, and charged before the chief justice by 2 persons for robbing on the highway, and that he had a gold watch in his pocket which he stole on Finchley Common," &c. (28 Jan. 1691-2). In April an entry touching the same reverend gentleman, reports that "Parson Richard Smith, of Chelsea, pleaded not guilty to an indictment for being a confederate with highwaymen, and helping them to horses, and in sharing their booty, and was committed."—Entries on the same subject continue, thick as thieves, an appropriate simile. "Last Wednesday 2 French officers were robbed in coach coming to London, by 9 highwaymen, of 110 guineas, who used them roughly, and bid them go home to their own country" (9 July, 1692). "Last Saturday 12 highwaymen robbed 7 coaches coming from the west, of about 15,000*l.*" (12 July). "The other day, Oxford stage coach was set upon by 6 highwaymen, but before they robbed the passengers 3 gentlemen rode by and fought the thieves, killed one of them and 2 of their horses, and the rest pretending to fly, only rode to the side of a wood, where they recharged their pistols, and then returned and robbed the coach, and buried their comrade in the wood" (23 July). "Tuesday night the earl of Marlborough was met by some highwaymen on horseback, near Coney, as he was going to his countryhouse, who robbed him of 500 guineas, and made their escape" (25 August). New proclamations are put forth against them, and extra rewards offered for their apprehension, with first-fruits of success. *E. g.* "6 Dutch troopers have taken 4 highwaymen near Reading, and will have the reward of the proclamation the first time" (27 Sept.). "Tuesday last captain Richardson's officers took 3 highwaymen in the Old Jewry; one made resistance, and was killed; the other two were sent to Newgate" (6 Oct.). "Yesterday 2 highwaymen lately taken at Buckingham were brought to town under a strong guard" (Oct. 15). But the profession is too numerous, and its practice too profitable, to be easily put down. "Last Sunday night 8 highwaymen robbed all that passed on the road" (Nov. 8). "A great robbery near Barnet, where 8 or 9 highwaymen took 1500*l.* or 2000*l.* out of a waggon" (Nov. 10). "Wednesday morning last, 7 highwaymen on St. Albans-road, near Mims, robbed the Manchester carrier of 15,000*l.* of the king's money, and killed and wounded 18 horses to prevent being pursued: and robbed divers travellers" (Nov. 12). Evidently this gang on the Great North Road had the will and the power to make a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together. Hence, "Several parties of horse are ordered to quarter in most of the towns in

the highroads, to prevent the great robberies which are daily committed" (Nov. 15). Two other entries of the same day's date run thus: "This day a noted highwayman, in a scarlet cloak and coat laced with gold, was taken in Covent Garden;"—and, "Mr. justice Thomas was the other night robbed near Chelsea in his coach of 300*l.* by 3 armed men." In December we find that "Witney, the notorious highwayman, offers to bring in 80 stout men of his gang to the king's service, if he may have his pardon;"—the next entry being, "A party of highwaymen (pretending to be Jacobites) beset and robbed several coaches and waggons on the Oxford-road, but one of them was shot and taken." Anon it is affirmed, "there are some that for 8000*l.* per annum will undertake to clear the roads of highwaymen, and if any robbery be committed they will answer the loss for them" (Dec. 3). No such black-mail bargain is made, however, by those in authority; and meanwhile the profession prospers, with occasional crosses and discouragements as a matter of course. We "lump" together a mingled mass of further extracts:

This morning his majesty sent a party of horse to look after Whitney, the great highwayman, on some notice he was lurking between Barnet and St. Albans: they met with him at the first of the said towns, who finding himself attacked, made his defence and killed one of them, and wounded some others: but at last was taken and brought to London. His majesty was very glad he was taken, being a great ringleader of that crew (Dec. 6). Last Saturday 9 highwaymen met and robbed 7 hunters, near Ingerstone, in Essex (Dec. 13). A gentleman was this week robbed at Shooters Hill by 2 highwaymen, who took from him 10*l.* in silver, and told him they must have his belt, wherein were quilted 100 guineas: and bade him be more private hereafter (Dec. 17). The lords C. and B. were on Saturday last to meet Whitney, a great highwayman, on honour: he offers to bring in 30 horse, with as many stout men, to serve the king, provided he may have his pardon, and will give a sum of money besides: but the issue thereof not known (Dec. 20). On Saturday last Whitney, the famous highwayman, was taken without Bishopgate: he was discovered by one Hill as he walked the street, who observed where he housed; then, calling some assistance, he went to the door; but Whitney defended himself for an hour, but the people increasing, and the officers of Newgate being sent for, he surrendered himself, but had before stabbed the said Hill with a bayonet, but not mortal; he was cuffed and shackled with irons, and committed to Newgate; and on Sunday 2 more of his gang were also seized and committed; one kept a livery stable in Moorfields (Jan. 3, 1692-3). Yesterday 3 coaches were robbed, coming from Epsom, of 200*l.*; the robbers told them they borrowed the money to maintain Whitney in prison (*ibid.*). Strongly reported yesterday that Whitney had made his escape out of Newgate, but he continues closely confined there, and has 40 pound weight of irons on his legs; he had his tailor make him a rich embroidered suit, with peruke and hat, worth 100*l.*; but the keeper refused to let him wear them, because they would disguise him from being known (Jan. 7). On Sunday last 3 highwaymen of Whitney's gang . . . were seized near Chelsea college, and carried to Newgate by some soldiers: there were 2 more in company, but they made their escape; two are said to be tradesmen in the Strand, one a goldsmith, th' other a milliner (Jan. 10). Whitney offers to discover his accomplices, and those that give notice where and when money is conveyed on the roads in coaches and waggons, if he may have his pardon (Jan. 12). There are in Newgate near 20 highwaymen; and this day another was taken in Cheapside, and sent thither (*ibid.*). Wednesday last 10 highwaymen robbed divers countrymen near Barnet, and used them barbarously; and the same morning 3 highwaymen set on 3 coaches on Gads-hill, and demanded a

steel box out of one of them, but while busied about it, the coachman took an opportunity and knocked one of them on the head with the hatchet, and the passengers seized another; the other made his escape (Jan. 26). Yesterday 9 persons were carried to Tyburn, where 8 were executed, 7 highwaymen, and one for clipping: Whitney was brought back, having a reprieve for 10 days, and was brought back to Newgate with a rope about his neck, a vast crowd of people following him. . . . Last night Whitney was carried in a sedan to Whitehall and examined; 'tis said he discovers who hired the persons to rob the mails so often. . . . Whitney, 'tis said, has been examined upon a design to kill the king (Jan. 28). On Sunday night last one Charlton, a highwayman, was apprehended at Westminster; and this morning 2 more were taken in the city, one said to be Whitney's comrade, to whom he gave his fine mare. This day Whitney wrote 4 letters, 1 to Caermarthen, 1 to Nottingham, 1 to Portland, and 1 to chief justice Holt, but the success not known. . . . Whitney on Friday last sent a letter to the lord Capell pretending to make great discoveries in several points, especially one for assassinating the king as he hunted in Windsor forest, in order to which he and 11 others attended there when the king was hunting, immediately after his last coming from Flanders, but could not meet with an opportunity to execute the same, and that the design was still carried on: the lord Capell immediately carried the letter to the lord chief justice Holt, then on the bench at Westminster, who presently sent a reprieve; since which he has been examined, but demands a pardon before he'll make a discovery, so 'tis looked on only a contrivance to gain time; whereon a warrant is signed for his execution to-morrow at the Maypole in the Strand (Jan. 31). Yesterday, being the 1st instant, capt. James Whitney, highwayman, was executed at Porter's block, near Cow-cross in Smithfield; he seemed to die very penitent; was an hour and half in the cart before turned off (Feb. 2). A list is given to the chief justice of the names of above 40 highwaymen that frequent the roads of England, with their haunts; and that divers horses have been seized in the out parts of the city which are not yet claimed (Feb. 4). This morning 3 or 4 highwaymen were taken at Lambeth. . . . Yesterday 2 highwaymen taken at Enfield, and brought to Newgate with a strong guard (Feb. 9). Yesterday morning a mercer in Lombard-street was taken out of his bed, and charged by a cheesemonger for being a highwayman, and robbing him two years since (Feb. 23). Friday last 6 highwaymen were taken at St. Giles, and committed to Newgate (April 4). A list of 50 highwaymen is given to the chief justice in order to their apprehension, among which are several women. . . . A person was this day convicted at sessions' house for sacrilege, rape, burglary, murder, and robbing on the highway; all committed in 12 hours' time (April 27). The lord mayor and aldermen have seized 24 suspected horses at livery stables about London; no one yet claims them; thought to belong to highwaymen (May 18). This morning 3 highwaymen were taken at an alchouse in Shoe-lane, being dogged by a butcher they had robbed near Bagshot, and were sent to Newgate (June 10). On Thursday last about 20 highwaymen robbed 6 coaches and some waggons on Finchley-common, and were rude to the passengers, &c. (Sept. 16). 3 last week robbed the Portsmouth coaches, and several on horse-back between Guilford and Ripley (Oct. 3). Saturday the Oxford coaches were robbed by 6 highwaymen (Oct. 10). Last week some highwaymen robbed several persons near Beaconsfield, on which the country arose and pursued them, and shot Reynolds, the chief of them, but they carried him off, though not likely to live (Dec. 7). On Saturday last one of the king's messengers was robbed in his return from Kensington, on which his majesty has ordered a nightly patrol (Dec. 23). Yesterday 3 highwaymen robbed the York coach, and being pursued to town, one was taken in Hatton-garden, another in Fetter-lane, and the third escaped (9 Jan. 1693-4). Tuesday last 5 highwaymen robbed 40 persons on Bagshot-heath, killed 3 horses, and carried others away (Feb. 8). Yesterday 4 highway men attempted to rob 2 malsters near Ware, who being well armed and mounted, after the exchange of several pistols, pursued the rogues to London, and took 3 of them, 2 of which was Glover and his man

Plummers in Fetter-lane (March 3). Yesterday a highway man was committed to Newgate, who made it his practice after he had robbed to kill the people, and had done so by 2 or 3 lately (July 7). Tuesday last a gang of highway men robbed several butchers going to Rumford, but being pursued, 4 of them were taken at Whitechapel (Oct. 4). Wednesday last 6 highwaymen robbed near 50 persons in Maidenhead thicket (Jan. 26, 1694-5).

Thorn and Stevens, 2 eminent highway men, condemned last Surrey assizes, were this week again committed to the Marshalsea for robbing some quakers near Kennington Common; and concluding they should be hanged, boasted of their robberies, and that they killed a woman great with child (11 July, 1695). Eight highway men are committed to Newgate since last sessions, and 20 more are in quest of (Dec. 3, 1696). A great gang of highway men, inhabitants near Waltham Cross in Essex, is lately discovered, and several of them committed to that county gaol (30 April, 1698). Yesterday the northern post boy was robbed by 2 men on horseback near Ware, and all the bags opened from Edinburgh to London; took out all the exchequer bills and bills of exchange, several of which latter, in the afternoon, they sent by the penny post to the clerk of the northern road of the general post office (16 July). The beginning of this week 3 highway men robbed the receiver general of Bucks of 1000 guineas, which he sent up by the carrier in a pack; and though there were 17 pack horses, they went directly to that which had the gold: they were closely pursued, yet made their escape (Sept. 17). Saturday last 4 highway men set upon 11 graziers near Hatfield, took 40*l.* from 2 of them, the rest escaping (Sept. 27). Saturday night the earl of Dorset was set upon in his coach, between Fulham and Chelsea, by 10 persons on horseback, supposed to be disbanded soldiers, who took from him 60 guineas, a gold watch, gold snuff box, with his sword, &c.; upon which robbery the lords justices have ordered the horse and foot guards to patrol constantly day and night in all the roads leading to this city, that suspicious persons may be seized, and a general search made in all houses for highway men and foot pads (July 25, 1699). Thursday night several highway men robbed a vast number of people on this side Richmond, some of which fought them and got away; but one gentleman was cut in the back; and all the rogues escaped (Sept. 16). Some days since 16 highway men robbed the northern coaches this side of Nottingham (11 Feb. 1702-3).

Last night, the highway man who usually robbed single, on a black mare, was taken in Hyde Park, and committed to the Gatehouse; his name Harris, and belongs to the 2d troop of guards (12 Aug. 1704). Yesterday, Harris, the life guard man, was tried at the Old Bailey, for robbing on the black mare, and acquitted (Sept. 9). Harris, a life guard man, who usually robbed upon the black mare, is condemned (1 March, 1704-5). Harris, the highway man has received a reprieve; owns his being concerned in above 40 robberies on the highway, and accuses 14 of his gang; among them are 3 hatmakers, Boyce a player, Haughton a prize-fighter, and Hawkes a barrister at law (March 8). Harris the life guard man, condemned for robbery, is pardoned (28 April, 1705). 'Tis said William Penn—

But this record of what the Quaker had done and was doing for Mr. Harris we have already quoted, among the paragraphs relating to Friend William himself. One little batch more, and we will get out of such bad company:

Some days since several of the western coaches were robbed near Bagshot heath, in them above 30 passengers, by 2 men on horseback, one of them in a livery pretending to be the other's servant (Jan. 3, 1705-6). Four coaches with several French officers were robbed last Friday going for Portsmouth by 8 highway men, who took from them their watches and jewels, but left their money (July 17, 1706). Saturday, sir Charles Burton, bart., was committed for robbing on the highway, near St. Albans (Oct. 17). Captain James Murray, accused of robbing on the highway, against whom a proclamation is out offering 50*l.*

reward, is taken at Morpeth in Cumberland (11 Jan. 1706-7). Captain Murray . . . has offered to discover 14 of his gang, provided he may have his pardon (1 March). We hear capt. Murray . . . is pardoned at the intercession of some Scots noblemen (1 April).

From about this date the Diary happily becomes far less frequently occupied with the feats and fates of highwaymen—time enough too, in the fifth year of Queen Anne;—time enough too that *we* should get quit of the subject—a *mauvais sujet* to all intents and purposes. Before altogether leaving, however, the close atmosphere of criminal records, let us select from Mr. Luttrell's ample memoranda one particular case, the interest of which—it tells its own story—is of a somewhat exceptional character: "Last night [January 4th, 1691-2], Dr. Clench the physician was strangled in a coach: two persons came to his house in Brownlow-street, Holborn, in a coach, and pretended to carry him to a patient's in the city: they drove backward and forward, and after some time stopped by Leaden hall, and sent the coachman to buy a couple of fowls for supper, who went accordingly; and in the mean time they slept away; and the coachman when he returned found Dr. Clench strangled with a handkerchief tied about his neck, with a hard sea coal twisted in it, and clapt just against his windpipe: he had spirits applied to him, and other means, but too late, he having been dead some time." Three days later we hear of "one Rowe, an Irishman," being "seized on suspicion of being one of the murderers of Dr. Clench, and one Harrison, the other, is since taken in White Friars, and are, 'tis said, both committed to Newgate: the coachman accusing them." On the 6th of April, "Mr. Harrison, who killed Dr. Clench, was tried . . . at Old Bailey, and found guilty; the evidence was plain; his landlord's daughter testified that the handkerchief with which the doctor was strangled was his: another saw him in the coach at Leaden hall to buy the pullets, and knew him by his voice." Mr. Luttrell is as completely satisfied as the jury of Harrison's guilt. He recurs to the trial a page further on: "Some circumstances in Harrison's trial was: a woman that saw a coach stay at Dr. Clench's, believing the persons therein would bilk the coachman, looked therein, saw Harrison sitting in a cloak, and after, Dr. Clench go therein: a sempstress, that the handkerchief which strangled the doctor she sold but a little before to Harrison: others, that he often threatened the doctor. He could give no account where he was between 9 and 11, the time the doctor was murdered." Soon afterwards Mr. Luttrell has the satisfaction of announcing that "Mr. Harrison, condemned for murder of Dr. Clench, has since, 'tis said, confessed the murder." But this "'tis said," like many another *on dit* that naturally finds place in a voluminous diary, is too hastily received. Mr. Harrison has not confessed, does not mean to confess, and will die on the scaffold resisting all endeavours to make him confess. But to continue our quotations. April 12th: "Mr. Harrison, condemned for murdering Dr. Clench, is reprieved for nine days, to prepare for death; will be hanged in chains." April 14th: "Mr. Harrison, who killed Dr. Clench, is ordered to be executed to-morrow [*not a nine days' reprieve then?*

To-morrow? O that's sudden!],

at Brook-street end in Holborn; endeavours are used to make him con-

fess, but as yet he remains obstinate." And will remain: possibly with better reasons for his "obstinacy" than could be produced at the Old Bailey. But such reasons not being forthcoming, the man must die. If such reasons, however, *should* ultimately come to light, after the execution,—*que voulez-vous?* As the Frenchman says, *Tant pis pour les faits*—so much the worse for the facts (of circumstantial evidence)—and for the late Mr. Harrison. Friday, the 15th of April, comes, as doomsday Fridays of that sort will come, and Mr. Luttrell duly records how on that day "was executed at Tyburn 2 men and 1 woman, of those lately condemned at the Old Bailey; and the same in Holborn, at Brook-street end, on a gibbet erected for that purpose, was executed Mr. Harrison, for the murder of Dr. Clench; and he denied the fact to the last." However, he is dead now; and the Diary has done with him.

Yet not altogether. Some ten weeks later a brief entry in the Diary (28th June) makes mention of "one Cole, a plumber, taken and examined by Chief Justice about the murder of Dr. Clench, and was committed to Newgate." And the next page but one returns to the subject of "one Cole, a plumber, committed to Newgate for Dr. Clench's murder, the wife of one Miller lately dead accusing him thereof, the woman deposing that her husband on his death bed confessed the said Cole, at the instigation of one Harper, a surgeon, murdered him; and Cole, fearing Miller would discover it to prevent Harrison's execution for the murder, took Miller abroad with him, who immediately fell ill and died: not without suspicion of being poisoned by Cole." The reader who would become better acquainted with the "merits" of this black business, must consult other contemporary records—for Luttrell, interested as he seems to have been in this page of the Newgate Calendar, here leaves us in the dark, without further clue or ceremony.

Among his pet topics of a miscellaneous sort, the weather is certainly one. Narcissus was an observer of the face of the sky as well as of the signs of the times. Any meteorological phenomenon is pretty sure of a place in his journal. A "prodigious darkness" one Sunday morning in 1679—some "very great lightning" which "did much hurt"—certain "great rains, which hath been very prejudicial to many persons"—"a most violent storm of hail, the hailstones many of them as big as pigeons' eggs," which "killed several birds"—"a comet, with a tail of 20 foot long" (1680)—an "excessive drought" in the summer of 1681—three full tides at London-bridge within 12 hours (22 March, 1681-2)—"vast showers of rain" doing "considerable damage" in town and country—"a blazing star seen" in August, 1682—serious inundations in June, 1683—"so great a driving wind [in May, 1687] that about Westminster, at low water, boys waded over the Thames, and forded it with horses"—"a small earthquake" in the city, in 1692, which "lasted about $\frac{1}{2}$ a minute, shook the houses, and frightened many people"—such are some of the items in his list. Of the "small earthquake" he afterwards adds, "In the late earthquake people sensible of it thought themselves vertiginous [*sic*], or a swimming in their head; some at Enfield Chase a hunting, their dogs lost the scent in a full cry, and the gentlemen smelt brimstone very strong, and the earth seemed to tremble: the ships seemed in some places to rock like a cradle; from Portsmouth they perceived it: at Canterbury,

Athelberg's Tower, a small old building by the cathedral, was thrown down: and so from other places when felt here." Narcissus was highly susceptible, moreover, to a sharp frost. He duly records how the Thames was a frozen highway for foot-passengers, in the January of 1680-1; how, in 1683-4 it was so "frozen over that thousands of people went upon it, and booths built on it in divers places" ("and particularly from the Temple stairs to the old Barge house is a great row of booths across the Thames, where is sold divers sorts of liquors, and meat roasted"—"on the 23d a bull was baited on the ice of the river Thames"—"carts went commonly on; there were 3 or 4 printing houses: a whole ox was roasted on the ice before Whitehall the 2d [Feb.], and a fox trailed along with dogs after the same day"), &c. He dwells on "the great frost" which lasted three weeks in 1691-2, "very severe and bitter weather," the roads impassable, and the Exeter mail stopped for some days—another of the same style and duration in 1697-8—another in 1708-9, "very sharp, and the Thames was frozen over," &c., and "it snowed pretty much." At this season, by the way, he notices "letters by the last foreign post, which advised that within the island of Paris, some thousands of men, women, and children have been lately starved to death with hunger and cold" (10 March, 1708-9). The miseries endured in France during the closing years of Louis XIV. might be illustrated by various other excerpts from this Diary; but there only remains to us space enough (and hardly that) to present, in the last place, a farrago of extracts, purposely heterogeneous in character, as a final specimen of the motley varieties to be found in Luttrell's Brief Relation:

About this time Mrs. Gwyn, mother to madam Ellen Gwyn, being in drink, was drowned in a ditch near Westminster (9 July, 1679). Three of the four lions in the Tower are lately dead (15 Feb. 1680-1). Chelsea college is intended by his majesty for the place to build an hospital for poor maimed soldiers (16 Dec. 1681). The justices of peace for the city of Westminster have at a petty sessions made an order for the clearing the narrow streets of hackney coaches, to prevent any stops that may happen thereby (10 Feb. 1682-3). Jack Ketch, the hangman, for affronting the sheriffs of London, was committed to Bridewell, and is turned out of his place, and one Rose, a butcher, put in (Jan. 1685-6). Edward Skelton, one of the criminals that received sentence of death this last sessions at the Old Bailey, has been begged of the king by 18 maids clothed in white, and since is married to one of them in the Press yard (Nov. 1686). We have an account from our fleet that strange abuses have been committed in victualling the ships with provisions and beer; that amongst the meat hath been found many galls and much copperis, and in the beer guts and garbage, which hath occasioned a great mortality amongst the seamen of those ships that were so served, when few or none died amongst those that were better provided (Oct. 1689). The inscription on the monument of the burning of London by the papists, and which was defaced in the late king's time, is reinserting again upon it (March 1689-90). A patent is passing the seals of a grant of the sole invention for dipping of cloths, hats, scarfs, &c., in a certain liquor that shall preserve them to keep out rain (Oct. 1691). A patent is passing the seals for a new invention for preserving fish or fowl a considerable time after 'tis killed (Nov. 1691). His majesty yesterday checked a young lord for swearing within his hearing; telling, the court should give good examples, and reformation should begin there first, and then others would follow (Jan. 1691-2).

15 Sept. 1692. Last Tuesday the lord mayor sent his officers to cry down the fair, the actor of the drolls having presumed to act the earthquake in Jamaica with scenes, and to make a droll of it.—26 Jan. 1692-3. Yesterday, by order of

lord mayor, a cartload of unlawful nets used by fishermen in the river of Thames were burnt before Guildhall.—11 July, 1693. The public act at Oxford is ended, which ended with a fine concert of music, wherein the word Maria was so set it took up half an hour in singing, and Britannia an hour.—5 Aug. Mr. attorney general has ordered a prosecution against Sir Wm. Gore, alderman of London, for serving their majesties' fleet and army with beds made of goat's, horse, and dogs' hair, instead of flocks, contrary to the statute.—28 Jan. 1695-6. Yesterday we had the ill news of the Royal Sovereign, a first rate man of war of 104 guns, taking fire by accident at Chatham, and that it was burnt to the hulk.—8 Feb. A council of war has been held at Chatham about the loss of the Royal Sovereign, and an old man, by whose negligence she was burnt, is sentenced to go from ship to ship with a halter about his neck, and to be imprisoned for life; and the carpenter thereof to lose his pay, and be imprisoned for a year.

June, 1696. A great cock match is now fighting at Oxford betwixt the London and Shropshire gamesters, where will be 20 matches, at 10 guineas each, and one at 100.—Aug. 1696. One Bernardi, an Italian, is committed to the Gatehouse for having found in his custody two cart loads of obscene cards, books, and pictures.—Sept. Sixteen justices of peace for Devon are put out of commission.—13 October. Yesterday a genteel person was seized at the exchequer picking a man's pocket of 20*l.* in milled money; upon which the mob* took him, and threw him into the Thames, till he was almost dead.—24 Nov. Some hundreds of silk weavers went to Westminster to petition the parliament against the East India company, for bringing over great quantities of wrought silk, to the prejudice of their trade.—10 Dec. The lords, upon the petition of the lady Mary Fenwick, gave her leave to be with her husband [Sir John Fenwick] in Newgate, but not to come from him.—19 Dec. Sir Edward Seymour has lent the king 10,000*l.* in milled money at 10*l.* per cent. discount and 6*l.* per cent. interest; and 'tis also said will credit his majesty with 20,000*l.* worth of cattle towards victualling the fleet.—9 Jan. 1696-7. The guards were yesterday doubled at Kensington, and so to continue, 200 now, instead of 100 as formerly, and sentinels placed in all the lanes and avenues, and a patrol to go constantly from sentinel to sentinel to give notice, and to prevent suspicious persons from coming near the court.—And on Tuesday next a person is to be hanged at Edinburgh for atheism and blasphemy.—Bank notes are 19*l.* per cent. worse than specie.—6 Feb. This being the princess of Denmark's birthday, his majesty ordered the play of Love for Love to be acted at Whitehall; and at night her highness entertains the king with a ball at St. James's.—9 March. This day the commons in a committee went through the bill for rebuilding St. Paul's, by con-

* This word, then a neologism, is of very frequent recurrence in Luttrell. *Mobb* he usually spells it, but not always. At first he makes use of the full word, *mobile*, which in course of time is reduced to its lowest terms of the first syllable only.

Thus, in 1687, he describes a riot in Gray's Inn, "occasioned by one Griffith, a cowkeeper there; and the *mobile* got up, and endeavoured the pulling down his house." In 1688, he says "The *mobile* were got up, and proceeded to pulling down the mass house in Bucklersbury." (Vol. i. 472.) "The *mobile* being up in several counties . . . pulled down several popish chapels." (I. 484.) "The *mobile* got together, and went to the popish chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields." (I. 486.) "This night the *mobile* were up again in a numerous body," &c. (Ibid.) In November, 1689, he reports an attack on the French merchants at Constantinople by the *mobile* of that place. (I. 598.) In 1690 he makes mention of "one Mr. Cade," a factious "parson in Kent," who has got into trouble for saying "that king William was only set up by the *mobile*." (II. 88.) Again: "Sept.—The 1st. inst. was a great disorder at Bartholomew fair, where the *mobile* got a head and quarrelled with some gentlemen," &c. (II. 99.) By the spring of 1692, *mobile* is abbreviated into *mob*: "From Dover wrote, the *mob* were very rude towards queen dowager." (II. 420.) "Sir Robert Guilford's house in Kent is pulled down by the *mob*." (II. 459.) Henceforth the same monosyllable is used—with this difference, that in his later use of it Narcissus claps on an extra *b*.

tinuing the tax on coals for 16 years; set apart one sixth part for repairing Westminster abbey, and another part for rebuilding St. Thomas's hospital in Southwark; and inserted a clause that Sir Christopher Wren, the surveyor general, shall have but half pay until St. Paul's is finished, and after that his whole arrears.—20 March. Dr. Blackmore having writ a poem called King Arthur, and dedicated it to the king, his majesty hath conferred the honour of knighthood upon him.—20 April, 1697. Yesterday his majesty sat 4 hours in the treasury, and with great strictness inquired into the receipts and issues of the public money; and was there this day as long, and after dined with the earl of Sunderland.—5 June. Several new plays having been lately acted, contrary to good manners, the lord chamberlain has given orders that none be acted hereafter till his secretary has perused them.—1 July. Yesterday the duke of Devon meeting col. Culpepper at the auction room in St. Albans-street, caned him for being troublesome to him in the late reign.—A report being that king James was lately seen in Mr. Rotier's apartment in the Tower, upon inquiry it appears to be groundless.—10 Aug. The duke of Zell has presented his majesty with 300 head of red deer to stock his forests in England.—28 Aug. Last week, Mr. Beverley, an independent preacher, who wrote a book to prove that Christ's coming to judge the world would be the 23d instant, made public recantation in a meeting-house in the city, before divers teachers and a full congregation; he said he was mistaken in the time, but believed 'twas not far off.—30 October. Yesterday the lord chief justice Holt ordered all barristers to appear next term in their proper gowns, and not in mourning ones, as they have done since the death of king Charles; otherwise will not hear them; which will cost them 15*l*. a man.—9 Nov. This day a court of aldermen was held, upon complaint of the sword bearer, against sir Humphry Edwyn, lord mayor, who went on Sunday, with all his officers, in state, to an independent meeting, where he was deserted by all except the sword bearer, who was locked into a pew; upon which the court blamed the lord mayor, and said the sword bearer ought not to be compelled to go to meetings.

5 May, 1698. The lord Monmouth moved the house against the impudence of the actors at the playhouses, upon Powell's wounding a gentleman; and the lords with the white staves are to desire his majesty that none of the players wear swords.—30 July. The lords justices have signed a grant to Titus Oates for 300*l*. per ann. out of the post office, which his majesty gave to him and his wife, or longest liver, for 99 years.—8 Sept. Some days since a chimney sweeper in Lutener's-lane died, and left behind him an estate of 8000*l*. sterling, keeping on his trade to the last.

18 May, 1699. Yesterday a large sturgeon was taken in the Thames near Hammersmith, and presented to the king.—26 Oct. A nunnery being lately discovered at Hammersmith, his majesty has appointed an inquisition, in order to find out and seize the lands that supported it.—9 Nov. Yesterday his majesty went again to Hampton Court, and has appointed Thursday next to view the three troops of guards in Hyde Park, which are looked upon to be the finest in Europe, the clothes and accoutrements of each man costing upwards of 40*l*.

14 May, 1700. Yesterday Mr. Dryden was carried in great state from the College of Physicians to Westminster Abbey, and interred next Chaucer and Cowley.—11 June. Fixed on Mr. Dryden's tomb in Westminster Abbey:

" John Dryden had enemies three,
Sir Dick, Old Nick, and Jeremy:
The fustian knight was forced to yield,
The other two maintained the field;
But had the poet's life been holier,
He had o'ercome the Devil and Collier."

—29 June. The old and new playhouses have given their last night's profits towards redeeming the English slaves in Morocco.—18 July. A fleet of sixty sail of Virginia ships laden with tobacco is arrived, the customs whereof will

amount to a considerable sum; and on board of the said ships are about 160 pirates (who committed great robberies in the West Indies), with part of their treasure.—5 Sept. The Scotch are so displeas'd with the English about their miscarriage at Darien, that they have prohibited the importation of several commodities made in England, particularly fine stuffs.—2 Nov. This morning the justices of Middlesex attended the lord keeper, and received a charge from his lordship to put the laws in execution about the poor, and to prevent the multitude of beggars in the streets.—19 Dec. The grand jury of Middlesex have presented as nuisances the two playhouses, as also the Bear garden, as riotous and disorderly assemblies.

5 April, 1701. Sir Christopher Wren has made this day 4 funnels on the top of the house of commons, to let out the heat in case they sit in the summer.—17 May. The lord mayor has committed 4 journeymen shoemakers to Newgate, for dispersing printed tickets among their brethren, in order to meet next Monday in Lamb's Conduit fields, to the number of 15 or 20,000, on pretence to raise their wages; but feared on some other design: upon which their masters are ordered to keep them at home.—3 Feb. 1701-2. An instrument is passing the privy seal to allow the duke of Somerset 1600*l.* per ann. as lord president of the council, in lieu of 7 dishes of meat per diem.—25 Feb. 1702-3. The commons ordered the pamphlet called, A Short Way with the Dissenters, to be burnt by the hangman, and that no more votes be printed.—29 May. Several lords and gentlemen are carrying on a subscription, which 'tis thought will amount to 20,000 guineas, for Mrs. Seignora, the Italian songstress at the playhouses here.—3 July. The queen [Anne] has fixed her time for going to the Bath on 7th of August, where she and the prince intend to stay about six weeks.—16 Oct. We have now in England 4000 French seamen prisoners, and they not above 400 of ours.—23 Oct. The commons expelled Mr. Asgill for writing a book, That a man, through faith, may be translated to heaven without dying.

3 May, 1705. Yesterday a woman was burnt in West Smithfield for high treason in counterfeiting the coin of this kingdom.—13 Dec. Yesterday came an order to the lord mayor, signed by her majesty, requiring him and the court of aldermen immediately to impress within this city 1000 men, who have no visible way of living, to serve either by sea or land.—18 Oct. 1707. The Muscovite ambassador has complained against Daniel De Foe, for the following expression in his Review on Thursday last: Money makes Christians fight for the Turks; money hires servants to the devil, nay, to the very czar of Muscovy.—13 March, 1707-8. This day the commons passed the carriers' bill, with a rider, allowing them more than 6 horses in bad ways and up hills.—27 May. This day the children of the several charity schools in this city and suburbs, all new clothed, being about 4000, went to St. Sepulchre's church, where Dr. Mosse preached upon the occasion.—19 March, 1708-9. Yesterday the justices of Middlesex agreed to petition her majesty to give orders for the suppression of May fair for the future, it having been for many years past a nursery for the corrupting of youth.—9 Feb. 1709-10. Yesterday the lords ordered Sir Christopher Wren to build within 12 days a scaffold in Westminster Hall for trial of Dr. Sacheverel, large enough for 200 peers and 553 commons.—29 July, 1710. Yesterday Mr. Dunning, a cheesemonger in Thames-street, had a benefit ticket in the lottery of 400*l.* per ann.—12 August. This day the lord Harvey had a benefit ticket in the lottery of 500*l.* per ann. Mr. Thomas Barnaby, who lately belonged to the 6 clerks' office, has got the 1000*l.* per annum ticket in the lottery.—12 Sept. It's said a proclamation is ordered to put in force the act of parliament against lotteries, in order to suppress the vast numbers of them now on foot.

LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

MY SECOND PROFESSIONAL MOVE.

I HAVE stated that John Foulston was the leading architect when I arrived at Plymouth; an artist who merited the lead he had secured, and the lead he would probably have preserved, had he not, from the love of ease in his declining years, chosen to take to himself a partner, who was soon—I will not say to stand in his shoes, but—to remain in his place, as an unconfirmed lieutenant. That partner was myself.

The proposal, to my great surprise, was his own. I was content to play, at best, "second fiddle;" or rather to strive for that position, since there was another architect in the towns, and one or two others who practised as such. Mr. Foulston, however, was pleased to recognise me as worthy of a co-operative alliance; and it was soon announced that the old and young individualities were one, under the firm-title of "Foulston and Wightwick."

My partner was a man of much native taste and of persevering industry; but his general education had been very limited, and his professional education partial, for he was almost exclusively Greek in his feeling for architectural design. The Gothic advance, since made, was not then even contemplated: the Italian revival had been hitherto (speaking of our own times) chiefly assisted by Nash; the palatial school of Barry was only showing its first emergence from under the heavy pressure of "Stuart's Athens" and Smirke; and there was extant little originality, save in the eccentricity of Soane. Curiously enough, when Foulston, on two single occasions, left Stuart and Revett, he copied, in one case Soane, and in the other Denon, whose Egyptian researches were before the world.* I came, however, to Plymouth imbued with the then growing feeling for the Græco-Palladian style; and the lighter character of my designs (which were now rising in several parts of the town) had at least the charm of novelty with the Plymouthians. As Foulston, candidly given, had nothing to say against this, he regarded it with willing allowance as at least a productive article in the way of artistic trade, and *me* not unworthy of admission as an agent in its cultivation. The influences of my first London tutor, Edward Lapidge, were doubtless still operating, and I have never had reason to think him other than a worthy authority.

But, for reasons—no matter what—my partner had not been with me more than six months, ere he was induced, under circumstances creditable to himself and favourable to me, to retire from the profession altogether; and the *Gazette* very shortly announced the dissolution of our partnership, leaving me sole possessor of all I could retain on his behalf and my own; so that I had now become, as it were, an interesting (professional) *widow*, looking for all those practical condolences which are proverbially the rights-in-expectation of that interesting class.

I could never accurately distinguish between the productive advan-

* See St. Andrew's Chapel, Plymouth, and the Public Library of Devonport.

tages which might have been mine under his personal influence, and those which would have been mine without it; but I gratefully took all offered opportunities as they came, without caring to inquire into their positive origin; especially thankful, however, to two especial friends, W. S. H. and the late E. J., who had brought about my restored professional independence, and which *they*, at least, regarded as "a consummation (devotedly) to be wished."

My late partner, thus relieved from the insistence of practical duty, lived a pleasing amateur life for some years, decorating his pretty cottage and grounds in the suburb, and seeking to rival, in little, the famed falls of Niagara, by an artistic spreading of the Plymouth watercourse, or leet, over some yards of spar and rock-work, greatly enhancing the beauty of his shrubbery. This reference to the falls of the mighty St. Lawrence will not be deemed sarcastic, when I state that the ex-architect had at one time resolved on designating his abode by the thundering title of "Niagara Cottage." A former appellation had distinguished it as "Athenian Cottage," though what connexion there was between a kind of Tudor thatched domicile and anything ever seen at Athens, it was for the fanciful owner to specify. The vulgar public persisted in simply alluding to it as "Foulston's Cottage."

But his chief employment was devoted to the publication of a large quarto of his principal architectural works, plentifully illustrated by lithographic elevations, plans, sections, and details, including an adequate amount of descriptive letter-press, in which I had the pleasure of assisting him; for he was by no means so accomplished an adept with his pen as with his pencil.

Still, however, the circumstance which, above all, manifested his classic ambition, was that of emulating the renowned Romeo Coates in the singularity of the vehicle which served him as a gig. It was built in the form of the antique *biga*, or war-chariot; with a seat furtively smuggled into the service of comfort, though he ascended into it from behind with classic orthodoxy, and looked (so far as his true English face and costume allowed) like Ictinus, of the Parthenon, "out for a lark"—or as Achilles, driving through the Troy-like streets of Plymouth, with an imaginary corpse of Hector trailing after him. Begging pardon, however, of the vanquished Trojan, let us rather suppose the imagined corpse to have been the defunct body of that Bœotian tastelessness, which, until Foulston's advent, had existed in the British south-west.

I was now in the full swing of business; and could look back with rejoicing thankfulness to a day not long precurrent, when my loved friend William Jacobson, in encouragement of my forlorn hopes, had proposed the erection of some subscription building, for the ostensible purpose of a marine club-house, though with the real purpose of enabling me to manifest my architectural pretensions; and putting down his own name for so much, and his wife's for so much more. There the subscription-list ended, because there was shortly no occasion to press it further.

Pupils, regularly articulated, came to me in quick succession, and, together with a well-practised surveyor as my chief clerk, formed an efficient official staff. I may here, at once, pay the tribute due to the untiring zeal and most unselfish fidelity which accompanied the valuable

services of John Foster from his first engagement with me to the day of my departure from Plymouth. Many a hard and anxious trial did he more than assist in bearing me through; and with severest truth may I say, "he was my friend, faithful and just to me."

Houses, shops, terrace-rows, and other buildings in Plymouth, were committed to my superintendence: the stewards of the Manor of Stoke Damerel (the late Mr. Cole and E. St. Aubyn, Esq.) retained me as architect to Devonport and its spreading suburb; and I made my entry into Cornwall as designer of a large residence, in the *then* Tudor style, at Liskeard. My friend, Dr. E. M., had put into my hands the first of my more important Plymouth works; and, soon after its completion, I removed from my then too humble residence into No. 3, "*Athenæum Terrace*," the "important work" aforesaid.

SOCIAL RETROSPECTS.

AND here, in No. 3, Athenæum-terrace, I dwelt for many brief years—for brief in their total do they now seem, looking back upon them from the time of this writing. In the course of that period I became acquainted with so many of all classes, as to be sensible of a kind of multiplied identity; like the hyphens in a nursery presentment of the five-syllable word SO-CI-AL-I-TY, successively linking all the grades from the aristocratic high to the lowliest respectability. A provincial architect is necessarily known to a multitude, including every variety, from the wealthy builder to the humblest of his countless operatives, and he ranges among the trades like a universal merchant. Your great London architect has *temporary* acquaintance with more, in his widely divergent practice; but the country architect, having a large and long-continued practice in the immediate locality of his residence, matures a much closer personal intimacy with a very numerous body of men, in whom he becomes interested, and who are interested in him. Furthermore, I improved my hold upon the regard of the trading families in general—and, gratefully to my heart, on the wives and daughters of the shopkeepers, &c.—by constant exertions to entertain, or (so far as I could) to instruct them, in the halls of the Mechanics' Institutes of the three towns; and delightful it was to see the intelligent or pretty faces of the "young men and maidens" beaming before me, as they smiled at the humours—or melted at the love scenes—of the "gentle Shakspeare." The Athenæum, at that time, presented nothing but the grave visages of "critics in black," bent on self-regarding reserve and keen scrutiny; so that, agreeable as the sunshine among shrubs and flowers, was the presence of *woman* among the audiences of the Mechanics' Institutes.

I had made equal social progress with the "gentry" through a more private medium; the government "authorities" of the towns had been kind enough to include me among their general acquaintance; and the aristocracy of the neighbourhood "stooped their eminent tops to my low head, making me proud of their humility."

Not more busy in the *soirées* of the institutions than at the dinner and evening parties of my personal friends, or at the "at homes" and festive assemblages of my lord and lady, I played off in all my phases, lyric, dramatic, imitative, or otherwise, till I came to be acknowledged as "a

most amusing fellow." To vary the monotony of the ordinary musical and sentimentally vocal contributions, I composed a set of comic songs, and sang them to my own accompaniments. It was, at all events, a novelty to hear a gentleman not trespassing on the productions, nor under-doing the performances, of others; the especial right to deliver my own matter, in my own manner, being admitted with at least an unprejudiced will to be pleased; and all were pleased to be so, with exceptional reference, made by one here and there, to the idea that I was careless of my proper pride—in other words, that I was becoming vain of my small popularity. By the way, what a test of friendship's fulness is the pleasure one man takes in those little social distinctions of another, which win favouritism and applause; on the other hand, how its imperfectness may appear, when the cavilling *solicitude* of the former "speaks its mind" in depreciation of those trivial performances by which the latter makes himself welcome as an entertainer, and which, after all, are scarcely worth correction. A lively acquaintance of mine, whose exhibitory abilities gave him popular acceptance, was ever subject to the antidotal advice of his more self-respecting and more perfection-loving friend. "Now," said the last—meaning he could not so have demeaned himself by tomfoolery—"I could not have done what you and those other fellows did last night at Mr. ——'s." It was true enough; for he had not the particular ability requisite. On another occasion he would say, in reference to something which had gained especial applause, "You must give up that; it won't do." "Poor Tom" would reply, "Better things than mine wouldn't do. Edmund Kean's *Shylock*, for instance, according to Mr. Rae's dictum, wouldn't do—but it *did*." Shakspeare makes *Brutus* say to *Cassius*, "I do not like your *faults*." The indubitable philosophy of this remark sinks beneath the natural beauty of *Cassius's* reply, "A *friendly* eye could never see such faults."

Stimulated, then, by the excitement of giving pleasure to a multitude too willing and too easily to be pleased, I lived almost the life of "a poor player" for years; and my harmless impositions never received a sufficient stop to induce their suspension until the *work* became too wearing, and I checked myself. To confess the truth, the cavils corrective of friendly solicitude were, at the worst, wholesome in their limited influence; but the exacting requests of the amused were not so innocent in their results; and if the reader can turn to *Fraser's Magazine* for 1837, vol. xvi., page 637, he may there learn the nervous depression and the mental distress which, sooner or later, may accompany the career of "An Amusing Fellow."

But I was the least of the "amusing fellows" of Plymouth, which, at the time, contained some of the most gifted entertainers I have ever seen, either on or off the stage. The prime spirit of humour worked in the mind and on the features of W. J., a lawyer, who could be really, or assumedly, grave as a judge, rich as Munden, or powerfully piquant as Mathews. *Circumstances* make one man an actor, and prevent another, who might surpass all, from becoming one. The imitations by W. J. of certain judges and barristers of past days, his readings of some of the later comedies, and his wholly original *facetie*, delivered by tongue, or by pen, were of the first order. He was more like Munden than Munden

himself; for the actor had not the same *quiet* power to do himself justice, and exhibited an extravagant *grimace* which his representative qualified, to the advantage of essential characteristic. W. J. was also an artist of the amateur first class—and a *gentleman* withal—as testified by his numberless *lady*-admirers. Then there was T. D. N., canonical as musical connoisseur, with a talent (not half cultivated) of the Charles Lamb quality; also a most happy representative of personal characteristic—though shy to show it; with an Evans-like *falsetto* for a glee, and a whistle with such a seductive shake, that every girl was ready to say, “O, whistle, and I’ll come to you my lad.” Next came W. S. H., who could on an instant leave surgery and science for fun and frolic, and exhibit such versatility, fantastical, musical, and nautical, that Captain L. (another Plymouth wit, of perhaps unequalled readiness) one day exclaimed, “Confound it, that fellow’s head’s like a barrel-organ, you may set it to *any* tune!” Lastly, among the neighbouring county gentlemen, was one of a conversational genius truly remarkable, and with an imitative power—especially in Devonshire provincialism—which excited the professed envy of Mathews. The sport he enjoyed with his hounds was the theme of measureless mirth to those who were fortunate enough to meet him at his table; and his concurrent enthusiasm for art—especially of the Landscer quality—was such, that he read nature as he galloped; and, while he followed the fox, gathered stores for his sketch-book. Vastly pleasant, as surprising, was it to see him, while he kept the “table in a roar” with his stories, simultaneously drawing a stag or any other quadruped with one hand, and a man or any other biped with the other. A rare man was J. C. Bulteel!

Such were among the wits of a place, which at the same time contained amusing peculiarity or eccentricity of character enough to furnish said wits with abundant subject for their exercise; and, when W. R. H., of Cornwall, added his large quota of fun and fiddle to the assemblage of mirth and harmony, there was very little chance of the company’s “going home till morning.”

No wonder that three of this class, with a fourth companion, finding themselves together in a glass-coach on the road to Tavistock (where one of them was going to deliver a lecture on natural science), should, mutually stimulated by a sudden impulse, constitute themselves at once the nucleus of a jolly fraternity, to be called *The Blue Friars*, whose literary lucubrations should afterwards appear in the pages of *Fraser’s Magazine* under the title of “Blue Friar Pleasantries;” my only hesitation to speak of the foundation *four*, being simply this, that I happened to be the extra passenger who made the fourth. All I can venture to pride myself on, was the luck which placed me in such company. Great, however, were the subsequent accessions to the brotherhood, which numbered among its later members the Yorick of his time—and among its visitors the son of that Yorick; in other words, the Mathewses, Charles the first and second. We had, moreover, our “Cardinal”—a reverend of the Church; and let that speak to our respectability—not to his defame. The younger Mathews was then an architect; and it was owing to no desire of his that he did not remain one; but, as his father said, “It’s all very well as far as it goes, but it doesn’t go far enough.

My Lord A. and my Lady B. are delighted to get Charles's good company; but they give him no houses to build."

Of all the social meetings of Plymouth this was the most pleasant—to its members. The four originals met, once a quarter, at each other's houses in full monastic habiliments of blue and buff, and on each occasion, after dinner, they were bound to produce an original paper. From the store thus collected in time, the "Pleasantries" which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* (1837 to 1843) were selected.

The more sedate pretensions of the then social Plymouth may be gathered from what has been said of the Athenæum; and among the remaining of its select assemblages was that of the "Artists and Amateurs," originated by Colonel C. H. Smith, whose twelve thousand drawings of all the world's contents, natural and artificial, constituted a perfect cyclopædia for affording anything which the artist might require, to give topographical or historical truth to his picture. At each house, where the members met in succession, a table was spread with paper, pencils, and seppia; and the sketches of the evening were left with the host, who only gave in return a simple cenatical repast. This society continued, after my acquaintance with it, to improve in the number and ability of its members, the list of which includes the names (not now unknown in the London water-colour exhibitions) of S. Cook, Mitchell, Penson, and Scanlan; nor may I omit the name of Field Talfourd (a younger brother of the deceased judge), whose chalk portraitures are of unusual excellence.

Some years before, a little boy residing near Tintagel, in Cornwall, was to be seen drawing the romantic features of the neighbouring coast with a piece of slate upon a door-step. He subsequently came to Plymouth; and having long laboured in employment, more dictated by his necessities than his genius, at length reached his proper level, and stepped over the threshold of the New Water-Colour Society of London, where his now annually exhibited pictures are certainly second to none of their kind. I speak of Samuel Cook.

Much that has presented itself since in the world seemed to my ignorant perceptions to have originated in Plymouth; but this is doubtless an innocent fallacy; and my own simplicity is all that remains to be noted. The social circles of the town, however, largely participated at various times in the presence of public men more or less eminent in their respective qualities. Several were connected with it, either by birth, relationship, or close friendly alliance. It was one or other of these bonds which made it familiar with the painters Northcote, Haydon, and Sir C. Eastlake; with Dr. Kitto, the biblical antiquarian; with Brockedon, the illustrator of the Alps; with J. M. Rendel, the eminent engineer; with the actors Macready, C. Kemble, Phelps, and C. Kean. The elder Mathews is especially associated with Plymouth; for there he lived during the suffering remainder of his last days; and there, in the vestibule of the old church of St. Andrew, he lies buried. My first personal acquaintance with him was made at the dinner-tables of his friends Messrs. Gyles and Franlyn; and, soon after, he was installed one of the "Brothers Blue," who held full conclave in their cerulean refectory on that occasion. Contrasted, indeed, was that merry day with the sad

one which eventually occurred, when our blue vestments were changed for black cloth and crape, and we followed his coffin from the choir to his grave, as the organ pealed forth in melancholy accompaniment the "Dead March in Saul."

Macready was introduced into a select circle of the place by his friend and old Rugby schoolfellow the Rev. J. H. Macaulay; and then it was that my self-effected introduction to the great actor (detailed in a former page) was improved into the intimacy that has since ripened to a friendship, which will not the less be acknowledged by him because the gain has been all my own.

It was at Plymouth, as well as Exeter, that Phelps exhibited his earlier tragic pretensions, and to some extent benefited by the eulogies of the local press, which attracted the notice of the London managers. The Kembles—Charles, and his daughter Miss Fanny—were to be seen at the tables of the drama-loving; and I shall not forget their flattering presence at my own house, when (with Miss De Camp) they made the evening pass too quickly, after an excursion to the Breakwater, on a day far from favourable for the trip. "Bleak was the morn," windy and rainy; but the young lady was determined and the father indulgent, or rather obedient, to the imperative circumstances of affection; "and," said he, "where is there a tyranny so overruling as that of a daughter bent on a party of pleasure?" He was unwell before starting. The Devonshire cider possibly had disagreed with him. The nature of his complaint may be judged, when it is stated that one of the company, impudently mimicking his *Romeo*, rather than the *Apothecary*, said, presenting him with a glass of brandy—"Put this in any liquid thing you will, and drink it off; and if you were possessed with fifty choleras, it would dismiss them straight." But the dose could not counteract the heaving of the waves; and never did tragedian look more tragic than poor Kemble, as he sat, silent, pale, damp, and dolorous, cradled in the stern of the boat, and rocked by the billows. Miss Fanny enjoyed the thing the more for its elemental varieties, and joined me in the song of "O Pescator del onde, Fidelin," giving an admirable second. The evening, however, found the actor "himself again." He gave us a notion of his brother John in *Penruddock*. We drank claret till my "notions" became indiscriminate; but I have an indistinct recollection of calling him "Charles," and of concluding our last potation, long after the ladies had left us, by proposing "the immortal memory of Mrs. Siddons!"

The younger Kean also had many friends in Plymouth, to whom he was first introduced by his old Eton schoolfellow, the Rev. E. Lockyer, and both he and his accomplished wife were not less privately welcomed and publicly admired.

With the frequent addition of such occasional companionship as that of the artists, actors, and others just noticed, to the resident intelligence, it may be understood how I rest on the "social reminiscences" of Plymouth. The advent of the present President of the Royal Academy was ever, of course, most welcome to the many who were intimate with his family; and never more so than when he came down with his distinguished lady, to show how mental gifts, literary power, and high artistic ability are consistent with the full retention of all that is especially graceful in

woman—a fact not by any means universally proved by ladies who write books and inform the world through the important medium of the *Edinburgh Review*.

But, during my earlier residence in Plymouth, there lived one man, who could know nothing of the socialities of the towns. Confined by hard circumstances to his desk as a schoolmaster, or to his room by mortal sickness, his remnant of felicity could only exist on the memory of the occasional free days, when he had health enough to range the wild forest of Dartmoor, or sail, enraptured for the hour, between the banks of the river Tamar. A tall, thin, gaunt man he was ; with eyes glistening in his pale face, as they do, when consumption is working its later operations, speaking the undying soul in the dying body. He looked the very bard who had sat upon granite rocks and rejoiced with too poetical a faith in the winds which had perhaps been treacherous ministers of inspiration ! I speak of CARRINGTON, the author of one of the finest blank poems of modern days—"Dartmoor."

I had seen his works on many a drawing-room table. The poetical quoted him ; the critical approved ; but his subjects were ever local. "I own," says he, "the power

Of local sympathy, that o'er the fair
Throws more divine allurements, and o'er all
The great more grandeur ; and my kindling muse,
Fir'd by the universal passion, pours
Haply a partial lay."

Chiefly, therefore, among the south-west Devonians might he look for that immediate appreciation which brings with it the substantial meed of admiring aid and pecuniary recognition. As he had not the means, however, or the health, to move interest by becoming one of the social members of the place, there were but very few of the thousands around who knew of more than his deserved fame as a poet, and who presumed on his doing reasonably well as a schoolmaster. True, his poems were usually of a melancholy cast ; but it was remarked that sorrow appeared the favourite theme with many bards, and that, however deep might be his notes of complaint—however pathetic his songs of grief—however heart-stirring his lays of distress, deprivation, and misfortune—he, the songster, was yet, perhaps, merely a songster, and not a sufferer ; a man, whose genius found greater scope in subjects of gloom than in matters of cheerful quality ; who could bid at will the tears of sympathy to flow ; and whose imagination supplied what experience, happily, may not have furnished.

And reasonable, possibly, were such expectations. Have not other poets of high renown first conceived their wretchedness, that they might afterwards lament it ? Have not many sung of destitution, who were only poor in their total ignorance of it ? Therefore the bard of the desolate Moor may have had a snug little home of his own, which the proceeds of his teaching doubtless made comfortable ; and, as he was an old resident, he had with equal certainty his many personal associates. He was allowed to be an honour to his country and the pride of his county, and therefore any solicitude concerning him would be impertinent. Mr.

Murray was his publisher; the leading reviews were his eulogists; and what temporal afflictions could beset a man whose works "bore the indelible marks of immortality?"

But my modesty failed to restrain my desire to see the man; and I found him as he has been described, one more example of the truth, that it is

Still the usual lot
Of genius to be praised—and be forgot;—
To pour to wealth and rank the dulcet strain,
Yet dwell with penury and shrink with pain.

In an humble lodging I found him, comfortable in little but his conscience; in nothing rich, save in his hopes of heaven, a draft upon posterity payable at a hundred years' sight, and in the rising prospects of (to use his own words) his "noble-hearted boy," the present editor of the *Bath Chronicle*. His wife and several younger children were still with him; but when the account is made up between the solace afforded, and the anxieties occasioned, by such participators under such circumstances, the balance will not be greatly in favour of happiness. The "noble-hearted son" could do nothing but relieve the later sufferings of his gifted father by the comforting offices of filial love and duty. The poet, soon after I secured the honour of his acquaintance, removed to Bath, and shortly died.

My few conversations with him led me the more to regret that the influence of his mind had not been more *socially* felt by his fellow-citizens; for, while he "wrote like an angel," he did *not* talk "like poor Poll." One brief extract from "the tablet of my memory" may be given, as characteristic of him. I had asked him where he was born? "Sir," said he, "I was born in Plymouth; but I was brought up in Plymouth Dock—which they have since called Devonport—a name that it will take two hundred years to make respectable:—and there, sir—to commemorate the change of name, they caused to be erected a great granite column, which column is not yet (1830) paid for; so that, *thus far*, it is a memorial of the apparent poverty, no less than of the mistaken pride, of the 'Dockers.'" Dr. Johnson's expression, "the Dockers"—in reference to the since called Devonport—was no doubt in his mind. Of course this matter is explainable, and has since been set right; though it may still remain a question whether the new appellation was judicious.

Carrington's poems, "Dartmoor," "Banks of Tamar," "My Native Village," and others, have since been published under the editorship of his son, who has appended thereto a biographical preface of much interest.

More socially known to Plymouth than the bard of "Dartmoor," were two other local poets—the Rev. — Howard, author of "Bickleigh Vale," and the Rev. R. S. Hawker, whose ballads—"Legends of the Western Shore"—exhibit more than was promised even by his "Pompeii"—one of the Oxford prize poems. Carrington thus alludes to the former,

Far away I rove
Through Bickleigh's vale romantic, where the lyre
Of Howard, once, with rich enthusiast strain,
Rang to the listening woods.

And in the following sweet strains did Hawker address Carrington, when, as it would appear, the latter had indicated some sorrowing despondency :

TO N. T. CARRINGTON.

Hang not thy Harp upon the willow bough,
 But teach thy native echoes one more song!—
 Though Wealth withholdeth her sigil from thy brow
 And Fame half yields thee to th' unnoted throng.—
 Doth not the Linnet her pure lay prolong
 In the lone depths of the deserted wood?—
 Springs not the violet coarse weeds among,
 The bud uncherish'd, and the flower unview'd?—
 Yet are they lovely where they dwell, tho' few intrude.

Hang not thy Harp upon the willow bough!
 Nor midst its silent chords the cypress twine!
 Long must the sapling to the breezes bow,
 Long will the diamond slumber in the mine:—
 To time and chance the loftiest must resign—
 And as the fountain, bubbling 'neath the tree
 Whose scanty waters some few weeds confine,
 Will be a river ere it reach the sea—
 So may thy fame increase; may such lot be for thee.

So, when the bird is warbling in the shade,
 Frame thou a benison for his soft lay;—
 And when the blossoms of the valley fade,
 Sing their fair praises ere they pass away:—
 There in the wilds where Nature bath her sway
 A votary at her magic shrine be thou!
 And she, such fervent worship to repay
 Will place a palm on thy unvaunting brow—
 So, hang thou *not* thy Harp upon the willow bough!

Verily, "lovely Devon, land of flowers and songs," and rich in her tin and copper, has contributed, largely, men of *mind*, as well as *metal*, to the aggrandisement of England's fame; and, in the matter of poets, two of the olden time may well be mentioned in conclusion of this chapter, viz., Sir Walter Raleigh, and William Browne the "water poet," who, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, twanged his fantastic lyre "by Tavy's straggling spring,"

Where, when he sat to sport him on a rock,
 The water nymphs would often come to him.

BEECH LODGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED-COURT FARM."

I.

A QUIET country village was one day the scene of considerable excitement. The churchyard was gradually emptying itself of a mass of human beings, for two funerals had taken place there; two bodies had been consigned to their parent earth till the grave should yield up its dead. One was that of the rector of the place, a man of years and sorrow; the other that of a young and lovely woman, and it was in the last that the attraction lay.

A gentleman who had attended the funeral of the rector made his way, as the mob dispersed, towards the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Chavasse, the parents of the ill-fated young lady just interred. It was Mr. Ailsa. He had been called in to Mrs. Chavasse; for the fearful shock of her daughter's death had brought on an attack of paralysis. The medical men had no fears for her life, but they knew she would remain a paralysed cripple; that she had suddenly passed from a gay, middle-aged woman, to a miserable, decrepid old one.

As Mr. Ailsa was passing down the stairs from her chamber, a door was pushed open, his hand was grasped, and he was pulled into the darkened parlour. It was by Mr. Chavasse, who tried to speak, but failed, and, sitting down, sobbed like a child. It was the first time they had met for years; for, since Ailsa's return, Mr. Chavasse had been away in Scotland, examining into some agricultural improvements, with the Earl of Eastberry, to whom he was land-steward. The news of his daughter's death had brought him home.

"Oh, Ailsa, my dear friend, could you not have saved her?"

"I was not her attendant," was Mr. Ailsa's reply. "Mr. Rice and Dr. Wilson no doubt did all they could; not to speak of her husband."

"Is it true that she was getting well? I know nothing. I only reached here in time for the funeral, and my wife is not in a state to give me particulars, even if she knows them."

"I hear that she was getting well. She had been ill, as you are probably aware, but had recovered so far as to be out of danger."

"Entirely so?"

"As Mr. Rice tells me."

"And then she was taken suddenly with convulsions."

Mr. Ailsa nodded.

"And died. As the other wives had died."

Mr. Ailsa sat silent.

"Did you ever hear of three wives, the wives of one man, having been thus attacked? Did you ever hear of so strange a coincidence?"

"Not to my recollection."

"And that when they were recovering, as they all were, that they should suddenly die of convulsions?"

Mr. Ailsa looked distressed.

"Do you know," added Mr. Chavasse, lowering his voice, "the thought crossed my mind this morning to stop the funeral. But somehow I shrank from the hubbub it would have caused: and my grief held such full hold upon me. I said to myself, If I do cause an inquiry, it will not bring my child back to life."

"Very true," murmured Mr. Ailsa.

"Had I arrived yesterday, perhaps I should have entered upon it: I am sure I should, had I been here when she died. Speak your thoughts, Ailsa, between ourselves: see you no cause for suspicion?"

"I do not like to answer your question," replied Mr. Ailsa. "Castonel is no personal friend of mine; I never spoke to him: but we professional men are not fond of encouraging reflections upon each other."

"Have you heard of that business at Thomas Shipley's, about the child dying in the strange manner it did?"

"Mrs. Ailsa has heard the particulars from Mary; and Dame Vaughan seized hold of me the other day, and spoke of them."

"Well, was not that a suspicious thing?"

"I think it was a very extraordinary one. But the medicine was made up, and sent, by Mr. Rice, not by Mr. Castonel."

"The fact is this, Ailsa. Each event, each death, taken by itself, would give rise to no suspicion; but when you come to add them together, and look upon them collectively, it is then the mind is staggered. I wish," added Mr. Chavasse, musingly, "I knew the full particulars of my child's death: the details, as they took place."

"You surely can learn them from Mr. Castonel."

"Would he tell?"

"Yes. If he be an innocent man."

"If! Do you know," whispered Mr. Chavasse, "that they groaned at and hissed him in the churchyard to-day, calling him poisoner?"

"No!"

"They did. What a fool I was," he continued, wringing his hands, "ever to let her have Castonel! It was my wife worried me into it. Ailsa, I must get at the particulars of her death-bed. I shall not rest till I do. If Castonel will not furnish them, I'll ask Mrs. Muff."

Mr. Chavasse remained irresolute all the day. At the dusk hour he stole through the twilight to the house of his son-in-law. But Mr. Castonel had also stolen out somewhere, under cover of the night. The faithful upper servant and housekeeper of *all* the Mrs. Castonels came to him in the dining-room, and the two sat down and sobbed one against the other.

"What did she die of?" groaned Mr. Chavasse.

"Sir," said Mrs. Muff, "I know no more than you. When she went to bed, she was as well as I was, and ten times merrier, talking about a new cap she had bought, and the visitors she would see on the morrow. That was about half-past nine, and by eleven we were all a-bed in the house. In the middle of the night—if you killed me, I couldn't tell you the time, for in my flurry I never looked, but it may have been about two—their bedroom bell, the one which is hung by John's door on the top landing, in case Mr. Castonel is called out and wants him in the night, rang out such a dreadful peal, loud and long, as brought us all out of our beds; and master was shouting from his chamber. The others stopped

to put a few things on, but I ran down in my night-clothes. Sir, in ten minutes, Mrs. Castonel was dead."

"How did she seem when you got to her? How did she look?"

"She was writhing on the bed in awful agony, screaming and flinging her arms about. Mr. Castonel called it convulsions. I suppose it was. It was just as the other two poor young ladies went off. He was in a fine state, and threw himself on the body afterwards, and sobbed as if his heart would break."

"Did she take anything in the night?"

"Nothing, except some barley-water. She had drunk that, for the glass was empty."

"Mrs. Muff," he whispered, taking her hand with a beseeching look, "do you feel that there has always been fair play?"

"The merciful goodness knows, sir. I can't help asking myself all sorts of ugly questions, and then I am vexed at doing it. I know one thing; that it's an unlucky house, and as soon as to-morrow comes, I take myself out of it. I could not stop. Mr. Castonel owes me three months' wages, and if he says I have no right to them, for leaving without warning, why he must keep them. Hannah neither won't stay. I had hard work to make her remain for the funeral."

"You saw them all after death. How did they look?"

"I saw them all, and noticed nothing extraordinary. But Mr. Castonel had the coffins screwed down quickly."

"Has anything ever happened to excite your suspicions?"

"I cannot say it has. Though one circumstance has been much in my mind the last few days. The evening of the death of the first Mrs. Castonel, I and Hannah were seated in the kitchen when we heard a noise in the laboratory. I went to see, and there was Mr. Castonel, who must have stolen down stairs and gone in without noise. He had let fall one of the little drawers, and I saw a phial and a paper or two on the floor. He was in a fierce rage with me for looking in. But the curious part is, that he had always passed off that drawer for a dummy drawer."

Mr. Chavasse did not speak. He listened eagerly.

"And on the night of your poor daughter's death, sir, he had got that same drawer out again. John went in, and saw him with it, and Mr. Castonel—to use the lad's words—howled at him and chivied him back again. 'What a odd thing it is, Mrs. Muff,' said he to me, that same evening, 'that I should always have took that drawer for a sham!'"

"Did you notice him at the drawer when his second wife died, poor Ellen Leicester?"

"No. But he may have gone to it every day of his life, without my seeing him. The curious point is, that he should have been seen at it on these two particular nights, and by neither of us at any other time. Oh, sir! whether it has been bad luck, or whether it has been anything worse, what a mercy if this man had never come near Ebury!"

"It would have been a mercy," echoed poor Mr. Chavasse.

On the following afternoon John was in the laboratory, when Mr. Rice and Mr. Tuck came in.

"Here's a pretty state of things," exclaimed the tiger. "Mother Muff's gone off, and Hannah's gone off; leaving me, and master, and Ralph in the house, to do the work for ourselves."

"Gone off!" echoed Mr. Rice. "What for?"
 "You must ask 'em that," returned the tiger. "Hannah said the house smelt of poison."

"Psha!" exclaimed Mr. Rice. "Go with this mixture to Mrs. Major Acre's."

"I tell you what," cried little Tuck, as John went out, "Mr. Castonel will find it no pleasant matter. It must be a dreadful cut-up to the feelings to have an inquiry pending whether you have not carried on a wholesale system of poisoning."

"What do you mean?" cried Mr. Rice, staring at him.

"Chavasse is bent on an inquiry. He has taken some suspicion in his head, about foul play. So the body is to come up, and an inquest to be held."

"Mrs. Castonel's body?" cried Mr. Rice, quickly. "Nonsense!"

"Mrs. Castonel the third. And if they find anything queer, Mrs. Castonel the second, and Mrs. Castonel the first, will follow. While they are about it, too, they may disinter that child of Mary Shipley's."

"Where did you hear all this?" demanded Mr. Rice, incredulously.

"Oh, I heard it. Mr. Chavasse was wavering over it yesterday, but he has been at the Hall to-day, and laid his suspicions and information before Squire Hardwick. I say, you see this set of drawers?"

"Well?" resumed Mr. Rice, casting up his eyes.

"There's something up, about that top one being a secret drawer and not a dummy; and they say it has got something inside it that won't do to be looked at."

"I do not believe it is a drawer," observed Mr. Rice. "I never knew it was."

"Nor I," rejoined little Tuck. "Hand me the steps, will you. I'll have a look."

"Let the steps alone, and the drawer too," said Mr. Rice. "Whether it's wrong or right, we need not draw ourselves into the affair. Better keep out of it."

"Well, perhaps you are right. What do you think Mr. Francis Hardwick said?"

"I had rather not hear. How was old Flockaway?"

"My!" ejaculated little Tuck. "I never went. I forgot it."

"Then I'll go now. I suppose this gossip put it out of your head."

"It did. I say though, Rice, isn't it a horrid go for Castonel?"

It must have been a "horrid go" for Mr. Castonel to hear this; and hear it he did, for he was seated outside the open window. Had he placed himself there to listen? No one had ever known him to sit down on that bench before.

Mr. Rice left the house, and Mr. Tuck cast his eyes on the drawers. He was a good-natured, harmless little fellow, but liked to indulge his curiosity. "Shall I look, or shall I not?" soliloquised he. "There's an old proverb that says 'Discretion is the best part of valour.' Oh, bother discretion! Here goes. There's nobody at home to see me."

He set the steps against the case of drawers, and mounted up, his eager hand outstretched. But at that moment a head and shoulders slowly rose before the window, and Mr. Tuck, in his fright, and the steps, nearly came down together. For it was Mr. Castonel.

"Are you searching for anything?" equably demanded Mr. Castonel.

"Nothing, sir," stammered Mr. Tuck, putting up the steps very humbly.

"Come out here," said Mr. Castonel.

Mr. Tuck went out. Had he been detected poisoning Mr. Castonel, he could hardly have felt more ashamed, more unjustifiably prying. Mr. Castonel made room for him on the bench beside him.

"I thought you were out, sir," he awkwardly began.

"No," answered Mr. Castonel. "I sat down here an hour ago, and"—he coughed—"dropped asleep. Your voice, talking with Mr. Rice, awoke me."

"Oh, my heart!" groaned Mr. Tuck to himself, becoming very hot. "He must have heard all we said. Did you sir?" he asked aloud, following out his thoughts.

"Did I what?" demanded Mr. Castonel, turning upon him his sinister eye. He knew he had got him safe—that simple little Tuck was no match for him.

"Hear the—the—stuff—that I and Rice were saying?"

"I heard the stuff *you* were saying," curtly rejoined Mr. Castonel.

"Of course I ought not to have repeated it, sir; but it will be all over the village to-morrow, without me. I am very sorry for it."

"So am I," responded Mr. Castonel. "Sorry that people should be such fools."

"And I hope it will be cleared up," added Mr. Tuck.

"You do not believe there is anything to clear up, do you?" almost savagely retorted Mr. Castonel.

"I meant the reports," deprecated little Tuck.

"But I ask you if you believe there can be anything to clear up?" repeated Mr. Castonel.

"No, sir, not now that I am talking with you. I don't know whether I believed it, or not, up at the Hall. I was struck all in a maze there."

"What brought you at the Hall?"

"They sent for me."

"Who?"

"Squire Hardwick. No; stop; I think it was Mr. Chavasse. Or the two together: I don't know."

"What for?"

Mr. Tuck hesitated.

"I am a wrongfully accused man," burst forth Mr. Castonel. "Even you were ready enough, but now, to accuse me to Rice. Who is it that is asking for a coroner's inquest?"

"Mr. Chavasse."

"Upon what grounds. Speak up. Don't equivocate."

"I am not equivocating, sir," cried little Tuck. "And as you heard what I said to Mr. Rice, you know the chief facts. But I don't like to repeat these things to your face."

"I wish you to repeat them. I must know what they charge me with. An innocent man can listen to slander unmoved."

"And you *are* innocent!" cried Mr. Tuck, brightening up.

"Innocent! Innocent of the death of my dear wives! I would have died to save them."

"Then I'll tell you all I did hear, sir," answered simple, credulous little Tuck. "Mr. Chavasse has got something in his head about Mrs.—your late wife."

"Got what? Speak out."

"He says he wants to prove whether she came fairly by her death. Perhaps," added Mr. Tuck, in a conciliating tone, for he did shrink from his present task—"perhaps he fears something may have been given to her by mistake."

"No inuendoes," was the rough answer. "I shan't wince. He fears I may have poisoned her, that's what it is."

"Well," warmly cried little Tuck, "I don't fear it now."

"Who went to Francis Hardwick's?"

"Mr. Chavasse was there, and they had me up, and Mrs. Muff; and the squire asked Mr. Ailsa to be present, that he might judge whether there were medical grounds to go upon. And Dame Vaughan came up—"

"Why did not Francis Hardwick have the whole parish up?" angrily interrupted the surgeon.

"Dame Vaughan was not sent for. She went of her own accord. Mr. Chavasse had met her in the morning, and asked her something, and she went up. It was about those powders that she complained, when Mary Shipley's child died. She had nothing to say about Mrs. Castonel. She vowed those powders were poison."

"Mr. Rice made them up and sent them, whatever they were."

"But Dame Vaughan said Mr. Castonel might have changed what Mr. Rice made up. She said, in fact, she'd almost be upon her oath he did, and that she had asked John, who said it was Mr. Castonel gave the powders into his hand, and that Mr. Rice was not present. Mr. Ailsa said he never heard a woman go on so, and the squire threatened to turn her out of the justice-room unless she could be calm."

"Did you hear her?"

"Of course not. They had us in, one at a time, to the justice-room—as the poor call it. The squire and Mr. Ailsa sat together at the table, and Mr. Chavasse sat on that low bench under the window, with his head bent on to his knees. Dame Vaughan has got an awful tongue. She said she was an old fool; and, if she had not been one, the wickedness would have been brought to light at the time."

Mr. Castonel looked up sharply. "She is a fool. What did she mean?"

"Why, she said she gave the remaining four powders into your hands, after the baby died; and let you take them into the yard, by yourself, at Shipley's cottage, so that you had plenty of time to—to—"

"To what? Speak out, I say again."

"To walk off with the poison, and leave wholesome powders in its stead. She said, also—"

"Go on," laughed Mr. Castonel, apparently quite at his ease. Much more so than his assistant, who spoke with frequent hesitation.

"That you must have planted yourself purposely in the boy's way, who went after you, so as to run down to Thomas Shipley's and secure the poison, before Mr. Rice or anybody could come."

"She's a lady!" ironically uttered Mr. Castonel.

"She is that," responded little Tuck. "She protested she would dig

the baby up with her own hands, without any spade, if the magistrates would but go into the matter. Squire Hardwick told her it was quite an after consideration whether they went into it at all, and that it had nothing to do with the subject under notice."

"I'll 'dig' her!" uttered Mr. Castonel. "What did they ask Mrs. Muff?"

"I don't know what they asked her, but I believe she was cautious, and couldn't or wouldn't say, one way or the other, whether she suspected or not. Oh—and who else do you think came to the Hall?"

"All Ebury, probably."

"Mrs. Leicester."

"Mrs. Leicester! Who next? What did she want?"

"Mrs. Leicester, in her widow's weeds. She was in there, ever so long, with Mr. Chavasse, and the squire, and Ailsa. Mr. Chavasse had been to the rectory and had an interview with her in the morning, and she came up. We gathered that she objected to Ellen—to Mrs. Cas—to the remains of her daughter being disturbed, and that Squire Hardwick promised they should not be, unless the ends of justice preemptorily demanded it."

"What questions did they ask you?"

"They asked me very few, because I had nothing to tell," replied little Tuck. "When Mr. Chavasse found that I had not interfered with his daughter's illness, in fact, had not seen her, he said he was sorry to have troubled me; that they ought to have had Mr. Rice up instead."

"Have they written to the coroner?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Squire Hardwick said the affair looked gravely suspicious, and that an inquest was indispensable. He said—shall I tell you what else he said, sir?"

"Tell! Of course."

"His opinion was, that the fact of three young wives dying in so sudden and mysterious a manner, afforded uncommon scope for doubt, even without the attendance of other suspicious circumstances."

"What 'other?'"

"That's more than I can say. Unless he meant what that beldame, Dame Vaughan, set afloat."

"Tush!" scornfully retorted Mr. Castonel. And then he sat for some minutes in a reverie. Little Mr. Tuck rose.

"Do you want me any longer, sir? I have not had my tea."

"No," said the surgeon. "Have you told all?"

"Every word, sir."

"What were you saying to Mr. Rice about that case of drawers?" returned Mr. Castonel, half turning his head towards the spot where they stood.

"Oh, I forgot that; I did indeed. Some of them say that topmost drawer is not a——"

"Don't speak so vaguely. Who?"

"I'm blest if I know who," said Mr. Tuck, after considering. "They asked me, and I said I always took that topmost drawer to be a dummy, but they say it is not; that there's something inside it, and that you had it out the evenings that your wives died. Of course they meant to insinuate that—that——"

"That I keep a subtle poison in it," sneered Mr. Castonel, "and have been dealing it out in doses. Any more?"

"That is all, sir."

"Good. You need not say, outside, that you have told me this. I am glad I know who my enemies are."

"I will not say a word to any one, sir," earnestly replied the little man. "You may rely upon me. Good evening."

Mr. Tuck departed. Mr. Castonel remained on the bench. As the former hastened up the street, thinking what an aspersed man the surgeon was, he encountered Mr. Ailsa.

"Now I'll just ask the question," thought he. "I'm sure if I can let Castonel know anything certain, it is what I ought to do, with so many against him. I say, sir," quoth he aloud, "have they written to the coroner yet?"

"Not yet. Mr. Francis Hardwick wished to confer with a brother magistrate first. Mr. Chavasse did not consult him in his magisterial capacity, but as a friend. He——"

"Are you sure?" interrupted Mr. Tuck.

"Quite sure. If any magistrate has to interfere, it will not be my brother-in-law: he is acting solely as Mr. Chavasse's private friend."

"Perhaps it is not decided that there will be any inquest," said Mr. Tuck, briskly.

"Oh yes, that is decided, Mr. Chavasse demands it. The coroner will be written to to-morrow."

"Do you know, Mr. Ailsa, I do believe Castonel is as innocent as you or I."

"I hope he is. It will be a most horrible blow to all parties interested, should the contrary be proved."

"He says he would have died to save his wives. Oh, he must be innocent."

"I heartily wish he may be. Good evening. I am on my way to see Mrs. Chavasse."

"Will she get better?"

"Better. But never well."

James Ailsa continued his way, and Mr. Tuck continued his. But suddenly he stopped and ruminated.

"Suppose I go back, and tell Castonel at once! That would be one grain of comfort. I know I should want a many grains, if I were in his shoes."

So he turned back to the house of Mr. Castonel. But instead of ringing at the front door, and bringing Mr. Castonel to open it, he walked round to the side of the house, and tried the back garden door, which, as he knew, was occasionally left unlocked, though against orders. It was open, and Mr. Tuck went in. Mr. Castonel was not on the bench then, and Mr. Tuck entered the house by the little door next the surgery.

The first object he saw was Mr. Castonel, mounted on the very steps, as he had been, and in the very same place. And he held the "dummy" drawer in one hand, and grasped some papers and a phial with the other.

"Hallo!" cried Mr. Castonel, dashing the papers and phial into it, and the drawer back into its place, as he rapidly descended, "how did you get in? I heard you go."

"I came in by the garden door."

"Who has done that? Who has dared to leave it unfastened?" raved Mr. Castonel, with his awful glare.

That glare had never yet been turned upon Mr. Tuck. He did not like it: and he confessed afterwards that he felt as if he would prefer to be safe outside the house, rather than alone in it with Mr. Castonel. He had the presence of mind (he called it so) to speak in a careless tone.

"One of the servants, no doubt. Very stupid of them, for boys may get in and steal the gooseberries: little odds to them whether they are green or ripe. I came back to tell you, sir, that they have not written to the coroner. I met Mr. Ailsa as I left here, and put the question to him point blank, and he said they had not; so I thought you might like to know it. He told me something else, too: that Mr. Chavasse did not formally lay a charge before Mr. Francis Hardwick: he only consulted him as a friend."

"Oh," cried Mr. Castonel.

"Mr. Ailsa supposes they will write to the coroner to-morrow," added Mr. Tuck. "But to-day is one day, and to-morrow is another; and before to-morrow comes they may change their mind, sir, and let the matter drop."

"They may write if they choose," said Mr. Castonel, "I want no favour from them. I have been forcing that drawer out, Tuck," he continued, with a cough, "and find there's a paper of magnesia in it, and some hartshorn in a phial. They must have been there for ages. Ever since the drawers were appropriated when I first came into the house."

"Then you never did have it out, as they say?" eagerly cried Mr. Tuck.

"Not that I have any recollection of. I suppose its not being used must have caused the impression to get abroad that it was a dummy drawer. Had any curious person applied to me upon the point, I could have told them it was *not* a dummy."

"It looks like a dummy, sir," rejoined Mr. Tuck. "It has no knob and no lock to it, like the others. Why has it not?"

"How should I know why?" retorted Mr. Castonel. "I did not make the drawers."

"Well, sir, good evening once more," concluded little Tuck. "I thought you might like to hear that there's nothing yet but smoke."

II.

A SMALL, better class of cottage, built in the form of a lodge and so called, stood alone amidst trees, which nearly surrounded it, a whole grove of them, thick, and high, and lofty. Had the trees possessed human ears, they might have detected sounds, late that night, inside the cottage: unusual sounds; of dispute, and then commotion, and then distress: and afterwards the outer door was flung open, and a woman-servant sprang out of it with a smothered shriek, took her way at top speed towards the village, and rang a loud peal at the lodgings of Mr. Rice. That gentleman was just on the point of stepping into bed. He turned to the window, opened it, and looked out in his night-shirt.

"It's here, isn't it, that Mr. Castonel's partner lives?" a woman breathlessly uttered.

"That's near enough. Yes. What's wanted?"

"Oh—I did not know you in the flurry, sir. Please to come this instant to Mr. Castonel. There's not a moment to lose."

"To Mr. Castonel? Where?"

"He is down at Beech Lodge. Make haste, sir, or he may be dead before you come."

"He dead! Mr. Castonel! What in the world is the matter with him?"

"Poison, I believe. Please to bring your remedies for it."

"Here"—for she was striding away—"what description of poison?"

"I can't tell. You had better come and see, sir, instead of wasting time."

Full of consternation and alarm, Mr. Rice thrust on a pair of trousers over his night-shirt, and a coat, and came out that way, without a waist-coat or necktie. He rang at Mr. Castonel's.

"Law bless us!" cried John, in his surprise, as he flung open the door, "I didn't expect you, sir; I thought it was master. I'm a sitting up for him."

Mr. Rice vouchsafed no answer, he was too hurried. He collected what he wanted from the surgery, and turned to the door again.

"Do you know anything of master, sir, whether he ain't a coming home?" demanded the tiger, looking with curiosity at the signs of Mr. Rice's hasty toilet, and his as hasty movements.

"Your master is ill. He has been taken ill at Beech Lodge. Where's Ralph?"

"He's gone to bed, sir."

"Call him up to mind the house, and you come after me down there. You may be useful."

Away sped Mr. Rice again. Just before he turned off to the fields, he met Mr. and Mrs. Ailsa, near to the gate of their own house. They were walking home from the Hall.

"What's the matter?" cried Mr. Ailsa.

"I can't wait to tell you," was Mr. Rice's hurried answer, without arresting his steps. "I fear Castonel has destroyed himself. One of those women has been up to me from Beech Lodge. He is there."

"I will go with you, I may be of service," eagerly cried Mr. Ailsa. "How many more tragedies are we to have? Mary, my dear, can you run in alone?"

"Oh yes, yes, James, lose no time."

The two women—the young and handsome lady, about whom so much mystery had existed, and the woman-servant—were standing outside the Lodge, looking out for Mr. Rice, when the surgeons approached.

"You are too late."

They did not know which spoke, they pressed on, in-doors. Mr. Rice half turned his head at a noise behind him. It was the tiger, galloping down. In the small sitting-room, stretched on the floor, between the table and the fireplace, was Mr. Castonel. Dead.

The servant followed them into the room. Not so her mistress.

"Too true!" uttered Mr. Rice, "he has committed suicide. What's this?"

He was looking on the table. A decanter of wine and two glasses were there. One of the glasses was full, the other had been emptied. The woman was sobbing violently, and seemed to have lost all idea of caution or self-control.

"I can't say I ever liked him," she said, "but it is horrible to see a man, well one minute, and the next die before one's eyes."

"What has led to this?" inquired Mr. Rice.

"He came here about eight o'clock, and he had a violent quarrel with my mistress. I heard bits of it, here and there."

"Well?"

"It grew very bitter, and my mistress at length flew into a state of frenzy, and came to the door and called me in. That I might be a witness to her words, she said. I had never seen her in such a state before, nor anybody else, and she knelt down and swore a solemn oath that things should go on, in the way they had been going on, no longer, and that she would declare the truth to the world, and force him to acknowledge it, be the consequences what they might. That calmed Mr. Castonel; though, for the matter of that, he had not been so violent, but I think his cold sneers provoked her. He looked at her with a curious expression, and sat down on the sofa and seemed to be thinking. Then he told me to get the wine and some wine-glasses, and——"

"What are you saying?" interrupted a calm voice, and the mistress of the Lodge appeared. "Any information necessary for these gentlemen, I can give, myself."

The servant shrank from the room, and began talking to John in the kitchen. The lady confronted the surgeons, keeping the table between herself and the body.

"Can you do nothing for him?"

"Nothing, I grieve to say," replied Mr. Ailsa, speaking with involuntary respect, in spite of his prejudices. Whatever may have been that lady's history, she had the bearing and manners of a refined gentlewoman.

"He must have been dead a quarter of an hour," added Mr. Rice. "Did he wilfully poison himself?"

"No," was the lady's calm answer.

Mr. Rice paused, probably in surprise. "Then could it have been taken in mistake?"

"Neither that. I gave it him."

They both stood staring at her. Was she to be believed?—so quiet, so collected, so lovely looking! How were they to act? An indistinct idea of having her secured ran through Mr. Rice's mind. But he did not know how to set about it, or whether he would be justified.

"I will give you an outline of the circumstances," she proceeded. "He——"

"Madam," interrupted James Ailsa, "it—I beg your pardon—but it may be my duty to caution you not to criminate yourself."

A proud smile of self-possession, one full of meaning, arose to her lips.

"I wish to tell you," she answered.

"May it not be well to reserve it for the coroner's inquest?"

"No. I should be an ineligible witness for *him*, in any court of law."

"Why ineligible for him?" involuntarily inquired Mr. Rice.

"Either for, or against him. My testimony would not be taken."

Her words to them were as riddles: and they waited in silence.

"He came down here to-night, and we quarrelled. No matter what the quarrel was about: it was such that we had never had before. He calmed down: apparently. I knew that the more smiling he was, without, the more tempestuous he was, within. I stood here. Here," she added, advancing to the mantelpiece, but still not looking at what lay beneath her, and placing her elbow on the shelf and her hand before her eyes, "I stood in this way. He was pouring out some wine he had asked for, and I watched his movements in the glass, through my fingers. I did not intentionally watch him: my thoughts were far away, and I suspected nothing. Suddenly I saw him slip something from a paper into one of the glasses; I felt sure I saw him; but I had my senses about me, and I took no notice whatever, only drew away and sat down in this chair. He handed me the glass, *the* glass, mind, saying the wisest plan would be to forget our dispute for to-night, for he must be going, and we could discuss the matter at issue another time. I took the glass from him, raised it to my lips, as if to drink, and then, as though by a sudden impulse, put it on the table without tasting it. 'If I am to drink this wine,' I said, 'I must eat a biscuit first. Reach them.'"

The lady paused for a moment, and her hearers waited with breathless interest.

"He knew where they were kept—in that closet," she added, pointing with her finger to a closet opposite the fireplace, and the two medical men glanced at it. "He opened the door and stepped inside, it is rather deep, and came forth with the biscuits. But in that moment I had changed the glasses. I took a biscuit, began slowly to eat it, and he drank up his wine. In a few minutes he shrieked out convulsively. I sent for aid, ran out, and hid myself amidst the trees, for I was afraid of him. When my servant came back, we went in together, but I think the poison had then done its work. It must have been subtle and deadly."

Mr. Ailsa took up the empty glass, and with Mr. Rice examined the few drops left at the bottom. Not at first did they detect the nature of the poison; it was indeed rare and subtle, leaving, where it should be imbibed, but little trace after death.

"She says master's dead," sobbed John, as the gentlemen went out. "It can't be true."

"Too true, John," answered Mr. Rice.

"Sir, did he poison himself, as she says? Did he do it on purpose?"

"No. He drank a glass of wine, and there was poison in it. He did not know it."

"Oh, my poor master!"

Full of excitement as Ebury had been—and had cause to be—on several previous occasions, it was nothing compared with what rose with the following morning. Mr. Castonel dead! Mr. Castonel poisoned! John ostentatiously closed all the windows of the house, and sat himself outside on the door-step, forgetting dignity in grief, to answer the mass of inquirers. It was Mr. Ailsa who carried the news to Mr. Chavasse.

"Is not this a confirmation of our fears?" exclaimed the latter.

"I fear it looks very like it."

"Oh, it is horrible!" groaned Mr. Chavasse. "Three young and happy girls to have been foully——"

"Nay, nay," interrupted James Ailsa. "Nothing is proved."

"And never will be now," replied poor Mr. Chavasse. "It is a mercy for the rector that he went beforehand."

Before the day was over, fresh news had gone out to Ebury—that Mr. Chavasse meant not to pursue the investigation he had contemplated. Where was the use? he argued, since the guilty man—if he was guilty—was gone. Where indeed? echoed a few judicious friends. But Ebury in general considered itself very shabbily used, and has hardly got over the disappointment to this day.

An inquest, however, there was to be, over Mr., if not Mrs., Castonel, and Ebury's curiosity concentrated itself upon that event. Some gossip, told by the parish beadle, fanned the flame. When he had gone down to serve the two summonses at the Lodge, and required the name of the lady, she had replied "Castonel."

"Then it is a relative of his, after all!" quoth the village. "And we have been judging so harshly of her and of him!"

"I think I shall call and leave a card, when it's all over, and I am about again," said Mrs. Major Acre. "That is, if she stops here."

The "dummy drawer" was examined previous to the inquest, and found to contain exactly what Mr. Castonel had said, a phial of harts-horn, and some magnesia. "Which of course he was putting there," was Dame Vaughan's comment, "when little Tuck caught him on the steps." The drawer had evidently possessed a secret spring, which had been recently wrenched away and was gone.

The day appointed for the inquest dawned, and those who were connected with it, and those who were not, flocked up to the "Hardwick Arms." The strange lady was called in her turn, and the coroner demanded her name.

"Lavinia Castonel. I presume my evidence will be dispensed with, when I state who I am. A wife cannot give evidence in matters that touch upon her husband."

The room stared. "A coroner's court is an exception," called out a voice, which was drowned by the coroner's "hush."

"Lavinia Castonel," said he. "Any relation to the late Mr. Castonel?"

"His wife."

A rising hum—a shock—almost a shriek. Squire Hardwick interrupted it, surprised out of his magisterial etiquette of silence in another's court.

"It is impossible you can be his wife. You are stating what is not true."

"Mr. Castonel's wife," she calmly repeated. "His widow now."

Great confusion arose, and the coroner was powerless at first to repress it. Possibly he had his curiosity like the rest. Everybody was asking questions: one rose high.

"Had she married him since the death of the last Mrs. Castonel?"

"No, she had not," she replied. "She had married him before he first came to Ebury."

Higher rose the confusion. "Then if she was his wife, what was the position of the unhappy young ladies to whom he had given his name?"

"The inquirers might settle that as they pleased," she carelessly answered. "It was no business of hers. *She* was his lawful wife."

Nothing more, touching this, could be got out of her. She would afford no further explanation, no confirmation of her assertion, or any details. But her calm, equable manner carried a conviction of its truth to half the court. The coroner took her evidence relating to the death of Mr. Castonel: it was exactly what she had told the two medical men, and the maid-servant, so far as she was able, confirmed it. That, at any rate, was truth. The jury believed it, and their verdict was to the effect that Gervase Castonel had met his death at her hands, but that she was justified in what she had done, having acted in self-defence.

So that was the ending of Mr. Castonel and his doings in Ebury: and a very unsatisfactory ending it was, in every sense of the word. The lady and the maid left the place the day subsequent to the inquest, and that was the ending of them. Numerous tales and rumours went abroad; as rumours always do. One said the money to establish Mr. Castonel had been hers, not his, and that she dared not publicly avow herself to be a wife, or it would be lost to her: another, that he had forced her to submit to his apparent marriages under threats, for that he held some dreadful secret of hers in his power, and she feared to gainsay him: another—— But why pursue these reports? Nobody could tell whence they originated, or if they were true or false. The whole affair remains a miserable mystery to Ebury, and probably ever will do so: and its exasperated curiosity has never been able to ascertain whether the three ill-fated young ladies did, or did not, die an unnatural death.

Mr. Castonel was buried in the churchyard by their side, and it took the beadle and four subordinates an hour and a half to clear it of the mob, afterwards. And Mr. Ailsa quietly dropped into his old practice, and took on Mr. Rice and Mr. Tuck and John, for he found there would be work for all. And to the latter's extreme discomposure, he found Mrs. Muff was to be taken on too, and would rule him as of old. And since Ebury subsided into tranquillity, it has become a matter of "good taste" there, never to breathe the name of Gervase Castonel.

GALLERY OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

He comes to tell me of the players.—SHAKSPEARE.

IX.—MRS. FITZWILLIAM.

THE birthplace of this once favourite actress—who so long maintained a pleasant acquaintance with the public—was Dover, whose shores are washed by the expansive Channel. Of the magnificent old cliffs which here stand boldly out in their gleaming whiteness, one is for ever identified with the name of Shakspeare. The pale-green succulent leaves of the samphire adorn its sides, whilst from its dizzy heights

The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles.

In a neglected grave in this ancient town—where the remains of past ages are both frequent and striking—lies Charles Churchill, who once had his "Gallery of Theatrical Portraits"—the Garricks and the Barrys, the Cibbers and the Pritchards, forming the subjects of his sketches. Minus four years, it is now a century since, in his celebrated "Rosciad," he threw his keen and bitter satire at the players of his day. This production gave to its author considerable repute, and he continued to exercise his pen in general satire until the close of his career, which was limited to thirty-three years. The burying-ground of St. Mary-le-Grand—an ancient church long since in ruins—received his remains, and many pilgrims have sought the spot, though it is marked by desolation and neglect. Churchill himself left behind him a wish as to his place of sepulture :

Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out as dead ;
Let it—may Heaven indulgent grant my prayer!—
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there :
And when on travel bound, some rhyming guest,
Roams through the churchyard, while his dinner's drest,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
Life to the last enjoyed, here Churehill lies !

About fifty years after his death, the desire of the poet was in part fulfilled, a bay having been planted on his grave by a Deal pilot. It was for some time carefully tended by the thoughtful boatman, but it did not thrive, and has long since disappeared. The bay, however, had been planted, and the "rhyming guest" who anon roamed through the churchyard was Byron, who moralised upon this humblest of all sepulchres, the grave of him who "blazed the comet of a season."

Fanny Copeland—such was the maiden nomenclature of our departed actress—was born in that goodly town of Dover in 1802. Her father was the proprietor of the theatrical circuit of the district, and in his capacity of manager played many parts. On one occasion, "Hamlet" was provided by him for the entertainment of the citizens of Dover, in which he himself figured as *Polonius*. When the old chamberlain was relieved from attendance by the sword of the philosophic Prince, Manager Copeland again appeared, assisting in digging the grave of poor *Ophelia*; and when sent off by his companion of the spade and mattock to fetch a stoup of liquor from Youghan, he threw a black gown over his working dress, and advanced as a priest at the head of the funeral procession. Upon the occasion in question, a Captain Thompson personated the *Ghost*. This gallant histrionic was a precise elocutionist, and pronounced "Adieu, adieu, adieu!" with so Gallic an accent, that a wag in the pit shouted, "I say, you are taking French leave of us!"

The little Fanny was not altogether born upon the stage, but remarkably near to it, the dwelling-house attached to the Dover Theatre having been her birth-home. She had scarcely learned to walk before she became initiated into some of the mysteries of the drama, being led on, at that early age, as the offspring of the misanthropic *Stranger*, and taught likewise to cling to the locks of the heroic *Rolla*. When but five years old she played *Tom Thumb*, singing the whole of the music attached to the part. Every year added to her practice and her attractions; and when the buddings of youth began to blossom into womanhood, she was in full possession of the secrets of her art. At the recommendation of Charles Inledon—who heard her sing when she was ten years old—she was taken from the stage, in order that undivided attention might be given to her musical education; and such progress did she now make in her studies, that two years later she was the chief attraction at the promenade concerts then being given at Margate. Indisposition on one occasion prevented the appearance of a lady whose name was in the Dover playbills for the part of *Norah*, in the musical farce of the "Poor Soldier," when the services of Miss Fanny were put in requisition, to prevent a disappointment; and so great was her success in the hastily-undertaken character, that her return to the stage was immediately decided upon.

When but fourteen years of age, Fanny Copeland was a leading actress in the theatres conducted by her father. There was still needed the metropolitan stamp to much acknowledged excellence, but the proud patentees had no vacancy in the line adopted by the young actress—Drury Lane rejoicing in the services of Miss Kelly, and Covent Garden in those of Miss S. Booth. She came to London notwithstanding, and for a time studied singing under Mrs. Bland, the favourite ballad singer of her day. Ultimately an engagement was sought at the Haymarket, and Miss Copeland was introduced to its proprietors, Messrs. Colman, Morris, and Winston, to whom she gave a specimen of her vocal ability. Upon being asked what characters she had played, she unfolded a list which might have raised the envy of many a dramatic sister of twice her age. "Ay, ay, I see," said George Colman, glancing at the same; "a manager's daughter—plays everything." The result of this inter-

view was exceedingly satisfactory, and on the 5th of July, 1816, Fanny Copeland first stepped before the lights of a London theatre, at the Haymarket, being described by a critic of the day as "a little, pretty, fair girl, with remarkable spirit and ability." The character selected for her metropolitan essay was *Lucy*, in "The Review," which was followed by *Cicely*, in "The Beehive," the *Page*, in the "Follies of the Day," and similar assumptions, in which her success was unequivocal. Her services were next secured for the Olympic, where she first appeared in the Elliston season of 1818-19, as the *Countess Lovelace*, in "Rochester." At this house a more diversified range of characters was open to her; and her improving ability rendered her a valuable acquisition to what was considered a very superior company.

Although greeted now by metropolitan plaudits, our young actress did not forget those who had cherished her earlier efforts, and Dover occasionally welcomed the return of its favourite. At the "old house at home" she one night played *Bianca*, in "Fazio," a character which Miss O'Neill was then enacting at Covent Garden, and in which Ristori somewhat lately startled the *habitués* of the Italian Opera. This performance of our versatile actress was witnessed by Thomas Dibdin, who immediately engaged her for the Surrey Theatre, then under his control. At that house she appeared upon the termination of her Olympic engagements—Easter, 1819—as *Madge Wildfire*, in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," and at once stepped into increased popularity.

Scott's romance of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" was first dramatised by Dibdin for the Surrey, where it was produced on the 13th of January, 1819, and brought prosperous days to the theatre. The subject was next adapted, by Daniel Terry, for Covent Garden, where it was brought forward on the ensuing 17th of April, when Macready played *Geordie Robertson*, Liston *Dumbiedikes*, Mrs. Charles Kemble *Madge*, and Miss Stephens *Effie Deans*. On the 3rd of September in the same year another version, in five acts, was produced at Bath, Messrs. Warde, Meadows, Tyrone Power, and Paul Bedford being engaged in its representation. On the 12th of July, 1821, Dibdin's version of this popular production was transferred to Drury Lane, when the *Laird of Dumbiedikes* was personated by Mackay, the Scotch actor and favourite of Sir Walter Scott. *Jeannie Deans* was then played by Mrs. Orger, and her sister *Effie* by Madame Vestris.

Upon the original production of this piece at the Surrey, *Madge Wildfire* was played by Mrs. Egerton. When that lady's engagement terminated, the piece was still in great request, and the management was in some doubt as to finding a fitting representative of the character. Miss Copeland, upon signing articles, had expressed a wish to confine herself to comic operatic business, and was diffident of her powers in attempting such a character as *Madge Wildfire*, more especially as Mrs. Egerton had been extremely successful in the same. She was at length, however, persuaded to attempt the part, and so enthusiastic was her reception, that Dibdin, at the termination of the performance, advanced her weekly salary from four pounds to five, ultimately increasing the same to eight guineas. The "Heart of Mid-Lothian" again ran with undiminished popularity, and was played one hundred and seventy nights in

the space of nine months. In her delineation of *Madge*, Miss Copeland was exceedingly happy. It was a finished and original conception—not the mere outline of a picture, but the careful filling in of such varied tints that raised it far towards perfection. Grief was exhibited by other signs than tears and groans, and the sorrows of a broken heart were delicately depicted. A fresh charm was imparted to the character by the extreme youth of its new representative—she being then but seventeen; whilst the snatches of old Scottish songs to be found in the part were given by her in the most effective manner. We remember well the performance, and can call back the cadence of the sigh over her infant's grave, as well as the dying look at *George Robertson*—a look not of reproach, but the fading glance of still lingering affection.

In addition to this performance, Miss Copeland had many opportunities of exhibiting her varied talents, the clever manager drawing upon his inventive faculties for a series of pieces in which the respective merits of his company could be displayed. Her singing at this time was chaste and excellent; and Dibdin, in his extravaganza of "Harlequin Hoax," introduced a scene to afford her an opportunity of giving an imitation of a French ballad singer, in the popular *chanson*, "Portrait charmant." Her excellence as a musician, moreover, was not overlooked, for she was brought forward in a harp song, and executed the accompaniment delightfully.

Many an old playgoer must remember the Surrey Theatre at this period of its history, and can call to mind the host of talent congregated within its walls. "Where actors do agree," said Sheridan, "their unanimity is wonderful;" and of that nature was the harmony which characterised the dramatic company assembled in St. George's-fields. It seemed to be but one family of theatricals, whose spirit of conviviality diffused something like sunshine around. Among the familiar faces which there greeted you were those of Fauny Copeland and her future husband, Edward Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Glover, Charles Inledon, the sweet songstress Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Chatterley, Miss Taylor (a talented actress, the original *Bianca*, when Dean Milman's "Fazio" was first played upon those boards), T. P. Cooke, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Egerton, little Sally Booth, Frank Huntley (the Edmund Kean of the minors), Miss Macaulay (a singular woman, who trod the stage, gave lectures, wrote plays, and filled a pulpit!), Davidge (the subsequent manager of the house), Bengough, Decamp, the matronly yet still delightful Mrs. Brookes, the Ridgways, and the Bolognas. Of those once familiar faces, how few of them are now to be encountered!

Among the distinguished visitors occasionally attracted to the Surrey Theatre at this time were the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Wellington, the present King of the Belgians, and Talma, the great chief of the French stage. On one occasion the latter was invited into the green-room, where the entire company, attendants, and soldiery—more than one hundred persons, in the splendid dresses of a drama entitled "Constantine and Valeria"—were arranged in the most effective manner to receive him with befitting honour. Queen Caroline was another visitor to this popular house, commanding for representation the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," and appearing deeply affected at Miss Copeland's pathetic delineation of poor *Madge Wildfire*. On the day that her Majesty

arrived from the Continent—at the time of the parliamentary inquiry—the roads in the neighbourhood of the Obelisk were so lined with people, that the manager of the Surrey was congratulated by many friends on the promise of an overflowing house, and some speculators on 'Change made anticipatory offers to the lessee for the use of the theatre for "that night only." Of the innumerable host, however, who had been waiting her Majesty's arrival, as many as could followed her over the bridge, and the rest, we presume, forgot the theatre in the engrossing topic of the day—the receipts of the house being less on that night than during six years of the same management, having been under fourteen pounds! On the night of her Majesty's public visit to the theatre, three hundred guineas were received at the doors. Having here touched upon monetary matters, we may further add—for the encouragement of any of our readers who may have a desire to venture upon management—that Dibdin devoted to the Surrey Theatre the incessant labour of six years; wrote for the house, during that period, more than eighty pieces; altered, revised, and purchased as many more; and finally left the theatre for the Insolvent Court, his schedule exhibiting a loss of eighteen thousand pounds! To those who would, in the face of this, venture upon dramatic government, we very respectfully say—"Don't!"

Thomas Dibdin—of whom we have made mention in this notice of the Surrey—was the son of the great sea-songster, and passed his life in the service of the public, in the varied capacities of actor, manager, and writer. Garrick was one of his godfathers, and at the age of four years he was led by Mrs. Siddons upon the boards of Drury Lane, in the pageant of Shakspeare's Jubilee. Dibdin died on the 16th of September, 1841, at the age of seventy, the Yorick of his day, whose frankness and good humour secured him the esteem of every one. Prominent among his numerous dramatic pieces is the opera of "The Cabinet," played at Covent Garden on the 9th of February, 1802, aided by the services of Braham, Inledon, Munden, Fawcett, Emery, Blanchard, Signora Storce, Mrs. H. Johnston, Mrs. Mattocks, and Mrs. Davenport. In addition to this piece, Dibdin was the author of a thousand songs, epigrams, odes, farces, &c., of a thousand proofs of natural talent and untiring activity of mind. Fortune, however, smiled not upon his efforts, fleeting praise being his unsubstantial reward. Shortly before his death, his talents were recognised by a grant from the Royal Bounty Fund of one hundred pounds.

'Twas thine, poor Tom, in life's decline,
In sad reverse and want to pine;
Till Pity came, with angel-power,
To soothe thee at thy latest hour.
(Pity! on earth a heavenly guest,
And sweetest in a queenly breast.)
But rest thee well! nor let us grieve
Thou hadst no hoarded bags to leave;
One legacy of thine shall yet
Be valued more—thy "Cabinet."

At the termination of her engagement at the Surrey Theatre, Miss Copeland was for a short time at the Royalty, where, amongst a diversity

of characters, she played *Young Norval* and *Captain Macheath*. From the far east she journeyed to Drury Lane, at which house she appeared on the 5th of November, 1821, as *Fanny*, in "Maid or Wife," a character which she made completely her own—subsequently delighting the town with the same performance, upon the production of the piece at the Adelphi, under the title of the "Married Bachelor." *Cicely Homespun*, in the "Heir at Law," was another of her favourite assumptions. Her rustic heroines had the genuine spirit of frank, simple, and confiding affection; and the last-named character was a fine vehicle for the current of such a humour. Although engaged at a salary of ten pounds per week, Drury Lane was not so pleasant a home for our versatile actress as the one she had quitted near to the Obelisk. There, numberless farcettas had been written for the display of her varied talents, and she was nightly hailed as the favourite amid a favoured group; whilst at the more lordlier establishment a hundred obstacles were thrown in her way, and she was quietly placed in the background, whilst inferior talent was paraded before her. There was one member of the company, however, whose society almost compensated for managerial injustice. This was Edward Fitzwilliam, who, at the Surrey, had so often been her lover upon the stage, and between whom and herself an affection had for some time existed. "Little Fitz" (as he was familiarly called) had been one of the most constant of her admirers; and now—considering with Sir Philip Sydney, that

Friend without change, playfellow without strife,
Food without fulness, counsaile without pride,
Is the sweet doubling of our single life—

he summoned sufficient resolution to declare his suit. Love seconded the appeal, and on the morning of the 2nd of December a little party visited the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where Fanny Copeland exchanged her name for that of Fitzwilliam.

The comedian whose happiness was considerably increased by this new engagement, passed thirty-seven years upon the stage, of which he took leave on the occasion of a benefit at Drury Lane, in the early part of 1845. As an actor he possessed many mental endowments, but was deficient in the physical power and confidence so requisite to the due effect of his assumptions. Mr. Fitzwilliam died in March, 1852.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam quitted Drury Lane in consequence of the unfair treatment she experienced, and went into the provinces. One or two metropolitan engagements followed, and then she was located at the Adelphi, where she again found a fitting sphere for the exercise of her talents. Associated with her at the little house in the Strand was an unequalled group, comprising Frederick Yates, Terry, the elder Charles Mathews, Mrs. Yates, O. Smith, John Reeve, the still-unfading T. P. Cooke, Buckstone, Hemming, and others, whose star-rays formed such a bright constellation. "The Pilot," "Wreck Ashore," "Victorine," and a host of similar dramas were produced, all calculated to exhibit to the best advantage the most effective company then in London. It was here that glorious John Reeve, who played the principal comic characters with Mrs. Fitzwilliam, achieved his greatest reputation. The pleasant droll

cared little for his text, and uttered sentences never conceived by his author; but such a personal acquaintance had he with his auditors, that a marvellous nod would redeem his faults, whilst a wink of the eye, or a merry chuckle, would convulse the house. One of his greatest efforts was *Marmaduke Magog*, in the "Wreck Ashore," of which piece Mrs. Fitzwilliam was the original *Bella*. One night, during the run of this drama, the house was exceedingly crowded, and the occupants of the gallery, not being enabled to see, exercised their sweet voices most melodiously. Reeve was on the stage when the noise was at its highest, and whispered to one of the actors playing with him, "What is it the gentlemen up-stairs want?" "Room, room, room," cried several voices. "You shall have mine," said John, and bolted off on the prompt side, quite as promptly as the gods had answered him.

Among the pieces brought forward at the Adelphi at this period of its success, many were from the ready pen of one of its own comedians, the present lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, by whom "Henriette the Forsaken," one of the series, was thus pleasantly dedicated to the subject of our sketch:

"MY DEAR MRS. FITZWILLIAM,—In dedicating 'Henriette the Forsaken' to you, it is with sincere pleasure that I take the opportunity of expressing, not only my high admiration of your professional talents, but the very great respect that I bear you, in all the relations of social and domestic life. The times are somewhat changed with us 'since we were first acquaint;' you were then Fanny Copeland, the delight of all London in the drama of the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' and I was preparing for a profession very opposite to a dramatic one. 'There are some things, Jeannie, one can ne'er forget;' these I well recollect were some simple and plaintive words uttered by you in that drama; and truly one of those things that I, and many more, must long remember, in your delightful acting of *Madge Wildfire*, acting which, for sweetness, pathos, and power, has seldom been equalled. I find, either through circumstances, or a liking for it, that I have written more for you than for any other of my colleagues; whether this may be the result of accident or otherwise, I know not; all that I do know is, that in writing for you, it has ever been with great pleasure to myself, as I well knew that my humble efforts could never lose, but would always gain a value at your hands; and whether I refer to your versatility in 'Curiosity Cured' (one of my earliest attempts); to *Bella*, in the 'Wreck Ashore'; *Elise*, in 'Victorine'; to the babbling washerwoman in 'Mischief Making'; to your archness and drollery in 'Master Paul the Pet'; to your truth and pathos in *Rose* in this drama; or to some dozen of other characters that I cannot enumerate, they can only be remembered but as so many pleasurable testimonies of your varied talents. Hoping that you may long experience the love and respect that many I know of, besides myself, have for you, believe me,

"My dear Mrs. Fitz.,

"Ever sincerely yours,

"JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE.

"Walcot-place, June 1st, 1834."

In 1829, Mrs. Fitzwilliam was once more at the Surrey, which had become the home of Robert William Elliston, the scene of his fading grandeur. Here she played, among other characters, *Lady Teazle* to the *Charles Surface* of her grandiloquent manager, whose merry, twinkling eye gave to the points of the character much of the freshness of bygone days. Exiled from his former greatness, Elliston spent the last four years of his life at the Surrey, upon the boards of which he played his last part. He is said to have thought exceedingly high of Mrs. Fitzwilliam's *Lady Teazle*. Our actress, however, had but little acquaintance with the refinements or the artifice of fashion; the drawing-room of nature was her sphere, in which she revelled in all the simplicity of rural life.

A season or two after her Surrey engagement, Mrs. Fitzwilliam played at the theatre then first opened in Milton-street, and christened the City. Much talent was to be encountered at this little house. Edmund Kean was there for a time, and Ellen Tree gratified the citizens by her exquisite performance in "One Fault," which perhaps is as many as was ever placed to the account of this admirable actress. The theatre to which we refer was situate in what was once distinguished as Grub-street, "much inhabited," we are told by a great lexicographer, "by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called Grub-street." Its present name is derived from the neighbourhood being hallowed by the memory of Milton, who, in his blindness, would inhale the fresh air as he sat at the door of his house near Bunhill-fields. The shady walks which characterised this locality in the days of the poet, the rivulets, the green fields with a windmill or two, have all disappeared, and in their place have sprung up innumerable alleys, courts, and squalid backways: even the theatre of which we have here made mention glories in a new title, having been transformed into the City of London Baths!

In 1832, Mrs. Fitzwilliam was the directress of Sadler's Wells, where for some time she attracted crowded houses, and was exceedingly popular in Buckstone's operetta of the "Pet of the Petticoats," in which she played *Paul*. Mrs. Waylett, at the same time, was the presiding deity of the little theatre, the Strand, where she produced, with great success, the "Loves of the Angels." During the run of this piece, some one suggested to Mrs. Fitzwilliam the propriety of having a similar extravaganza brought forward at the Wells, in which her own talents might be exhibited to advantage. "No, no," said she, in reply; "mine is not a celestial figure. Mrs. Waylett may be the Angel at St. Clement's, if she likes, but I won't be the Angel at Islington."

On leaving Sadler's Wells, Mrs. Fitzwilliam played at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and was then secured by Mr. Webster for the Haymarket. At the latter house, on the 12th of September, 1839, she took a farewell benefit, preparatory to a visit to America, in which country she was not only received with favour, but with enthusiasm. *Peggy*, in the "Country Girl," was her opening character in New York, which was succeeded by her personation of six characters in "Widow Wiggins." The truth and nature of her varied assumptions rendered her exceedingly popular throughout the States; whilst her eccentric creations in the

monopologues played by her astonished as well as delighted. Her early musical training was here of great service to her, and she accompanied her songs on the piano, guitar, and harp with great facility; whilst her change of character and costume was so rapid and complete, that Cousin Jonathan witnessed a novelty which drew forth all his enthusiasm. In the southern states, in particular, Mrs. Fitzwilliam was one evening almost pelted with bouquets; and a pathetic negro song which she then gave drew forth a somewhat equivocal compliment. In the delight of the moment, a female among the audience threw from a considerable height an immense floral tribute, composed of the beautiful mangolia, which struck the favourite actress with such force as nearly to throw her from her feet. At the expiration of twelve months Mrs. Fitzwilliam returned to England, reappearing upon the boards of the Haymarket Theatre as *Peggy*, the character in which Dora Jordan first won the hearts of the metropolitan public. Somewhat later, she paid a second visit to the western world, where she was welcomed with almost increased fervour.

Whilst treating of American theatricals, we may relate that the greatest actress ever borne across the Atlantic had been, like Mrs. Fitzwilliam, a favourite upon the little stage of the Adelphi. She carried with her to the Far West some weighty recommendations; and though her wardrobe could not compete with that possessed by many of her rivals, considerable interest was awakened, in both quarters of the globe, to gain a sight of her trunk. The lady to whom we refer was Miss Djeck, whose clever performances in the "Elephant of Siam" drew such crowded audiences, both in London and the provinces, about twenty-seven years since. Whilst Gallot—whose name at that time was to be found in the London playbills—was proceeding through the States with her elephantine highness, he one evening, in company, grew warm in his praise of the hospitalities and socialities of the mother country. Among other instances, he quoted that of the Rutland punch-bowl, which, on the christening of the young marquis, was built so large that a small boat was set sailing upon it, in which sat a boy, who ladled out the rich beverage to the company. "I guess," said a real Kentuckian who was present—"I guess I've seen a bowl that 'ud beat that to immortal smash; for, at my brother's christening, the bowl was so deep, that when we young 'uns said it wasn't sweet enough, father sent a man down in a diving-bell to stir up the sugar at the bottom."

The later metropolitan engagements of Mrs. Fitzwilliam were at the Adelphi and Haymarket Theatres, and are matters in the memory of the present generation of playgoers. At the former house were produced two dramas with which her name is more especially connected—the "Green Bushes" and the "Flowers of the Forest," both from the pen of Mr. Buckstone, and respectively brought forward in January, 1845, and March, 1847. In these dramas our genial and accomplished actress played *Nelly O'Neil* and *Starlight Bess*; and the strong joys and griefs of an unsophisticated nature could not have been more forcibly portrayed than they were by her in those two assumptions. At the Haymarket, several original characters received the stamp of popularity from her versatile genius. Among the latest of these were *Mrs. Coddlelove*, in

“Ranelagh;” *Penny*, in the “Hope of the Family;” *Peggy Poplin*, in Planché’s “Knights of the Round Table;” and *Madame Sampson*, in the “Old Château.”

In September, 1854, the Haymarket—which thirty-eight years previously hailed her youthful efforts—still rejoiced in her presence. At that time London had a fearful visitor, in the shape of an epidemic, which left its dark imprint in many a household. On the morning of the 11th of the month we have named, the Shadow entered the home of our popular and justly esteemed actress, and in a few brief hours bore away the spirit which had so long gladdened it. Kensal-green is now her place of residence, where she peacefully awaits a call to a new rehearsal from the Great Manager of the Universe.

Of Mrs. Fitzwilliam’s talents as an actress we have to speak highly. She possessed some portion of the spirit of Mrs. Jordan, the spirit of jollity which carried you insensibly with her. She seemed ever to awaken a personal feeling with her audience, who rejoiced with her when she was glad, and sorrowed over her touching pathos—in fact, she could raise a tear and a laugh together. She was the representative of a department of histrionic art in which she had no competitor save Mrs. Keeley. Her impersonations were extremely natural; and as she advanced in her professional career, this quality manifested itself with increased effect. Delicately truthful was the manner in which she blended feminine shrewdness with womanly affection; and in the great virtue of artistic conscientiousness she was not to be surpassed. In the days of her *Madge Wildfire* celebrity, her department comprised the heroines of domestic drama and the English *soubrettes* of farce; whilst her versatility was occasionally exhibited in those “personation pieces,” in which parts of great dissimilarity are represented. In the former sphere, her embodiments were characterised by truth and nature. She defined her character with a just and beautiful determination, and pleasantly took up the wild and luxuriant impulse of pure and youthful passion. In these assumptions there was a rich enthusiasm, mingled at times with a wayward melancholy that clung to the heart, whilst her comic efforts were full of the happiest contrast of broad humour with sprightly and finished mirth.

In later years, Mrs. Fitzwilliam settled down in what was considered her legitimate calling—the representation of the true Englishwoman of humble rank, endowed with a kind heart and the due perception between right and wrong. The character of *Margery*, in the “Rough Diamond”—the last she ever played—was a fitting illustration of this peculiar quality. The young country girl, though married into a station far beyond her own, could not forget her early habits, but, amid the elegances of her new mansion, welcomed her awkward country cousin with hearty sincerity. The triumph of natural good feeling over the obstacles produced by a defective education, as here illustrated by the clever artist, belonged to the highest order of comedy. Another instance of skill in her assumption of character was her personation of *Nan*, in “Good for Nothing,” a creation of great originality. Education, here again, had done nothing for the neglected orphan; but when kindness touched her heart, and gentleness had given her reflection, what better feelings succeeded—what good qualities, hitherto obscured in her rude nature, were

developed—what affection was awakened for the humble lover who had been her teacher! In this truthful impersonation you missed the Mrs. Fitzwilliam whose name appeared in the playbill, and saw only poor *Nan*, so touchingly truthful was the portrait.

As a singer, Mrs. Fitzwilliam had many qualifications. Her voice, though neither extensive nor powerful, was peculiarly sweet, whilst her intonation was exceedingly perfect. She sang a ballad tune as though she heartily loved it; and her clear, joyous tones were sure to awaken pleasurable thoughts. She left a son and daughter, both devoted to the study of music. The former, Edward Fitzwilliam, a young composer of great promise, has recently followed his mother, cut off in the very exercise of the art to which he was so devotedly attached. His sister, Kathleen Fitzwilliam—an accomplished vocal artiste, who débuted at the Lyceum in December, 1847—has quitted the stage.

Possessing amiable and kindly qualities, Mrs. Fitzwilliam was endeared to all who had the pleasure of associating with her; and innumerable regrets marked her sudden exit from the scene she had so long gladdened. In her pleasant retreat at Kensal-green—where the white tombs are garlanded by flowers—she has silent companionship with many who once gave lustre to the footlights of the theatre. Rosamond Mountain is with her, the sweet songstress of an earlier day, but who was warbling at the Surrey when our own *Madge Wildfire* sang there her snatches of song. Associated with them, too, is the Vestris, whose syren notes charmed us in the sweet spring-time, and were still heard when the autumn leaves were falling. Silence is with them now, but over their slumber the birds are heard to sing in the fulness of a joyous heart. In the same "garden of graves" rests the adopted son of Momus, Liston, as well as his life's partner, who, though small in stature, stood high in the favour of the public. Manager Morris is likewise with them. To Fanny Copeland he gave her first metropolitan engagement, whilst for Liston he procured a host of comic assumptions, which, while they secured him fame and fortune, could scarcely wean him from his love of tragedy. But Hamlet now has ceased to jest with the gravedigger. Another manager is here in a gaudy tomb, Andrew Ducrow, who could so "turn and wind a fiery Pegasus," but who, in one unfortunate year, lost his theatre, his reason, and his life. Of several others, two names more immediately occur to us—Thomas Cooke, the clever musician and pleasant companion, and Charles Kemble, with whose name are linked so many of the glories of the stage. All have played out their part in the drama of life, and, with Fanny Fitzwilliam, await the after season.

The rose of sunset folds its glory up,
To burst again from out the heart of dawn.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

ONE very favourable result of the Anglo-French alliance is that our neighbours across the water have begun to bestow much greater attention on the power and resources of England than has hitherto been the case. We doubt whether any school-geographer could now describe India as a country in which the French had a colony called Pondicherry, and the rising generation is rapidly awakening to a sense of England's position with regard to the world. For the benefit of those who went to school at a period when prejudice was rife, and commercial England was ignored by the French, M. de Valbezen* has just published an account of his experiences in India, and a description of the Company's government, admirable for its impartiality and correct views. From this work we purpose to select some specimens, which may be welcome to our readers.

The original merchant traders who laid the foundation of our magnificent Eastern empire, could not have foreseen the expansion it was destined to undergo, for we find, in the middle of the last century, a governor stating in his farewell despatch that he and his officers had strictly adhered to the interests of trade, and that the glory of having made good bargains was an ample reward for their ambition. The modest footing on which the Company's government was placed in those days fully explains such limited ideas. It was composed of a governor, at 300 rupees a month; a council of ten officers, receiving smaller salaries; and a body of young merchants, paid wages varying from 19 to 180 rupees a month, for weighing saltpetre and measuring cloth. At the same time, however, each merchant was allowed to trade on his own account, and it is probable that the Company had no share in the best speculations. They were allowed to import goods duty free, and borrowed money to carry on their trade from the Banias. This traffic, however, was found so injurious to the interests of the Company, that attempts were made to put down the abuses, and naturally erred in the other direction. A gentleman, who gained the highest rank of the Indian hierarchy, tells us that when he joined the service, in 1769, his pay of 8 rupees a month was not enough for his lodging, and that he frequently went to bed at eight o'clock, to save candle. These extreme reforms met with transitory success: and the traffic of the agents was not the sole abuse which prevented the success of the Company. The native princes were willing to make any sacrifice, in order to gain the good-will of the European officials. Shore tells us in his private correspondence that, being entrusted with a mission to the Nawab of Lucknow, he was offered 5 lakhs of rupees and 8000 gold mohurs, if he would sell the interests of the Company. The Duke of Wellington, when Sir Arthur Wellesley, had to negotiate a treaty of peace between the Malratta princes and the Nizam of Hyderabad. He was visited one morning by the prime minister of the latter, who offered him 100,000*l.* as the price of the secret of his instructions, which he promised to keep en-

* Les Anglais et l'Inde. Par E. de Valbezen. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères.
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tirely to himself. "You can keep a secret, then?" said the young general. And to the urgent protestations of his visitor, he simply replied, "And so can I." Few persons, however, were capable of such instances of probity, and the corruption of the officials was threatening ruin to the rising fortunes of British India, when Lord Cornwallis perceived that the only way of conquering the evil was by making the Indian service the best paid in the world. This was the best mode of attracting to the Company's service young men who had principles of morality instilled into them in their youth; for, hitherto, so great had been the perils of the voyage and the evil reputation of the officials, that the Company's officers had only been recruited from the ranks of the adventurers, who wished to gain a fortune, no matter by what means. From the midst of these, great men certainly sprang up at intervals; Clive and Warren Hastings had begun to raise the edifice of British dominion in India; but the methods to which they had recourse were not suited for a country which prided itself on its morality.

When the Marquis of Cornwallis arrived in India, the Company was no longer an association of merchants, and other interests besides commercial transactions were awaiting its immediate representatives. During the last thirty years the victories of Clive and Hastings had secured to England an empire not inferior in riches and extent to the conquests of Cortes and Pizarro. The civil servants of the Company were now expected to render justice to millions of men differing in manners and language; to administer a complicated system of revenue in districts large as European kingdoms; to maintain order and the empire of the laws in the midst of a corrupt population; to be at the same time judge, administrator, financier, diplomatist, and, in many a case, soldier. It was evident that the fortunes of British India depended on the integrity, aptness, and devotion of these men, and Lord Cornwallis hoped to secure them by magnificent salaries. These remained at the same height, until Lord W. Bentinck reduced them slightly in 1830. At that period, however, the average annual salary of the civil servants was 1750*l*. The Marquis of Wellesley, to whose administration the greatest deeds of British India are referrible, completed the reforms instituted by Lord Cornwallis, by founding, in 1800, Fort William College, as a training school for the civil service of India. The expenses which his plan would entail frightened the directors, and they cut down his scheme into the present restricted conditions. Although our French author is inclined to speak highly of the college, Mr. Capper, in his "Three Presidencies," lets in a curious light upon the system pursued there. He tells us that the pupils used to fudge their examination papers, and that when a very strict supervision was ordered, they managed to evade it by having their moonshies introduced into the room, dressed as syces, to pull the punkah. While the pupils attended to the ventilation, the moonshies wrote the paper. In this way everybody was satisfied.

The magistrate, the collector, and the judge are the principal managers of the Company's administration. At the summit of the administrative ladder there are, in each presidency, secretaries of finance, revenue, and foreign affairs, a species of responsible ministers; the members of the Board of Revenue, Control, and Finances, the members of the council of each presidency; lastly, the secretaries of the Indian government, and

the members of the Supreme Council residing at Calcutta. Thus organised, the civil service of India is composed of 808 officials; 484 are attached to the Bengal Presidency and the North-West Provinces; 189 belong to the Madras, and 133 to the Bombay Presidencies. Our author justly says that no long study of English colonial history is required to arrive at the conclusion that India is the only colony which has really prospered during the last fifty years. The reason for this he finds in the fact that the Court of Directors have always been a strong government, and have remained faithful, in spite of obstacles, to the good old traditions of colonial despotism, beyond which only ruin and anarchy are possible. Thus the Company have always come in for more than their fair share of abuse, and their officials have been equally unpopular. This our author ascribes partly to the current of democratic ideas so popular in England, and which could not spare a special service, magnificently paid and recruited almost hereditarily from the same families. Another reason, however, we will give in his own words:

Certain slight facts, in themselves insignificant, have served to fan the flame of popular passion against the Indian civil service. We may quote more especially the scandalous iniquities which were the basis of some fortunes made in the first days of the conquest, and the eccentric conduct of certain Anglo-Indians who returned to England three-parts nawabised. After passing some thirty years in savage districts, without any contact with European society, in the exercise of absolute power, the civil servant, returned to his country old and infirm, could not put off the airs of official dignity, the instincts of supreme authority, which had become to him a second nature. In the sick man retired to Cheltenham, or the inhabitant of a modest cottage near town, you could always trace the Don Magnifico of the happy banks of the Ganges, the omnipotent Howdah, Esq., diplomatic agent to the Nawab of Hatterabad, or the equally omnipotent Currie, Esq., collector of the Mirzipore district. Thus the novel, generally the exact reflex of popular ideas and passions, has always represented the retired officer of the East India Company under the form of a skeleton artistically clothed with parchment, a saffron face, a man, in short, whimsical, morose, snappish, living on all sorts of impossible dishes; at one time with a gigantic liver, then again with no liver at all; and if the authors have ever rendered this unpleasant personage good for anything, it has only been to dower a virtuous niece or pay the debts of a scamp of a nephew. So much for the male. As for the female, take a slice of rainbow, which you will decorate suitably with flashing bracelets, multicoloured plumes, and ornaments of silver filagree and glassware: subject all this to a regimen of four meals a day, season by intermezzos of glasses of sherry and oyster-patties, and you have described, physically and morally, according to the formula of the English novel, the Anglo-Indian woman—the Begum, if we may borrow that term from the language of the clubs. We will not gainsay the correctness of the characters of the good old times, as Thackeray and Mrs. Gore have drawn them: we are even much inclined to believe that they are taken from nature; but we may assert that the system of frequent and rapid communication now connecting India and Europe has completely modified the mode of life, the ideas, the plans for the future, and the Anglo-Indians themselves.

In addition to the civil service, properly so called, there are three categories of officials: the officers of the army who have received civil employment, the auxiliary civil service, subdivided into uncovenanted civil service and native agency, and the police. The uncovenanted service is composed of Europeans who have come to India in search of fortune, and have acquired a certain knowledge of the languages and customs of

the country. It also admits individuals born in India of European parents. The natives employed in the Company's service are selected from those educated at the government colleges, and amount to 1850 in Bengal, the North-West Provinces, and the Punjab. In addition to these, about 46,000 natives are employed in subordinate offices and as clerks.

The police are divided into two distinct parties: those in the pay of the government and those in the service of the Zemindars. In Bengal, the evils produced by these men have attained the highest pitch, and repeated complaints, hitherto in vain, have been sent in about their extortion and tyranny. The government police, however, are innocent men when compared with the Chowkeedars, or watchmen, employed by the native Zemindars. Their character will be best summed up by quoting Mr. Halliday's opinion of them: "This force of 170,000 men, levied in virtue of a custom imperishable so long as the name of the village Chowkeedar exists, is recruited from the vilest and most despised classes of the population. The Chowkeedars cost the natives legally 110 lakhs per annum, without counting what they obtain by fraudulent means, and yet they are subject to no other authority than that of a weak and ignorant village community, of whom they are at one moment the tyrants, at another the slaves. Thieves by caste, by custom, by relationship, these agents, who are independent of a regular police system, are depraved by instinct; in a word, worse than useless."

Although, then, all the high Indian appointments are in the hands of Europeans, and the natives are carefully excluded, our author does not think it could be otherwise. Even were the natives to be placed in offices of trust, they are utterly deficient in the love of truth and that feeling of honour equally necessary for the magistrate and the officer.

There are other facts, too, which must not be passed over in silence. The events of the last twenty years, years full of trials, of success mingled with reverses, have furnished a just idea of the fragility of the basis on which the English power in India rests. During the disasters of Cabul, and the uncertain campaigns of the Punjab, it was easy to convince oneself that the popular sympathies in India were with the Affghans and the Sikhs, and not on the side of the English. In vain has the English conquest drawn India from the abyss of civil wars and revolutions, that through its influence the public fortune has increased with prodigious proportions; all the blessings of a regular government, individual liberty, security of property, the great public works which intersect the country at the present day, have inspired the people with neither affection nor gratitude. For them the Englishman has been, is, and ever will be, the master, if not the enemy!

But while allowing that the Company has acted wisely in keeping the natives from participation in the government, it should, in its turn, do all in its power to give the peoples subject to its laws an honest police system, and judges whose decrees will bear the strictest investigation. In India, the most fearful abuses of justice have been committed in common cases, which do not prejudice the welfare of the government; confessions have been obtained by means of torture, innocent men left to perish in dungeons. We are aware that it is difficult to suggest any remedy for this deplorable state of things. Our author allows that close inspection has proved to him the fallacy of expecting any improvement in the moral

sense of the people by the propagation of the Christian religion. The Indian government, however, boasts so many talented men in its ranks, that they will certainly devise some method to do away with abuses which are a standing disgrace to the great name of England.

The native army must, assuredly, be regarded as one of the most remarkable institutions of British India. Many competent men have been indisposed to recognise the merits of the Sepoy as a soldier, but any one who will impartially study the deeds they have done must allow that the Indian army is admirably adapted both for the enemy it has to contend with and the country whose tranquillity it has to protect. The conquests it has made during the last one hundred years are a testimony of this; for an army defective in organisation, instruction, and courage, as some of the detractors of the Indian troops have asserted, could not have performed those military exploits which have brought beneath the Company's sceptre the immense empire extending from Cape Comorin to Peshawur. The English officer, on arriving in India, is sent for a few weeks to Fort William, and then joins his regiment. What takes place there we had better describe in our author's words :

He is handed over to a sergeant-instructor, and at the end of a year has received all the military instruction the Company demands of its officers. We see at once the defects of such a system; the griffin commences his special studies when already an officer, and under the direction of an inferior, and that in a climate which is suggestive of indolence, surrounded as he is by the temptations of sport, the mess, and the billiard-table, so attractive for a young man. Thus, we do not think we advance an erroneous opinion when we affirm that very few officers of the Indian army, and only those who have a special vocation, attain a perfect knowledge of the mysteries of the military art. The government seems to pay little attention to this matter, for the rewards it gives to the studious only draw their studies indirectly to the military sciences. Thus, Oriental languages, topographical studies, and jurisprudence, which lead to lucrative appointments on the staff or in the civil service, are certainly connected with the military art, but only as distant corollaries. It may be asserted, then, that, with the exception of the artillery and engineers, who undergo a very strict examination at Sandhurst, the officers of the Indian army cannot bear comparison with those of any European army. We must observe, however, in justice, that in the hour of combat they have ever displayed a contempt of danger, a devotion to their flag, inscribed in bleeding and glorious letters on the butcher's bill, which, from a military point of view, appears to compensate for their scientific deficiencies.

Promotion in the Indian army takes place entirely by seniority; a lieutenant, after ten years' service, becomes brevet captain, and after twenty-two years, the captain becomes brevet major. The brevet is, however, only an honorary distinction, conferring no pecuniary advantage. Regimental promotion goes on by seniority up to the lieutenant-colonel, and then still by seniority, but all the general officers of the three presidencies are included in the list. The purchase system is not allowed; but, for all that, officers are openly paid to resign; the tariff for a captain is 25,000 rupees, for a major 30,000. The sums clubbed by the officers to make up the amount are: the senior captain 12,000 rupees; the senior lieutenant, 3500 rupees; the senior ensign, 1200 rupees, &c. The pay of British officers is high: a regimental ensign has 202 rupees per month; a lieutenant, 256; a captain, 415; a major, 780; and a colonel, 1032. The command of a regiment secures an increased pay of 400

rupees a month, and that of a company 50. The latter supplement is very important, for the Sepoy regiments are so stripped of their officers, that a lieutenant frequently has the command of several companies, and a captain that of a regiment. The pay of a brigadier in command is 2500 rupees. It is evident, then, that the Anglo-Indian staff is the best paid in the world, and yet the officers find it difficult to live upon it, especially in the lower grades. Early marriages, the facilities of credit offered to every one who wears an epaulette, the considerable sums to be paid for the retirement of a superior officer, &c., are the chief reasons for this. Fortunately for the officers, there are very few of them who do not succeed in obtaining civil employment or staff appointments; but this system has its corresponding defects.

Let us open the Bengal army list hap-hazard, and examine the strength of the 55th Infantry Regiment. Of six captains, two hold civil appointments, one is on leave; of ten lieutenants, four have administrative functions, two are attached to irregular corps; two ensigns are on leave. And it frequently happens that the effective strength of officers present with the corps is below that quoted in the army list. Thus we are assured it is not rare to see ensigns in command of a regiment; and in one case a doctor performed the duties of commandant for several months.

The officers of the Bengal army, below the rank of colonel, amount to 2250; and they have distributed among them 530 civil or staff appointments. Hence we must come to the conclusion that the ambition of the officers is not stimulated by the perspective of rapid promotion and military honours. The only reward a good and eminent officer can obtain is an employment which adds 1500 or 2000 rupees to his monthly pay. The great defect of this system is, that it places at the heads of regiments officers who have passed twenty or twenty-five years in the civil service, and who, when they come back, cannot drill half a dozen men without the help of a corporal. Our author declines to enter into any details of the private life of the officers, preferring to tell the following anecdote, which he vouches as authentic:

The scene takes place at the mess of an infantry regiment. It is ten o'clock. Major A. is at the head of the table, and the claret passes freely. Under the excitement of the ruby liquid, Ensign B. gives way to inordinate talking, and Major A. calls him to order: "Hold your tongue, sir." Immediately Ensign B. thrusts out a red tongue, and holds it between his thumb and forefinger, to the great amusement of the guests and the greater wrath of Major A. At the request of the latter a court-martial was called, and Ensign B. severely reprimanded for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, without the addition to the sentence which should have been made, "in performing a movement not foreseen in the Manual."

This little scene naturally leads us to the mess of the Indian regiments, which is certainly very comfortable and cheap, compared with Queen's regiments, as the officers supply their own table, and keep their cows for milk and butter, and often enough oxen and sheep. At the end of the month the expenses are divided among the officers. In a well-organised mess the monthly expenses of an officer ought not to amount to more than 100 rupees. In addition to the mess expenses, each officer pays into a common fund 5 rupees a month, for covering rent, subscription to newspapers, &c., and keeping up the plate and glass.

The East India Company, in basing its power on a native army, took all precautions that the Sepoys should not turn their arms against themselves. How good these precautions have proved the recent lamentable mutinies have shown. The regulation proportions in an infantry regiment are two-thirds Hindus, and one-third Mussulmans. Since the conquest of the Punjab, the Sikhs are admitted in a proportion of one-tenth, or a company per regiment. The infantry belong to the castes of Brahmins, Rajpoots, Chouries, and Gwallahs; the latter being admirable soldiers, and much esteemed for their docility and bravery. The majority of the Bengal Sepoys are obtained from the North-West Provinces and Oude. In the cavalry, the regiments are invariably composed of half Hindus, half Mussulmans. Recruiting is effected without the interference of the government. When an old soldier returns to his regiment from furlough, he generally brings with him one or more young men of his village, who desire to serve in the native army, into which they are admitted after presenting their certificates of caste and passing medical inspection. There is no age limitation, for it would be impossible to verify the age of the recruits among these primitive races. It may generally be taken at from eighteen to twenty-two years. The pay of the Sepoys varies from 7 to 9 rupees a month, according to the number of years they have served. Above the rank and file come the *Naik*, with 12 rupees; the *Havildar*, with 14. The *Jemadar* and the *Subadhar* receive 40 and 60 rupees. The pay is rather higher in the cavalry. The East India Company only give the soldiers their pay and their huts in cantonments. With his pay the Sepoy is bound to supply his own clothing and nourishment. These cost him about 4 rupees a month on an average, so that he is enabled to send home to his family about 36 rupees a year. With the Mussulmans, however, this is not the case; they are generally less sober and saving than the Hindus, and consequently are, many of them, indebted. In the field, the Company is bound to supply the *otta*, or flour, to the Sepoys, at 1 rupee per 15 seers. The Sepoy is only enlisted for three years, and he can then retire if he pleases; but has no claim to a pension till he has served fifteen years. Promotion in the native regiments depends entirely on the colonel up to the rank of Havildar. The appointments as Jemadars and Subadhars (native commissioned officers) are conferred by the commander-in-chief, on the recommendation of the colonel. It is very rare for the rule of seniority to be broken through, and the most of the native officers have passed their sixtieth year. There are two military orders to reward good soldiers in the Indian service; the first, the *Order of Merit*, is only granted for bravery in the field; and though the number of recipients is not limited, this order is very rarely granted. The order is divided into three classes—the insignia of the first being a gold star, with the words “The Reward of Valour;” the other two classes receive silver stars. The first gives double pay, the second and third, two-thirds and one-third; but such is the parsimony with which this order is bestowed, that very few persons in India ever saw a gold star, and it is doubtful whether it has ever been granted.

The *Order of British India* is divided into two classes of one hundred crosses each; the first appropriated to the Subadhars and Resseldars, and giving the title of Sirdar Bahadour, and 2 rupees a day extra pay; the second, into which all the native officers are admitted, giving the title of

Bahadour, and 1 rupee extra pay. This reward, however, is generally granted according to seniority, and most of those who wear it have retired from the service.

Although we may read in the accounts of the Great Exhibition of the attention the products of India attracted there, any one that has resided in Bengal will agree that the most curious production of this country was missing, and that was the Sepoy. To have given an Indian the appearance of a European soldier is a work of admirable patience only to be appreciated by the person who, by personal daily contact, has recognised the impassable abyss of prejudice separating the Indians from us, from our customs—by the person who has learned by bitter experience that there is in India something more troublesome than the sky of molten lead, the devouring mosquitoes, and the pestilential fevers—I mean the native servants. The military education of the Sepoy requires about nine months, and at the end of that period the metamorphosis is complete: the grub has become a butterfly! It might almost be said that the bearing of the Sepoy leaves nothing to be desired: still it can be easily seen, from a certain awkwardness in his movements, that he is not accustomed to wear shoes. The dress is the same, with but slight modifications, as that of the Queen's troops; but you can see at the first glance that the Sepoy lacks the feeling of dignity in the coat he wears. Humility, the spirit of slavery of the Indian race, peeps through the uniform. Look fixedly at a Sepoy, and you may bet a hundred to one he will cap you or carry arms if he is on sentry duty. The fact is, the Sepoy has lost nothing of his native habits, and to prove this truth, perhaps the reader will have the kindness to accompany us to the tents of an infantry company recently arrived from up-country with an escort of treasury, and camped on the glacis of Fort William.

The camp is formed of three large tents. A single man in a red coat, with a ramrod in his hand, guards the approaches. As for the soldiers, they have doffed their uniform, and put on the Indian costume in its most simple form. The majority have only a shirt on! And what fanciful head-dresses! One has his head completely shaved, another has plaits six feet long, a third a monumental front, produced by the razor. This Sikh soldier has even his hair twisted up and fastened in a knot like a Chinese lady. The native officers are distinguished by a collar of gilt wooden balls. There is, however, perfect tranquillity and profound order. Each man is making his little culinary arrangements in his little vessel at his little fire, or attending to the duties of cleanliness. The hand of ages, the civilising influence of discipline, have glided over the immovable nature of the Indian like oil on marble. Three strokes of the ramrod, two words, and these half-nude savages, their percussion muskets in their hand and red coat on their backs, will offer very remarkable specimens of soldiers belonging to the Honourable East India Company; but nothing is changed in their instincts and habits. They are the same men who, under the banners of King Porus, fought two thousand years ago against the warriors of Alexander.

The Bengal Native Infantry is composed of seventy-four regiments and a certain number of local regiments and militia. The Sepoys are armed with the percussion musket, exactly the same pattern as that used by Queen's troops. Six regiments have rifle companies. We must also add the regiments of *Khelat-y-Ghizie*, *Ferozepore*, *Loodianah*, the two infantry battalions of *Assam*, &c., in which the native element is nearly the same as in the line regiments; but the Europeans are much less numerous, and detached from the line. The word of command is given in English, and there is a regiment in the Punjab formed of old soldiers of *Runjeet Singh*, where the orders are given in French, for it is one of the most difficult portions of the Sepoy's education to drive a few words

of a foreign language into his head. Our author sums up his opinion of the Sepoys as follows:

Strangers as we are to military matters, we still believe we are authorised in stating that the instruction of the native regiments which we saw handled leaves little improvement to be desired. There is certainly a laziness in marching, an indecision in the management of arms, which strikes the most inexperienced eye, and reveals that corps so well clothed, so complete on the parade-ground, could not sustain the shock of European bayonets. Thus, then, to sum up our opinion of the efficiency of the Sepoy as a warrior, we will say that discipline, regimental education, and the military art have done their utmost to make the Sepoy what he is, but that neither science nor human patience can create a rival to the European soldier in the Indian Sepoy. Not that traits full of military pride are entirely absent from the annals of the native army: witness those grenadiers who, when condemned to death for rebellion in the last century, rested on their privilege of being the first to mount the breach, to claim the right of being the first to be fastened to the cannon's mouth, and show their companions how to die well. Or again, that Hindu Scævola, who, holding his arm to protect the face of his officer who was engaged in pointing a gun, begged his superior to make haste when a ball had fractured his hand; but this resignation, this contempt of death, which form one of the characteristic features of the *morale* of the Indian, do not compensate for his want of physical force and muscular energy. Thus, while rendering all justice to the good qualities distinguishing the Sepoy, to his gentleness, sobriety, and respect for discipline, his most passionate defenders have never dared to assert that he can be opposed with success to the European soldier.

The cantonments of the native troops are always placed at the extremity of the exercising-ground. The huts, in which the Sepoys live in pairs, are raised in the dense shade of the trees, and are most primitive constructions of bamboo and mud. The interior is simple as the exterior: two cookery places, two clumsy beds, and copper vessels, are the entire furniture of these habitations, worthy the best days of the Spartans. The houses of the native officers can hardly be distinguished from those of the men. At the end of the cantonments and exercising-ground is a row of small brick buildings, in which the Sepoys deposit their arms when off duty. But the visitor is most struck by the mixture of European and native customs he finds. The six-foot grenadier, whose martial demeanour you have just been admiring on parade, you will find within five minutes dressed in a pocket-handkerchief, and crouching at the door of his hut like a monkey. In each street of cantonments a wrestling-ground may be noticed—a sport which the Sepoys are passionately fond of. The stage is covered in with a roof, and the sole decoration is a figure adorned with many superfluous arms and legs, doubtlessly representing the Indian Hercules. In some regiments the officers encourage the sports by giving prizes of considerable amount. The cantonments of the native troops entail great expenses on the Company; for, each time the Sepoy is removed to another station, he receives an indemnity of two and a half rupees to build a hut.

The Native Bengal Cavalry comprises ten regiments of regular cavalry, armed with sabres and two pistols; in each squadron fifteen men carry a rifle. The average height of the men is five feet nine inches, and their weight, in full marching order, eighteen stone. There are also eighteen regiments of irregular cavalry, of recent formation, but which have already proved their value sufficiently.

The artillery of the Bengal army is composed of three brigades of horse and nine battalions of foot. The equipment and armament are nearly the same as in the Queen's army. The first and third horse brigades are formed of three European and one native batteries, the second of four European batteries. The first six foot battalions are composed of Europeans, the three others of natives. Some of the batteries are still drawn by oxen, which has the advantage that the gunners cannot starve for want of beef, but, otherwise, is very objectionable. The *matériel* of a horse-battery consists of five 6-pounders, and a 12-pounder howitzer, with six caissons drawn by horses. A portable forge, provision carts, spare caisson, all drawn by oxen, are also attached to each battery, whose regulation complement of draught and carriage animals amounts to 169 horses and 14 oxen. We must add, to furnish an idea of the cumbersome nature of the batteries, that each horse has a syce and a grass-cutter attached to it.

The Bengal army has also three regiments of Europeans, called the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd European Bengal Fusiliers. The last is of a very recent formation, but the first two have played a most brilliant part in all the Indian wars. To show the organisation of the Bengal army in all its details, we should have still to speak of the engineers, the medical corps, and the commissariat; but we can only spare space for a few remarks. The engineers of the Bengal army are composed of 100 European officers, and a native regiment of 12 companies. Nearly all the European officers hold civil employments, and direct the public roads, works, canals, trigonometrical surveys, &c., which the Company has executed in the presidency. The medical European corps, attached to the Bengal army, comprises 26 senior surgeons, 102 surgeons, 242 assistant-surgeons. All these officers are allowed to hold military or civil posts. The commissariat duties are performed by officers detached from the regiments, whose promotion goes on simultaneously in the regiment and the civil service. Of the Queen's troops employed by the Company, our author speaks thus:

If the Court of Directors had only the native troops to count on for holding in check the population of its vast Asiatic domain, the English power in the East would soon be blotted out. Thus, it is a great and illustrious story in the annals of the royal army, which commences with the battle of Plassey to terminate with that of Chillianwallah; and if a Frenchman cannot subdue a deep feeling of sorrow on thinking that, had it not been for the shameful weakness of the reign of Louis XV., and the wars of the French Revolution, his country would doubtless have shared with England the crown of India, still, a loyal writer must render homage to the discipline and invincible courage which enabled a handful of European bayonets to conquer and keep in subjection the greatest empire in the world. Those are truly noble annals in which is inscribed that terrible battle of Ferozeshah, one of the most decisive and obstinate in the history of India.

The pay of the Queen's soldier in India is 15 rupees a month, with very liberal rations. Hence, the soldiers are enabled to live in a degree of comfort by keeping their own servants. Still, the remark of the Irish soldier is only too true: "India is a fine country, where you are always thirsty; but the deuce of it is, you go to bed in good health, and wake up dead in the morning." In fact, diseases make an awful gap in the

European lines. Of every 1000 there are always 129 in hospital, and each soldier is on an average ill thrice a year. The mortality which in England is 15 per thousand, is, in Bengal, 7 per cent. In some cases it is even worse; the 98th Regiment, which on landing had 718 men, at the termination of eight years had only 109 men of the original roster left. The Company, however, is not free from fault in this deplorable mortality, for the barracks are too frequently built in unhealthy sites; and the reader of Sir C. Napier's life will remember how strenuously and fruitlessly he urged on the government the necessity of providing larger barrack accommodation for the European troops. We may conclude our *résumé* of the Bengal army by giving some idea of the expense it entails on the Company. In 1851, it amounted to 5,300,000*l.*, of which 600,000*l.* went for the Queen's army. But an estimate will be best formed from the following statistical return :

	Men.	£
Queen's army { Cavalry regiment of 700		80,000
{ Infantry " 1000		60,000
European infantry regiment of 814		54,800
Native infantry 1000		28,300
Native cavalry 500		37,200
Native irregular infantry 800		25,800
Native irregular cavalry 500		18,000

It will be easy from these data to form an idea what the suppression of the Indian mutiny will cost the Company.

The earliest efforts to spread education among the population of India were made by St. Francis Xavier, who appeared in the peninsula of Madras at the close of the sixteenth century. After nine years of sterile labour, he quitted the country, never to return. In the seventeenth century, the work was recommenced by a Jesuit, Robert de Nobilibus, who set about his work on the principle that the end justifies the means, by giving himself out to be a Brahmin reformer, and the Jesuits of Madura openly adopted all the practices of the Brahmin religion. These concessions to the native prejudices were forbidden by Pope Clement XI., who sent the Cardinal de Tournon as *legate à latere* to put a stop to the scandal. But the Jesuits held their ground until the English authorities, fearing the influence of the Jesuits, denounced the imposture to the people, who straightway reverted to their primitive superstitions. The reaction was so complete, that Father Dubois, who travelled in India at the close of the eighteenth century, states that he did not meet a real Christian during twenty-five years' residence. The edifice raised with so much craft, patience, even abnegation and courage, disappeared as if by enchantment from the day when the falsehood which served as its basis was revealed. The Jesuits abandoned the Madura mission in 1765, and their place was taken by the Paris foreign missionaries. In 1705, the first Protestant missionary, Dr. Ziegenbolz, arrived in the Madras Presidency, under the auspices of Frederick IV. of Denmark, who had large establishments on the Coromandel coast. In Bengal, the labours of the Bible Societies commenced with Dr. Kiernander, who was sent to Calcutta in 1756. He was supported by Lord Clive, who supplied the funds for the establishment of the first school, in which the doctor received Hindus of all castes, and taught them the rudiments of the Christian faith.

Warren Hastings was the first Englishman, however, who paid any great attention to the education of the masses. He, too, saw that the only mode of success was by indulging the prejudices of the natives, and the system of the Emperors of Delhi was strictly carried on under his auspices. In 1781, he gave the Company's patronage to the Mahometan College at Calcutta, to which he gave a yearly subvention of 3000*l*. Once engaged on this road opposed to innovation, the Company resolutely persisted in it, and to display its religious impartiality, admitted on the list of its pensioners the Sanscrit College of Benares, which received an annual subvention of 20,000 rupees. The patronage given to exclusively Oriental education was doubtlessly suggested by policy. In the early days of the conquest, it was indispensable, to calm the sole violent feelings of the natives, and prove to them that the handful of Europeans in whose hands the fate of this immense country was entrusted, had no wish to substitute their religion for that of the natives. But this submission raised a fearful storm in England.

There is in England a secret influence, fatal in more than one case to the public fortunes, but always possessing a great weight in the destinies of the country : it is the influence of that party, half religious, half political, which, from its head-quarters at Exeter Hall, inundates the universe with its missionaries and polyglot Bibles. Skilful in working on the popular passions, the saints, at the outset, became the strenuous opponents of the Company. On the renewal of the charter in 1793, Mr. Wilberforce, as representative of the Bible societies, demanded that parliament should compel the Company to keep up a body of missionaries to spread the Gospel through their dominions. Parliament, however, rejected this bill by an immense majority. This check did not discourage the evangelical missions, and their efforts to gain a footing in India were in some measure crowned with success during the government of the Marquis of Wellesley. That great statesman was the first to allow the distribution of Bibles, saying "that a Christian could not do less, or an English governor more"—words stamped with the triple seal of political sagacity, patriotism, and a true religious feeling.

These concessions were only temporary, and were soon followed by restrictions almost justifying the violent accusations brought by the saints against the timorous policy of the Company's government. A pamphlet, written in Persian, and published at the Danish factory, Serampore, in which the Muhammadan religion was exposed and branded, induced the supreme council to believe India endangered; and it prohibited any publications or preaching calculated to prove the falsehood of the native belief. As if to give more effect to these measures, the government took under its patronage the two Muhammadan colleges at Baugulpore and Juanpore. But these were the last steps in a retrograde system no longer justified by the public interest. Time, successful wars, and wise statesmen, had strengthened the English rule in India, and in the renewal of the charter in 1813, parliament did away with all the restrictions which had hitherto prevented the propagation of Christianity and modern sciences in India. In 1816, several eminent Europeans and enlightened natives collected a sum of 60,000 rupees to found a Hindu college, to teach the natives English and the sciences. This experiment met with no great success, for after six years the college had only sixty pupils. Disputes which broke out in the managing committee had almost ruined the experiment, when the government decided to interfere in its favour; and it was resolved that a Hindu and a Sanscrit college should

be united in the same building. But improvements cannot be effected in a day in India, and the united schools could not be opened to the public till 1827. The progress of the Hindu college was rapid and remarkable. At the end of a year it counted four hundred pupils from the richest families of the native community. Still there was much that was defective, and Lord William Bentinck, aided by Macaulay, took in hand the work of reform.

In all the schools established by the Company secular education is strictly adhered to, and no attempts at conversion made. So strict is this regulation, that the Company's chaplains are not allowed to hold any appointment connected with education. The only religious establishment patronised by the Company is the Bishop's College, founded in 1817 for the education of native clergymen. It has, unfortunately, been a failure, rarely averaging more than a dozen pupils; and the care of the propagation of the Gospel in India is left to the English and American societies and private efforts. Twenty-two societies support missionaries in India at the expense of 187,000*l.* per annum, and the Christian community has been estimated at more than 103,000 souls.

Must we accept this last amount blindly? Is it less exaggerated than those given in the correspondence of the Madura Jesuits? The testimony of men best acquainted with Indian affairs unfortunately leaves no doubt on the subject. With the exception of a few who have enthusiastically accepted the Christian revelation, you find among the native converts only individuals of the lowest castes, generally the most corrupted of the natives, who are attracted round the missionaries by the assistance generously bestowed on them, or, perhaps, from worse motives. It is with regret that we here endorse this opinion, unanimous among all those who have gained a serious acquaintance with the Hindu character, that the preaching of the missionaries has produced no durable impression on races hardened in idolatry; and if any unforeseen accident were to remove the missionaries from India, of the community of a hundred thousand souls which they say they have led to Christian faith only a very few would not revert to the clumsy superstitions of the native faith.

The result of the college education seems to prove the fallacy of the system hitherto followed: experience has shown that the young students who would rank honourably in European universities, relapse, on leaving college, into the degrading practices of a religion of which their enlightened mind has detected the fallacy. The Indian colleges receive idolatrous fanatics; they turn out hypocrites. The future of Indian civilisation is not in this factitious education, but in the native primary schools, through which a broad system of instruction could be spread over the country, and be able to regenerate it. To effect this, our author suggests that regimental schools should be established, directed by old soldiers who have attained during service not only some slight knowledge, but also principles of honour and personal dignity, which camp life and habits of discipline must give even to an Indian.

The financial history of India is not so brilliant as the military. A deficit in the public finances is frequently the result of the finest campaigns, but it is impossible to say, with any appearance of reason, that the results have not compensated for the sacrifices. Some useless wars have entailed a heavy debt on the Indian treasury, but, on the other hand, the annexation of territory has produced a wonderful increase of revenue. In 1792, the public revenue amounted to 8,000,000*l.*; but,

under the vigorous government of Lord Wellesley, it was raised, in 1805, to 14,000,000*l.* In 1814 it had increased to 17,000,000*l.*; in 1832, to 21,000,000*l.*; and, at the present day, it may be estimated at 26,000,000*l.* Of this revenue, one-half is produced by the ground rent, collected in different methods through the three presidencies, and generally amounting to about one-sixth of the produce of the ground.

A few figures, borrowed from official documents published about the Cawnpore district, one of the richest and best cultivated in India, will furnish an approximative idea of the profit drawn from the land by the agricultural population. It appears that 16,542 proprietors cultivate an estate of 78 acres, on an average. Assuming all this land in cultivation, and the return from each acre at 12 rupees, we get a total of 936 rupees, from which must be deducted the rent, one-fourth of the gross produce, or 234 rupees. The proprietor has then a clear sum of 702 rupees to pay for tillage and the support of his family. But these are the rich men; and on examining into the condition of the small cultivators, we find 61,000 cultivating 6 acres each, and 35,000 only 4 acres. Applying the same figures to these, the former has only 54 rupees a year, the latter but 36, to maintain his family and pay for tillage. Is it rational and just to base on these figures a bitter attack on the rapacity and oppression prevalent in the domains of the Honourable Company, as partisans have too often done? We do not think so. The ground-rent now paid is less oppressive than that exacted by the native governments. And, again, before giving his verdict, the impartial judge is bound to take into account the habits of simplicity and saving, which climate, religious tradition, and even his physical constitution have entailed on the Indian. A bamboo hut, some mats, copper vessels, perchance a box with lock and key, for clothing a piece of calico, each day a plate of rice and some bananas, washed down by pure water—for the Indian, life has no other wants, we might almost say, no other luxury. And the small profit he derives from his labours enables him to satisfy these, just as well as large payment, though purchased by much more painful toil, enables the European workman to supply his wants under a rigorous climate, with his robust appetite. If, then, we examine impartially the problem of artisan existence in both hemispheres, we shall be justified in believing that the ryot has no occasion to envy the lot of the European peasant, or, in a word, that his condition at the present day is better than it has ever been. Not that this argument should put a stop to ameliorating measures; but these will be found, not in giving up the soil, but in making roads, digging canals, and connecting the interior of India with the seaboard. Such is the great task which the English government should accomplish, to render itself worthy of the high civilising mission confided to it by Providence.

The salt-tax, which forms the second most considerable item of the Indian revenue, gave rise to innumerable abuses after the conquest. In 1780, Warren Hastings put an end to this ruinous state of things by regulating the conditions of the salt-tax, and these regulations have remained in force to the present time. In 1782, the salt-tax only amounted to 322,000*l.*, but by 1812 it had advanced to 1,360,000*l.* In 1834, foreign salt was permitted to enter India under a duty calculated to give the Company the same profit as if it had been manufactured in India. The results of this policy are, that, in 1851, 62,500 tons of salt were imported into India, and while the public revenue experienced no deficit, 135 British vessels were employed in carrying it. The customs duties, which form an important part of the revenue, consist in the main of an *ad valorem* duty of 4 per cent. on English merchandise, and 10 per cent. on foreign goods, a duty of two rupees

a dozen on bottled wines and spirits, and a few slight and varying dues on produce of the soil, when exported. We must also mention among the financial resources of the budget, the monopoly of opium, and the *akbarry*, or tax on fermented liquors, the sale of which is put up for auction in the various districts. All these items produce the sum of twenty-six millions, from which we must deduct a million and a half for expenses of manufacture, and purchase of salt and opium.

The debt of the Indian government is composed of two items. The first represents the funds of the original Company, amounting to six millions. When the commercial monopoly was withdrawn in 1833, the British parliament decided that this amount should be rated at 10½ per cent. per annum until the year 1874, when it is to be paid off at double, or twelve millions. This interest, then, amounts to 650,000*l.* per annum. The history of the Indian public debt can be easily traced. In the midst of the difficulties of establishment, surrounded by enemies, with a government ignorant of the wants and resources of the country, the colonial Company was obliged to call on the mother country for pecuniary assistance. The Court of Directors supplied their wants by successive loans, which in 1786 had reached eight millions. This debt remained stationary for ten years; but during Wellesley's government the expenses of the war against Tippoo Sahib and the Mahrattas had to be paid, and the debt in 1805 reached twenty-five millions and a half. During the next fifteen years, the incomings and outgoings of the Company were balanced; but in 1825 the Burmese war emptied the treasury, and increased the debt by another ten millions. The peaceful and reforming government of Lord Bentinck raised Indian finances to a high degree of prosperity; but after him, the wars in Affghaistan, China, and the two campaigns of the Punjab, raised the Indian debt in 1849 to forty-seven millions. Since then a new loan of two millions, opened in 1855, has raised the debt to fifty millions in round numbers. But it must be borne in mind that India furnishes employment for more than twelve thousand Englishmen, and that they share among them at least ten millions sterling a year. England owes India a great debt of gratitude, and has now an opportunity of repaying it.

Until very recently, if any unforeseen and terrible accident had put an end to the British rule in India, it would have left behind it but few traces, and the traveller of coming ages—Lord Macaulay's New Zealander, for instance—while finding at every step traces of the splendour of the Mogul emperors, would have scarce found in some dismantled fort a percussion gun, as a remembrance of those Europeans to whom the God of Battles had granted the Indian empire. In truth, continual wars, and a constant deficit in the treasury, justified this apathy to a certain extent. But the Indian government at length opened its eyes to its real interests, and has been engaged, not in erecting sterile monuments, like the splendid palaces and mausolea of the north of India, but in works of irrigation, roads, and railways, which must prepare for this country a prosperity of which no one is competent to fix the limits. The Ganges canal has been completed at an expense of one crore and a half of rupees, and the Great Trunk road, commenced in 1836, has now been finished to a distance of 950 miles, enabling the traveller to go from Calcutta to Kurnaul. When finished, it will be 1450 miles in length, and will cost a million and a

half. A road to connect Calcutta and Bombay has been set about, and is finished as far as Ahmednuggur, or 150 miles. Lastly, a macadamised road connects Bombay and Agra, 734 miles in length, at a cost of 245,000*l*. But the importance of these communications is as nothing when compared with that of the railways now in progress. The North-Western line, from Calcutta to Agra and Delhi, holds the first rank, strategically and commercially.

We have thus gone through the most salient points of M. de Valbezen's truly valuable work, and we cannot do better than conclude our remarks by a quotation :

The impartial observer is bound to allow that Providence took pity on the bleeding wounds of India on the day that the great edifice of English supremacy was raised on the wormeaten ruins of the native governments. But was it sufficient that the conquerors of Asia should have caused years of peace to succeed after years of intestine struggles? No, doubtless not. To justify the favours of that God of Battles, who has entrusted in her hand the fate of more than one hundred and fifty millions of human beings, England has other duties to fulfil. The grand centres of the north and south must be connected by iron ways, roads opened up in all the districts, and canals dug everywhere. A good system of education for the natives must be established, and an honest and vigilant police organised. There is work for ages, in fact! And when this great task is completed, it will be time to think about assuring the emancipation, or at least the political rights of the Indian population.

And we have no fear but that things will take place as our author desires, for the rebellion, however much to be deplored, will have the effect of drawing popular attention to India, and the work of reform will speedily be inaugurated.

New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

MEMOIRS OF BÉRANGER.*

SAMSON's dead lion that lay on the road to Timnath, is not the only one that has attracted a swarm of bees. To make honey, or some other available, saleable, and less sweet composition, they come humming in hot haste when the news of a dead lion is spread abroad. Soon as he is down, *they* are up and doing. Quick work they make of him. Let it but be known that the lion, long time a-dying, perhaps, is at last and in sober sadness dead, and then, and at once,

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,

* Mémoires sur Béranger : Souvenirs, Confidences, Opinions, Anecdotes, Lettres, recueillis et mis en ordre par Savinien Lapointe. Paris: Gustave Havard. 1857.

Quarantre-cinq Lettres de Béranger, et détails sur sa vie, publiés par Madame Louise Colet. Paris: Jacottet et C^{ie}. 1857.

by working with a will, and busy-bee despatch, in the royal remains! Pretty literally each hour—for it is a matter rather of hours than days, much less of months or quarters. Not for them is a living dog better than a dead lion. A dead lion is a perfect godsend—nothing can be better. Within what precisians may reckon not only an incredibly but an indecently short time, there can be made a bound book out of him; or if not a bound book, then a portly pamphlet, a time-serving if not well-timed tract, carried hot and reeking from the steam press to the railway stalls, well-nigh before the knell is rung or mass is sung for departed lionism. Nor do such bees swarm in any one clime alone. At this time of day they are acclimatised in every land that can boast its lions or lionesses—literary, scientific, artistic, political, military, or what you will. Given the big dead lion, and you are sure, *ipso facto*, of the little busy bee.

True, the swarm in the Book of Judges, had they waited till Samson's lion was buried, would have been too late. It would seem as if the swarm in our days were actuated by a like apprehension.

Far be it from us to fasten a particular application of this general remark on the two works now before us, which, for ought we know, may be but a small fraction out of a large integer of similar *pièces d'occasion*. Only it does so happen that Mme. Louise Colet—an authoress of established repute in her own land, and whose versatile talent has essayed drama, and lyric, and translation, and fiction, and criticism, with varying success,—and again that M. Savinien Lapointe, author of “*Les Echos de la Rue*,”—have respectively produced memorial sketches of their departed Master within an admirably short interval after his departure. It is fair to mention, however, that M. Lapointe strenuously asserts (or his *éditeur* for him) that his volume is *not*, “as might be supposed,” *une œuvre de circonstance*, improvised expressly to take advantage of a transient excitement; but that it was devised more than a year ago, and was intended for publication about this very time, under the supervision, or at least subject to the approbation, of Béranger himself, had not death come in to disarrange the publisher's project, and expedite the writer's labour of love. The *Mémoires sur Béranger* do not claim to be a biography, or an academical éloge, or an appreciation of his works; but a narrative of what M. Savinien Lapointe saw and heard during the sixteen years of his acquaintance with the poet; nor is the claim a slender one with which the *éditeur's* preface concludes, to wit, that for all who would have a complete knowledge of Béranger, “this book will be an indispensable complement to all biographies written or to be written.” It is the work of an industrious compiler, and apparently sincere admirer, who has not a word to say against Béranger's laxity of life and creed, but a good deal for both, especially the last. It certainly comprises a large collection of matter interesting to all who seek information about the great *chansonnier*. It is full of anecdotes, political, domestic, literary, theatrical. It dilates on the *procès* instituted against Béranger; discusses his relations with his critics; and gives liberal specimens of the critical remarks he indulged in, from time to time, on the merits or defects of the more illustrious of his contemporaries—Soumet, for example, and Balzac, and the two Dumas, and Mme. Dudevant, and Jules Janin, and Gustave Planche, and Alfred de Musset, and Ponsard, and Lamartine,

and Victor Hugo,—together with some leading names in art, Ary Scheffer, Paul Delaroche, David (d'Angers), and Horace Vernet.

Mme. Colet's little offering consists of a few details as to the poet's life, with occasional excerpts from his correspondence with her,—on the whole considerably more interesting to herself than to the most interested of possible publics. How far she would have risen or fallen in his good graces, could he have foreseen the speed with which these "precious confidences," generally concerned with compliments on her writings, would be made over to the reading world, at the signal of his exit, admits a doubt. The fragments themselves here printed, testify to his antipathy to the sort of "sharp practice" which seems to have been used towards him. If he wrote frankly, as surely he did—and if we read his character aright, as for his own sake we hope we do, he was honestly averse from anything like obtrusion on the public. He loved the people, but hated a mob. He relished appreciation, but withdrew within his shell when flattery grew fulsome in its fawning, or vulgarly demonstrative in its advances. To few men has personal independence been a dearer possession, or one more jealously watched and resolutely maintained. His love of solitude and repose is shown in a letter to Mme. Colet, in 1843, in answer to one from that lady announcing her intention of coming to introduce to the poet an ardent admirer of his, who had begged her to undertake this often ungrateful part: "Your letter frightens me; you threaten to bring somebody with whom I am not acquainted, and that is a liberty I have allowed to no one even of my oldest friends [madame was at that date one of his newest]. I beg you to do nothing of the kind. You will think this deprecation a far from civil one, but when it comes to defending my *bouge*, I am capable of anything. I have always been scrupulous not to trench on the independence of others, that I might have the right of enforcing respect to my own. Mme. Valmore has lately brought two strangers to see me; if I had not been fearful of distressing her, I should have reproached her for this *inconvenance* towards a man who is too sincerely a lover of retirement to be treated in this kind of way."—On occasion of leaving his country seclusion, in the autumn of 1847, he writes to the same lady: "It is with much regret that I have left my retreat, where I have spent three months quietly enough. . . . If I dared, I would imprison myself for good, some four or five leagues from Paris. I no longer belong to this world, which is no longer concerned about me, and the noise of which distracts me," &c. In an earlier letter he remarks, in allusion to a play which his correspondent was then writing: "Knowledge of his public is as necessary as knowledge of his art to the author who desires success; now, supposing that I have somewhat of the latter, in the former I am totally deficient,—for this reason, that for the last thirty years I have ceased to frequent places of amusement, which indeed I never much frequented at any period of my life." M. Lapointe comments on the utterly mistaken notion which many of his countrymen had formed of Béranger in this last respect. Taking him literally, in his songs of gaiety and good fellowship, they concluded, in their matter-of-fact way, and following the lead of what Charles Lamb would call their imperfect sympathies, that Béranger was a drunkard, a thorough-going debauchee, a hunter of questionable resorts. Conceiving a prejudice against the song, they have

saddled it and its consequences on the song-writer. Hence many a current story of his doings at the cabarets, with companions of every grade of blackguardism. Whereas, M. Lapointe assures us, Béranger in reality frequented neither the *barrières*, nor *les cabarets*, nor even *les goguettes*. "An aristocrat, just as the nightingale is one, he required night and silence for his accents to be heard." Not but that he enjoyed mixing now and then with "low life" in certain of its festive manifestations, or was at all reluctant to see and be seen in such gatherings for the nonce. Mme. Louise Colet was one of the party which he joined in a visit to that delectable spot, *la Closerie des Lilas*, and narrates the incident with becoming unction. Not but that she protests a little at the outset: "Je n'aime pas," madame professes, "la vue de ces légères amours malsaines, qui commencent par la danse et finissent par l'hôpital ou l'abandon." But, notwithstanding this delicate demur, somewhat strongly expressed, madame fairly owns that, on this particular evening in the August of 1849, there was no resisting the infectious gaiety of the dancers—even allowing it to be hollow and constrained—with the magic *ensemble* of setting sun, and perfumed atmosphere, and inspiring orchestral strains, and all the rest of it. Béranger had madame on his arm, and there followed them to the fête M. Antier and Mme. de Lacoste, and M. Arthur Arnould with Mlle. Fanny (now Mme. Vernet). The ladies let down their veils at the entrance, while Béranger paid the admission money with a grave air. "The flower-girls pursued us, bouquets in hand; I clung fast to the arm of the poet, trembling a little at our boldness. . . . Béranger said, gaily, 'Since we are here, I mean to treat you to ices.' 'Ices!' exclaimed young Arnould, 'we shall not find a single ice at the *Closerie des Lilas*; the most we can look for will be some lemonade.' 'Be it lemonade then,' rejoined the amiable old man. 'Waiter, plenty of lemonade, and some *croquets*!'" The interlopers believed themselves quite safe from discovery, madame says, in the position they occupied, behind some trellis-work, through which they could watch the dancers. But all at once a young man, employed as secretary by Augustin Thierry, recognised Béranger, whom he had repeatedly seen in company with the illustrious historian. The secretary saluted the poet; and forthwith the name of Béranger circulated from group to group, and anon the whole garden resounded with vehement hurrahs!

Madame here betrays quite ingenuously an amusing sally of harmless self-flattery. It does not appear that *her* name mingled in the *hourras retentissants*. Nevertheless, "Ah! dis-je à Mme. de Lacoste, nous voilà découvertes." Quite as ingenuously she records Mme. Lacoste's reply: "On ne prend pas plus garde à nous que si nous n'existions pas: toute l'attention se porte sur Béranger." And Mme. Louise is fain to own, without grudge, that "en effet, Béranger était le point de mire de tous les yeux;" that the voices of all were uplifted to hail *his* name, and the arms of all outstretched to embrace his venerable person. Soon he was all but buried under an avalanche of flowers and young damsels; the prettiest *Bernerettes* of the place began literally to climb upon him. One embraced his locks, another his hands, a third his face; he was encompassed with bouquets, heaped together in reckless profusion, and crushed into overpowering perfume. Meanwhile the orchestra played the airs of his most popular songs. Excitement was now at its height. The ac-

clamations rent the air, and aroused the *sergents de ville*, who came hurrying to the spot, to know what was the matter. The women having had their turn with Béranger, the men now came in for theirs. A huge negro almost suffocated him, as he embraced him with the cry, *Au nom des colonies!* Uncle Tom having left him half dead, constant relays of other too affectionate admirers kept up the game, until "the old poet appeared a little weary of this protracted scene." What was sport to them, was death to him. Madame, for her part, professes herself to have been highly diverted and yet saddened by the spectacle: Saddened; because there was a sickly as well as slabby look about all these young girls, and a something feverish and spasmodic in their turbulent joy. They escorted Béranger to the gate, where space was cleared for him by the timely-arrived and so-far welcome *sergents de ville*. There the grisettes and the poet bade each other farewell. They compelled him to accept the flowers of their bouquets, which, though faded, were still charged with odour. The song-writer thanked them *avec effusion*. He recognised, amid all this degradation and folly, the presence of kindly hearts and charming *esprits*. The *chef* of the establishment awaited him outside—with solemn importance tendered his congratulations—and accompanied the party as far as the Rue de l'Ouest. Some days later, he called on Béranger and offered him a lithograph commemorative of this evening at the Closerie des Lilas. "All the journals," adds madame, "gave varied and incorrect accounts of the scene. I have thought it right to describe it here in all its details, as a sketch of manners." M. Lapointe's reference to it is quite brief and *en passant*. But then he was not privileged to "assist" at it, as madame was,—with her veil down.

Béranger's habits of daily life were simple and methodical. He kept regular hours. A "plain" eater, he ate largely, however, and enjoyed to the last what M. Lapointe calls *un appétit extrême*. The dishes on his table might be homely, but they were always abundant of their kind. His biographer also tells us that the old man ate fast, without epicurean distinction of meats, unless some one called his attention to the subject. Nor was he a judge of wines: "*à peine aurait-il distingué le bordeaux du mâcon.*" Good thinking, he used to say, comes of a good stomach; sound reflection from a sound digestion. He was fond of people with a large appetite, and of those who could laugh heartily. He was vexed with the *triste* air of Young France—with the morbid impatience and precocious ambition of the rising generation. It annoyed him to see *la jeunesse* forfeiting the pleasures of its age, for the sake of toilsome honours and care-fraught success.—After a liberal *déjeuner*, it was his practice to start daily, about two o'clock, to visit such of his old friends as yet remained to him in the land of the living; or perhaps to apply to some minister for employment or help in behalf of a boy out of place or a family out of bread; occasionally he betook himself to the Bois de Boulogne, a favourite resort of his until *on le lui eût gâté*. At six o'clock he came home again for dinner, and remained within doors for the rest of the day. He always had at least one or two guests at the dinner-table, sometimes three: dining alone was objectionable to him. "*La compagnie oblige,*" was a common saying with him. Once in the week, on Thursdays, he gave a dinner on a larger scale. As many as sixteen guests have occasionally met together on these Thursdays, in his little

dining-room,—Mlle. Judith Frère doing the honours with quiet grace and good taste. As for Béranger himself, “quelle gaieté!” exclaims M. Lapointe, “quelle amabilité dans toute sa personne alors!” Songs were sung, and, in his turn, by the tuneful host. The conversation was free, genial, and discursive, but far more readily changing (we may be sure) from grave to gay than in an opposite direction, from lively to severe.

But our readers will probably feel the most interest in some particulars of the last illness of the aged poet, gathered from the two works before us—for which we make room, therefore, by refraining from further illustration of his life and manners while yet able to share in the labours or recreations of health's ordinary course. Towards the close of last year his health suffered materially from repeated attacks of hemorrhage. During the winter occurred a severe return of this complaint, which no means could be devised to arrest, and which lasted from six o'clock in the evening until midnight. Again a violent fit of bleeding at the nose recurred; and the doctor, after trying, without success, every remedy prescribed by art in a case of the kind, and unable to “stem these floods of blood which inundated the house,” had recourse to ice, the last resort in such circumstances. For ten minutes Béranger suffered cruelly. “If I must be brought to life again at the cost of pain like this,” he afterwards said, “I had rather die at once.” From this moment he began to lose his memory, as well as appetite, sleep, and strength for walking exercise. His gaiety became forced and painfully constrained; he laughed now for the sake of others only, not from his own free heart and ready will. From his youth he had been accustomed to this amiable dissimulation, and would often, we are told, continue at the table while racked by headache, playing the merry guest, until he was sometimes carried away in a fainting state, or the breaking up of the party released him from his rôle.—At a later stage in his decline, a physician was called in, to whom it was evident that Béranger had a liver complaint, which was afterwards complicated with another disease, enlargement of the heart. The most assiduous cares were lavished on him. There were soon two invalids in the house. His aged *amie*, Mlle. Judith, was seized by a fatal disease, under which she sank from day to day. “Which of us is to die the first?” must have been a thought often rising to the lips, if not passing beyond them, of the moribund pair. Mlle. Judith went first—dying on the 9th of April, 1857. The person entrusted with the care of her funeral had made arrangements for one of a plain and “modest” character. Béranger desired something on a less simple scale. “When we pay the last honours to our friends,” he said, “we should do it in a manner as worthy of them as possible.” With difficulty he was restrained from accompanying the corpse to Père Lachaise, and complained much of the restrictions laid upon him, as he was brought back in a carriage. “I felt myself dying,” he said, after it was over; “if I had gone with Judith as far as Père Lachaise, I should have remained there for good.” From this day forwards, his malady made rapid progress. Seldom he went out of doors, unless supported by the arm of a friend or of his *bonne*; it was generally M. Perrotin who came to look after him, and induce him to venture out; he found infinite trouble in mounting to his fourth floor. His sleep was altogether broken and disordered. “One day,” says M. Lapointe, “I spoke to him about

Mlle. Judith; the good old man cried and sobbed as he pronounced the name of the woman with whom he had passed an intimacy of sixty-three years." Only a few favoured friends were now admitted to his sick-room. Ere the end of June he ceased to leave it—though he was well enough, on the 28th, to take a turn in the garden, and ate his dinner, and indulged in his pleasantries, with a seeming zest that rejoiced his companion not a little. After this date he was never left by M. Benjamin Antier, author of *L'Auberge des Adrets*, and one of his oldest friends, who, together with Mme. Antier, tended him to the last with the utmost devotion and tenderness.

For the space of three weeks, says Mme. Louise Colet, Paris was oppressed by a mournful presentiment, which weighed down the spirits of all classes: for Béranger lay a-dying. Never, she affirms, was monarch surrounded, at the approach of death, by attentions so earnest, by such tender sympathy and homage. Paris sent forth its throngs every evening, eager but noiseless, to the old Hôtel de Vendôme (5, Rue de Vendôme), where the venerable poet lodged in his last days. Young students and working-men entered the court of the hotel, to write their names in the registers provided for the purpose. Regularly, and in silence, and with respectful sadness, arrived one anxious band after another—fearful of letting the sound of their tramping crowds disturb the sick man's ear; but he knew, right well, that all Paris was moved; he knew it by means of those watchful friends who soothed his last hours—and among whom the first to be named, by Mme. Colet, is M. Perrotin, Béranger's adopted son and heir, a veteran who had taken part in the retreat from Moscow, and whose veneration of his master is vouched for as unsurpassable and supreme. After MM. Perrotin and B. Antier, the lady then mentions, in the same favoured circles of intimates, more or less confidential and beloved, M. Lebrun, of the French Academy, "who loved Béranger at once as a father and as an elder brother;" M. Arnould, of the Faculté des Lettres; Mme. Antier; Mme. Vernet, in whose arms he at last expired; Mme. Brissot, "right worthy of the name she bears;" Mme. Arnould, an exemplary mother; and Mme. de Lacoste, widow of the sometime French consul in the United States.—Those who came daily to sit beside the invalid in his arm-chair, in which he rested better than in bed, and in which indeed he died, were MM. Mignet, Thiers, Cousin, Mérimée, Legouvé, &c.,—as well as younger celebrities, who pressed to his door to see the Master once again—Boulay-Paty, Champfleury, Lanfrey, &c.

It was during the last fortnight that Béranger's sister, an infirm and aged woman, a *religieuse* of the Convent des Oiseaux, came to take her last farewell of her brother. (Besides this sister, Béranger had also an aunt *religieuse*, to whom he was fondly attached, and whose dowry he had himself paid, to the amount of four thousand francs. This aunt died within a few days of having taken the veil; and the convent made it a point of honour to restore her *dot* to Béranger, who, however, refused to take it.) The Archbishop of Paris had advised the Superior to accompany Béranger's sister. But the sister only, not the Superior, gained admission to the death-bed. M. Lapointe's account of the circumstances attending this affair is minutely detailed—more so than we have room or will to reproduce. As much has been said and written, however, on Bé-

ranger's interview with the Abbé Jouselin, curé de Sainte-Elisabeth, we must not altogether overlook M. Lapointe's version of that scene. Mme. Colet simply relates it to this effect: that Béranger twice received the good abbé, with whom he was acquainted, and in concert with whom he had practised more than one act of charity: that at one of these visits the abbé said to him, "I am come to bestow my blessing upon you," and that Béranger replied, smiling, "And I, in my turn, give you *mine*, M. le curé, with all my heart."—M. Lapointe describes himself as present at this visit, and avows that he felt very ill at ease on the entrance of the priest, being a pronounced enemy of priesthood in all its phases, of priests and all their works. M. Lapointe was in an agony lest M. l'Abbé should realise even the most shadowy semblance of success in his proselytising manœuvres with a dying Deist. For, "avant tout, le prêtre est prêtre, et son devoir, sous peine de trahison envers l'Eglise, est de ramener au bercail quand même les brebis égarées." The good shepherd that came to look after this lost sheep, was, to M. Lapointe's conviction, but a wolf (however good-natured or well-intentioned) in sheep's clothing, or good shepherd's garb. Béranger, he remarks, had known M. Jouselin at Passy, where the poet used to give two hundred francs a year à son catéchisme, that is to say, for the purpose of clothing poor children at their first communion; and where M. Jouselin often used to call upon him and compliment him on his songs. When Béranger came to reside in the Rue de Vendôme, he again became M. Jouselin's parishioner—and the abbé failed not to visit him anew, for the sake of his poor, and for the pleasure of continued acquaintance with the benevolent *chansonnier*. Well: on the 7th or 8th of July, as M. Lapointe relates the matter, M. Jouselin came to visit the old poet, who was then in a state of great debility, though still capable of recognising his friends. "Some days before his death, he had a conversation with M. Thiers, on passing events—a conversation of the most interesting kind, and which he kept up for about the space of half an hour with his wonted perspicuity. It was, I believe, the very morning of M. le Curé's visit. . . . M. le Curé was introduced. M. Antier and Mme. Vernet were present. . . . The sick man, after gazing at his visitor with one of those vague looks which were common to him at the last stage of his illness, addressed him in some of those words which have occasioned so many comments, and which the more adroit of the Catholic party have attempted to distort to their own advantage.

"Monsieur le Curé, I am happy to see you. Come often to see me, you will always afford me pleasure: we have had our meetings together in the way of charity. That is a way [*chemin*] in which you may always be sure of finding me. . . ." Here he paused for an instant, it being difficult for him, as his end drew near, to follow out his ideas.

"At least, allow me to give you my blessing," the Curé of Sainte-Elisabeth then said.

"Oh, with all my heart!" answered the dying man.

M. Jouselin then stretched out his hands over the head of the poor old *chansonnier*, and blessed him. Whereupon Béranger rejoined:

"Eh bien, and I too give you my blessing. Pray for me; I am going to pray for you. . . . I belong to God and to the unfortunate. *Du reste*," he added, "we have but taken a different way to arrive at the same

goal, *voilà tout;*’ and then continued: ‘It is a great happiness to have been able to do a little good within one’s narrow means.’ ”

M. Lapointe makes the “priest-party” entirely welcome to extract the most they can from these expressions of the aged sufferer; whom *he* is proud to believe constant in Deism to the last gasp.

He further states that Béranger was extremely agitated during the night that ensued upon this interview. M. Lapointe sat up with the patient that night, and conversed next day with M. Antier on the subject of the abbé’s visit. They agreed that M. Joussetin ought not to be again admitted. Accordingly, when the curé appeared at the door, a few days afterwards, he was told that Béranger was asleep. “‘*Eh bien,*’ said the priest, ‘I will call again some other time; I am going to spend three days in the country, and will see him when I come back. M. Béranger is very fond of seeing me.’ M. Béranger was in a state which required attention and relief, not visits. . . . He was deeply agitated, a terrible subject absorbed him, his reason was departing; here are his words, which I have retained with religious accuracy: ‘I no longer know what I am saying. . . . I am no longer conscious of what I am doing. . . . ’Tis a painful thing not to be able to put one’s ideas in order . . . *voilà tout l’homme.*’ And he fell back into a sort of slumber, from which he was never roused except to utter incoherent expressions, and even this but rarely.”

We give the finale of this narrative in the words of the original: “Puis, il répéta ces paroles qu’il disait souvent: ‘Quand un homme a vécu dans certaines idées, qu’il les a professées toute sa vie, s’il vient à perdre ses facultés, par la maladie ou par l’âge, c’est à ses amis à veiller sur lui.’

“‘Je ne demande qu’une chose à Dieu, c’est de mourir tout entier.’

“Huit jours avant sa mort, Béranger avait donc renoncé aux sacrements de l’Eglise, au nom de la charité.”

Prompt and pertinacious was the care of this one friend, at least, à *veiller sur lui*, to keep watch and ward over him, lest Holy Church should step in, after the eleventh hour, or on the very stroke of the twelfth, to save him in spite of himself.

The emperor, it is well known, decreed a public funeral for Béranger. The immediate followers of his remains to the grave were MM. Antier and Perrotin, and two cousins, the only relations he had in Paris, one of them a working printer, the other sub-director of a military band, to both of whom he had rendered kind services in his lifetime. Eight mourning coaches contained his most intimate friends. The Abbé Joussetin officiated at the service in the church Sainte-Elisabeth, where might be seen, “in solemn silence all,” Thiers, Villemain, Mignet, Cousin, Mérimée, Alfred de Vigny, Saint-Marc Girardin, Cormenin, Reybaud, Jules Janin, Arsène Houssaye, Deschamps, Louis Jourdan, Champfleury, and many another name less familiar here than there—congregated with one consent to pay a last tribute to the Master of whom all were proud, and not a few personally fond.

THE SLEDGE DRIVE TO CHURCH.

A TALE OF NORWAY.

WHAT a strange wild country is old Norway! The brow of the earth, the forehead of the world, as the Scalds of old loved to call it in their songs. Even in the map how singular is that jagged, furrowed, long coast-line, stretching above a thousand miles, from the North Cape with its eternal ice, down to a genial latitude of wheat lands and flowers. On this vast seaboard, water and land seem to have been struggling for the mastery, till at last all was amicably settled by a division of the territory, and the deep fjords run miles inland, and the steep promontories project far out into the ocean. Truly it is a beautiful country, with its great bosses of snow-fjelds, the long windings of the lake-like fjords, the roaring Foss, and the endless pine forest. Then, too, what strange sights meet the traveller: the midsummer night's sun never setting, the months of darkness, the shepherd's life in the Saeters, the wandering nomade Laps and their encampments, the bear hunts, and the Old World superstitions and customs which linger in the secluded valleys.

Norway has still other and more important claims to notice; it is one of those few and favoured countries where freedom is enjoyed, and the hardy prosperous peasantry are living witnesses of the worth of its immemorial institutions. Norway, also, was among the first to shake off the errors of Rome, and to embrace the doctrines of the Reformation. It is true that rationalism and indifference have long chilled the Christian heart of the country, but now it is throbbing with increased vigour, and sending warm streams of life-blood to the extremities of the land.

A pleasant-looking farm that of Ravensdal, nestling beneath some sheltering rocks in an inland valley not far from the Arctic circle. The commodious dwelling was of blackened timber, adorned with curious carving, and pious sayings cut in the beams; while clustering round stood the cottages of the peasants who cultivated the soil. In all the province of Norland there was not a farmer more respected and esteemed, or a more upright, honourable man, than Andreas Jansen, the owner of Ravensdal.

It was early one Sunday morning in mid-winter, and the Jansens were preparing to start for church, a drive of many miles. One of the sledges had been recently disabled, so none of the farm-servants were able to go with them. Rather a large party got into the remaining sleigh, which though a roomy one was more than full; but when the farmer proposed to leave the two boys at home, there was so much lamentation that he relented. Andreas handed his comely-looking wife Ingeborg to her seat; she was followed by her sons, Raoul the younger, a walking bundle of fur, taking his place on his mother's knees. Ella, the pretty only daughter, next stepped in; and lastly, carrying some wrap for his lady-love, came Hugo, Ella's betrothed, who the day before had arrived on snow-shoes from the southward, to spend a few days at Ravensdal. Andreas mounted to his seat, gently touched with the whip the three horses, harnessed unicorn fashion, and they started at a smart

pace. It was quite early, for service began at twelve, and as the distance was great it was necessary to start betimes. As yet there was no glimmer of daylight, but moon and stars shone with a radiance unknown in our latitudes, and there was abundance of light for the journey. Buried in skins and furs, the party did not feel the cold, which though great was not excessive—the absence of a breath of wind and the perfect dryness of the atmosphere making it much more endurable than the same depression of the thermometer would be in England. It was a grand event this journey to church, for weeks and weeks had passed since last they were able to go. True, Andreas had every Sunday a sort of prayer-meeting at Ravensdal with the neighbouring peasants, but this did not compensate for the lack of the public services. Then, too, the whole family thought it most fortunate that the fairness of the weather should enable them to go on this especial Sunday of all others, for it was what they call an altar-day, *i. e.* the Sacrament was to be administered.

There was an eerie beauty in the scene: the solemn mountains lifting up their hoary heads into the star-sprinkled sky, the small tarn with its glittering icy surface, the stern old pines, whose green looked almost black contrasted with the snow, and the graceful birken trees, those "ladies of the woods," decked out, as little Raoul said, when the first rime fell that winter, in their white mantles, all ready for sister Ella's wedding-day. The stillness was unbroken; dumb the ere long dancing elv (river), where, when the valley was filled with the sound of its noisy music, the English milords had caught the salmon with those marvellous many-coloured flies, the envy of the neighbourhood; silent and deserted the picturesque saw-mill, which had been such a busy animated scene in the summer, when the English lady had sketched it, half deafened by the whirl of its wheels. But as if to make amends for the stillness elsewhere, there was no silence in the sledge. Andreas turned round to address his wife, or talked to his horses, in that brotherly way so characteristic of the Norwegiau, who always makes friends of the four-footed creatures in his service, and particularly of his horses. Olaf, the elder boy, who was perched on Hugo's knee, after some vain attempts to obtain his attention, turned to his mother and Raoul, and kept up with them a continuous stream of question and remark; while Hugo and Ella, leaning back in one corner, heeding nobody and nothing but themselves, found much to say to each other in low, happy tones. And the tinkling of the merry sleigh bells, as they jingled round the horses' collars, made to all this a most musical accompaniment.

One third of the journey was over, when, with a startled exclamation, Andreas suddenly pulled up his horses. At a turn of the road there lay, extended on the snow, a human form. In a minute the farmer had confided the reins to Olaf, proud of the charge, and he and Hugo jumping down, ran to give assistance. The pack at the man's side told them that he was one of those pedlers who wander from farm-house to farm-house all over the country. Overpowered by the cold, he had sunk into that fainting, deathlike sleep from which there is oftentimes no waking. At first all efforts to rouse him failed, but life was evidently not extinct; so seeing a châlet close at hand, which in the summer had been used as covert for cattle, and now was a store for firewood, they carried him there, and

kindling a fire on the outside, they rubbed his limbs till some warmth returned, and poured some corn brandy (which no Norwegian travels without) down his throat, and he partially revived. All this occupied some time, and now they were quite in a dilemma as to what to do next. Leave him they could not, to take him on with them was impossible; he was not sufficiently recovered to bear the air, even if they could make room for him in that state. To turn back and take him home was almost as difficult, and if so they must give up church entirely. Ella, who had alighted to assist them, at last said in a decided tone, "There is but one thing, father, we can do: Hugo must stay with the poor man."

"Yes," said Hugo, "that is the best plan. You drive on to church, and take us up in the afternoon as you return; by that time he is sure to be all right."

"Well," said Andreas, "it does seem the only way; "but it will be a sad disappointment for you, my poor girl."

"I do not know that," muttered Hugo; "she was the first to propose getting rid of me."

"Now that is too bad," said Ella, with a face rueful enough to satisfy her lover, "when you know I have been counting for weeks and weeks upon your being with us for this altar Sunday."

It clearly was the most feasible plan, and so it was settled. Ella murmured to Hugo as he helped her into the sledge again:

"God will not the less bless our engagement that it begins with an act of self-denial."

"True, Ella; you remember what you said last night about being almost too happy, everything so bright; it is as well there should be a little cross."

Some provisions, which had been put into the sledge ready for any emergency, were handed out to Hugo, and he was entreated to take care of himself as well as the pedler, and to keep up a good fire.

"Certainly," said he; "no fear of not doing that; why here is fire-wood enough to roast half a dozen oxen whole. You are sure you will be able to do without me, Father Andreas?"

"Perfectly, the horses are quite manageable, the road good, and the weather set fair—we can have no difficulty."

So they started off again, Olaf saucily calling out to Hugo, that now he was gone Ella would be of some use to other people, and that the rest of the party would gain, not lose, one by his departure. However, Ella was not inclined to be lively, and her gravity infected even the high spirits of her young brothers. The remainder of the drive was rather dull for all parties, and every one was glad when the peaked roofs of the small town came into sight. The Jansens drove to a relation's house, put up the horses, left their outer coverings in the sledge, and then entered the church soon after service had commenced. Dame Ingeborg and Ella took their places on the north side, while Andreas and his boys went to the south, the men's side. The church was a large octagon wooden building, black with age, and of picturesque construction, the interior adorned with quaint carving and some strange frescoes of Scripture-subjects, dating from before the Reformation. It was well filled, and with a congregation as picturesque as the building. There was a mixture of races and dress, the Norse women wearing beneath their hoods the

"Iue," the close-fitting black cap, and dark, sober-coloured dress; while the Fins were decked out in gaudy colours and tinsel ornaments. The tall forms of the blue-eyed, fair-haired descendants of the Vikings, contrasted very favourably with the stunted figures and dark, sallow faces of the more northern and inferior race. The pastor was a venerable old man, dressed in the style of our English divines of the time of Elizabeth and James I. He had on the black canonicals of the Lutheran clergy, a thick white ruff round his neck, his long white hair floated over his shoulders, while, on account of the cold, he wore a black velvet skull-cap on his head.

Prayers and singing over, he commenced his discourse without notes of any kind, and in a strain of simple, fervid eloquence, which riveted the attention of his auditors; he expounded the sublime precept which Christianity first inculcated, of doing to others what we would that they should do to us. The sermon over, some christenings followed, and then the Communion. The service, which had lasted more than three hours, at length terminated, and they emerged from the church. Many were the greetings to be exchanged between friends and neighbours unseen for long, and it was some time ere the Jansens reached the relation's house, where they were to partake of the mid-day meal. This over, they did not linger long, for Andreas had promised Hugo they would return as soon as possible. As they were leaving the town, they were stopped near the parsonage by the pastor, who pressed them to come in and see the Frau Pastorinn. Andreas explained the reasons which made them anxious to be off, and the good old man, shaking him heartily by the hand, said:

"So some of you have been acting what I have been preaching, playing the good Samaritan. Well, well, it shall not lack its reward. God bless you, friend Andreas!"

The short-lived northern day had long waned when, leaving the clustered wooden dwellings surrounding the church behind them, the Jansens started on their homeward route to Ravensdal. But little was the daylight missed, for the glorious northern lights were up, streaming, flickering like fiery banners across the sky, brighter far than the pale Arctic winter sun, and diffusing around a mild beautiful radiance neither sunshine nor moonshine, but a light more poetic, more romantic, than that of common day or night. Little Raoul clapped his hands with delight, as from the luminous cloud on the northern horizon streamers of green, purple, red, and golden light shot up. Andreas said it was years and years since an Aurora so splendid had been seen. "Look at that blood-red colour: our forefathers thought it ever foreboded death or misfortune. I have heard many stories of the terror such an appearance occasioned. How happy are we who have learnt to trust in a Heavenly Father, and no longer fear such omens."

A lonely road was their way home: no habitations except a few farm-houses near the town, and when these were passed a long stretch of desolate country—wild, rocky valleys, all clad in their snowy garments, with the deserted summer chalets scattered over them, mocking the traveller with an idea of human life; beneath, frowning precipices of black rock, where the snow could find no resting-place; through pine woods, whose venerable denizens had survived many generations of mortals,

Moored to the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest shock.

The children were asleep, Raoul in his mother's arms, who half unconsciously was humming to herself a hymn of praise as she wrapped the little nestling warm in her furs. Olaf, after repeated declarations that he was not in the least sleepy, had been glad to lean his head against his sister's shoulder; his eyes soon closed, and he was as sound asleep as his little brother. Ella gave herself up to a dreamy reverie as she thought over the solemn communion service, the sermon, and then the bright future before her. Pleasant thoughts they were: in her life's horizon it was all blue sky behind her, and she saw still more before her. And soon these thoughts were woven together, and bright castles in the air arose which made her smile to herself as she pictured them before her mind's eye: what Hugo and she would do when they had a home of their own, how they would welcome the wayfarer, nurse the sick, and succour the distressed. Then higher and upwards flew her thoughts, and she imagined the hour when earth's usefulness should cease, earth's happiness fade; when, the threshold of eternity passed, they should hear the angelic songs of victory, and a voice from the throne saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Lost in her own thoughts, Ella had little heeded a noise which was heard from time to time, and which she fancied the fall of avalanches from crag to crag in the mountains. But now all on a sudden she remarked that her father had several times turned his head to look back; and that his face wore a troubled expression. "What is it, father?" she asked; "is there anything the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," he answered, in a short, stern manner not at all usual to him—"I hope nothing;" and then murmured to himself, in a lower tone, "God grant it may be nothing."

Her uneasiness by no means lessened, but, understanding he did not wish to be questioned, she remained silent, but with her attention on the alert to discover the cause for anxiety. The dull noise in the rear certainly increased, and was heard at fitful intervals, now almost swelling into a note, then dying away, and was decidedly nearer than when first she had remarked it. The horses, too, seemed by some wonderful instinct to partake her father's uneasiness. Just then the noise began afresh, and now an unmistakable howl sent a flash of certainty into her mind. Unable longer to bear the suspense, she half rose, and gasped out, "Oh, father, is it—is it the wolves?"

"They are a long way behind," said Andreas; "we shall reach home well, never fear."

But the farmer's face contradicted his cheerful words, and with a sinking of heart as if its action had been stopped, and then a tumultuous rush of blood through her veins, Ella sank back on her seat. It was a fearful revulsion of feeling to be thus suddenly torn from a state of dreamy reverie, and brought face to face with a great danger. The fainting sensation was over directly, and closing her eyes for a moment and murmuring a heartfelt prayer, her natural courage returned. Ella had till then only seen dead wolves, the trophies of the chase, and once or twice one securely muzzled on its way to some foreign menagerie; but too many dreadful wolf-stories are current round Norwegian hearths in the winter for her not to divine the greatness of the peril, and she

tried to calculate their probable distance from home, and the chances of escape.

Frau Ingeborg next heard the howl, and asked the same terrified question as her daughter. "Oh, God, my poor children!" was her only exclamation; and then she, too, was calm and still. Nearer, nearer is the howling—faster go the terrified horses; their instinct has told them the danger. Ella gently disengages herself from the sleeping Olaf, and, unbidden, gets out the rifle and powder-flask, and in silence looks to the loading. Andreas's eye falls on her; he is even at that moment pleased to see the fruit of the training he has given his child, in her pale, composed face and steady hand, like a brave Norse maiden as she was. Her eyes are now strained to look back as far as she can. Ere long, on the brow of a hill they have descended, she sees a black moving mass against the sky. "I see them, father, but they are far off yet."

A groan escapes from Andreas. "God help us, then!" he mutters. Wife and daughter read his face, and from their hearts, too, goes up that agonised prayer. Ah! well may they pray it. On come the pack, some half-hundred gaunt, hungry wolves, their dismal howl freezing the life-blood of the Jansens. The horses bound onwards with red nostrils and panting sides; they go like the wind, but the distance is steadily diminished. And the howl of the wolves sounds like a mocking demon cry, "Ha, ha! ye go fast, we faster; ye are few, we are many; it is our turn now; ye are the hunted, we the hunters. Ha, ha! how like ye the change?"

"Would it not be possible," said Ella, "to take refuge in one of these chalets? Could we not barricade ourselves there?"

"It would be only quicker death; the wolves would soon force the door: there would be no fastenings of sufficient strength to resist them."

They looked above, around—neither help nor hope was to be seen; the pitiless earth was wrapped in one vast winding-sheet of snow, and the cold glancing lights in the sky revealed only too clearly their desperate condition. A cold damp stands on the farmer's brow; still he guides his horses with firm hand, speaks encouragingly to them, and though he, knowing the peril best, has given up hope first, he relaxes no effort. It was hard, in the flush of manhood, the prime of life, with the blood coursing through every vein in strength and power, to have nothing to do but die. As he looked at his dear ones, he thought, were these but safe, death would not be so fearful; and then the image of the pleasant home at Ravensdal rose up before him, and to leave all this, to die and leave no name, no heir behind him, it was hard! Was it not a triumph of Christian faith that he, thus circumstanced, could bow his head meekly and say, "Thy will be done?" Dame Ingeborg said nothing, but her tears fell fast over the nestling Raoul she was straining to her heart, and as the child started at the noise, she hushed him off to sleep as carefully as if he had been in his little bed at home, thankful that one at least of her darlings was spared the anguish of this valley of the shadow of death. And yet to her arose a ray of light, a gleam of happiness, as she thought that she and all her dear ones would cross the river of death at the same time; no widowhood, no orphanage, no childlessness—the parting of a moment, and then the eternal reunion in bliss. Olaf, roused by his sister's rising, had awoke, and seeing the wolves, had burst out into terrified

crying, but when Ella gently bade him pray to God and try and be a brave boy, he caught the infection of her calmness. Swallowing his tears, he knelt on the seat, and hiding his face in the fur wraps, that he might not see the objects of his dread, he manfully tried to stifle his sobs, and repeated over and over again his simple prayer, "O Lord Jesus, please drive away these dreadful wolves, and let us all get safe home." Of all, Ella was the happiest, for one great comfort was hers, her best-beloved was safe, and, as she thought, with a shrill of joy that seemed strange at such an instant, through an act of self-denial to which she had urged him, and which God was blessing by his deliverance. The wolves were gaining fast; they could distinguish the fiery eyes, the red tongues hanging out. Ella, as she saw one in advance, quite close to them, cried out "Father, father! the rifle."

"Then take the reins an instant," said he, as he took the weapon from her hand. Ella obeyed, the horses wanted little guidance, and the wolf fell dead beneath her father's sure aim. There was a stop of the whole pack, and the Jansens almost dared to hope. Andreas's face was gloomy as before. "Only a check," murmured he; "they are mad with hunger. The one I have killed will be devoured, and then——"

His words were verified; in five minutes' time they again heard the baying of the pack, and they were soon in sight, their appetite whetted by the taste of blood, on, on, with increased ardour for the chase. Again was one shot down—again occurred the temporary lull, and then afresh began that ghastly hunt.

"There is but one charge more, father," said Ella.

"We will save it as long as we can," was Andreas's reply. And his voice was hoarse and husky.

We left Hugo at his good Samaritan deed of kindness towards the hawker. The man soon recovered sufficiently to sit up, and give some account of himself. As Andreas Jansen had supposed, he had lost his way travelling from one farm-house to another, and had sunk exhausted into the deep slumber which generally subsides into death. In answer to his inquiries as to how he had been found, he heard about the intended drive to church, and discovered the self-denial Hugo had practised in giving up the expedition to take care of him.

"I owe you thanks, young man; you have preferred remaining with an old pedler in difficulties to accompanying your betrothed. It is a dull exchange."

"Indeed," said Hugo, "I am quite repaid by seeing you all right again. I was afraid, at first, it was all over. What a narrow escape! Another half hour we should have been too late."

"Yes, another lease of life," said the hawker, gravely; "spared a little longer by the Heavenly Friend who has stood at my side in many dangers during a long life of wandering."

"Let me hear your experiences. How much you must have seen! It will be hours before my friends are back. Talking them over will help while away the time."

The sketch Eric Peterman gave of his life was indeed remarkable. He was one of those pious men not unfrequently met with in Norway, who, while earning their livelihood by hawking, are at the same time humble

missionaries, Bible and tract colporteurs, holding prayer-meetings in the villages when they can get a congregation, and in an unobtrusive way often doing a great deal of good. Like most of his brethren he was a man of few advantages of education, but well versed in the Scriptures, and possessing native eloquence, combined with the unfailing attraction of a soul thoroughly in earnest, and ennobled by the pursuit of a lofty and disinterested aim. He had been a disciple of the celebrated Hauge, the John Wesley of the North, and had shared some of his imprisonments at a time when little about religious toleration was known in Norway. Many times he had traversed the country, and even penetrated far into Russian Lapland. One whole winter he had been weather-bound on one of the Loffodens. Strange stories could he tell of perils by land and perils by water, shipwrecks, and hair-breadth escapes from robbers who coveted his pack. The time passed quickly in listening to such narratives; the record of this good man's life was like a living sermon to Hugo, the exposition of Gospel truth in a most inviting form, the example of one who had practised all he taught. After a pause, during which they had been partaking of the contents of Dame Ingeborg's basket, Eric said, rather abruptly,

"By-the-by, I heard some unpleasant news at the farm I was at yesterday. They say a large pack of wolves has come down from the fjelds to the northward; the early and severe winter this season is supposed to have driven them down. Some hunters out on a bear-chase a few days back had a very narrow escape; they report the wolves as going to the south."

"I hope not," said Hugo; "they had heard nothing about it at Ravensdal, no more had I, but then I came from the contrary direction. I hope not, though I should like it above everything if we could muster a strong party and have a good hunt; but wolves are fearful foes to meet unprepared."

Undefined apprehensions he could not shake off, filled the young man's mind, and after trying to talk of other things, he came back to the wolves, and to speculations as to their position and movements. So time sped on, and he paced up and down with a growing uneasiness he in vain told himself was ungrounded and absurd, and he longed for the return of the sleigh to terminate these secret fears. Eric had been listening intently for some minutes, and all at once exclaimed, "There, now, I hear a howl."

Hugo threw himself on the snow to hear better, and ere long heard the same sound.

"I fear—I fear it is so; it is far off, but oh, in the same direction they have taken."

After some moments of intense attention both men satisfied themselves that it was not the howl of a solitary wolf, and that it was steadily advancing.

"Oh, tell me what can we do," cried Hugo; "it is on the track which leads from the town, just the time when they would be on the road. My poor Ella, what can I do?"

"Unarmed as we are, it is only by remaining here we can be of any service, and this is a position we can easily defend. With that amount of firewood at our back, I would defy an army of wolves. Look! the

châlet stands in a recess of rock ; from point to point we can make a rampart of fire." So saying, he began to arrange fagots in a line from one point of rock to the other, leaving an open space in the centre. " I think with you, young man, that your friends are on their road, and that the wolves are pursuing them, else we should not hear that continuous howling nearer and nearer. I am leaving this space for the sledge to pass ; the wolves would never dare to attempt to follow through such a wall of flame as we can raise."

" Hist ! I hear the gallop of horses," said Hugo, kneeling on the snow.

" Then set fire to our barrier, it may be a beacon to them, and show them where we are."

This was soon done, and the bright pine-wood flame was ere long streaming into the sky.

" Now," said Eric, " get more fagots ready, for you and I must be prepared to close up the passage immediately the sleigh is safe."

" But the horses," said Hugo, " will they pass between two such fires as we have here ?"

" No fear ; they are terrified enough to leap over a precipice if it came in their way—anything, everything—to escape those that are after them."

A few minutes passed in breathless suspense, during which the noise of horses and wolves became louder and louder.

" Ah ! there they are," cried Hugo, " and the whole pack close behind. They see us ; Andreas is flogging the horses. Oh, God ! there is a great wolf close upon them—oh, I would give ten years of my life for a rifle for one instant. Andreas dares not leave the reins. Ella is standing up ; she has the rifle. Good Heavens ! the wolf will spring at her. No, she has fired—shot him down—my brave Ella, my own dear girl !"

Another second and the sledge was in the haven of refuge provided by the forethought of the pedler, safe from the ruthless wolves, behind the barrier of flame. The exhausted horses had stopped of themselves ; the Jansens were beneath the shelter of the châlet, half fainting, scarcely crediting their preservation. As soon as he could speak, the farmer said, in a tremulous tone, " Wife, children, let us thank God ;" and, kneeling, with the tears rolling down his hardy cheeks, in a few words of heartwarm thankfulness he returned thanks for their deliverance from a bloody death.

It was some time before sufficient composure returned to relate all that had passed, and when that had been done, Andreas said, " Our pastor might well say, ' It shall in no wise lose its reward.' If you"—turning to the pedler—" had not required assistance, if Hugo had not remained, we must all have perished."

The Jansens had to stay in the châlet that night, but when the next morning dawned the wolves had all dispersed, and they reached home with ease and safety. A few days later, Andreas and Hugo had the satisfaction of exhibiting some wolf-skins as trophies of their vanquished enemies.

The story of the memorable sleigh drive to church was ever preserved at Ravensdal, and often told in after years with pious gratitude to awe-struck children and grandchildren.

A FORTNIGHT'S SPORT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

WITH what pleasure one looks forward to a trip to the Highlands! For how many days, ay, weeks, before are one's thoughts centred in the one object—making all necessary preparations for the start. How much one wants! The rods that have gone through the whole season's fishing, and hard fishing too, without giving at a single splice, must be overhauled, the reels looked to, new tackle of every description bought, fresh flies made of totally different shades and texture to those that have been our favourites for so many months. The guns must be closely examined also, and of course must go to the gunsmith's to be browned; for it is so damp in the Highlands that the barrels would rust to a certainty if left bright (that is, indeed, pretty sure to happen whether they are bright or brown); the locks must be taken all to pieces to be well oiled, then carefully wiped dry. The rifle, too, the old double-barrelled Purdy, that has so often stricken a noble stag, must also go through the same ordeal previous to again making its journey northward, in spite of all the persuasions of one's friends to try the Enfield, which can bring down a deer a mile off, if we can see him, and are ass enough to shoot at him at that, or any unreasonable distance, which is truly unsportsman-like; a stag is too noble a beast to be shot at wantonly, like a target, to see how far off you can hit it. The telescope must not be forgotten either—that must be taken to pieces and the glasses carefully wiped. The dogs, too—"Hang it, I'm very badly off for dogs!" is a certain remark, however well one's kennel is stocked. "Ponto—there never was a better—is getting too old; Juno and Shot could not be beat in the turnips last season, but will they stand the work on the hills? for pointers' feet are so tender they can't resist the heather. At any rate, I care not who sees Rover and Grouse work. You don't often meet with such a brace of setters. Indeed, Reynolds, I think with one more setter and old Drake I can make a start of it without fear of being left alone on the hill-side, and the best thing I can do will be to make a bid for Mr. L.'s young dog; he is promising-looking, and I doubt not, if hunted with one of the old ones for a day or two, will soon come into his work." Such, and a hundred other little wants, are the daily thoughts (ay, and nightly too, for often have I jumped out of my bed, years ago, to write down some imaginary want that I have probably dreamt of, fearing that it might be forgotten before morning) before one takes a trip to the Highlands.

I received a most kind invitation from my friend, Sir Alexander —, the first week in August, asking me to join him in Scotland on the 20th. His moor affords every kind of sport; very good grouse and splendid black-game shooting, lots of wild fowl and snipe, a salmon river running through the centre of the moor, and, to crown all, constant visits of outlying deer from the neighbouring forests. With such a prospect before me, I had no idle time on my hands if I wished to have everything ready for the start. According to appointment, I reached the rendezvous, "The Eagle at Glasgow," on the evening of the 19th, ready to take the first train for Greenock in the morning. I soon turned in, leaving direc-

tions that I should be called betimes. I was awakened out of a half-dreamy dose by a knocking at the door.

"Come in," said I.

"A quarter to six, sir," announced the boots. "A gentleman, just arrived, has been asking for you, sir. He wishes to know if you will breakfast now, or wait until you are on board the packet? Here is his card, sir."

"Come, that's all right. Tell the gentleman that I shall be down immediately, and will take a cup of coffee before we start, but that I think, as it is so early, we had better breakfast on board."

"Well, Alick, how goes it with you—all right, I hope?"

"Never better in my life! And you? No gout, I trust? that would be a bad companion for the moors. But swallow your coffee, for we have no time to lose. You must have turned dandy in your old age, you were so long adorning yourself. We may as well walk on to the station, as the luggage, dogs, &c., will take some time to be got ready. We have a splendid day for our passage. I dare say we shall have a few squalls, but that will rather add to the beauty of the scenery."

We chatted away until we arrived at Greenock.

"I suppose that's our boat with the steam up, is it not, Alick? We had better get the dogs on board first—Oh, you'll see to that, all right; then I'll remain with the luggage. You are a trump to have thought of me this year. I pity the poor devil whose place I have taken."

There is scarcely a more delightful trip to be found anywhere than the passage from Greenock to Inverary. How beautiful are the scenes that greet you at every turn! there is always something new however often you may have passed them. It would take the pen of Sir Walter Scott to describe them; the mind cannot encompass so many changes. See that strong light borne like the focus of a glass upon one small spot, what a contrast to the dark threatening cloud behind! You can almost fancy you are looking at one of Ruysdael's pictures. No artist ever hit off that peculiar appearance of light as he has done. How it travels along the side of the hill, illuminating each favoured spot in its progress. Look at the glen, can anything be more beautiful than that peep now that it is half in darkness? If Salvator Rosa could have caught a glimpse of such a scene as this, what a picture he would have made of it! I have visited many countries, and can remember many grander scenes, but none that the memory would retain longer than the charming varied bays and passes that we ran through in this short passage. The first time I saw Killarney was shortly after my return from Switzerland. My comparison then was that it was fine bold country turned into a fairy garden. Such also I should make with the lakes of Scotland. What the scenery here loses in boldness, it gains in richness and picturesque beauty. But, in truth, this has more the appearance of a diorama than anything else, we glide so fast past each varying scene.

"Dinner is on the table!" announced the steward.

"What a sudden drop from the sublime to the ridiculous, Alick. Fancy changing this prospect for a dingy cabin, with the fumes of fresh onions, and probably stale tobacco, and a vista of beefsteaks and mutton chops, followed by a boiled leg of mutton. But I suppose it must be so."

"Herring, sir?—*Loch Fyne herrings?*"

Glorious fish ! They ought to have an entire chapter to themselves. He who has never tasted a Loch Fyne herring, just out of the water, or rather after they have been sprinkled with salt for about three hours, if he can afford it should immediately place himself in a railway carriage and start for a feast, and if he does not thank me for the hint, he is either no judge of one of the best things in the world, or he is an ungrateful miscreant.

"Well, upon my word, you will make an indifferent walk of it to-morrow after such a feast as that," said Sir Alexander. "Why you have devoured four herrings that weighed at least three-quarters of a pound each, and about half a peck of potatoes."

"True, but soup and fish never count. I suppose I was not hungry, for I can't stand a tough beefsteak after them; so I will go up and smoke a cigar. Certainly this change again is most delightful. We are making good way, and their stoppages have not been so long as usual. Our journey will be soon over, I should think."

"In about a quarter of an hour," replied Sir Alexander. "Don't you see there's Inverary? You know where the luggage was placed, so you had better see to that again, and I will look after the dogs as before. I have written to C., so I expect he will have a trap ready for us, and something to take the dogs, luggage, &c., in. It's all right, I see a drosky at the door. We shall only want our carpet-bags, but I dare say the heavy baggage will be at the lodge long before we are up."

"I candidly confess I am not at all sorry to have brought my journey to a close, for sleep, if sleep you could call it, scarcely visited me at Glasgow, and I care not how soon I turn in."

"Well, we will have a bit of supper, if you have any room after the herrings, and then to roost when you please."

"A grilled grouse, I can't resist that; but I did not know that you had had any one shooting."

"Nor have I; but Campbell, my head keeper, always kills a few birds that they may be kept a day or two before I come up. Good night! I suppose you won't be very early to-morrow?"

21st.—What an infernal row! I can't sleep, so I may just as well get up. Ten minutes past seven—well, it's not so very early. Oh, that's the cause of all the hubbub, the arrival of the canines with a host of gillies and keepers, and Sir Alexander in the middle of them. "How are you? I shall be down directly; shan't do dandy much. Everything all right?"

"Well, you have not been over long this time making your toilet; everything is all right. Now, Campbell, that the captain is down, let us hear all the news about the moor? I hope you have a good account to give."

"I think, sir, you'll be well contented with the grouse on the craig, considering the stock left, for you remember, sir, how they died off in October; but the rest of the old birds got well through the winter. The broods are pretty large, and there has been little or no disease among the young ones there. On the other side of the river I'm afraid they have not done quite so well; but there's a fair show all the same. The black game never did better, but of course you won't see anything of the old cocks until they have done moulting, and show them-

selves on the hills; the broods are large, and the young birds very strong: they are getting up their black feathers very fast; you will scarcely know them from the old ones in a fortnight."

"Are there any snipe?"

"Yes, sir. I never saw more than there were in the great moss last week, but of course they are only the home-bred birds, the foreigners ain't come yet. The pools are full of fowl, but they have not begun to come down to the corn-fields in the evening yet."

"What does Colin say about the salmon?"

"There has been very little done in the fishing way since the spring, but Colin says there are plenty of fish in the streams at the falls. A strange gentleman, staying with the marquis, killed a brace of fine fish in the upper water one day last week."

"And what about deer?"

"There was a very fine hart above the craig three days ago, sir, but he took up the glen; and although I have been on the look-out for him very often since, I have never seen him. They say that the stags in the forest were never in better order so early in the season than they are this year. There have been some fine heads killed already—two royals last week; and you remember, sir, there was not a good stag killed until nearly a fortnight after this last year."

"Had the one you saw on the craig a good head?"

"A fine beast, sir. I could count nine points certain. I got near enough to him for that, and could have got much closer, but I was afraid of disturbing him, as I hoped he would have browsed on the hill until you came. But an outlying stag will wander a long way. The dogs have been doing good work, but Juno had a litter of pups last week; I can't think how it happened."

"What a bore! there's the best of the pack *hors de combat*. How strange it is, that scarcely a season comes that the same story is not told in almost every kennel! However, with my six and the five good working dogs that you have, we are not much to be pitied. But I'm sadly in want of a stag hound. Where had we better shoot to-day, Campbell?"

"Above the craig, sir. The most birds are there, and once over the hill, which, to be sure, is rather a heavy pull at the start, the walking is good enough, as I suppose you won't go over much ground."

"Then, while the captain and I eat our breakfast, you had better see after the dogs. Leave old Nell, she will do to run over the craig on our way up. I don't suppose we shall find much there. Send up the others to meet us at the spring. We had better shoot to my dogs to-day, and let the captain's get over their journey; except, perhaps, his young one; it may be as well to enter him at once. Take the rifle up in case of accidents.—Now let's to breakfast, and then make a start of it. You were more keen the first time we were together in the Highlands. We had several brace of grouse killed long before this time of day. Unless you are inclined to eat another grouse, we had better be off. It is piping hot, and scarcely a breath of wind, though I dare say we shall find a little breeze on the top of the craig. We have a stiff hill to face before we reach the shooting ground."

If one wants to make a comparison about some peculiarly hard work,

one generally says, "work like a galley slave." Now I say that there is no work harder, if so hard, as that which a sportsman, out of condition, does for the first week on the moors. I have often wondered at the end of the day, when I could hardly drag one leg after the other, what could have kept me going so long.—"This hill does not give one a bad idea of the treadmill. Do you know that we have been nearly an hour getting thus far? But it is not to be wondered at, for the elastic step of youth has long since left me. In fact, Alick, I am becoming a seedy old fogey; at least, such no doubt I have long since been considered by the rising generation; but you must not forget that I am some way on the wrong side of forty, to say nothing of the rotundity of my person—an inconvenience that, happily for you, you have not to contend against. I never was, even in my best days, especially in a broiling sun like this, a very good one up hill, so you need not be surprised at the puffing and blowing you hear." A breath of air had not reached us either until we got here, to say nothing of mounting a hill of a thousand feet, with only an odd shot at a hare to enliven the pilgrimage up. "However, in spite of all, the difficulty is overcome. I will now rinse my mouth" (I never swallow water when out of condition, and not too much of that beverage at any time), "and bathe my hands and face" (which is more refreshing than all the water one could swallow), "then I'm your man for the day."

"Come, my dear fellow, make haste and finish washing yourself, for there is old Grouse pointing beautifully."

"By George! so he is. Cut away round to the far side of him. To-ho! Steady, Shot! Come, that is a very good opening! Two brace of as fine young birds as I ever saw so early in the season. You have not forgotten how to pull a trigger, Alick."

"Hold hard! By Jupiter! here is the slot of a deer. A large one too—and I think fresh. What say you?"

"I can't agree with you. I fear it is not of to-day or even yesterday. Remember there has been no rain for these three or four days, and in this ground a track would remain fresh a long time."

"True; but I don't like to lose a chance, so we'll just have a peep on the other side of the hill. It's not three miles to the march, so it won't kill us, even if we don't find him. Come, what say you—yes or no?"

"I would rather take my chance with the grouse. I am not in the best condition, and should only detain you. Adieu!"

"Au revoir!"

I had now the moor to myself, and I did not make bad use of my time. I followed the first pack, and picked up three more birds out of them. While taking the line the rest had gone, both the dogs came to a stand, each evidently having birds before him. I went first to Shot, he being the nearest; he drew me some distance, when up got an old cock grouse, which I bagged. I loaded and went up to old Grouse, who was standing a brood of black game in some rushes, out of which, as they were nicely scattered, three fine young cocks were brought to bag. I could have annihilated the whole brood, for they lay like stones. In about an hour and a half I had bagged nine brace of grouse, six blackcock, besides two or three snipe and hares. The dogs, considering the intense heat, behaved admirably. On topping a knoll I saw Sir A. — on the other side.

"Well, what news?" said I.

"No luck! I have seen nothing but a few grouse, at which I of course did not fire, for fear, should the deer be there, of disturbing him; but as I have examined the whole country within view most carefully, and have seen nothing in the shape of a stag, I think you must have been right. The print, no doubt, was a stale one, probably left by the hart Campbell saw. We need not go further this way until after luncheon, for there's the old grey pony topping the hill."

"Right glad I am to see him, Alick, for I am three parts beat, and want my luncheon sadly. That hill is such an infernal pull at the start. Now then for the plaids."

I rolled myself up on the heather, right glad to ease my old legs of the weight of my body for a while. A few sandwiches and a pint each of Prestonpans disappeared like magic. Our cigars were soon lighted. I fell asleep while smoking, and took as comfortable a nap for about three-quarters of an hour as man ever enjoyed, laughing to scorn all ideas of cold, gout, or rheumatism. I fancy by my feelings, when Campbell awoke me, that but for his arousing I should have remained in the arms of Murply, as Paddy says, until the shades of evening had closed around us. On getting up I was as stiff as an old post-horse.

"You won't make a great bag in the Highlands in that way, sir," said Campbell, "whatever you may do in your country. Here a gentleman must walk a little, or he'll not have a good story to tell when he goes back. And see, sir, there's poor old Nelly has been pointing there this half hour; she must be nearly roasted, poor old thing. Steady, Nell; steady, old lass."

"They have been running while you were sleeping," said Sir A. —.

"I don't think they are grouse. We will leave the old bitch; she won't run in and make a round well ahead of her. Now we have them, as Nell does not stir. Hector, Hector, you brute! Hang him, what a splendid brood of birds! Ware chase! you young rascal." I had half a mind to tickle him up with a shot. In my younger days it would most assuredly have been so, and he may think himself very lucky that I have lived long enough to see the folly, to say nothing of the cruelty, of shooting at a poor beast that perhaps knows no better, which was certainly the case in this instance, for it was the first time Hector had ever been on the heather in his life, and only his second season to the gun. "Give him a little taste of the whip, Campbell. Not too much for the first offence, but sufficient to let him remember it against the next time I may have occasion to rate him."

This gentle chastisement did Mr. Hector good, for, for a young one, he behaved very well afterwards. We had a fair bag already, and I decidedly did not make such good headway as at the start. In truth, I had for some little time felt very much like Mr. Briggs, the hero of Punch, on his native heather, and but for the dogs fluting their game so quickly, should long before have said,

I can no more; receive me, thou cold earth.

"Mark! mark!" shouted a gillie, a mile off. Bang, bang, went both barrels at an old blackcock, that came like a rocket over my head. I

shot a yard behind him each time. The gun began to feel heavy, and did not come up quite so quickly as it did at first.

"Come, it's time to beat homewards, for it's clear you are beat when you miss such a shot as that," said Sir A. —.

It was very near the truth, but I would not be the first to cry "Hold, enough!" I hardly deserved a reproach, for it had been the only really tinkering job for the day, though we had of course missed a few shots, but they were generally rather random. I was very glad to turn homewards, for I was fast approaching that happy state of affairs called dead beat; fortunately it was down hill all the way home, and I got on flourishingly. We waited to see the game laid out, which amounted to a fair total for the first day: thirty-eight brace of grouse, nine blackcock, seven snipe, and about a dozen mountain'hares. It's astonishing how soon we recover when we fancy we shall not be able to stir for a month. After my dinner, and a good tumbler of farintosh, I was as right as the mail, and the next morning was as fresh as a four-year-old, though a little stiff.

22nd.—At breakfast Sir A. — proposed trying the moss for wild fowl and snipe. Nothing could have delighted me more, as there is no sport I like so much. One is so certain of a varied bag, which is a sportsman's delight. The day, too, was favourable: cloudy, with a nice breeze. There had been no good news of an outlying deer to tempt us elsewhere, or of course we must have given his majesty the preference. We drove down to the edge of the moss. I have scarcely ever shot over a better piece of ground—a fine, open, low, swampy moor, intersected with patches of heather. There are several pools also, on which

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry.

Moreover, a pretty meandering trout stream, which runs through the centre of the moss, until it empties itself into the loch. At nearly all the turns of the stream you have a chance of finding ducks, after they have been disturbed from the pools. From the river the fowl almost invariably take to the loch, seldom alighting again in the moss. The small woods at the upper end are full of black game, and when the weather is warm there are almost always roe-deer there, so we had a fine prospect of sport before us, such as any disciple of the trigger might envy. There was but one drawback to my happiness: on examining the Ainéroïde barometer, before starting, its arrow-head pointed several degrees lower than when marked the evening before. Rain in the western highlands *is rain*.

The plan proposed by Sir A. — was, first to stalk up to the different pools for ducks, then to follow the stream, and having done all the execution we could upon them, commence waging war against the snipe. The arrangement was so good that I had no dissenting voice to give. We of course began our beat against the wind. It was not a very easy matter to approach these pools, for there was but little cover. Sir A. — gave me the choice of ground. I chose the side next to the loch; first, because the wind being in my favour, the fowl would naturally head that way; secondly, there was a convenient little knoll, which would enable me to reach the edge of the rushes which grew on that side of the first pool. Sir A. — was not so fortunate, for he had to creep for the

last hundred yards on his belly, in doing which he was perceived by the inmates of the little pond, and up got five ducks. I got a right and left, killed one, and hit the other so hard that he pitched a short distance off, and old Drake got him. Sir A. — made a splendid shot at the old bird, which he killed at a great distance. We thus continued stalking up to all the pools with varied success; but as many of the birds we put up in the first pools alighted in the others, they greatly disturbed those that had not been fired at, and kept such a good look-out that at two of the best places we did not get a shot, though there were several fowl in each. The river also was in a degree a failure, for the wind was rather foul for us, and each flight was sure to take some of its neighbours away with them to the loch, which at the close of the chase is always the rendezvous of the whole tribe. By one o'clock we had bagged seventeen ducks, five teal, and one curlew, which was not so good a *chasse* as Sir A. — had made on his first visit last season. We had not shot at any snipe for fear of disturbing the ducks. We had some little distance to go for the luncheon, as the ground was too swampy for the pony to come far into that part of the moss in which we commenced the snipe battue. I made the appointed signal for the gillie to let the dogs go. They soon came up to us, and we banged away to our hearts' content, as, in spite of the appearance of change in the weather, the birds were tolerably tame, and the dogs behaved very well. We found two or three broods of black game, which we thinned of a few cocks, and one small pack of grouse, which, not liking its visitors on the lowlands, took up to the hills the first flight, leaving three of their comrades dead upon the field. These were all we saw. But grouse seldom come down to this kind of ground until the hills have put on their winter nightcaps. There were several very fine coveys of partridges round the edge of the moss, near the oat fields, which were fast succumbing to the sickle. Old Ponto could not understand our not firing at them. When they went away he first looked at them, then at us, in such a knowing way it was as good as a play to see him. On arriving at the pony, Sandy had the glad news of a roebuck for us, which had left the heather close to him, and had gone into a small wood on the other side of the moss; we were half inclined to follow him at once, but, wishing to start fresh, my vote for luncheon then carried the point. To work we went, but did not spend quite so long at it as on the previous day. In fact, as it had been level walking, it had not been a very trying morning's work.

After the feast, a council of war was held as to our proceedings against the roe, at the conclusion of which it was agreed, after taking the state of the wind into consideration, that as he was nearly certain to head up to the large woods on the hill-side, we had better send the pony and dogs up wind, then each of us taking a side of the wood, which was not above three or four acres, make Sandy and Campbell beat up towards the pony. In this case it was pretty certain, as soon as the buck winded it, that he would break out on one side or the other of the wood, provided he did not head back down wind into the beaters' faces, which, unless hard pressed, he was not likely to do. At a given signal from the gillie, notifying that the pony was in its position, we were to stalk up to the sides of the wood and carefully conceal ourselves. When the guns were in position the pony was to move down, and the beaters to commence a simultaneous movement towards him.

All our plans were carried out most admirably, without disturbing him. Sandy had not gone far into the wood, when away went the buck, crashing through the brushwood. A shout of "Mark!" to the right, warned Sir A. — to keep a sharp look-out. I soon heard his shot, followed by a whoop that might have been heard down to the lodge. I contented myself by bagging three old blackcock, which Campbell put up on his way to the outside of the wood. I found the whole party assembled round the slaughtered roe. Sir A. — told me that it had come out at about twenty-five yards from him, giving him a fair broadside shot. The poor beast had scarcely moved a muscle. Campbell and Sandy soon bled it, &c., and despatched it home, tied to the pony, together with the contents of our game-bags. We were obliged soon to follow, for at about three o'clock the rain, which had threatened all day, came down in torrents. The keenest sportsman that ever pulled a trigger could not have faced it long. So we soon gave up shooting, being drenched to the skin, with half an hour's walk before us, for we had sent back the vehicle in the morning, intending to shoot our way to the lodge. The day's sport was very respectable in spite of wind and weather: seventeen ducks, five teal, thirty-four snipe, eleven black game, five hares, three grouse, a curlew, and the roebuck. I am certain, had the day remained fine, that we should have bagged thirty couple of snipe with ease, as there were plenty of birds, and we had not shot over more than half of the best ground. In the evening, Colin C., the great fisherman of the place, arrived. He told us there would be a great run of fish up at the falls if there came a good speat in the river. There certainly appeared every chance of that, as the rain still fell merrily; three or four hours longer of such a storm would be quite sufficient to raise a flood. The rain, however, was pronounced by all too heavy to last long: if fine during the night, there would be a good chance that the river might be in order the day after the morrow. Having primed him with a tumbler of toddy, and instructed him to come again and report on the state of the river, he departed, and we retired to rest.

23rd.—Sunday was not a decided wet day, but there were occasionally some very heavy showers, quite enough to keep the river up.

24th.—Sir A. — aroused me at the usual hour, about seven; said he wished to take a cruise over the craig to look for a stag. There was but little chance of his seeing one unless the day cleared a little, for the morning was most inauspicious. It did not *rain* in the Scotch acceptation of the word, but there was a *little mist* that would have drenched any one to the skin in a quarter of an hour; so I declined joining him. Indeed, I thought little of his chance, for evidently no one had seen a deer, as the shepherd had not come down, and he had orders of course to apprise us as soon as any of those welcome strangers made their appearance.

Sir A. — started in the hope of a stalk, and I set to work to prepare my tackle, in case the river should be in order next day. I placed no end of killing flies for half the rivers in Scotland into my book, and took my rod, &c., out of the box, and was then ready whenever Colin should pronounce the river in order. The day being now (for the Western Highlands) tolerably fine, I took my gun, and with

Ponto, old Drake, and a small gillie to carry my bag, started for a stroll along the river bank. The water was very high, but I could see by the stones that it had fallen a little, yet there was not much prospect of fishing for a couple of days at least. I picked up several head of game in my ramble, and was within an ace of getting another roebuck: he crossed from the river side, within eighty yards of me, on his way to a wood. Firing at him at that distance would of course have been absurd. I followed him, but could make nothing of it, as the wood was large, and the undercover very thick and difficult to get through; so I soon gave it up as a bad job, and turned homewards. Sir A. — had made up a good bag, chiefly grouse; he had seen no deer, but found the track of two that he considered fresh. He followed the track for some distance, but lost it in a ravine near the march.

25th.—I was all the better for my day's rest; had slept like a top, which I had not done before since my arrival, as my blood had been heated by the journey and the violent exercise on the first day. My toilet was soon made; and when the broiled black game was despatched, Sir A. — asked what I should like to do. He had a great fancy to see after the deer he had tracked yesterday, but would of course do anything. I did not much fancy the walk, so told him I would wait and see if Colin came to announce the river in order; if not, I would try the glen on the other side of the river for black game, hoping also to have a chance of a roe, and would beat round towards the back of the Craig, that he should return that way to meet me, and we could then have the afternoon's shooting together. I sent the pony round to the other side of the river, as I could make a short cut by crossing in the boat, and should require it whether I shot or fished, as it is some distance up to the falls, where the best streams are.

About a quarter of an hour after Sir A. — had gone, Colin came to tell me there might be a chance of a fish towards the evening, but that the water was too dirty yet for the fly. Not wishing to spend the day doing nothing, while waiting for the chance of the river clearing in the evening, I started for the glen, with my two setters and old Drake; the ground was too rough for the pointers. Campbell and Colin, who wished to see the fun, accompanied me. We found the pony on the other side of the river. Up I mounted, being determined to ride as far as possible, and leave a portion of the glen unbeat, that Sir A. — might have some fresh ground to go over if he joined me in the afternoon. When I had gone about a mile and a half from the lodge, we saw Sandy coming at a long trot over the hill. He made a signal to us to stop. We remained a few minutes in suspense, Campbell conjecturing that Sandy had probably seen some of the neighbours, who in that quarter of the march were not always very particular, on Sir A. —'s territories. Conceive my delight, when, instead of the unwelcome visitors we expected, Sandy announced that about two hours ago a noble hart had crossed the glen. He would have come down sooner to tell us of it, but he wished to watch him until he settled himself somewhere, and he had laid down between one of the branches of the glen near the top and the great rocks dividing the march. I sent Campbell back instanter with the pony to fetch my rifle, and appointed to meet him at

a certain wood, which Sandy said commanded a view of the plain where the stag lay.

"Don't forget to ask the gude wife o' the kitchen for some strong cord to tie him wi' to the pony," said Sandy.

"Well thought of; but it's counting our chickens before they are hatched to talk of tying him before I have seen him."

"Better to be sure than sorry, sir," was the curt reply.

I took the telescope and trudged off. The spot named for the meet was nearly three miles distant, even by taking a short cut over the moor, where we should come in at the back of the wood. I gave Campbell a hint not to let the heather grow under the old pony's feet, and to send the gillie on to the farthest point he could ride up to. After walking about a mile and a half, we came close to the part of the glen which the stag had crossed in the morning. I wished to see the spot, that I might be sure there was such good fortune in store for me as a crack at one of the kings of the forest. We soon found the spot, an enormous one—a Durham bull would scarcely have left a larger. I remained so long examining it, that Sandy at last suggested, that if we wished to see the foot that had made the print we must push on, or Campbell would be at the wood before us. We started, and were soon in sight of it; and there was the old grey pony, not more than a quarter of a mile off, where Campbell had left it. He came up to the wood nearly at the same time as ourselves. I constituted him the chief, leaving the plan of attack to be discussed between him and Sandy. They by no means agreed as to how the stag was to be got at. "But we must first find him," I suggested. This rather home truth brought them to their senses. We had to traverse the wood before we could have a view of the plain where Sandy had seen him, which having done, we crawled behind the wall that formed the fence, and having taken out a stone, Campbell commenced a careful examination of the plain before us, which extended some distance. There was occasional broken ground and corries.

"You tell me he was heading westward, Sandy? But of course he was; he would na turn down the wind. I canna mak' him oot yet." This was said after a quarter of an hour of to me most exciting suspense. "Tak' the glass, Sandy; you saw where he stopped, and maybe you'll mak' a better guess of where he is than I can. I hope he has na crossed over by the cairn, if so our chance is up, as the march is within a quarter of a mile from that spot" (pointing to the rough, rugged mountain-top, just in the wind's eye).

I watched Sandy's movements very closely, and fancied he allowed the glass to dwell for some time on a particular spot, the direction of which I noted well. Afterwards he seemed to me carelessly to pass over the ground as if it was not worth while to hunt it. When he closed the glass, which he did before handing it to me to take my turn at the survey, he said, in a quiet way, which I thought betokened confidence,

"I'm thinking he has na crossed the march yet."

"Have you him?" said Campbell. "Let the captain take the glass, his eyes may be better than ours."

This last observation I simply put down as humbug, but had my suspicions, by his manner, that Sandy had seen the stag, though he evidently must have been nearly hidden to have escaped Campbell's ob-

servation; but Sandy had the advantage of having previously seen the beast. I began to search the whole hill as the others had done, but had taken good care to mark well the direction Sandy had examined so closely. Over this part I passed the glass twenty times without seeing anything; at last I perceived something that excited my suspicions.

"Have they burned any of the heather, thereabout?" said I, indicating the spot.

"Why do you think so, sir?" said Sandy.

"Because I fancy I see some dead wood."

"Ay, ye dinna ken a stag's horn frae a burnt bush yet, sir; but it's na the first time you hae run a glass o'er a hill-side. It's just him crouched in the heather."

I had thought so, but did not like to say it for fear I might be wrong, and then there would have been a good laugh against me.

Campbell took the glass again and found him in an instant, but was evidently not pleased at my having seen the stag before he did.

"I never thought I was blind till now," he said, "to pass a stag where it's as plain to be seen as the bull's-eye on a soldier's target."

I was not so clear about that, but did not dispute the point. Having found the object of our anxious search, the next thing was to try and get a shot at it. The wind was very favourable for the stalk, still due west. Campbell carefully examined the position—a plain between two glens that were branches of the great glen I intended shooting, forming a fork, near the base of which was the wood. He, knowing every inch of the ground perfectly, pronounced that there were two ways of stalking up to him: the one was to take the southern course of the glen, which was the shortest, and which, if he remained quiet, would bring me within a fair shot of him; but the side of the glen was very stiff to mount opposite to where the stag was. The other course, which was a much longer one, led round to the back of the cairn, but there would be a fine chance for a shot if it could be reached without disturbing him. I decided taking the southern course, which, though much the nearer cut, was still a stiffish pull. Sandy and Co., with the pony, were to remain where they were and watch proceedings, in case the stag should move while we were in the wood. How I wished that Sir A. — was with us, for he could have taken one course and I the other; nothing but a blunder could have prevented our killing the stag. In order to get into the glen, we were obliged to retrace our steps for some distance. There was no difficulty about that up to a certain point, as the wood covered us, but when we got within a couple of hundred yards of the glen, Campbell gave me all kinds of caution, for we had then to pass a piece of ground in full view of the stag.

"You must creep here, sir, till we get to the knoll; for if he were to catch a glimpse of us, even at this distance—nearly a mile off, as the crow flies—he would soon be over the march."

He took the rifle and commenced his serpent's crawl. You would have fancied he had never been on his legs in his life to see the pace he went at. I followed in the wake, and really, considering the size of body I had to conceal, acted boa-constrictor marvellously well. We soon reached the knoll, which covered us until we were at the edge of the glen, when, holding on by a hazel-bush, Campbell let himself drop into the

welcome shelter. I followed suit, and then loaded the rifle. Campbell took the glass to see if all was right. I also had a peep. There lay the noble beast. You could see his head and part of his back. I should like to have watched his movements for some minutes, but we had no time to lose, as there was at least a mile and a half of very difficult ground to go over before we should be opposite him, as the glen twisted about in all directions. I took Campbell's stick and gave him the rifle to carry. The great danger of disturbing the stag was through the black game, which were very plentiful there, and kept getting up every minute; but fortunately they nearly all headed to the great glen. In the excitement of getting thus far we had never once looked back. What then was my astonishment to find old Drake at my heels. I could have sworn he had not followed at the start, which was the case. The gillie had let him go when trying to couple the other dogs. What was to be done? If I went back I should be beat before I got up to the stag, and Campbell would never be able to get him past the open ground, as he certainly would not follow him. We had no cord to tie him with, so there was nothing for it but to trust to his sagacity. He had often stalked wild fowl, when he always remained between my legs. I determined, therefore, to take my chance rather than turn back with him. Campbell evidently was not pleased. "Dom the dog!" I heard him mutter between his teeth. Once in the glen I had hoped that my stalk would have been simple enough; but I little guessed, in spite of all the warning I had received, what there was to encounter. It was one continued series of scrambling over slippery rocks, and forcing through very thick underwood, unless we preferred being up to our knees in a burn. I toiled and laboured, puffed and blew, until I had half made up my mind to tell Campbell to go on by himself and shoot the deer; a proposition which I doubt not would have delighted him amazingly. To add to my misery, I had tumbled down and severely bruised my knee-cap, and barked my shin down to the ankle. I rubbed hard at it, but could not rub the pain out. However, in spite of all difficulties, I still dragged on, only, much to Campbell's disgust, taking two or three minutes' rest every now and then. During one of these moments of repose he scrambled like a cat to the top of the glen to take another look at the stag. He came down in a great hurry, and told me we must push on, as the hart had got up and would probably move away. We should soon be within shot, as he was not much more than three hundred yards off. If we could only get to a bush, which he pointed out, in time, I should have a fine chance. I felt new life at the speedy prospect of so glorious an end to my labours, and arrived under the bush pretty fresh. I got half way up the side of the glen, which was very steep, rugged, and difficult of ascent, and halted for a moment, that I might not be blown when I had to shoot. Just as I sat down, Campbell, who had gone up to the bush, beckoned me impatiently to join him. Up I got, and was there in a minute. I was fixed to the spot. The stag, as fine a beast as man need ever wish to see, was walking quietly away at three hundred yards' distance. It was to be thus disappointed that I had toiled all this distance, and maimed myself, for I now felt great pain in my knee, to say nothing of having made rags of my new trousers. "If we had only been five minutes sooner, he was ours," said Campbell, accompanying the observation with something in

Gaelic, which, from the way it was uttered, was, I fear, not a blessing, on my dilatory proceedings. I was much inclined to take a chance, and cocked my rifle. "Dinna fire, 'twould be na use. Ye could na kill him the way he stauds unless ye hit him in the head, and ye canna mak' sure o' that. Wait a wee. He is na scared, but just worried by the flies"—(they had nearly driven me mad)—"he may lie down again." We waited a long half-hour watching his movements. He occasionally nipped a piece of tempting grass, then lay down for a minute, when up he would get and stamp his foot with rage at the flies. "Whist! he is heading to the corrie. If he'll only lie down there we may have him yet, and without as much trouble as you may think, sir," said Campbell. "But I hope your leg will na get worse. It was a sair knock you gave it. He is close to the corrie now." Sure enough down he went, and as soon as he was covered, all to his horns, Campbell got up and ran for the back of a knoll, which was about a hundred yards distant. I was well rested, but my knee was very stiff and painful. Nevertheless I ran the distance, as if my life, instead of the stag's, depended on the time I did it in. We reached the cover in safety, Drake and all, who stuck like a leech to my heels. We could now push on in safety nearly to the other glen, keeping his horns in view; and only once had we occasion to stop and be very cautious, which was at a pass between two hills. "We canna quit the knoll yet," said Campbell; "he would see us in the pass. Wait a wee, and keep a good look-out that ye dinna see too much of his horns."

Two or three times he advanced, and we had to retreat almost to the bottom of the hill. He was at too long a range for a certain shot, but I was prepared to take a chance, expecting every instant that he would top the knoll, but he fortunately changed his direction a little. As he receded we advanced. At last we suddenly lost sight of him entirely.

"He is lyin' down in the corrie, and he's yours now, sir, if you can only handle the rifle half as well as you do the gun. Now run for the back of the knoll. Frae that we shall be in the glen in a minute."

We were there almost before Campbell had finished speaking. Indeed, he was still whispering something when we let ourselves down. We did not descend to the bottom, but crept along the side, which we could do without much difficulty, as the grass and rough heather were strong enough to hold on by, and the wind was so favourable there was no chance of disturbing him if we kept out of sight. I rested a little before I mounted the rock, a signal from Campbell, who was already there, having warned me that all was right. I soon joined him, and through a cleft in the rock saw the object of all my anxiety quietly crouched in the corrie at about eighty yards distant. I gently cocked both barrels, and was ready to have a crack at him the moment he rose. I could not make sure of him in the position he was lying in. I was not kept very long in suspense, for the instant the muzzle of the rifle passed the opening, up he got; probably he had caught a glimpse of the sun shining on the barrel. I was as quick as he, being fully prepared, and as soon as he was on his legs, crack went old Purdy, and I heard that pleasant, unmistakable sound when a bullet finds a soft resting-place. He bounded forward and fell upon his knees, but was up in an instant and heading away. I ran three or four paces up the rock. I could then see nothing but his head and neck. I let fly the second barrel, and evidently hit him

hard, for he staggered and nearly fell upon his side. I jumped up and ran down the rocks like mad, and got on to the plain just in time to see old Drake—who, contrary to his usual custom, had started off the moment I fired the first shot—come up to him, about three hundred yards off, as he was feebly endeavouring to head up to the cairn :

On the brink of the rock, lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day.

There he was trying to face the old dog, but evidently his death-struggle was at hand, poor beast. The first wound had been mortal. Once or twice he staggered forward, endeavouring to pin old Drake, then rolled over on his side, and just as I came up Campbell placed his knee on his bleeding neck, and the knife was at his throat. He was, as Sandy had said, a noble hart, with a magnificent head of ten points. His brow antlers were the finest I almost ever saw. I should not have envied old Drake much if he had had strength to use them. The wood of the horn was very thick, and beautifully knotted. My first shot had been a deadly one. I was above him when I fired, and the ball had passed behind the shoulder low down, and had come out on the other side, close to his elbow, grazing the heart in its passage. It was astonishing, with such a fearful wound, that he should have gone even so far as he did. The second shot had not been a bad one either, under the circumstances, for it had made a good groove in his neck; an inch more to the right it would have broken it. The pony was coming up, Sandy having started the moment he heard me fire. He had let both my setters loose, I suppose that they might join the chase if necessary, which certainly would have tended much to steady them for the rest of the season. Old Drake's performance saved the gillie a good blowing up. We found it no easy matter transporting our prize across the glen; that accomplished, we were not long in tying it to the pony and starting it home, where I was obliged to follow, as I could scarcely walk. Having, on my arrival at the lodge, bathed my knee for about an hour in hot water, I felt tolerably comfortable. Just as I came down stairs, Sir A. — arrived in the yard.

"Well, what luck?" said I.

"No such luck as yours, I am sorry to say," was his answer. "I saw a stag, but, before it was possible to get near him, an old beast of a cock grouse, which I had unfortunately put up, flew straight over his head, and away he bolted to the big wood that joins the march. I followed him of course as far as there was any trace to be seen, but I might as well have looked for a needle in a haystack as a stag in that wood. I returned by the glen, according to promise. The shepherd told me you had gone home very soon after you had killed the stag, having hurt yourself. I hope it is nothing that will lay you up."

I wish I could have said so, but my knee was very stiff and sore, to say nothing of my unfortunate shin; but it would have felt worse, I dare say, had I not killed the stag. We then went and saw it weighed. It was nineteen stone and a half, and as fat as a London alderman. Sir A. — congratulated me on both shots, and Campbell declared I had stalked it beautifully. What a crammer! I had as much to do with the stalking part, except retarding it, as old Drake had,

who also, most deservedly, came in for his share of praise. Indeed, he faced the stag bravely, though he had never seen one in his life before.

26th.—My leg was so stiff and sore that I could scarcely hobble about the room, and I found great difficulty in dressing myself. But the feat being at last accomplished, I went down, and found Sir A. — at breakfast.

"You will excuse me, my dear fellow, for having begun before you," said he, "but I have just received a kind invitation from the marquis, asking me, as I told you I thought he would, to have two or three days with him in his forest. I am very sorry to leave you in such a plight, but I cannot resist the temptation. I wish he had included you in the invitation."

"I am very glad he has not, Aliek. It would have been a great disappointment to me not to go, and I certainly could not make much of a stalk of it in my present condition. Adieu! I wish you the best of sport. I shall make myself quite at home during your absence. Mind you give me a full and true account on your return, as I shall be most anxious to hear all about your proceedings. I have my fears for the weather. I hope to be all right again in a couple of days, and we will kill a stag together yet."

SEVEN YEARS OF AN INDIAN OFFICER'S LIFE.

I.

I WAS sitting to rest myself after morning's parade, in the usual careless ease of a soldier, when a letter arrived announcing the bankruptcy of Bowson and Co.'s Bank, in which every farthing I possessed in the world was lost, and by which I found myself, at the age of twenty-two, with nothing but a subaltern commission and fifty pounds, which I happened to have in my desk, to face the chances of life. For myself I was not in a worse case than thousands of others, except having been brought up to the possession of an independency; but the state to which my mother and sisters were reduced at the same time filled me with desperation, since they had, by my advice, entrusted what they possessed to the same firm. I was not long in feeling my altered prospects. Men who had before sworn undying friendship, turned from me without recognition, and I had to bear all the afflictions from others which have been the lot of misfortune from the earliest times. For, although the philosophical writers of the present day boast of the alteration of the human heart for the better, a little study of former satirists and poets, and some experience of life now, will convince all that man's nature, as manifested in passions and afflictions, is the same as ever. I had not only to bear the incivility of manner of formerly professed friends, but the calumny of many. Some openly declared I had trusted my own and relatives' property in the hands of a concern which I knew to be insolvent at the time, with a secret understanding that I should, when the firm had been

"whitewashed"—as they expressed it—receive back the whole for my own use. Others, who professed liberality of opinion on all subjects, and pretended to defend my cause as far as candour would permit, said there could be great imprudence in trusting the property of others to persons whose solvency was suspected, without absolute dishonesty; they always liked to judge charitably of others, but, the world was so full of dishonesty there was no knowing anybody; and in this manner only confirmed a suspicion into an absolute certainty in the minds of their hearers. Hence I was regarded not only as a swindler, but as one so heartless as to rob my mother and sisters of bread, and reduce the latter to the hard drudgery of a governess's life, or the deeper slavery of dependence on charitable relations.

These candid people were of the numerous class who are too cowardly to express a conviction, even if they had intellect enough to form one, and who, therefore, endeavour to keep up their professions of impartiality by libellous innuendoes on all who are in a superior station, or who may chance to be depressed by misfortune. In fact, I soon discovered that, with the generality of mankind, to be unfortunate is to be criminal; and the anger raised by their aspersions is considered infallible proof of having hit the right nail on the head. However, in the depth of my depression, I was roused to new exertion by the discovery of two friends, whose friendship went further than the conventional hypocrisies of civilised life. Owen, one of them, as soon as he heard of my loss, came from a distance to offer me the money requisite for an Indian outfit, if I could exchange into a regiment about to sail. The other, a friend of my father's, offered to provide a home for my mother and two sisters—the former till I could provide for her, and the latter until some respectable employment could be found for them. To him I could only express my gratitude for relieving me of my greatest anxiety. I received Owen's offer, not as he required, as a gift, but in the form of a loan, though he insisted on its being without interest. Thus provided, I soon got an exchange, and started for the East, with a determination, by uprightness of conduct, to gain the good-will of my fellow soldiers and the approbation of my superiors.

I landed at Bombay in June, 18—, and, owing to my mental condition, that climate, so pernicious to a European constitution, had more than its usual effect on me. There was no expectation of my passing over the first three months with life, and, after fever was gone, I was, in the idleness of garrison life, attacked by the more dangerous malady of home-sickness. Everything seemed to recal the happy times of my childhood, passed amid the Welsh hills. My sleep was continually tormented by dreams of having returned there, and finding all I once knew dead, and the most lovely scenes turned to solitudes, in which I wandered without seeing a living thing, or even hearing the note of a bird. At times I was conscious of all being only a dream; but at others I would exclaim in delight, when all seemed to be exactly as I remembered it, "I have often been cheated by dreams into a fancied return here, but this is real!" and then awake, to find myself alone in the darkness, or with just light enough to discover the bats wheeling about my room, and the stillness only broken by the melancholy and appalling howls of the jackal.

Relief from this disease, which is beyond the power of medicine, came in the discovery of a plot, formed by the natives, for the murder of the garrison and European inhabitants of Bombay. The constant vigilance demanded by the authorities after this required so much activity on the part of the military, as soon took from me the incipient madness of home-sickness. The authorities wisely kept secret the discovery of this plot, and I believe this is the first time it has been mentioned to the home public; yet, as war was sure to be not far distant, the military were trained and prepared to be ready for action on the first notice, though the opportunity for executing the fore-determined plan did not come for a much longer time than we all wished, and, as a security at present for the inhabitants of Bombay, double guards were mounted, and relieved at shorter intervals than usual, for some months.

In addition to the exertion required in this state of affairs, I determined to employ all my spare moments in intellectual cultivation, that I might shut out the advances of melancholy, and keep myself from those dissipated habits which too many of our officers fall into from want of employment, by which they lose the best chances of promotion, and bring disgrace on the religion they profess, but every one of whose dictates they disobey. For this purpose I wrote to Owen to forward me a collection of classical works I had committed to his care, as I was somewhat surprised to find that the study of them would help me in the acquisition of Persian and Arabic, the two languages required for a successful career in India.

Another misfortune, which I have not yet mentioned, added to the rest of my troubles. The lady to whom I had been engaged before my loss, was restrained from further communication with me by her parents. Her father, a wealthy merchant, hinted that Gwynith had herself determined on this step, in the letter he wrote announcing it. But this I was convinced was false.

II.

THESE various employments soon restored my mental and bodily health; and by a strict course of temperance, which is more needed, though less practised, in Hindostan than at home, I was able to preserve it in all the changes of a soldier's life. When my health was fully restored, I received orders to join my regiment, which had proceeded to Baroda, in Guzerat. There, amid the cantonment, I had an opportunity of examining the different effects of the absence of those restraints on the actions of men which the presence of kindred and our native land always impose in a most salutary degree. Those who had no principle—or, if they had an idea of moral obligation, acted constantly in opposition to it—rushed into every extravagance of debauchery, and ran into debt without any expectation of ever paying it. To such, the position afforded every pleasure their brute nature was capable of enjoying whilst youth lasted. But those who escaped death by disease, after a few years of riot ended life, now become intolerable, too often by their own hand. Whilst health lasted, these men were the loudest assertors of the superiority of European civilisation, while their actions forced a very different conviction on the natives. As an illustration, I may relate an incident which

occurred to myself. Standing at the door of a temple, I was astonished to see a Hindoo, the worse for drink, show undisguised contempt for the ceremony going on. Advancing, I asked him of what religion he was. He replied, "A Christian," with a drunken leer. "A Christian!" I echoed, in astonishment; "how do you mean?" "I get drunk, and swear like a *Europe* man; that's being a Christian!" The opinion held by this unfortunate man is but too prevalent even among the higher classes of the natives. Indeed, it is a curious, but saddening reflection, that to whatever part of the world Europeans have penetrated, their presence has had a most pernicious moral influence. This is not confined to any particular nation, but common to all. Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch, have been the same, and my own country, also, is included, though, I trust, not to so great a degree. This is, I know, a most unpopular doctrine, but its truth is vouched for by all, or nearly all, travellers, and my own observation has confirmed it.

But to continue the observations I made on the society around me. Those who came out with the sole idea of making arms their profession, were, for the most part, wholly indifferent as to whether they ever returned. And, having eased themselves of all those exquisite feelings which duty, love, and friendship impart, lived up to, nay, often beyond, their income. Utterly indifferent to the wants or comfort of others, they passed their time like princes, or, more properly, like petty tyrants, wholly absorbed in whatever would gratify their appetites. Others, who came out with splendid ideas of the service, falsely imagining that fortunes were to be made without the least exertion on their own parts, of course suffered disappointment. They never tried, in their vexations, to smoothe the way for themselves by studying the languages of those among whom they sojourned. Such men were constantly railing against the service and the Company. Their letters home were full of dreadful accounts of the country and their own plans for the regeneration of the East by the abolition of the Court of Directors. Whenever an attack was made upon it in the papers, their evidence was quoted as decisive; the public not being aware that the idleness and spleen of the writers were the true cause of their discontent. In truth, this censoriousness was the only *ruse de guerre* by which they could hide their ignorance of the country. And, lastly, of those who were driven by necessity or inclination, or were destitute of friends in their native land, some were wretchedly avaricious, and deprived themselves almost of the necessaries of life. Despised by their brother officers, void of content in their own minds, they alone thought of heaping up wealth, which they would never be able to enjoy themselves, or inclined to use in giving pleasure to others. Men of this class have given the popular notion of the OLD INDIAN; selfish, despotic, and with a temper equalled in malignity only by the climate of the Sunderbunds. Their conduct fully justified the instinctive dislike which nations have always felt to seeing in the government men of low birth, and the bad character which history has given of them.

There was, however, another class, few, very few in number, who were in every respect gentlemen. These felt the loss of society, and the deprivation of the comforts it imparts, keenly. And one solitary instance I was acquainted with, though, unfortunately, I had not the pleasure of know-

ing the young man personally, who restrained himself in every way to add to the means of educating an only brother and sister. He aroused in me the highest respect for his virtue. His corps had a mess—and a mess draws from an ensign half his pay, when he can furnish himself much cheaper. On his withdrawing from the mess, his reasons were demanded, and he gave them frankly: but he was only allowed to do so for half a year. Another such instance of virtue and moral courage the Bombay army did not at that time present. He met his reward in afterwards rising to some of the highest places of trust in the gift of the Company.

From what I have said above, it will be seen that my circle of acquaintance was, necessarily, very limited. But this allowed me to apply with greater fixedness to the study of the native tongues, which contributed to my future advance in the service, and which I would strongly advise to every officer whose duty may call him to the East.

III.

FROM the adversity gone through, I learned sooner than most men the futility of trusting to others for assistance in our affairs, and the worthlessness of the applause of the crowd. I was taught that the only means a man can trust to are his own exertions and the blessing of God. In short, I was aroused from that practical atheism into which men and nations fall in times of long peace and prosperity; from which the latter are awakened, by the unexpected misfortunes and sudden changes of war, to acknowledge a directing Providence. This effect, which I have observed war constantly to have, is a benefit fully counterbalancing its evils.

About this time I received a letter from Mr. Gibson, of Galle, in Ceylon, whose acquaintance I had made on the voyage out. He promised spontaneously to assist my promotion, but insisted, as a necessary step, on the study of the Persian, Arabic, and Hindostanee. He also mentioned to me two young officers of the name of NOTTE and POLLOCK, recommending me to form an acquaintance with them if possible, and presaging their future eminence. As all the educated world knows, this prophecy was nobly fulfilled on the North-West Frontier.

In looking back from the present time, when the Indian mails are sent every fortnight, at the state of uncertainty they were in at the period under consideration, the change hardly strikes me with less astonishment than the rapid extension of our Indian empire. Letters to us poor soldiers then only arrived and departed from Bombay twice in the year! and, owing to the carelessness of Post-office officials, were even afterwards frequently lost. But, unpleasant as this was to home lovers, it had some advantages. The separation from home influences and feelings caused a greater individuality of character and action to be developed, and thus led to those bold lines of policy which, had they been known in the beginning, and not almost solely in their accomplishment, would have startled the home public into an immediate opposition. Warren Hastings and Wellesley would have been recalled in three months in the present day. Besides, the present rapid communication produces a sameness of thought throughout the empire, sadly destructive to genius. All this must not be

set down to the grumbling of an old Indian, who envies others the good things he himself did not enjoy. They are only the remarks raised by an observation of mankind and of nations, to show the present age has some drawbacks to its advantages of intercourse and education. Persia is an example. Her people are the most universally educated in the world; but since such has been the case, no man of great genius has graced her literature. This common teaching is like the clipping of a hedge; it reduces all to neatness and the same level.

Well! so the garrulous pen, as the garrulous tongue, of old age makes us wander: I only wished to say I often longed for letters which came not, and applied with double ardour to my Oriental studies to overcome the desire. But then pleasant dreams would come of the Cambrian home of my childhood, and of myself being restored to it as the master. At last the vakeel entered Baroda with the letters, and among those delivered to me was one in a female hand, which made my heart leap with more than usual vigour. It was from Gwynith! I learned, on opening it, that Owen had first gained her mother's consent to her writing, and, with the maternal ally, describing the certainty of my rapid promotion, and painting with all the enthusiasm of a poetical mind the treasures of the East awaiting the successful soldier, he had won over her father's assent to a renewal of our courtship, though her father, in mercantile fashion, declared I had much better have my sabre manufactured into a cash-box, use the feathers of my plume in writing invoices, throw up my commission, and become correspondent of some respectable house in Liverpool, yet if I would be a fool and his daughter equally stupid, why we might again write to one another.

I now had every inducement to exertion I had wished, and, by the blessing of God, I determined to win. I had formed a select circle of brother officers, who had resolved to seek advancement in the same way as myself, and we spent our spare moments together in mutual instruction and harmless amusement. But, do all we would, the absence of society was not to be compensated, and our state was, in reality, only a kind of splendid banishment.

IV.

WE were all glad to hear tidings of active service: those deeply in debt inspired by the hope of promotion on the death of their superiors; others glad to escape the dunning of their creditors in the camp; not a few of the debauchees anticipating with joy the licence incidental to a campaign; and all glad to escape the lassitude which, in spite of oneself in such a climate, falls on the mind. No one who has lived there will wonder at the habitual sluggishness of the natives, varied, whenever the opportunity of war or revolution offers, by the most frantic activity and excitement. Each state in its excess is, alone, for the time pleasing, and during its continuance none other seems capable of giving joy.

Our first movement from Baroda was to Palleard, twelve days' march; and after the first four I began to see the effects of the famine which was afflicting Guzerat, and especially the northern part, from the previous failure of the rains. I would not have believed the scenes had I not beheld them myself. At Pittaud I was horrified by the skeletons of

bullocks and the putrid human corpses lying by the roadside, where they had perished of hunger. Some were half-devoured by beasts of the forests, and over others the kites and vultures were fighting for possession, whilst the pariah dogs were tearing to pieces those hardly dead. At first, I was much shocked at such miserable objects, but I soon became in a manner reconciled to them. For the living excited far more painful feelings. They were driven by necessity to offer their children for sale for a few rupees, by which to prolong a miserable existence a few days. Indeed, some of our Sepoys purchased children for a few handfuls of rice; and they were happy who could find such a purchaser, since they were often adopted, and taken care of as their own children, whilst all were saved from the most wretched of deaths. When I saw two or three hundred of these poor Mawarees, seated under the banyan-trees outside the large towns, and fed by the bounty of the inhabitants, as they sat in perfect indifference to their future fate, some around them in the agonies of death, yet none seeming in the least affected, I could not but reflect on what would have been the feelings of the English poor had they endured similar distress. Houses would have been demolished, stores broken open, and their contents, in unreasoning fury, destroyed, whilst innocent individuals would have become victims of their rage. Here the only word uttered is, that it is their fate; by which they intend the decree of Heaven. I will not shock the reader by a further description of the horrors witnessed as we proceeded north, but I have given only a feeble sketch, which, were the colours ever so glowing, could only be realised by those who have witnessed the scene.

On the 2nd of December we reached Daglur. Here I first beheld a flight of locusts, which settled in innumerable clouds on the fields, flourishing in the promise of abundance for the famine-struck people. All was destroyed as completely as if a fire had passed over the land, and the misery caused by this infliction pierced my heart more deeply than the scenes I had witnessed before. It is impossible to imagine the awful effects of famine on man. Hollow cheeks, haggard looks, sunken eyes, lank sides, with the step tottering and hardly able to support the wasted frame—these are some of the dread features. A woman came to me and offered to sell a fine boy, about six years old, and a girl of eight, for *half a rupee!* I refused to buy them, but gave them the money. However, doubtless she wanted to procure a substance for her offspring rather than the trifle for herself; so that, instead of being a deprivation of natural feeling, she displayed a touching instance of a mother's affection in wishing to provide for her children after her own fast-approaching death.

We had hardly got settled, when an order came from Colonel Holmes, the commandant of his Highness the Gunawee's subsidiaries at Baroda, to leave Palleard and go after a horde of Pindaree freebooters who had appeared in the neighbourhood of Surat. These marauders were well mounted, and said to be more fond of plunder than fighting. They marched with astonishing celerity.

The order, however, was unacceptable to none, for marching is the most pleasant part of an Indian soldier's life. We used to strike tents and set out at four o'clock in the morning. I took but little baggage, consequently my tent was usually pitched among the first at the end of a

march—a great comfort when one comes weary and hungry after a long journey. I sometimes, however, had to sit under a tree, and cry to a brother officer who had a good view of the road, like Sister Anne in “Blucbeard,” “Do you see any one coming?” And his answer would be, “I see a dust!” when I used to drop into some tent and get pot-luck. We are all friends, and always welcome on a march. I do not wonder at the Arab of the desert despising his brother of the town. In the camp life there is such a delightful feeling of vagabondage and freedom from all law, as to make it irresistible to almost all men, especially the young.

We expected to have three months' campaigning, after which we were to go to the Deccan, our forces having taken the field there. All were glad, notwithstanding the long march which would take us the whole extent of Guzerat, along the coast of Surat, and up the Ghauts—those stupendous passes which lead from the plains of the coast to the great table-land of Southern India—the last place conquered by the Mahomedans, and the first to throw off the yoke under the great Sewajee. With this, too, were connected some of the most romantic incidents of the British arms. When will there arise an historian worthy to relate those romance-like actions? Why, it is the most stupid folly to talk of the want of poetry in modern history. Certainly the conquest of Hindostan, with the wonderful episodes of Clive, the gloomy, misanthropic writer of invoices, who separated himself from all around him, as if nursing a conscious genius, which at the time neither himself nor any other understood; then the ardent warrior who defended Arcot, the avenging fury of the ferocious Surajah-co-Dowlah, who murdered so cruelly in the Black Hole his prisoners—Clive, the disposer of crowns by his word, the great statesman, the man of boundless wealth, the astonishment of Europe and Asia; and then, after all this magnificence, the great fall—complete and sublime as ever entered into the mind of a tragic poet—the arraigned culprit before an assembly of England's barons, the gloomy madness settling on his great mind, like the cloud on a volcano before a bursting forth of its molten entrails, and the last scene of his suicide. Has Shakspeare any tragedy equally sublime in its outline? Ancient history cannot equal it. Hannibal's rise was never so high, or from so low a station; and his death, instead of resulting from madness, induced by the ingratitude of his countrymen after the completest success, was but the desperate act of an exile, who had fled his country after seeing all his plans frustrated, and in fear of being delivered to be murdered by his enemies. Then there is the epic of Warren Hastings. But I dare not allow myself to touch on it, as I should be carried out of all bounds. I will only remark that modern history only appears a dead level of prose, because none of the puny moderns have the eagle eye of genius to sweep over its sublime mountains and profound abysses.

NAPOLEON BALLADS.—No. I.

BY WALTER THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

HOW TO BEAR A LOSS.

(Napoleon at Dresden.)

THE day the bullet struck Moreau,
 I and another went,
 With tidings from the batteries,
 Unto Napoleon's tent.
 I stood before him, facings torn,
 With forehead gashed and red—
 My broken sword was dripping fast
 With blood a Prussian shed.

"Headlong from rocky Peterswald
 The rough old soldier broke,
 Before him ran our cannon flame,
 With flashing lightning stroke;
 Like storms from the Bohemian hills
 Corps after corps bore down—
 Below us lay thy valley, Culm,
 And the devoted town."

"Then Kleist came winding from the wood,
 The Russians spread in force;
 In vain the firmness of our foot,
 And fury of our horse.
 Prince Schwartzberg and Tolly came,
 To close us like a net,
 And not a Russian bayonet point
 But with French blood was wet."

"Wholly of iron, rooted stood,
 Fireproof, our old Vandamme,
 Grim in the whirlwind of the shots,
 A bullet in his arm."—
 I saw Napoleon's eyes dilate,
 His lips clench pale and tight;
 He spoke not, but with careful hand
 Shaded the swinging light.

"Our rolling fire brought headlong down
 The fiercest of the horde,
 With pistol-shot, with musket-flash,
 And blow and sweep of sword.
 Vandamme stood patient in the fire,
 The first man in the line—
 You cannot kill such men with shots,
 But only with a mine."—

The Emperor fixed his eagle eyes
 Upon his red-lined map,
 He turned the compass left and right
 (His sword lay in his lap):
 "Two eagles lost—six thousand men
 At Culm and Töplitz fell?"—
 Then he looked up, but only said,
 "VANDAMME IS TAKEN—WELL!"

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PASSING BELL."

ON Monday morning, the 11th of May last, there sat in one of the quiet rooms of Enton parsonage a young and pretty woman, playing with her baby. It was Mrs. Ordie. The incumbent of Enton was Dr. Ling, an honorary canon of the county cathedral, and rather given, of late years, to certain church innovations. He called himself a high churchman, his friends a Tractarian, and his enemies a Puseyite. However, Puseyite or not, he was the spiritual director of Enton, which brought him in a good round income, every farthing of which he lived up to, some people said to more. Mrs. Ling was from India; her family connexions lived there; father, uncles, brothers, and cousins, had been, or were, in the civil or military service of Bengal. Consequently, as the daughters of Dr. Ling had grown towards womanhood, they were severally shipped off, with high matrimonial views, according to a fashion that extensively prevails among certain of our British families.

Miss Ling, Louisa, had gone out first, and had secured Captain Ordie. Constance had gone out next, and espoused Lieutenant Main, to the indignation of all her relatives, both at home and out, for she was a handsome girl, and had been set down for nothing less than a major. Lieutenant Main, who was attached to Captain Ordie's regiment, had been home on sick leave, and was unfortunately returning in the very ship that took Constance. Before they had come to the end of their voyage, they had agreed that Main was a prettier name for the young lady than Ling, and although everybody assured her that he had no interest and would never get promoted, she married him. The third daughter, Sarah Ann, very young and pretty she was, went out the following year, with a stern injunction not to do as Constance had done. Sarah Ann, probably, would not have gone so soon, but that Mrs. Ordie had urged it. Her own health was not good; she was returning to Europe; let Sarah Ann come and be introduced under *her* auspices, before she left, otherwise she would be consigned to the charge and bad example of Mrs. Main. And Sarah Ann was despatched at the age of fifteen: Dr. and Mrs. Ling had three other daughters yet.

It happened, however, before Sarah Ann could get there, that Mrs. Ordie's health grew worse, and she was ordered immediately to her native climate, so, after all, Sarah Ann had to be received by Mrs. Main. Mrs. Ordie, upon landing in England, proceeded to Enton. The voyage had been of much service to her, and her health was improved. And there we see her sitting, on the morning of the 11th of last May, nearly twelve months after her arrival, playing with her infant, who was nine months old. She was well now, and in August she and the child were going back to India.

Mrs. Ordie was much attached to this child, very anxious and fidgety over it; her first child had died in India, so perhaps that was the reason. She fancied, this morning, that it was not well, and had been sending in haste for Mrs. Beecher, who lived close by. The honorary

canon, Mrs. Ling, and two of the remaining daughters, had gone, the previous Saturday, to spend a week in the county town, where he had some "honorary" duty to perform in the cathedral.

Mrs. Beecher came running in without her bonnet. She had been governess to Louisa and Constance when they were young, had married the curate, and remained the deeply-attached friend and adviser of the Ling family. In any emergency Mrs. Beecher was appealed to, and she proved herself equal to all.

"I am sure baby's ill," was Mrs. Ordie's salutation. "I have been playing with her, and doing all I can to excite her notice, but she will keep her head down. See how hot her cheeks are."

"I think she is sleepy," said Mrs. Beecher. "And perhaps a very little feverish."

"Do you think her feverish? Whatever shall I do? Good mercy, if she should die as the other did!"

"Louisa," remonstrated Mrs. Beecher, "do not excite yourself causelessly. I thought you had left that off before you went out: you promised me you had."

"Oh, but you don't know what it is to lose a child, you never had one," returned Mrs. Ordie, giving way to her excitement. "If she dies, I can tell you I shall die with her."

"Hush," interrupted Mrs. Beecher. "In the first place, I believe there is little, if anything, the matter with the child, except cutting her teeth, which renders all children somewhat feverish. In the second; if she were dangerously ill, you have no right to say what you have just said."

"Oh yes, I have a right, for it is truth. I would rather lose everything I possess in the world, than my baby."

"Not everything, I hope, Louisa," quietly remarked Mrs. Beecher.

"Yes, everything. I would. I like nothing half so well. What a while Mr. Percival is!" she added, walking to the window and looking out.

"You surely have not sent for Mr. Percival?"

"I surely have. And if he does not soon make his appearance, I shall send again."

Mrs. Beecher sighed. "I am sorry to see this, Louisa. You will get into your old nervous state again."

Mrs. Ordie would not hear reason. She had taken up the idea that the child *was* ill, and at length told Mrs. Beecher that as she had never had any children herself, she could not feel for her. She had always been of most excitable temperament. As a girl, her imagination was so vivid, so prone to the marvellous, that story books and fairy tales were obliged to be kept from her. She would seek to get them unknown to her parents, and, when successful, would wake up in the night, shrieking with terror at what she had read. Hers was indeed a peculiarly active brain. It is necessary to mention this, as it may account, in some degree, for what follows.

There was really nothing the matter with the child, but Mrs. Ordie insisted that there was, and made herself miserable all the day. The surgeon, Mr. Percival, came: he saw little the matter with it either, but

he ordered it a warm bath, and sent in some medicine—probably distilled water and sugar: mothers and nurses must be humoured.

Mrs. Beecher called in, in the evening. Mrs. Ordie hinted that she might as well remain for the night, to be on the spot should baby be taken worse.

Mrs. Beecher laughed. "I think I can promise you that there will be no danger, Louisa. You may cease to torment yourself; if she was not quite well this morning, I can see that she is perfectly so to-night. You may go to sleep in peace."

"You might as well stay. However, if anything does happen, I shall send to your house, and call you up."

The Lings kept four servants. Of these, two, a man and maid, were with their master and mistress, the other two were at home. And there was the child's nurse. After Mrs. Beecher left, Mrs. Ordie crept along the corridor to the nurse's room, where the baby slept, and found the nurse undressing herself.

"What are you doing that for?" she indignantly exclaimed. "Of course you will sit up to-night, and watch by baby."

"Sit up for what, ma'am?" returned the nurse.

"I would not leave the child unwatched to-night for anything. My other baby died of convulsions, and the same thing may attack this. They come on in a moment. I have ordered Martha to sit up in the kitchen and keep hot water in readiness."

"Why, ma'am, there's no cause in the world for it. The baby is as well as you or I, and has never woke up since I laid her down at eight o'clock."

"She shall be watched this night," persisted Mrs. Ordie. "So dress yourself again."

"I must say it's a shame," grumbled the nurse, who had grown tired of her mistress's capricious ways, and had privately told the other servants that she did not care how soon she left the situation. "I'd sit up for a week, if there was a call for it, but to be deprived of one's natural rest, for nothing, is too bad. I'll sit myself in the old rocking-chair, if I must sit up," added the servant, half to herself, half to her mistress, "and get a sleep that way."

Mrs. Ordie's eyes flashed anger. The fact was, the slavery of Eastern servants had a little spoiled her for the independence of European ones. She accused the girl of every crime that was unfeeling, short of child murder, and concluded by having the infant's crib carried down to her own room. She would sit up herself and watch it.

The child still slept calmly and quietly, and Mrs. Ordie sat quietly by it. But she began to find it rather dull, and she went to the book-shelves and got a book. It was then striking eleven. Settling the lamp on a small table at her elbow, she began to read.

She had pitched upon the "Vicar of Wakefield." She had not opened the book for years, and she read on with interest, all her old pleasure in the tale revived. Suddenly she heard footsteps on the gravel path outside, advancing down it, and she looked off and listened. The first thought that struck her was, that one of the servants had been out without permission, and was coming in at that late hour, which, as her hang-

ing watch, opposite, told her, was twenty-five minutes past eleven. It must be explained that Enton parsonage stood a little back from the high road, and was surrounded by trees. Two iron gates gave ingress from the road, by a broad, half circular carriage path, which swept round close by the house, between it and the thick trees. A lawn and garden were at the back of the house, but there was no ingress there, or to any part of the premises, save through the iron gates. A narrow gravel path, branching off from the portico, led to the small house of the curate, not a hundred yards off, and *that* house was connected with the high road by one iron gate, and a straight walk. Broad enough for carriages also, but none ever went down it, for they could not turn. These iron gates—the rector's two and the curate's one—were invariably locked at sunset, all the year round: did any visitors approach either house, after that, they had to ring for admittance.

Mrs. Ordie heard footsteps in the stillness of the night, and her eyes glanced to her watch. Twenty-five minutes after eleven. But immediately an expression of astonishment rose to her face, and her eyes dilated and her lips opened, and her ears were strained to the sound. If ever she heard the footsteps of her husband, she was sure she heard them then.

She drew in her breath and listened still. They were coming nearer, close upon the house, his own sharp, quick, firm step, which she had never heard since she left him in Calcutta: they were right underneath her window now, on their way to the door. With a cry of joy she rose, and softly opened the window.

"George! dear George! I knew your step. Whatever brings you home?"

There was no answer, except the sound of the footsteps, but she leaned out, and by the rays, cast outside from the kitchen window, which was well lighted within, and stood far back, at right angles with the house door, she saw the form of the visitor. Rather dimly to be sure, but there was no mistaking it for any other than Captain Ordie, and he wore his regimentals. She watched him leave the broad path, and halt at the entrance to the portico, which was situated on the side of the house. She spoke again.

"George, you did not hear me. Don't knock, baby's ill. Wait a moment, and I will let you in."

She sprang to the door. Her lamp was not one suitable for carrying, and she would not stay to light a taper: she knew every stair well, and sped down them. But she was awkward at the fastenings of the front door, and could not undo them in the dark. She ran into the kitchen for a light. The servant, sitting up in obedience to her orders, was lying back in a chair, her feet stretched out upon another. She was fast asleep and snoring. A large fire burnt in the grate, and two candles were alight on the ironing-board underneath the window, one of them guttering down. Servants will be wasteful.

"Martha! Martha!" she exclaimed, "rouse up. My husband's come."

"What!" cried the woman, starting up in affright, and evidently forgetting where she was, "who's come?"

"Come and open the hall door. Captain Ordie is there."

She snatched one of the candles from the table, and bore to the door again. The servant followed, rubbing her eyes.

The door was unlocked and thrown open, and Mrs. Ordie drew a little back to give space for him to enter. No one came in. Mrs. Ordie looked out then, holding the candle above her head. She could not see him anywhere.

"Take the light," she said to the maid, and she stepped outside beyond the portico, and looked about. "George!" she called out, "where are you? The door is open." But Captain Ordie neither appeared nor answered.

"Well, I never knew such an extraordinary thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Ordie. "Where can he have gone?"

"Ma'am," said the servant, who began now to be pretty well awake, "I don't understand. Did you say anybody was come?"

"My husband is come. Captain Ordie."

"From Mrs. Beecher's?" asked the woman.

"Mrs. Beecher's, no! What should bring him at Mrs. Beecher's? He must have come direct from Portsmouth."

"But he must have come to the door here from the Beechers," continued the servant. "He couldn't have come any other how. The gates are locked."

In her wonder at his appearance, this fact had not struck Mrs. Ordie. "One of them must have been left unfastened," she said, after thinking. "That was very careless, Martha. It is your place to see to it, when Richard's out. Papa once turned a servant away for leaving the gates open at night."

"I locked both the gates at sundown," was the woman's reply. "And the key's hanging up in its place in the kitchen."

"Impossible," repeated Mrs. Ordie. "The captain came in by the upper one, the furthest from here. I heard him the minute he put his foot on the gravel, and knew his step. You must have thought you locked it. George!" added Mrs. Ordie, in a louder tone. "George!"

There was no answer. No sound whatever broke the stillness of the night.

"Captain Ordie!" she repeated, "Captain Ordie!"

The servant was laughing to herself, taking care that her young mistress did not see her. She believed that Mrs. Ordie had been doing what she did—dropping asleep; and had *dreamt* she heard somebody on the gravel.

"I know what it is," cried Mrs. Ordie, briskly. "He has never been here before, and finding the door was not immediately opened to him, has gone on to the Beechers, thinking this the wrong house."

She ran down the narrow path as she spoke, which branched off from the portico, round by the kitchen window; and the maid followed her, first stopping to put the candle inside the hall. It was light, now they were out.

But nothing was to be seen of George Ordie. The curate's house, a small one, was closed, and presented the appearance of a dwelling whose inmates were at rest; the blinds were drawn before the windows, and all was still. Mrs. Ordie ran over probabilities in her mind, and came to the conclusion that he could not have gone there. The Beechers were

early people, and had no doubt been in bed an hour ago; and had her husband knocked there, he would be waiting at the door still, for they had not had time to come down and let him in.

"It could only have been fancy, ma'am," cried Martha.

"Silence," said Mrs. Ordie: "how can it have been fancy? I heard my husband, and saw him."

"Well, ma'am, I argue so from the gates being fast. He couldn't have got over 'em because of the spikes."

"The gates cannot be fast," returned Mrs. Ordie, "and it is foolish of you to persist in the falsehood—only to screen your own carelessness."

"I wish you'd just please to come and look at the gates," retorted Martha.

"I will," said Mrs. Ordie, starting off with alacrity, anxious to convict Martha to her face. "It is an utter impossibility that Captain Ordie can have come in at a high, locked gate, with spikes on the top; he would not attempt to do so."

"That's just what I say," answered Martha. "I dreamt t'other night," she muttered to herself, as she followed her mistress, "that a man came down that there path with lovely gownd pieces to sell: I might just as well have riz up the house, and had *him* routed for."

They gained the broad walk, and proceeded round towards the gate. Mrs. Ordie put out her hand and tried it. It was locked. Martha sniffed.

"Why, it is like magic!" uttered Mrs. Ordie.

"I was positive and certain about its being locked, ma'am. And that's why I said it must be fancy. I think it couldn't have been nothing else."

Mrs. Ordie was indignant. "Is this gate fancy?" she said, shaking it, in her anger.

"No, that's a real gate."

"Then don't tell me again that my husband is fancy. How could I have seen and heard him if he were not come? Captain Ordie!" she called out, once more. "George! where can you have gone to?"

"If he is on the premises, he must *be* on 'em," logically argued the servant. "Because there's no outlet out of 'em, but by these gates."

"Come to the other gate," said Mrs. Ordie.

They retraced their steps round the circular path, Mrs. Ordie looking in all directions for a gleam of scarlet, and reached the other gate. It was also locked. Then she went and tried Mr. Beecher's gate; it was likewise fast; and then she went to their own garden, at the back of the house, and looked and called. She even went into the summer-house, but there was no trace of Captain Ordie. The servant walked with her, half amused, half provoked.

"Can he have slipped in-doors," murmured Mrs. Ordie, "that first time when we had gone down to the Beechers?" And she went in, looked in the sitting-rooms, ascended the stairs to her own room, where the light was, taking the opportunity to glance at her child, and then looked in the kitchen. But Captain Ordie was nowhere to be seen, and she had never been so much perplexed and puzzled in all her life.

"Then he must have gone on, as I thought, to Mr. Beecher's," was

her last solution of the enigma. "They were possibly up, and let him in directly. And they are keeping him there till morning, that he may not disturb us, knowing that baby is ill."

"But about the gate," interrupted the servant, returning to her stumbling-block, "how could he have got through it?"

"I know he did get through it, and that's enough," responded Mrs. Ordie. "He may have managed to climb over it, not finding the bell. Soldiers have venturesome spirits. I will go and fetch him. You stop here, Martha, and listen to baby."

Once more Mrs. Ordie sped to the curate's. She knocked at the door, and stood back to look up at the house. "They have put him into their spare bed," she soliloquised; "Mrs. Beecher has kept it made up this fortnight past, expecting their invalid from India. My goodness! I never thought of it! they have no doubt come together, in the same ship. George may have gone up to Calcutta, and finding James Beecher was coming, have got leave, all in a hurry, and accompanied him."

But there was still no sign of light or life in the house, and Mrs. Ordie picked up some bits of gravel, and threw them at Mrs. Beecher's bedroom window. This brought forth the curate, in his nightcap, peeping through the curtains.

"It is I, Mr. Beecher," she called out. "Have you got Captain Ordie here?"

"Make haste, Anne," cried the curate, turning his head round to speak to his wife. "It's Mrs. Ordie. Perhaps the child is in a fit."

"My husband is come," repeated Mrs. Ordie. "He is here, is he not?"

"Yes, directly," answered the curate, imperfectly understanding, but opening the casement about an inch, to speak.

"Is she really worse, Louisa?" exclaimed Mrs. Beecher, who now appeared at the window. "I will just throw on a few things, and be with you."

The curate, believing the matter to be settled, drew in his nightcap, and closed the casement. But Mrs. Ordie's voice was again heard.

"Mr. Beecher! Mr. Beecher! I want you."

"Dress yourself, my dear," cried Mrs. Beecher to him, in a flurry. "I dare say they want you to go for Mr. Percival. If the baby is really worse, and it is not Louisa's fancy, I shall never boast of knowing children again. It looked as cool and well in the evening as it need look. She is calling again."

Mr. Beecher reopened the casement. "I am putting on my clothes, Mrs. Ordie. I am coming."

"But you need not do that. Has your brother come?"

"Who?"

"Your brother: James Beecher."

"No. Not yet."

"There's a ship in, as my husband has arrived. Tell him I am here."

"We'll be down in a minute," called out Mr. Beecher, retiring from the window, and making desperate haste. "Anne, Captain Ordie's come."

"Captain Ordie!" exclaimed Mrs. Beecher.

"Mrs. Ordie says so."

"Then we shall have James here to-morrow. How very unexpected Captain Ordie's arrival must have been to his wife! And to find his child ill!"

Mrs. Ordie waited. Mrs. Beecher came down first, in a large shawl, and her bonnet tied over her nightcap. They began to speak at cross purposes.

"Is he coming? Have you told him?" impatiently asked Mrs. Ordie.

"My dear, yes. But he had gone up-stairs in slippers, and his shoes were in the back kitchen. Louisa, you should not have come out yourself, you should have sent. Has not Captain Ordie's arrival taken you by surprise?"

"I never was so much surprised," answered Mrs. Ordie, standing still, and not offering to stir. "I heard his footsteps first, and knew it, even in the distance. I am so glad! He must have come with James Beecher."

"Ay, we shall have James here to-morrow. But, my dear, let us not lose time. Is the child very ill?"

"She is not worse, there is no hurry," answered Mrs. Ordie, planting her back against a tree, as deliberately as if she meant to make it her station for the night, and gazing up at the casement which she knew belonged to their spare bedroom. Mrs. Beecher looked at her in surprise. "Will he be long?" she added. "There's no light."

"He will be here directly," said Mrs. Beecher; "he is finding his shoes. I suppose Kitty put them in some out-of-the-way place, ready for cleaning in the morning."

Another pause, and the curate appeared.

"Oh, Mr. Beecher, you need not have got up," was Mrs. Ordie's greeting. "I am sorry to give you all this trouble."

"It is no trouble," he rejoined. "Do you want me to go for Mr. Percival?"

"You are very kind, but we shall not want the doctor to-night: at least I hope not. She has never woke up once since she was laid down. I have been watching her myself: I had her brought down to my own room. Nurse behaved shamefully over it, and I gave her warning. She shall leave to-morrow."

"Pray let us go on, and see how she is," said Mrs. Beecher, never supposing but they had been called up by the state of the child, and thinking Mrs. Ordie's words and delay very strange.

"When he comes. You say he will not be long. Had he undressed?"

"Had who undressed?"

"My husband."

Mrs. Beecher stared at her with amazement. "I do not understand you, Louisa. For whom are we waiting here?"

"For my husband, of course. You say he is finding his shoes."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Beecher thought her child's illness was turning her crazy. "Louisa, you are mystifying us. Is your husband coming out, here, into the garden? Are we to wait here for him?"

"Why, you know he is coming out, and of course I shall wait for him. Only think of his travelling in his regimentals! Just as if he were on duty."

"Where is Captain Ordie?" interposed the curate.

"Well, that's a sensible question, from you," laughed Mrs. Ordie. "I suppose he is in your spare bedroom, though I see no light. Or else hunting for his shoes in your kitchen."

"Child," said Mrs. Beecher, taking hold of her tenderly, "you are not well. I told you to-day what it would be, if you excited yourself. Let us take you home."

"I will not go without my husband. There. And what makes him so long? I shall call to him." She advanced and turned the handle of the door, but it resisted her efforts.

"Why, you have locked it!" she exclaimed, turning to Mr. Beecher. "You have locked him in."

"Locked who in, child?" said Mrs. Beecher. "There's nobody in the house but Kitty."

"My husband is there. Did he not come to you, finding our house shut up?"

"No, certainly not. We have not seen him."

"Mr. Beecher," she impatiently uttered, "I asked you, when you first came to the window, whether my husband had come here, and you said yes."

"My dear young lady, I must have misunderstood your question. You know I am a little deaf. All I heard, with reference to Captain Ordie, was, that he had come: I supposed to your house. He has certainly not been to ours."

"Then what were you talking of?" she reproachfully asked of Mrs. Beecher. "It was shameful to deceive me so! You said he had gone up-stairs in slippers, and was finding his shoes. You know you did."

"My dear child, I was speaking of Mr. Beecher. I did not know you thought your husband was here. Why did you think so?"

"If he is not here, where is he?" demanded Mrs. Ordie. "You need not look at me as though you thought I was out of my senses. Do you mean to say you have not seen Captain Ordie?"

"We have not, indeed. We went to bed at ten, and heard nothing, until you threw the gravel at the window."

"Where can he be? What can he have done with himself?" uttered Mrs. Ordie, in deep tribulation.

"Did he leave you to come to our house? What time did he arrive?"

"It was at twenty-five minutes after eleven. I had got baby in my room, as I told you, and I was sitting by her, reading the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' All at once I heard footsteps approaching from the upper gate, and I knew they were my husband's. He came close, and I looked out, and saw him, and called to him; he did not seem to hear me, but went in to the portico. I ran down to let him in, and to my surprise he was not there then, and I thought he must have come on to you."

"Then you have not yet spoken with him?" exclaimed Mr. Beecher.

"Not yet."

"Are you sure it was Captain Ordie? Who opened the gate to him?"

"No one. The gate is locked. There is the strange part of the business."

"My dear Mrs. Ordie! I fear it must be all a mistake. Captain Ordie would not arrive here on foot, even if he landed unexpectedly;

and he could not have got through a locked gate. Perhaps you were asleep."

"Nonsense," peevishly replied Mrs. Ordie; "I was as wide awake as I am now. I was deep in the book, and had not felt sleepy. I had got to that part where the fine ladies from town had gone in to neighbour Flamborough's and caught them all at hunt-the-slipper, Olivia in the middle, bawling for fair play; where Mr. Burehell, afterwards, turns his back upon the company, and calls out 'fudge' at the ladies' high-lived conversation. The ballad 'Edwin and Angelina' came in, a few pages before, and that I skipped. I assure you I was perfectly awake."

"I do not think it possible to have been anything but a delusion," persisted Mr. Beecher.

"How a delusion?" angrily asked the young lady; "I do not know what you mean. Delusions don't visit people who are wide awake, and in their sober senses. If my hearing had played me false, Mr. Beecher, my sight could not. I heard my husband, and saw him, and spoke to him: do you think I should speak to somebody I did not know? I am certain it was Captain Ordie. He was in his regimentals: were they a delusion?"

"This is very strange," said Mrs. Beecher.

"It is more than strange," was Louisa Ordie's answer, as she looked dreamily about. "He is in the grounds somewhere, and why he does not come forward, I don't know."

The mystery was not cleared up that night. The next day Mrs. Ordie sent for her father, to impart to him the strange circumstance. He adopted his curate's view of the affair, and indeed the universal view. Mrs. Ordie was much annoyed at their disbelief, and she actually, in spite of her friends, had Captain Ordie advertised for, in the local papers: he *was* in England, she said, and it would be proved so.

When letters next arrived from India, there was one from Captain Ordie, which gave proof positive that he was not, and had not been, in Europe. Mrs. Ordie was perplexed, and refused to speak of it further, for she only got ridicule.

The weeks went on, and the time fixed for the departure of Mrs. Ordie and her child drew near, but meanwhile the disastrous news had arrived of the outbreak in India, and it was deemed advisable to postpone it.

She was sitting one day in a gloomy mood; not a sorrowful one; more one of anger. She had not heard from her husband for some time (his last letter was dated April), and now, as she found, another mail was in, and no news from him. The rising at Delhi, where he was quartered, was known to her, but not as yet the details of its more disastrous features. She did not fear his having fallen, for had anything happened to him, Mr. Main, or one of her sisters, would have written. They were all at Delhi. Mrs. Beecher came in, looking very pale and sad. Dr. and Mrs. Ling had gone off, in their pony carriage, to the county town, to pick up news. They were extremely uneasy.

"There has been another mail in these two days!" she exclaimed to Mrs. Beecher. "News travels slower to Euton than anywhere. Have you heard from James Beecher? You don't look well."

"He is comc. He came overland."

"And you have been worrying yourselves that he is dead! How are things going on over there?"

"Very badly. They cannot be worse."

"Does he know anything of George?" continued Mrs. Ordie. "I think he might spare a minute from his fighting to write to me. What is the matter with you? You have not bad news for me?" she added, her fears touched, and rising in excitement. "Oh, surely not! Not for me!"

"James's news, altogether, is very dispiriting," returned Mrs. Beecher, at a loss how to proceed with her task. "My husband is gone to bring Dr. and Mrs. Ling back. We thought you might like them to be at home."

"Has George fallen in battle? Have those half-caste rebels shot him down? Oh——"

"Pray be calm, Louisa!" implored Mrs. Beecher; "if ever you had need of calmness in your life, you have need of it now. Affliction——"

"Is he wounded? Is he dead?" interrupted Mrs. Ordie, with a bitter shriek. "Oh, George! dearest George! and I have been calling you hard names for not writing to me! What is it?"

"There is a great deal to be told, my child. James Beecher was at Delhi in the midst of it."

Mrs. Ordie suddenly rose from her seat and flew from the room. Mrs. Beecher supposed she had gone to her chamber, and followed her there. Not so. A thin man, looking fearfully ill, fair once, but browned by an Eastern sun, was lying on the sofa in the curate's parlour, when a young, excited woman came flying in.

"Mr. Beecher," she uttered, seizing his hands imploringly, "when did it happen? I am Mrs. Ordie."

"Has my sister-in-law told you—anything?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"Yes, yes. I know the worst. I want particulars."

He had risen into an upright posture, though he could scarcely support himself, and she sat down beside him. He was a church missionary, a widower with children. "Are you sure that you can bear the details?" he asked, believing, from her words, that she knew the general facts.

"I am sure. Omit nothing. Mrs. Beecher says you were at Delhi."

"I went there in the spring, to say farewell to some friends, ere I came home. At Delhi I was taken worse, and lay ill there."

"But about the rising?"

"I am coming to it. On the second Monday in May, after breakfast, bad news came in. The 3rd Light Cavalry had dashed in from Meerut, fully armed, and were slaughtering the Europeans. Eighty-five of this regiment had been tried by court-martial at Meerut, for refusing to handle the greased cartridges, and sentenced to imprisonment. Their sentences were read out to them on parade on the previous Saturday, the 9th, and they were sent to gaol. On the 10th, Sunday, the regiment rose, released the prisoners, massacred the European officers, their wives and children, and on the 11th came to Delhi, in open revolt. I struggled up, dressed myself, joined my friends where I was staying, and we waited further news. It came in too soon. The mutineers had gone towards Deriowgunge, shooting all the officers they encountered.

The brigadier ordered out the 54th Native Infantry and two guns; and, I believe, a detachment of another regiment, but accounts varied. They met the rebels just outside the Cashmere gate, and it was all up, for the Sepoys deserted their officers, and shook hands with the Sowars. Every officer was killed: treacherous, cowardly wretches! they did not spare one."

She was biting her lips, and striving for calmness, determined to hear all. "Did the officers not resist?"

"All in their power, but they were unarmed," he said. "The next account that came in was, that the natives had risen and joined the insurrection, were firing the bungalows at Deriowgunge, and ransacking the European residences. The troopers were raging about, destroying life, and when their work was done, the Goojurs,* who had collected in great numbers, as they were sure to do, followed in their wake, and pilaged everything, even to the matting. The bank was rifled."

Mr. Beecher paused, wondering whether he ought to proceed, but her studied calmness deceived him.

"No one knew where to fly for refuge, or what to do: none knew where to put the officers' wives and children. Many were taken to the Flagstaff Tower, but it was thought unsafe, and had to be abandoned. Some escaped: many, I hope: in conveyances, or on horseback, or on foot. Some of the officers retreated to the cantonment, outside the gates, but the troopers got there when night came, killed them and their wives and children."

"Were any of *my* family with them?" she asked, still with unnatural composure.

"No. I will tell you. Before mid-day the ladies of our house, my host's wife and her cousin, escaped to a close hut, or outhouse, and I managed to hobble there with them. I don't know how: but it is astonishing the artificial strength that fear brings out. Others also took refuge there, about half a dozen ladies, your two sisters being amongst them, three or four children, and a poor little ensign, as ill and weak as I was. We hoped we were in safety; that the rebels would not think of looking for us there; and some old matting, well wetted, was hung up across the entrance, as if to dry. A Sepoy, who was really faithful (and there were many such in the city), sat before it to guard it: many a one, raging after prey, did he turn aside with a well-assumed story that his old mother was in there, dying—let her die in peace."

"Was my husband there?"

"Not then. No one came near us all that day; they dared not, for our sakes; and we bore our suspense and apprehension as we best could, not knowing who was living or who dead, of those dearest to us. What a day that was! We had neither food nor drink; the heat of the weather was fearful; and so many of us stowed together, and closely shut up, rendered the air fetid. We thought it could not be less than 110 degrees. This was not the worst: there were the apprehensions of discovery. We men might brave it, at any rate to appearance, but the

* A race of a peculiar caste, who congregate round Meerut and Delhi. They have been compared to our gipsy tribes, and live by plunder, even in times of peace. Some years ago a regiment was obliged to be raised especially to keep them under.

poor young women! I believe they would have been glad to die as they cowered there, rather than live to encounter an uncertain fate. I strove to speak comfort to them all, but it was difficult: one or two bore bravely up, and cheered the rest. Late at night, under cover of the darkness, Captain Ordie stole in."

She raised a faint cry at the name. "My husband!"

"He told us what he could of the progress of the day: it was horribly bad, yet I believe he softened it for their ears: and then began to talk of our own situation. It would be impossible, he said, to keep in the same place of concealment another day, and that we had better join a party who were about to make their escape towards Kurnaul. All seized at the idea eagerly, and wished to start without the delay of an instant. Just then, Mrs. Holt, my friend's wife, whom the idea of escape had aroused from lethargy, inquired after her husband, whom she had not seen since morning.

"He is safe, and unharmed," replied Captain Ordie.

"On your honour?" she said, fearing he might be deceiving her.

"On my honour. You will see him when we are fairly off; but it was not thought well for more than one of us to venture here."

"And my husband?" added Mrs. Main, who had done nothing but clasp her baby to her breast all day, and weep silently. "Is he safe?"

"Captain Ordie answered evasively," continued Mr. Beecher, "and I knew, by his words and by the turn of his face, that poor Main was gone."

"Was he? Is he dead?" shuddered Mrs. Ordie.

"I found he had been dead since the afternoon. The troopers had hacked him to pieces."

"Go on," she groaned. "George's turn comes next."

Mr. Beecher hesitated. "I will finish later," he suggested.

"No: finish now. You cannot leave me in this suspense. It would be cruel."

"Captain Ordie spoke of the plan of departure. The officers had but three horses amongst them, and the ladies and invalids were to take it in turn to ride, two, with a child, on each horse. And all the party were to keep together. At that moment arose a yell, a horrible yell, which we knew proceeded only from a Sowar, and one of them appeared at the entrance, tearing down the matting. All the light we had was a night-wick in some oil, but we saw his dark face. The children shrieked; the ladies also, and huddled themselves together in a corner; and Captain Ordie advanced to the entrance, and dealt the man a blow on the temple with the butt-end of his pistol."

"I hope it killed him!" she uttered, her eyes sparkling.

"I think it did, for he lay motionless. Captain Ordie kicked him out of the way, and, throwing himself on his hands and knees, crawled out cautiously to reconnoitre. Alas! we soon heard a struggle outside: two more were upon him."

"And he was struck down! I know you are going to tell it me," she uttered, in a low, passionate wail.

Mr. Beecher sat silent, his countenance full of distress.

"Louisa, my darling, be composed," interrupted Mrs. Beecher, who had stolen in, in search of her. "You know the worst now."

"Yes, I know the worst," she moaned. "They killed him, there and then."

"They did," whispered Mr. Beecher.

"You are *sure* he was dead?"

"Quite sure. It was instantaneous."

"Where was he wounded? Let me know. I can bear it."

"My child, you know enough," said Mrs. Beecher. "Be content."

"I will know it," she frantically said. "Oh, George, George! Did they cut him to pieces?"

"They beheaded him."

She turned sick, and shook violently. But, by a strong effort of control, spoke again. "Finish the history. What became of you, inside?"

"It was all commotion in a moment, dreadful commotion. The poor terrified women attempted to fly; some succeeded, and I hope escaped. Providentially there were only these two troopers; had more been upon us, none would have been left. The first thing I saw distinctly was, that one of them had got Mrs. Main's infant, tossing it on the point of his bayonet. She stretched her arms up after it, and its blood trickled down on to her face: her cries for mercy for it ring in my ears yet. He next seized her."

"Constance?" panted Mrs. Ordie.

"Yes. And killed her. Killed her instantly. Be thankful."

Mrs. Ordie pressed down her eyeballs, as if she would shut out some unwelcome sight. "Constance murdered," she moaned. "And you tell me to be thankful!"

"Be ever thankful," impressively spoke the missionary. "Others met with a worse fate."

"Sarah Ann?" she shivered. "What became of her?"

"I am unable to tell you. I trust she escaped. At the moment of Mrs. Main's death, I fainted on the floor where I was lying, and that must have saved my life. Had the troopers thought I possessed any, still, they would not have spared me. When I recovered, not a creature—living—was to be seen. The children were lying about; they had been put out of their misery; two of the ladies, and the ensign. Poor young fellow! he had told us, in the day, that he had no parents or near friends to mourn him, so the loss of a little griff, if they did kill him, would not count for much."

"Dead? All?"

"All. The two ladies were Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Main. Of the other ladies I saw no trace. I trust," he added, clasping his hands fervently, "that they escaped. We shall hear of many miraculous escapes: I pray theirs may be of the number."

"Now, Louisa, let me take you home," urged Mrs. Beecher. "You do know the worst."

"I must hear all," was the answer, uttered in a tone of frenzy. "If I thought there was a word, a recital, left untold to me, I must get up in the middle of the night, and come and ask for it."

"You have heard all," said Mr. Beecher—"all that I know. My own escape I will not trouble you with. It was wonderful: and I lost no time in coming home overland."

She leaned back on the sofa and closed her eyes. Mrs. Beecher was thinking of her random words—that she would rather lose everything in the world than her child. But her thoughts had not grasped the dreadful possibility of losing her husband.

“When did this happen?” Mrs. Ordie suddenly asked. “What date?”

“I mentioned it,” said Mr. Beecher. “Late on the night of the 11th of May.”

She leaned forward breathless, her eyes staring. “How late? The exact hour? Speak?”

“It must have been near half-past eleven. When Captain Ordie came in, we asked him the time (for, strange to say, in our hurried hiding, not one of us put a watch about us), and his watch said a quarter past eleven; and we were talking, after that, perhaps ten minutes. It must have been about twenty-five minutes after eleven when he was killed.”

“Listen to that!” shrieked Louisa Ordie, seizing Mrs. Beecher by the arm. “It was the very hour I saw and heard him. How was he dressed?” she rapidly asked.

“In full regimentals.”

“There! There! Do you believe me now, Mrs. Beecher? Ah! you, and all, ridiculed me; but hear it! It was my husband that came down the path here—appearing to me in the moment of his death.”

The reader must judge of this mystery according to his own opinion. It happened; at least, to the positive belief of the lady, here called Mrs. Ordie; as her friends can testify. They reason with her in vain. They point out that twenty-five minutes after eleven in Delhi would not be twenty-five minutes after eleven here: they believe that it was, and could have been, nothing but her own vivid imagination, that her thoughts were probably running on her husband through the “George” in the “Vicar of Wakefield:” and they ask—even allowing (for the argument of the moment) that such things are permitted, that the spirits of the departing may, in rare instances, appear to their relatives in a distant place, and that it was George Ordie’s which appeared to her—they ask to what end it came: what purpose was it to answer? They can see none. Neither can she; but she nevertheless believes, and will believe to the end of her life, that it was her husband’s spirit.

LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

MY THIRD AND GREAT MOVE.

I HAVE alluded to an introduction into Cornwall, my first work in that county being a house of some importance at Liskeard. An intimacy with the Rev. D. Coleridge soon led me farther, and advantaged by his interest at Helston, where he then resided as head-master of the grammar school, my "western circuit" soon became extended and comprehensive. Befriended also by the Rev. T. Phillpotts, my clerical connexion so increased, that I had soon a half-dozen chapels, as many schools, and twice as many parsonage houses in hand. Then came the county "great ones" and gentry, with their profitable requirements; and I was shortly busy, either in the construction of new, or the improvement of existing, buildings, varying in importance from the second-rate mansion to the lodge or cottage. The late Mr. Pendarves of Pendarves was, at this time, my very prominent friend and employer; and both to him and his lady I was for some years an industrious and liberally remunerated servant, though (to get rid of the unhappy subject at once) I ultimately lost—nor will I say unmeritedly—their favouring opinion. The improvement of several of the Cornish churches induced my employment in the design of various monumental trifles; the most pretending, however, of my commemorative works being a Tudor Gothic arch of granite to the memory of Humphrey Grylls, Esq., of Helston. Market-places, conservatories, and various miscellanies followed; and, ere long, through the interest of my ever firm friend, W. R. Hicks, of Bodmin, I found myself established in the Cornish County Lunatic Asylum!—not as a patient; though my too rapid success was almost enough to give my brain a twist, which perhaps it did, at least to the extent of a delusion, that I was in fair measure *deserving* of that favour, which was, in fact, nothing more than a course of good fortune, attributable wholly and solely to zealous friendship and too unscrupulous confidence.

I never had, even in this my most prosperous period, anything like a first-rate work committed to me; and I should be averse to have my present knowledge of design, imperfect as it may be, judged by the great majority of my performances then executed. My only consolation consists in the explanation that, since then, a great advance has been made by *all* architects—not, perhaps, in any great *principles of design*, but in the knowledge and improvement of *detail*, both Italian and Anglo-Gothic. In my earlier day architectural taste was little more than in the beginning of its present still transitional and conflicting state. There was then less conflict, for the Gothic mania had scarcely yet seized even the clergy; and, above all, there was not at that time anything like the present number of architects to be considered, nor any comparison with the spirit of *competition*, which has since been dominant to the production of much evil, but possibly of more good. The evil has been abundantly shown in results of most lamentable quality; for, though the principle of competition is undeniably just, it is absurd to reckon on its operative efficiency until jobbing and favouritism are prohibited, and selection made by com-

petent judgment strictly adhering to the terms of advertisement. In some very important cases the issue has been more than satisfactory; but still many difficulties and abuses remain either uncorrected or incorrigible; and, after all, the most able and conscientious competitor must be content to take his chance with the most *designing* and least scrupulous.

My professional ramifications, north and east of Plymouth—that is, in the county of Devon generally—were nothing equal to their fulness in Cornwall; but they were in particular cases especially productive, as at Lupton, near Dartmouth, the seat of Sir J. B. Y. Buller, to whose munificent patronage I had been introduced by the late Earl of Morley. Not in the boast of such alliance, but in the feeling of mere gratitude, I cannot but also allude to the employment afforded and the interest shown me by the Earls of Mount Edgcumbe and St. Germans, with the Baroness Basset, Lord Clinton, Sir T. D. Acland, and the Right Hon. Sir William Molesworth, Thomas Woolcombe, and Edward St. Aubyn, Esqrs. The long offshoots of my professional tree *did* just extend to Watermouth, the seat of A. Basset, Esq., in North Devon, to Tiverton, and even to Wells, in Somerset; but the northern and eastern sides of Plymouth were ever much more open to architects in general than the peninsular county west of the Tamar, where my name, for some years, was almost universally known, and so believed in, that had I possessed talent and perseverance equal to opportunity, my betters might still have left me undisturbed in that quarter.

My Cornish friends were also my familiar hosts as well as trusting employers; and a professional tour among them was, in a *non*-professional sense, a round of most agreeable visiting, rich in the pleasures of select social communion. Of course my Shakspeare and Comic Song-book went with me, and on each evening following the business duties of the day, I was a contributory entertainer in the drawing-room. My lectures also were included in the cargo of my portmanteau; for in every town which had a literary institution, or in the vicinity of which I had employment, my architectural and dramatic essays were ever welcome.

During the same period I was busy in Plymouth, and its adjoining towns, to the full occupation of self and “staff;” and in the course of a few years had added to the public buildings of the immediate locality two large churches of limited cost, two or three Dissenting chapels, an hospital, and two orphan asylums. Private town-houses, terrace-rows, warehouses, and shops were also in concurrent progress, with villas in the neighbourhood and smaller jobs *ad libitum*. This indeed was my “golden” period, my clear receipts, before the establishment of the income-tax, averaging 1000*l.* a year, and in one year reaching 1800*l.* What, of course, should I do, but buy my domicile, magnificently drawing my cheque on the Naval Bank for ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, becoming the lordly possessor of “*all that messuage or dwelling-house situate and being number 3 in Athenæum-terrace, with the garden and other appurtenances thereto belonging,*” and walking home from the lawyer’s with my bundle of parchment deeds, gorgeous in wax and red tape, to deposit the same in my fireproof strong-box, just purchased for their reception!!

LITERARY EXPERIMENTS.

AND, now, to account for the employment of that leisure which busy men will often make when idle men cannot find it. It would be surprising, were the fact yet to be established, how some persons, with no particular calling, are ever wholly engrossed either in doing nothing, or in the easy conduct of their self-imposed duties or private pursuits and miscellaneous amusements. What with dressings, meals, walks, naps, cigars, and the cud-chewing of "sweet and bitter fancies," many find no time for a single act impersonal to themselves. Others are unquestionably employed, if not busy; but, what with charities to manage, committees to meet, or their own small affairs to look after—what with new books to "get through," newspapers to read, calls to make, invitations to send out or answer, pleasurable appointments to keep, or boring ones to get rid of, public meetings, pic-nics, or water-parties to attend—what with fishing, hunting, shooting and archery, excursions, morning concerts and evening socialities—they have "really" no *leisure* for anything besides: while, at the same time, others, who participate in all these matters, find also "leisure" enough to conduct a thriving business or profession, which might be thought too engrossing to allow of interruption; nay, who contrive, overmore, to exhibit from time to time the result of literary or amateur study, such as might be deemed sufficient for a large proportion of their time. It would almost appear, the less a man has to do by any especial calling, the less he does by ready will: the more he is called upon by obligation, the more he does without being obliged to do it. The enforced action, and subsequently acquired habit of industry, makes one man capable of many things, till his time becomes as valuable to others as to himself; the non-necessity for action, permitting energy's current to congeal into fixed desuetude, leaves another man, not only to neglect his own mind, but to disconnect himself from all liabilities towards his neighbour, because he will not have his *leisure* hampered by any avoidable difficulties.

Anyhow, I was not an *idle* man; and the vanity of literary aspiration, or some more excusable impulse, associated me with a few others in the production of a local periodical, which, of course, after a brief existence, failed. The matter, however, which gave no value to the pages of a Plymouth magazine, was favourably received through the medium of a London publication; and the "Sketches by a Travelling Architect" (part of which had already appeared in the Plymouth magazine) met with good acceptance in "Arnold's Library of the Fine Arts,"—1831-32. These sketches concluded with a series of comments on the public buildings of London, from which, years after (to my surprise, and somewhat to my regret), copious extracts, selected either for approval or correction, were made in the new and augmented edition of Britton's "London," edited by Mr. Leeds. The interval between their first appearance and their extraction by Leeds had rendered my judgment less fallible; but, as his better judgment was brought to bear upon them, there was the less reason to lament the want of my own emendations. These were followed by "Sketches by a Practising Architect," and other papers on the Art, including one on *Theatres*—my architecto-dramatic love rendering

this a favourite subject. My ambition to construct a theatre seemed at one time likely to be gratified by an opportunity at Devonport ; but I have nothing to show of my ideas on theatric design beyond the paper alluded to, and the engravings which accompany it.

About this time a German "Baron" came to Plymouth, with the baroness his wife. In London he was known as Friedelle, the lithographic publisher ; and the noble trader was travelling on his own account as a commercial "gent." Desiring to benefit the profession, with an allowable regard to my own repute, I offered him the use of my drawings from the miscellaneous marbles of the Vatican, which derived their value from being drawn from careful measurement and to scale, only stipulating for a few copies in remuneration. They were shortly issued in a neat folio, sufficiently well executed for practical purposes, and comprised elevations, and sections of certain vases, candelabra, altars, marble chairs, and other antiques, enabling the marble-cutter to produce fac-similes of them in size, form, and detail. The book was published in 1837, under the title of "A Selection from the Museum of the Vatican."

My most aspiring attempt, as an architectural author, was now to be made, assuming that an important assistant means towards the advancement of architecture was yet wanted in its being popularised as a feature in polite accomplishment; and it occurred to me, if the subject could be wrought into a tissue of the artistic and historic sentimental—so rich in pictured illustration that the pencil should, as much as possible, supersede the pen—it might win the attention of, and seductively instruct, even those most insensible to its theme as one of interest. The object, then, was to produce a drawing-room book, so full of plates as to stimulate curiosity, and with text so intermingled with woodcuts, that they who *looked* might, in spite of habitual reluctance, be induced to read. To promote perusal, it was sought to render the letter-press a kind of descriptive moralising, clear in its exposition of general forms and facts necessary to some real knowledge of the subject in all its great varieties ; and yet so romanticised, so poetically prosaic, so lightened by fancy, and so imbued with feeling or sentiment, that even the young lady, chiefly given to the issues of the circulating library, might be propitiated. Plans, sections, elevations, and all the geometrical formalities necessary to the professional student, were to be abjured, and picture alone employed. To this end the drawings would be made off-hand (*i. e.* extemporaneous, and "without book"), and only with regard to that typical generalisation which has the kinds of things, and not the particular things themselves, in view.

With this purpose, I sat me down on my spare evenings and commenced the amusing task which produced "The Palace of Architecture : a Romance of Art and History." My female friends had often wondered, when they were as busy with their worsted work and crochet as with their tongues, "why gentlemen should not equally prove how conversation and manual employment may go together ;" and the illustrations of the book in question were all produced under the happy circumstances alluded to. The severer critic will, perhaps, too justly say, "he thought as much."

It was desirable—should the work ever meet with a publisher—that it should go forth at a price generally affordable ; and when the drawings

and manuscript were completed, I consulted my friend, the late Mr. Fraser (whose valuable acquaintance I had secured whilst a writer in his magazine), as to what next? He also sought advice (then unknown to me) elsewhere; and to my amazement, when fully prepared to wait long, with very moderate hope and less expectation, he informed me that, upon conditions, a publisher was ready! I feared the "conditions," for my vanity never committed me to the risk of a shilling on the produce of my brain as an author. The conditions, however, were simply these—the publisher's bearing the entire cost, with the right to bring out the work in splendid form, and the profits, if any, to be divided.

My wish to have the book issued at a low price was now of course put out of the question; but it would have been unreasonable in me to object to a proposition which involved no hazard of loss to myself, and which seemed to indicate a higher appreciation of the work than I had dared to entertain. As to profits, I never reckoned on any beyond those of creditable repute; and conceived the appearance of the book, in the now contemplated form, might tell more to my advantage with the influential few, though it would have less currency among the million; a most unsound argument—nay, a most dishonest inconsistency, in respect to the fulfilment of my originally professed purpose—but one which gratified pride impelled me instantly to admit.

"The Palace of Architecture" was published in 1840; presenting itself in two forms: the one, with prints, in gilded green cloth at two guineas and a half—the other, with proofs, in red morocco and gold at five guineas! Its first move out of the publisher's hands was promising, and the critics, with but trifling exception, were most indulgent; but it may be readily supposed the price retarded its sale, and both Mr. Fraser and myself were contented to hear well of it, as it slowly found its way into public notice.

A singular circumstance of misconception militated for a short time against it. An article, entitled "Wightwickism," appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* (*i. e.* be it observed, in my publisher's own periodical), which was, by some, as wrongly taken as it was well meant by the writer. It was an *ironical* philippic on my *presumption*, in doing what was novel, unconventional, and wholly opposed to the heretofore mode of advancing my subject—meaning, of course, the very reverse of the censure, which to unperceiving minds it seemed to imply. An explanation by the critic was deemed (though not by me) necessary; and the misinterpreters of the article were left to learn—though some of them, it appears, still remained in ignorance—that the author of this "*crushing castigation*" was the very man who had recommended Mr. Fraser to publish the book!*

* The work is by this time before many; for Mr. Fraser, soon after its appearance, died; and the "remainders," having been purchased by Mr. Bohn, the latter has since issued it at about the price I first contemplated; thus, more than fulfilling in the end my original purposes, though at a sacrifice, it is to be feared, on the part of Mr. Fraser's executors, which I cannot but regret.

Not presuming on a general knowledge of the "Palace of Architecture," even by the readers of these memoirs, I may briefly state the plan of the work as follows: An architectural enthusiast of enormous wealth (still more romantically given than the late Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill) first surrounds his domain with a high wall, entirely shutting out from the world's observation what is subsequently doing within the vast enclosure. Thousands of workmen are seen to go in, but for

Thus was produced "The Palace of Architecture," rendered, I fear, too outwardly pretending by the liberal spirit of Mr. Fraser, for it really aimed at nothing more than an experiment, to see whether architecture might not be treated in so entertaining a manner as to introduce it even into the boudoir of the ladies, to whom, indeed, it was expressly dedicated, through their accomplished representative, Frances Countess of Morley.

I was now the more readily welcomed by editors and publishers as a writer on architecture and art. The review of Mr. Ruskin's first and second volumes of "Modern Painters" was consigned to me in *Fraser's Magazine*; and an illustrated analysis of that author's "Seven Lamps of Architecture" appeared in *The Architect*. A series of essays on "Gothic Architecture" was prepared for *Weale's Quarterly Papers*, and they subsequently appeared in a separate form. Their matter included an appreciative examination of our English cathedrals *versus* the derogatory opinions of them expressed by Mr. Hope; certain rules of proportion, &c., deduced from their combined teaching; animadversions on the mere precedential school of our High Church Diocesan Societies; and an attempt to show how Gothic forms and details are properly applicable to a Protestant cathedral and parish church, having a plan honestly suited to the strict requirements of our established worship, and fully susceptible of Christian symbolism. The "Architectural Publication Society" also did me the honour to admit into their valuable work a paper on "Church Architecture;" and an article on the same subject, first printed in the *Athenæum*, was afterwards separately circulated among the clerical critics of the diocese of Exeter, &c.

The "Palace of Architecture" had attested (however weakly) my artistic yearnings and sentimental enthusiasm; but a something more *practical* seemed necessary to strengthen my hold upon the utilitarian reader, and I engaged (on terms, I trust, of mutual advantage) with Mr. Weale for the publication of a little book to assist the architectural student, from before the time of his leaving school to the period of his leaving the architect's office to practise on his own account. The parent of the intended student was addressed with timely advice; the youth

years are not seen to come out. It is only surmised that prodigious works are going on in secrecy. At length, the one rude temporary portal which has admitted this operative host, is supplanted by a strange gateway, which exhibits a fragmental compendium of all the great architectural varieties of the earth. This final work completed, the gates are thrown open, and the wondering multitudinous public enters, to be conducted up the avenue of prefatory introduction, and thence to be led through a series of distinct enclosures, each exhibiting model buildings, exemplifying, in their complete forms and details, all (and more than all) the architectures vaguely symbolised in the medley monster-gateway. The sculptured caves and constructed temples of Egypt and India, the pagodas of China and the Burmese Empire, the temples of Greece, of Rome—Augustan and Constantinal—of the several Gothic periods of the Mahomedan—Persian, Indian, Turkish, and Moorish—and of the revived Græco-Roman period—all these are successively presented, to be viewed without and within, with all their general effects and their museums of details; and the visitors are lastly conducted into the hospitable residence of the proprietor—the palace of the architect or teacher—around which the landscape gardener has thrown his fascinations, and within which, when each apartment has been, like all the rest of the "spectacle," *moralised*, the pupil-spectators are presented with an ever-prepared banquet ere they depart to meditate on the combined wonders they have seen.

himself directed as to his concluding school studies; and he was provided with a fully illustrated model specification, to aid his first steps in walking alone.

Here, however, in my own neighbourhood at least, and to use a fearful but common expression, "I cut my own throat." That by which I intended to substantiate my own practical pretensions chiefly aided the still inadequate pretensions of others; and the poor doctor having published his prescriptions, found himself superseded by many a quack or fledgling practitioner, who might otherwise have still remained unrecognized to flutter along the ground with inefficient wing. This little book was entitled "Hints to Young Architects," and dedicated to my kind friend Professor Cockerell.

To relieve the monotony of architectural authorship, an occasional attempt was made at *dramatic* writing, two of my plays having been kindly endured by friendly audiences at the Plymouth Theatre, where they were brought out with unsparing cost and care by the manager, Mr. Newcombe. What they were is of little consequence, since they never found their way to the London stage, though Mr. Phelps, had he been the sole authority in power at Sadler's Wells, would have brought out one, and Mr. Macready spoke encouragingly of the other. It is, however, a matter for surprise that no competent dramatist has ever undertaken the presentments of Henry II. and Richard I.

Connected with these dramatic "experiments," may be mentioned my local position as prologue-writer to the theatrical amateurs. Whether for the public theatre or the private stage in Lord Morley's mansion at Saltram, my pen was in request; and on one occasion, at the theatre of Plymouth, I took my part as *Captain Copp* in "Charles II.," the *King*, *Rochester*, and *Mary*, being respectively supported by the late Captain Sir H. Blackwood, Major Palk, and Miss Mordaunt. Rhythmic effusions for charity bazaars were also a frequent subject for my pen, and miscellaneous contributions to the local press were "plentiful as blackberries." "My acquaintance with the late Charles Mathews," was among my more interesting themes, and an article which appeared under that title in *Fraser's Magazine*, was subsequently embodied in the life of that extraordinary comedian, published by his excellent widow.

Thus, all things considered, I led a busy life of it, though my innocent labours be now proved to be as fruitless as those of the "industrious fleas."

GALLERY OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

He comes to tell me of the players.—SHAKSPEARE.

X.—THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

ROME, in her palmy days, boasted of a Roscius, whom Cicero lauded, and whose fame has been perpetuated by the great chronicler Time. It was something to win a name that has outlived a thousand years twice told, with a prospect of being remembered in an age still more remote. But what was Rome's favoured actor in comparison with that descendant of his whose portrait we would here sketch, the Young Roscius of the present century? The history of the stage has no record of such another phenomenon. The charm was not a thing lasting a night or so, and then dissolving; but it spread itself over the three kingdoms, until it became a real romance. At the early period of his career, the spirit of criticism not merely slumbered, but slept soundly. All was rapture and enthusiasm to give a sterling quality to his performances; and it is said that on one occasion the House of Commons adjourned in order that its members might witness his impersonation of *Hamlet*! So great was this infatuation, that the master-spirits of the age, embracing such men as Pitt and Fox, were foremost in doing homage to his real or imaginary genius. When a slight indisposition prevented his appearance at the theatre, the excitement of the fashionable world was intense. Carriages rushed to his door, and inquiries after his health were instituted with trembling anxiety, whilst bulletins were issued, regularly signed by his physicians. The people of his day, in fact, were Betty-mad, and strove to outdo each other in the exemplification of the disease.

The subject of so much idol-worship was William Henry West Betty, who was born at Shrewsbury, on the 13th of September, 1791. His father was the eldest son of Dr. Betty, an eminent physician of Lisburne, in Ireland; whilst his mother was a lady of good education and accomplishments, who had a predilection for the amusements of the theatre, and in private often recited plays and poems. When five years old, Master Betty removed with his parents to Lisburne, where he continued two years. During this time he received the first rudiments of his education from his mother, who was anxious that he should retain the English accent in all its purity. He soon became impatient to commit to memory portions of plays, and occasionally gratified the family circle by his "dramatic readings." Whilst at Belfast, in 1802, he was for the first time taken to a theatre—"Pizarro" being the play first witnessed by him, and Mrs. Siddons the representative of *Elvira*. His imagination was forcibly struck by the dignity and impressive manner of that great actress, and from that time his ordinary amusements became wearisome and trivial, the theatre being "his morning thought and midnight dream." This disposition continuing with increased ardour, the young aspirant was at length introduced to Mr. Atkins, then manager of the

Belfast Theatre, in whose presence he rehearsed some passages of the part of *Osman*, in the play of "Zara." The manager is said to have been so charmed with the vigour of the boy's untutored genius, that he remarked—"I never dared to indulge in the hope of seeing another Garrick, but I have seen an Infant Garrick in Master Betty." This was the preface to a huge volume of rapturous commendations.

The theatres of Ireland, soon after this interview, closed their doors, in consequence of the proclamation of martial law. Gloom and Distrust eventually took their departure, and the management of the Belfast Theatre, upon its reopening, was solicitous of bringing forward some novelty, to counteract the depression occasioned by the late unwelcome visitants. Young Betty was thereupon offered an engagement of four nights, and on the 16th of August, 1802—being then eleven years old—he appeared upon the Belfast stage, in the character of *Osman*. The singularity of the exhibition drew a crowded audience, who were said to have been "astonished and enraptured" at the performance. The parts of *Norval*, *Rolla*, and *Romeo* were next represented by him, and the juvenile performer was in high estimation, the great promise of his talents determining his parents to facilitate the progress of a career thus favourably commenced. In November, 1803, he was cordially welcomed by the rank and fashion of Dublin, in which city *Hamlet* was added to his other rôles.

Macready—the father of our retired tragedian—first introduced the "stripling in embryo" to the English public, upon the boards of the Birmingham Theatre. The 13th of August, 1804, was selected for the important event, and the theatrical annals of the town furnish nothing equal to the commotion which that event excited. The hotels and inns were completely occupied by persons who came from every part of the adjacent country to witness the novelty. Nine characters were sustained by him in Birmingham, in all of which he was supported by Miss Smith, the late Mrs. Bartley.

The senior Macready had requested his brother manager, Jackson, to secure the services of Master Betty for the "iron town," and 10*l.* per night was the stipulated sum. No sooner, however, had he seen the youth, than he desired to be let off so ruinous an engagement. The friends of our Roscius had no objection, provided they were indemnified for the journey from Edinburgh. Whilst this was being considered, Macready hit upon an arrangement which appeared more congenial to his pocket. "From the nightly receipts first deduct," said he, "sixty pounds, and then we divide the remainder equally." This was immediately agreed to, and the cautious manager paid the boy fifty pounds per night instead of ten!

About this time the following *jeu d'esprit* found its way into circulation:

Nature, one day, with Art was notes comparing,
 "I cannot bear," said she, "your vaunts of sharing
 My sole creation! If I grant that Kemble
 May, of us twain, yourself the most resemble,
 And that, though I bestow'd the shape and face,
 You added action, energy, and grace—
 What then? Exclusively is Cooke my own;
 Of thee regardless—nay, to THEE unknown!"

"Marry come up!" quoth Art, "since thus you flout me,
 And boast that you can do your work without me,
 Try! make one man (deprived of my assistance)
 A perfect player—and I will keep my distance!"
 "A man!" Dame Nature in a rage replied,
 "A child—a very child shall crush thy pride!"
 True to her word, she stamp'd her Infant Son
 The faithful miniature of Roscius gone—
 Cooke, Kemble, Holman, Garrick—all in one!

From Birmingham Master Betty proceeded to Sheffield, where he was no less attractive. Doncaster Races were on at the time; and carriages—labelled, "Theatrical coach, to carry six insides to see the Young Roscius"—were stationed near the course, to convey passengers from the sports of the turf to the more rational amusements of the stage. Liverpool was next favoured with his presence. Here he played fourteen nights; and such was the unexampled pressure to secure places, that in the morning, when the box-office was opened, gentlemen frequently had their coats torn to tatters in the crowd, and their persons severely bruised. Our boy-actor shared, upon an average, ninety pounds per night, and, including his benefit, received 1520*l.* for his brief engagement. The proprietors made him an offer of 1500*l.* for an additional fourteen nights, but the arrangements previously made did not leave him at liberty to accept the proposal.

Whilst at Liverpool, Master Betty was supported in some of his assumptions by Charles Young, who had not then graced the metropolitan stage by his talents. He likewise enjoyed the particular notice of the Duke of Gloucester, who interested himself strongly in his future welfare. The old town of Chester was next visited, and then Manchester, where an application at the box-office for tickets was a service of great danger, whilst serious accidents occurred in the effort to obtain admission at night. So great was the confusion—in which the lives of many persons were endangered—that a lottery was established, as explained in the following notice:

"The managers, with the concurrence of the magistrates and several respectable gentlemen, have adopted the following regulations during the stay of the celebrated Young Roscius in Manchester. All applications for tickets must be by letter, stating the number (not exceeding eight), or a side box, with the place of residence of the gentleman or lady applying, and to be left in a letter-box provided for that purpose, before the hour of eleven o'clock on Saturday, for the Monday evening's performance. All the letters will be put into a bag, and, to secure the most perfect impartiality, two gentlemen will attend that day's drawing at eleven o'clock, and see the places booked in the order they are drawn."

The town of Stockport was next favoured with a visit from our juvenile Roscius, and here the admission to boxes and pit was advanced to seven shillings, whilst the price to the gallery was raised to three shillings. A performance in the morning was likewise called for, in addition to that given in the evening. From Stockport the favoured youth proceeded to Leicester, where he likewise played both morning and night. From the last-named town he journeyed on towards the great metropolis.

The reputation he had acquired in Ireland and Scotland, and in some

of the provincial theatres, had of course reached London, and magnificent offers were made to him by the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The latter won the chance, and Saturday, the 1st of December, 1804, was the day distinguished by his first performance in London. At rehearsal, in the morning, he appeared a modest, gentle youth, very ingenuous, not conceited or spoiled. Apparently delighted to act, he appeared perfectly composed, and thoroughly initiated in what is called the business of the play. The opera of the "English Fleet" had been advertised for that evening, but was put aside for the introduction of a much greater novelty. Upon this change of performance, the following impromptu appeared in some of the journals :

What great Bony has often despaired of effecting,
 Little Betty has done, when folks least were expecting ;
 'Tis the talk of the gazers, who loudly repeat,
 He has forced from its station the great "English Fleet."

The play announced for the appearance of the prodigy was "Barbarossa"—an imitation, by Dr. Browne, of the "Mérope" of Voltaire—in which Garrick had formerly personated *Achmet*, the character which had now alighted upon the younger Roscius. As early as ten o'clock in the morning, many gentlemen began to parade the Piazzas and Bow-street, in order that they might be near the doors when the crowd should begin to assemble. By one o'clock numbers had taken their station, filling the Piazzas on one side of the house and Bow-street on the other, appearing as a thick-wedged, impenetrable column. As evening approached, danger was apprehended, for numbers found it impossible for them to gain admittance, and yet were prevented retiring by the great pressure from behind. This danger at length appeared so threatening, that a detachment of the Guards was procured, who with much firmness lined the passages, permitting any one to retire, but none to enter. It was deemed advisable to open the doors before the usual time, when a terrific rush ensued. Gentlemen paid for admission into the boxes, with no thought of there obtaining a seat, but with the intention of descending into the pit, a feat which was accomplished by dozens. This part of the house was so excessively filled, and the heat became so intolerable, that numbers fainted away, and were dragged up apparently lifeless into the boxes.

Prior to the rising of the curtain, Charles Kemble appeared, to speak an address, but found no listeners, for the discordant sounds of *Babel* were as nothing to the tempest which met his efforts—an impression seeming to prevail that he was about to apologise for the non-appearance of the promised wonder. A second attempt was made, but with no better success. We here append what Charles Kemble was instructed to say, for the benefit of posterity :

Impatient for renown, all hope and fear,
 How many a candidate has ventured here ;
 Where dawning merit never miss'd its aim,
 But reach'd by due degrees, the heights of fame :
 Yet now, unheeding study's servile cares
 (As Rumour, with her hundred tongues, declares),

A youth your favour courts, whose early prime
 Derides the tedious growth of lingering time;
 Nature at once, when Nature urged, he strove,
 Starting, like Pallas, from the brain of Jove;
 But think not, though on fortune's swelling tide,
 Let by exulting fame, in travels wide—
 Think not he comes with vain, triumphant sail,
 Nor dreads the dangers of an adverse gale;
 Though crowds on crowds have join'd in fond acclaim,
 Through the bright track, to bear aloft his name,
 And to complete at length his bold career,
 Have sent his little bark in safety here:
 Not pride, but gratitude, has warm'd his breast,
 And, hence, alarms his modest doubts suggest,
 Lest that applause has been, with generous rage,
 Not lavish'd on his genius, but his age.
 He knows the temper of a British mind,
 For merit zealous, but to error kind;
 Nor can he deem his honours justly due,
 Until confirmed—signed—ratified by you.

Master Betty played twenty-eight nights during the first season, the receipts of those nights amounting to 17,210*l.* 11*s.*, being a nightly average of 614*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* He received from the treasury 2782*l.* 10*s.*, being three nights at fifty guineas, and twenty-five at one hundred guineas; added to which he had four free benefits, and these, with presents, were considered equal to four thousand guineas. He subsequently played alternately at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The highest sum received during his engagement was on the 7th of March, 1805, when the receipts were 763*l.* 3*s.*, and the lowest amount was 505*l.* 18*s.*

The annals of the drama present no parallel to the popularity of this young actor,—meteor-like though that popularity may have proved. Constantly amongst his auditory were to be found the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York and Clarence, and those master-spirits of the age, Pitt, Fox, Wyndham, Sheridan, and Curran; and the reigning monarch, George III., summoned him to his presence.

At the expiration of his first season, Master Betty visited the provincial towns, returning to London in December, 1805; his attraction, however, was now somewhat diminished, the receipts averaging only 344*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* On the 17th of May, 1806, he announced his retirement from the metropolitan boards, playing for his benefit the parts of *Tancred* and *Captain Flash*. Six years afterwards (November 3, 1812) he reappeared at Covent Garden, as *Achmet*, in "Barbarossa," but the spell seemed to have been dissolved, for little interest was excited, and the house was but thinly attended.

Mr. Betty ultimately quitted the profession with a splendid fortune. He is still living, admired by every one who can boast the honour of his acquaintance, and many a poor Thespian can tell a grateful story of his gentlemanlike conduct and acts of charity.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

ANOTHER month of agonising suspense has passed away ; the pulse of the nation has been throbbing for the blessed news that light had at length dawned for our hapless countrywomen in India ; we have clung wildly to the hope that every mail would bring us tidings of good cheer, and that the crisis in our fortunes was past ; we have been buoyed up by a flickering gleam of success—but it has been extinguished again, and we have still to fear the worst. The only consolation we can draw from recent intelligence is, that our gallant soldiers have kept up the old prestige of the British flag, and if they have been forced to succumb, it was because they had to contend with the Demon Cholera, more fell in his wrath and stubborn of purpose than the human demons who have dared to provoke our vengeance. For the next few weeks it may be that news of evil omen may reach us, and we sadly fear that the atrocities of Cawnpore may be repeated whenever the ruthless Sepoys can wear out the handful of men opposed to them at Agra and Lucknow. But our work of righteous vengeance cannot be delayed for any length of time ; the troops are rapidly approaching the Indian shores, and once assembled, they will scatter the rebels before them like chaff. Wonderful, indeed, have been the instances of bravery displayed ; our men scattered over an immense tract of country, and taken at a disadvantage, have held their ground with a Titanic courage, and even now relief would have reached them, in spite of the inferiority of our numbers, had it not been that they were checked in their progress, and forced to yield to disease, but not to the enemy. The retreat of the Ten Thousand is thrown into the shade by the heroic actions of Havelock's small band.

The insurrection of the Sepoys is unparalleled in history, and there are circumstances connected with it which appear to defy all attempts at explanation. A disbanded and disarmed regiment has risen against its leader ; Sepoys, hitherto staunch, have waited until they were surrounded by British troops ere they raised the standard of revolt, and have proved the utter fallacy of trusting to the Sepoy faith. Hence the governor-general has acted wisely in disarming all those who were still supposed to be faithful, for he has thus withdrawn from them the chief temptation to swell the ranks of the rebels. Theory on theory is propounded, and writers are indefatigable in trying to discover the reasons of the insurrection ; but one cause is only rejected, to make room for another equally untenable. For a while, insults to their religion were a favourite reason ; then the Muhammadans were the instigators ; and now persons best instructed in the matter appear to agree in ascribing it to annexation, which has created a jealousy in the native mind. The last is probably the correct view, but only in so far that annexation has led to a dislocation of the British troops, and left the defences of the country in the hands of mercenaries. We have never gained the affection of the native population ; while promising them all due respect for their religion, mis-

taken perhaps, we have allowed missionaries to keep the native mind in a constant state of agitation, and government has added to the alarm by seizing on every territory which there was a plausible excuse to annex. The occupation of Oude was the feather which broke the camel's back: the natives felt that the time had arrived to try their strength with the invader, and no more favourable opportunity could have presented itself. Interest alone has hitherto kept the Mussulmans and Hindoos on such friendly terms: they determined to struggle for the supremacy with the British, and sank all religious differences in favour of the common object. The same feeling has, in all probability, led to the manifestation of mutiny in the Bombay Presidency; the annexation of Sattara has not yet been forgotten by the natives, but, fortunately, we are enabled to cope with the rebels there, owing to the smallness of the country, and the possession of all the strong points. In all future dealings with India it behoves us, then, to bear these facts in mind, and undertake no annexation unless we have the appliances at hand to carry out our intentions without fear of revolt.

The interests of the home country are so closely allied with those of India, that we are bound to do all in our power to restore the British rule in that country. This has been the unanimous expression of the country's will since the first news of the lamentable mutinies reached us, but our government did not appear disposed to further them. On the 28th of May last, government was informed of the dangerous symptoms at Barrackpore, and the suspected disaffection existing through the Bengal army. At the same time the governor-general pressed for British reinforcements, and we may feel sure that he would not have urged a measure so antagonistic to the money-making policy of the East India government, which can pardon a governor anything except attacking its coffers, unless he had very grave reasons. The vigorous government, which has been so much applauded, evidenced its knowledge of Indian affairs by sending out a troop-ship on the 18th of June, with 214 men, "reliefs." From that period, up to the 10th of July, the whole amount of men who left our shores for India was 850. All the while, it must be remembered, government was receiving reports from India, but insisted on regarding them as "exaggerated," and confidently expecting with each mail the tidings that the mutiny had been suppressed. At length, when delay was no longer possible—when the whole nation was crying out that instant assistance should be sent to our brethren in the East—when each of us was deploring the loss of some relative or friend—when every person acquainted with Indian affairs was insisting that this was no ordinary mutiny, but the unanimous upheaving of the Indian nation—when Lord Ellenborough was urging on the ministry the results of his own experience and sagacity—the government determined on a display of force. But, even at that moment, ministers could not leave the beaten track of routine; the troops were put on board sailing vessels, and left to beat down the Channel against contrary winds, when we had the finest steam navy in the world idling in our ports: in short, every evil which had been laid bare as connected with our Crimean expedition was in a fair way of being repeated. The route across the Isthmus of Suez was declared to be inconvenient and

expensive, as if money were a consideration when the lives of our countrymen were at stake, and the government waited for the next mail, and then for the next, hoping that the fortune which had hitherto fallen to their lot would tide them over these untoward occurrences, and avert from them a responsibility which they felt themselves unable to assume. In nothing was Lord Palmerston more fortunate than in his accession to power: when the nation, unjust in its wrath, demanded the dismissal of the Duke of Newcastle, because he was unable to extricate himself immediately from the vicious system which encompassed him like Dejanira's robe, and left the ground in a great measure cleared for his successor, Lords Palmerston and Panmure had an easy task in following the direction laid down for them, and did not neglect to take the entire credit of their predecessors' labours. Now Lord Palmerston has a virgin wilderness of routine creepers and red-tape parasitical plants to cleave his way through, and time will tell whether his axe will be sharp enough to fell all the obstacles which neglect and selfishness have allowed to grow up and bar his progress.

It might naturally be supposed that the alarming events in India would not be neglected by those who make "religious capital" of our calamities. The Bishop of Bombay may be taken as an exponent of these views; and in a sermon he recently preached at Brighton, he asserted that "the fearful sufferings to which Europeans were exposed, and the awful bereavements which had fallen on so many families, were to be regarded as the judgments of God." Although religious matters are not the province of the periodical writer, we are bound to protest against the idea that the suppression of the idolatrous customs of heathenism would ensure the peace of India. Such an attempt would be simply impossible; for whatever may be the value of the Hindoo religion, they hold to it with an intense veneration, and prefer death to its abandonment. Much may be effected by time and example. They may gradually be led to see the false and pernicious influences to which their religion subjects them, but any attempt to force them to give up their belief would only add fuel to the fire. And this the Indian government has seen. A petition was recently presented by the native Bombay merchants against the class-books used in regimental schools. It was signed by about a thousand of the principal Hindoo, Parsee, and Muhammadan inhabitants, who alleged in very temperate language that the government had infringed the principle of religious neutrality, granted on the formation of the Native Education Society in 1824, by introducing religious books calculated to undermine the faith of the native children. The government immediately bowed to the correction and withdrew the obnoxious books. But if the opinion of the Bishop of Bombay were correct, and the countenance to the native religion be "a national sin, which Heaven has avenged by letting loose that human devil Nena Sahib and his kindred, to violate, hack, and mutilate Christian women to death," the authorities ought to have rejected the memorial, and insisted on proselytising. What would have been the result we need not stop to inquire.

The greatest security of the British government in India has been the fidelity with which it has adhered to the compact with the natives, that their religion should be unassailed. At the foundation of our Indian

empire, such a guarantee was indispensable, or the handful of men who represented England would have been swept from the face of the earth. We will not here enter into the question whether it became a Christian people to enter into such a compact, forgetful of the Divine precepts to teach the Gospel to the heathen; and, perhaps, were we to recommence our conquest of India, as may be the case yet, we should establish the Christian religion on a very different footing. However this may be, the government, once bound by such a compact, was forced to recognise it in its integrity, and hold aloof from all attempts at proselytising. But in later years the missionaries have had the field open to them, and the success they have achieved presents but a melancholy picture of the progress of Christianity in the East. Within the last fifty-seven years 360 missionaries have been actively spread over India, assisted by upwards of 500 native preachers. They are attached to twenty-two missionary societies, and have founded 270 churches, which are attended by 15,000 members. Of these members by far the largest portion is found in the Madras Presidency, while within the limits of the Bombay government they are the fewest. The promoters of missionary enterprise ascribe their slight progress to the unchristian antagonism of the government, and say that the Hindoos are so accustomed to look up to the government as the parent of all authority, the dispenser of all patronage, the only motive power in a vast society which literally owns no other public than that of the services, that anything emanating from it receives at once the impress of popular currency; whilst all opposed to it is regarded with, to say the least, suspicion. It may be so. We are disposed to allow that the course forced on the Indian government was bad, and that Christianity should, from the outset, have been held in due reverence; and if the government of India is reorganised, which may be fairly anticipated, we hope that the chief objections of its opponents will be removed. "Brahminism," as a writer recently and justly observed, "is the most impudent and outrageous system of idolatry in the world. There is no religion that has so outraged decency in its audacious representations of the infinite Unseen Being, that has dragged Him so unceremoniously to the very surface of the world of sense, and clothed Him in such outlandish, gross, and fanciful shapes. Brahminism riots and luxuriates in the representation of Deity." In the face of such truths, the Indian government can no longer be lukewarm to the vital interests of Christianity, and probably by government intervention it will be possible to avoid those indiscretions of which our missionaries have too often been guilty. Caution and gentleness will be pre-eminently necessary, and we must not seek the extension of Christianity by means which defeat themselves, or imperil our whole empire for the sake of a single convert.

But whatever differences of opinion may exist with regard to the religious government of India, there can be none as to the fact that the East India Company has not fulfilled its duty towards the natives in its internal administration. It is true that the Company has laid out large sums for irrigation, because the return was steady and immediate, but the votes for roads and bridges have always been on the poorest scale. By evidence given before the House of Commons by civil servants of the Company, we find that Bengal possesses but one road worthy of the name,

and that chiefly kept up for military purposes. During certain seasons of the year this road is for many miles impassable by vehicles; and instances have been known of gentlemen being obliged to leave their carriages embedded in the mud, and walk for distances of sixty miles. There are no cross roads at all, while the mail lines, which form so important an item in the statistics of India, are mere bullock tracks, only available for the camel-carriers, and dāk runners, who carry the mail-bags on their heads from town to town. In the Madras Presidency, where the land is wonderfully fertile, producing indigo, cotton, and sugar, the roads are impassable in the rainy season, and a portion of one of them is actually employed by the Madras government as a trial ground for new gun-carriages, which are pronounced safe if they pass this severe ordeal. The internal communication being so bad, it might naturally be supposed that the Company would gladly hail the formation of railroads; but they throw every obstacle in the way of the promoters. So far back as 1832, we find a railway projected at Madras to run westward, in the direction of Bangalore. It was not till 1848 that active preparations were made for its commencement. In Bengal, the first railway movement was perceptible in 1843; in 1850, the first sod was turned of the Great Western of Bengal Railway. While the Company was pursuing its policy of annexation, and wasting millions in useless wars, no money could be spared for internal improvements; and now, when their craving for territory appears to be satisfied from the fact of there being little left to annex, the mutinies will entail a frightful expenditure, and commercial energy will be palsied.

The false policy which the Company have hitherto pursued will be best understood by a reference to figures. We find that the revenue of India amounts to twenty-seven millions, and the expenditure has been, for the last three returns, at least two millions more. The returns for the present year, with the Persian expedition—a war for which India furnished a pretext—will probably add another million to the debt. The financial difficulties will be enormously increased by the present rebellion, and the whole of the revenue of the North-West Provinces, amounting to seven millions, will be lost. In addition to this, the rebels have seized on at least two millions of coined silver, and it may be assumed that the Indian debt will be increased to at least one hundred millions. The debt already incurred by the Company was solely occasioned by territorial aggrandisement, and it is impossible that the cost of the gigantic war in India can be borne by the Indian revenue of the East India Company. We have subjected one hundred and thirty-two millions out of the one hundred and eighty millions of the natives of the Indian peninsula, so no temporary resource can be expected by further annexation. We have done this, too, in defiance of repeated warnings. So far back as 1793, the Court of Directors, alarmed at the extent of territory already annexed, distinctly declared to the governor-general, "If we once pass these bounds, we shall be led from one acquisition to the other till we shall find no security but in the subjection of the whole, which, by dividing the British force, will lose us the whole, and end by our extirpation from Hindostan." It is to be deplored that their successors did not entertain the same views; the crisis has at length arrived which was foreseen in 1793, and has been

produced by the very means which were then shown to act with a debilitating influence on the British empire in India. It is evident that with the suppression of the mutiny we shall have to retrace our steps and strive to consolidate our empire, and render India, as far as possible, independent and self-defensive.

It is generally asserted that the revenue now raised from the Indian territory is the extreme of what can "be wrung from the hard hand of starving peasants by the torture and the chain." This is very possibly the case, and under the present system of adhering to old forms, we can readily believe that the East India Company cannot augment its revenue. But were the country thrown open to British enterprise, were merchants who settled there secure of a just government and protected from the arbitrary conduct of the Company's servants, the result would be very different. At present, there is not the slightest encouragement for a man to invest his savings in a country which is so happily situated that it can grow every description of produce which the world requires. Even under the present imperfect system the commercial interchange between England and India is very large; what would it be if the country were opened up by good roads, and Englishmen encouraged to settle? After all the faults alleged against the Company, it has managed to keep afloat and accumulate a debt only equal to two years' revenue, and this with expenses of collection truly enormous. What would be the case if we proceeded to conquer India commercially, instead of with the sword? We feel surprised at the apathy displayed by the natives in the present crisis, and complain of their ingratitude after all we have done for them; but we ought to bear in mind that the ryot is brought but little into contact with us, and the brutality displayed towards him by the Zemindar could not have been worse under the Mogul rule. We may estimate that two-and-twenty millions are annually raised in the three presidencies, from a population, in round numbers, of one hundred millions. This gives an average of 4s. 6d. a head—a large sum when compared with the average earnings of the people. In England we are taxed to the amount of about 33s. per head; but while the earnings of our labouring classes average 15s. a week, the Hindoo does not earn more than thirty shillings a year. So then, while the Englishman pays about sixteen days' labour for that security under which he lives, the Hindoo contributes fifty-three days' labour for a protection from which he does not derive the slightest benefit. How then can we reasonably expect gratitude from the Indian agriculturist?

Another most unjust impost from which the native suffers, is the salt-tax, which the Company selected because of its universality. This indispensable article is burdened in Calcutta with a tax of four hundred per cent. on its cost price, and by the time it has gone up the country, the profit has amounted to a thousand per cent., without taking into account the adulteration the article undergoes. Mr. Aylwin states, that while the average annual quantity of salt manufactured by the Company is only 165,000 tons, it ought, estimating the consumption at 15lbs. per head, which is essential to health, to be not less than 979,287 tons. Among those labourers who are best paid, the wages are three rupees a month, or 3*l.* 12*s.* a year; but in less favoured districts, which form a

large majority, the annual wages do not exceed eighteen rupees. Assuming that each family consists of five persons, and that the average price of salt was eight rupees per maund (of 82lbs.), and the consumption only twelve pounds a head, then it follows that the best-paid labourer must work six weeks in the year to buy the requisite amount of salt for his family, while the worst paid would have to labour for three months. Ought we to expect any gratitude from the ryot for this ?

The extortions practised by the native police of India on the hapless Hindoos are unfortunately matter of notoriety. Houses plundered, innocent persons subjected to torture, even men led by bribery to accuse themselves of a capital offence! When a crime is committed in any portion of the Darogah's district, he generally lets off the really guilty person for a pecuniary consideration, but does not return without a victim, who is taken from an adjoining village, and cudgelled into an avowal of his guilt. The deposition is taken down while they are still smarting from the chastisement; and if they contradict it a few days later, before the magistrate, they are disbelieved, for a Darogah can do no wrong. Civil suitors have equally to suffer, in the shape of a tax levied on stamps; the lowest of these, for claims under 16 rupees, costing 1 rupee, and so on up to the value of 64 rupees. In order to commence a suit to recover a debt of 1000*l.*, the plaintiff is compelled to make a preliminary disbursement of 35*l.*, in addition to all sorts of miscellaneous extortions. The old Hindoo law levied 5 per cent. upon all undefended suits, and double that amount on such as, being defended, were cast—amounts moderate enough, and in no instance falling on the plaintiff. It is not surprising if the Indian preferred the old state of things.

In education, which might be made one of the most potent levers for bringing the natives into contact with Western civilisation, the Company has not displayed the zeal which might have been expected from the representatives of a Christian community. We find that under 70,000*l.* a year is spent on education in India, which, at the ordinary calculation of five members to a family, gives hardly a penny a year to each household. On this subject Mr. Capper, in his "Three Presidencies," gives some instructive comparisons: "We find that the amount of educational grants for the Bengal Presidencies for one year, viz., 51,000*l.*, is just 2000*l.* less than the cost of a late governor-general's visit to the Upper Provinces for a few months. We may observe also, that the amount of the Bombay educational disbursements is a trifle above the yearly cost of the governor's office and establishment and his tour to the Deccan, whilst the sum doled out for education in the Madras Presidency, with its 17,000,000 inhabitants, amounts precisely to the allowance of the governor's household, just equals the various emoluments of the pluralist secretary of the India House, and is neither more nor less than the yearly cost of the dinners and refreshments at the large stone house in Leadenhall-street." In education, the missionaries have far outstripped governmental efforts, for they have 1100 day schools, with 94,000 pupils, scattered throughout all parts of India. Madras takes the lead in the number of establishments, which amounts to 920, with 66,300 pupils; and may it not justly be assumed that to the spread of education through that presidency may be ascribed the tranquillity existing through it, and the hopeful instances

of obedience and attachment to the English government which distinguish the native population of Madras?

The opium monopoly we will leave to be settled between the Court of Directors and their consciences, but we believe that the few instances of misrule we have been able to adduce prove that the Company have hitherto neglected the interests of the huge territory entrusted to their government. We find on all sides instances of callous neglect where the natives are concerned; a selfish grasping after money, defeating itself by the clumsy machinery employed in collection; the country left internally almost in the same condition as when suffering from the Mogul yoke. For one hundred years the Company have carried on wars and annexed millions of natives to their government, but in no instance have they sought to attach them by conciliation, or spent one shilling from which a speedy and large return might not be anticipated. In the hour of great and unexpected calamity, in great measure the result of their own shortsighted and impolitic rule, they come to us for assistance, and in the moment of need we do not ask what return they will be disposed to grant. Under its present government, India is but of slight benefit to us; the sole object of our intercourse with India was originally commerce, and by the latest returns, those of 1855, our exports to India, the fruit of two centuries' labour, amounted in round numbers to ten millions in value, this including not only the trade of our own possessions, but also of countries over which we have no control. The amount is less than one-half our average exports to those American colonies that revolted from us eighty years ago. Commercially, then, India is of but small importance to us at present, but our honour demands that we should not hesitate in restoring our supremacy; and, after all, we may be regarded as morally responsible for every engagement, every disaster of the East India Company. It has long been but a branch of the executive, and if it has proved but clumsy and inefficient, the parliament which created it is alone to blame.

It should, therefore, be understood that we go forth to the reconquest of India with the determination to inaugurate a different policy. The system pursued by the East India Company has been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and, so soon as we have taken vengeance on the mutineers who have defied us and given up all claim to mercy by their atrocious conduct, it must be our task to strive and prevent such outbreaks for the future. And this will not be a difficult task if we start on the principle of justice and equity towards our fellow-men: let the Hindoos be relieved from the oppression which now weighs them down; let them be taught that we take an interest in their welfare, and not merely regard them as animals from whom a certain amount of revenue has to be wrung; and the rest will follow in an easy and rapid transition. Up to the present, however, every temptation has been offered the natives to revolt; in a recently published letter of the great Sir Charles Napier, we are told of some of the abuses perpetrated by the Indian government. We read of porters pressed by thousands to carry the governor-general's baggage, and then left for a year and a half unpaid; of cultivators dragged from their fields along with their carts and bullocks to convey the baggage and stores of an army, and so taken hundreds of miles, often

without remuneration, till their bullocks died on the road and their carts had fallen to bits. Or, again, what affection could be felt for a government which has left millions periodically to die of famine, without holding out a hand to help them? And yet that is the way in which the Court of Directors have paved the way for insurrection, and left us to contend at once with a rebellious army and a disaffected population.

We would not be regarded as apologists for the mutineers; on the contrary, the mercenaries have behaved with the deepest ingratitude, for they at any rate had but slight cause of complaint; but we feel for the helpless ryots, and regret that years of oppression and neglect should have hardened in their hearts the detestation for the race of conquerors. It will probably be found that they have been more sinned against than sinning, and, had the slightest degree of justice been shown them, they would now have been valuable allies, instead of looking coldly on while the English are being massacred.

The policy of the Court of Directors has ever been to collect money, no care at what cost; no matter what acts of injustice were perpetrated, they would be overlooked in consideration of the money poured into the treasury; and while young Europeans saw their only chance of promotion was in diligently obeying the behests of the Company, they were not disposed to listen to the promptings of mercy, or spare a nation with which they could feel no possible sympathy. Truly, they have sown the storm and reaped the whirlwind. But now, we trust, this state of things will pass away, never to return: the English people, in return for the many sacrifices it will be called upon to make, will demand an account of every man's stewardship, and they will be led to learn that there are other considerations besides money when the welfare of one hundred and eighty millions of our fellow-beings is at stake. But before this can be effected, the whole of our East Indian policy will have to be reconsidered; and the country, taught by misfortune, will be ready to endorse the views of those whom they have been led to regard as amiable enthusiasts, because they demanded justice for the Hindoo and a fair field for British enterprise.

A splendid opportunity will present itself so soon as India has been tranquillised, and the presence of an immense force will enable the rulers to make those alterations, religious and political, whose value time will display. The compact between us and the natives has been put aside by the rebellion, and it will be for our government to decide how far native prejudices will have to be regarded in future. In the mean while, we sincerely trust no energy will be thought unnecessary in relieving our distressed countrywomen; for, although the Company will have to make good the losses occasioned by their misgovernment, the poor victims will have to wait a weary time before they obtain compensation, even if the Board of Directors do not seek to evade it altogether. The nation has already responded nobly to the call of the fatherless and the widow, and we have no doubt such a sum will be collected as will place them in temporary comfort, until the necessary steps are taken to force the East India Company into a recognition of their claims.

With respect to the terrible mutinies, let us hope that by this time the worst has passed away. At any rate, before any lengthened time has

elapsed, a force will have landed sufficient to conquer India again from Cape Comorin to Peshawur. The work of vengeance will be terrible; and it is almost difficult to decide whether that vengeance should not be wreaked on the idols which the mutineers worship, that the natives may be taught at one sharp blow how little faith is to be placed in wooden images. But Christianity is no longer inculcated at the edge of the sword. The time has passed when monks marched at the head of an army with a sword in one hand and a cross in the other, and the lessons of our faith are better taught by that gentleness, mercy, and long suffering which its founder ordered for our example. But our religion must no longer be merely tolerated in India: we must avow it openly, and strive to win over the natives by its beautiful precepts; and if the work of education be taken in hand with a willing spirit, not easily discouraged, but patiently awaiting inevitable success, we shall be enabled to produce a conversion more permanent than that which the Portuguese missionaries effected with the sword and firebrand.

THE WOLF-BOY OF CHINA.*

THE true name of Lyu Payo was, we are told, Herbert Richardson. He is called the Wolf-boy because his mother belonged to the Miao-tse, or Wolf-race—a Chinese people unsubdued by the Tartars, and who do not, therefore, shave their heads. Whether this be so or not, the little Christian youth is a happy and engaging medium through which to depict the manners and customs of the strange people among whom he was born and lived. Fate, or the author's convenience, decreed that he should be a wanderer in the land, and that he should see more and hear more than falls to the lot of most people. He is kidnapped in his very childhood by child-stealers of Canton, and his unfortunate father loses his life in the rescue. He is then adopted, as well as his mother Sang, by a Christian merchant, Tchín by name, who resides near Peking. His sphere of observation is thus very much enlarged at the onset, and it gives opportunities for the introduction of descriptions of the Imperial Canal, of Nankin and its porcelain tower, and of Peking itself, with desultory notices of modes of living, festivals, and punishment. It is impossible, however, to give even an idea of all the changing scenes and exciting incidents that befall Lyu Payo. Suffice it to say, that a more entertaining and agreeable manner of bringing the peculiarities of the Chinese before the mind's eye, especially of the young, could not be; nor could the task be more creditably performed than it has been by Mr. William Dalton.

* The Wolf-Boy of China; or, the Incidents and Adventures of Lyu Payo. By William Dalton. Bath: Binns and Goodwin.

THE MILLIONAIRE OF MINCING-LANE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IMPROVED PROSPECTS.

IT was true, as Mr. Cutts had said, that there had been an *éclaircissement* between his wife and Lord Harry FitzLupus, and equally true that the explanation was dangerous to Brunton's hopes, though it had not yet resulted in what he so greatly feared.

Mrs. Cutts had contrived to elicit from Claribel a full account of the scene in the garden which Lord Harry had accidentally witnessed, but the confession had been wrung from her, more by a sense of what was due to her own reputation, than with the view—from which she instinctively shrank—of offering encouragement to her lover, for whom—she again repeated—the regard she felt was only an earnest friendship. Mrs. Cutts put her own interpretation on this expression, believing that earnest friendship, under certain circumstances, is easily convertible into love. She promised, however, to suffer affairs to take their natural course, preserving silence on the subject to Dr. Brocas, and even undertaking to persuade Lord Harry to desist from urging his suit, at all events for the present.

These promises cost Mrs. Cutts very little, as she intended to be guided entirely by her own interest in keeping or breaking them; but her acquiescence in Claribel's wish was the readier, in consequence of holding sentiments with respect to a lover's impatience very similar to those of the prudent Mrs. Peachum.

Nor was she far out in her estimate of Lord Harry. He was one of those who, the more they feel the curb, the more they chafe. The history of the situation, as related by Mrs. Cutts, increased his love for Claribel, while it roused his fury against the man who had caused him for a moment to wrong her, and woe betide that man if ever he fell in his way.

But whatever effect the communication might have had on his immediate acts, whether it would have led him to an instant declaration to Claribel herself, or to the instant punishment of Brunton, was prevented by an occurrence which just at that moment befel. The Marquis of Wolverton, the father of Lord Harry, was suddenly seized with an alarming illness, and the telegraph was set in motion to summon his family to his bedside. Not having been, at any period of his life, an over affectionate parent, he was not—as fashionable newspapers say—"surrounded by his noble relations" at the time of his seizure, but the greater number within reach obeyed the call,—Lord Harry among the rest, who thus, in a manner, left the field open to Brunton.

Meantime, Dr. Brocas continued in ignorance of the proceedings which so nearly affected Claribel. In the midst of all his eccentricities,

his fondness for her never changed. Nothing would have rejoiced him more than to have been able to secure her happiness, but his general unsteadiness of purpose, and the caprices by which he was governed, sadly interfered with his good intentions.

At one moment he desired for Claribel no higher or better fame than that of a great actress; at another, the theatrical profession disgusted him, as quite incompatible with feminine delicacy and true refinement, and he was all for literature and art; then he expressed the strongest objections to a young woman's appearance before the public in any shape, declaring that her name ought never to travel beyond the limits of her own family circle.

"Yes," he would exclaim, when the homely fit was on him, "woman has only one mission. Her beauty may dazzle, her talents charm, her manners fascinate, but what are these attractions, in which the whole world has an equal share, compared with the solid, substantial accomplishments of making a suet-pudding or darning her husband's worsted stockings! Around these housewifely acts are grouped all the comforts of existence, all the domestic virtues!"

The domestic virtues, however, held very brief sway over the aspirations of Dr. Brocas. He turned more congenially to a life of splendour, and then he pictured Claribel at the head of a magnificent establishment.

But how was she to obtain one?

Could he have coined his own debts and put the amount in his pocket, he might have given her an ample fortune; but, as the case actually stood, he could give nothing unless he got it on tick. A rich husband, then, who did not care for money, if such a phenomenon existed, must be the resource.

Where was this person to be found?

His thoughts reverted to Brunton. He was in the prime of life, good-looking, extremely clever, and—as Mr. Ashley had told him—wealthy; against his morals, so far as Dr. Brocas knew, nothing was to be said. Dr. Brocas was in the vein for worshipping The Golden Calf, and decided, therefore, in his own mind, that Brunton should be the man.

But, while he entertained this project, he determined to keep it secret. Nothing delighted him more than a surprise. He piqued himself on his diplomatic tact, and skill in strategy. How he would laugh at Claribel when she was caught in his net!

To carry out his design it was necessary to improve his acquaintance with Brunton, whom he forthwith invited to dine at the cottage.

Brunton received the invitation by the first post on the morning after his meeting with Mr. Cutts at Lillicap's. He could hardly believe his good fortune. Had he read the letter rightly? It ran thus:

"DEAR SIR,—The visit which you paid to Vallombrosa, when you were so kind as to call with Mr. Ashley, was unfortunately too short to enable me properly to appreciate the value of your society. Will you permit an old man to say that he has a great desire to know more of you, and—waiving ceremony—will you honour me with your company at dinner to-morrow, at seven o'clock? It will be an absolute *tête-à-tête*, and I hope for no refusal.

"Most faithfully yours,
"WILLIAM BROCAS."

"Will I waive ceremony? Do you hope for no refusal? Ah, my dear Dr. Brocas," exclaimed Brunton, as he sat down to write an answer, "you don't know how much money I would have given for this invitation! For to-day, I see! You shall have a special messenger. When I began to despair of getting at Claribel again! It is clear she has said nothing to him. I have nothing to apprehend in that quarter. A *tête-à-tête!* *Tant mieux,* on this occasion. I shall endeavour to profit by the opportunity. With the *entrée* of Vallombrosa and the good-will of the host, it is hard if I don't come to a better understanding with the angry little beauty. That cursed Lord Harry, though, is in my way. But what of him! He is an idiot to begin with, and can easily be laid by the heels. There is no occasion, now, for my seeing Wimple; and as to Cutts's friend, Hinkin, he can stand over till I want him."

The dinner accordingly took place, and its result answered the expectations of each. Dr. Brocas felt satisfied that his guest was a very desirable *parti*; and Brunton fairly established himself in his host's good graces. Claribel's name was not mentioned, but in the course of conversation Brunton contrived, incidentally, to allude to Lord Harry FitzLupus, and, greatly to his satisfaction, he found that Dr. Brocas was not by any means well disposed towards him. It appeared that he had an old grudge against the Marquis of Wolverton, and the hostile feeling extended to all his race.

"Many years ago," said Dr. Brocas, "I knew that family well. There was but one member of it I ever liked—the only brother of the present peer. He, indeed, was my intimate friend at Oxford, and our friendship survived the University, though our tastes were very different. He was an ardent sportsman, fond of hunting, racing, and driving; I loved music, books, and pictures. He could only enjoy himself in England, I on the Continent; and so it happened that we were separated. While I was abroad things went wrong with him, and he got into disgrace with his brother, who treated him very harshly. For two or three years I lost sight of him altogether. At last he wrote me a letter; I was then at Rome—how well I remember the time—it was my first Carnival! He told me in that letter that circumstances had induced him to change his name; he did not say what it was, but he spoke of being married, and living obscurely; he closed the unsatisfactory account by asking me, for the sake of others besides himself, to endeavour to reconcile him to his brother. I wrote at once to the marquis, but received no answer. Fearing that my letter had miscarried, I wrote again; still my application remained unnoticed. I made a third attempt, and to ensure its delivery the letter was sent to a friend, who undertook to place it in Lord Wolverton's own hands. He read it in the presence of my emissary, and what," said Dr. Brocas, pale with anger, as he recalled the occurrence—"what was his reply? Tearing the letter deliberately in half, he threw it into the fire, and said: 'In your next communication to Mr. Brocas, tell him that Frederick could not have chosen a worse advocate. It is to his pernicious intimacy I ascribe the course of life which has brought my poor brother to his grave.' The vile, hypocritical slanderer! He knew that he had always hated me, and he knew why! From that time, Mr. Brunton, Lord Wolverton and I have been strangers to each other. But we shall probably never have a chance of meeting again in this world,

for if the newspaper reports be true, his lordship is preparing for the long journey."

This information was doubly precious to Brunton. It assured him that Lord Harry need not reckon on any assistance from Dr. Brocas, and it also kept him away, at least for a time, from Claribel.

But while the learned civilian was working thus covertly for the supposed advantage of his *protégée*, he did not cease to indulge in his own fancies. It might have been the habitual waywardness which led him so rapidly from one thing to another—perhaps his conversation with Brunton had awakened old reminiscences—or, what is as likely as anything else, the astonishing fact of his being in cash, a remittance on account of his fellowship having reached him—but on the morning after Brunton's visit he drove to Brompton, intent on a new idea.

He found Claribel at home with Mrs. Basset.

"I am come," he said, "to carry you both away with me into Hampshire."

Both expressed their surprise at the announcement, and both declared it was impossible they could go: Mrs. Basset was every day expecting the decision of the Court with respect to Mrs. Meggot's legacy, and Claribel said that her new part kept her a prisoner.

Dr. Brocas, however, would hear of no refusal. He had taken his resolution suddenly, and, therefore, he was the more pertinacious in adhering to it.

"What can it signify," he said to Mrs. Basset, "whether you know your fate a day sooner or later? If the cause is gained in your absence, it will be so much the pleasanter to meet with good news on your return; if it should go against you, why you are spared so many hours' regret. As to you, Claribel, I will take no excuse. If you don't know your part, you shall study it on the hill-side, away from the smoke and dust of London; if you happen to be perfect, which I rather suspect is the case, there is no need to study it any more."

"But the rehearsals," urged Claribel; "you forget them."

"I will pay all fines," said Dr. Brocas. "See here!" he continued, gaily, as he drew forth a heavy purse and weighed it in his hand—he had cashed his cheque *en route*—"see here, my Bassettini! Enough to pay the national debt if it were necessary—to say nothing of all I owe myself. Enough to sweep out a hundred Mrs. Meggots from the memory; enough to satisfy the cupidity of all the managers in Europe."

Lest it should be supposed that the Oxford fellowships are on an equal footing with the see of Durham in its golden day, it may be as well to mention that the sum which now swelled the purse of Dr. Brocas was exactly fifty pounds. He might, with that money, have settled a number of small accounts which the Fulham tradesmen began to get rather tired of calling for, but he infinitely preferred spending it.

"These people," he said to Mrs. Turner, who represented the desirability of his satisfying the above-mentioned claims—"these people are illogical. If I were to pay them once I should never deal with them again: they would, consequently, be enormous losers. Besides, they are not true to themselves. If Bonedust the baker gets his bill, what becomes of Cleaver the butcher? If Roots the greengrocer is satisfied, wherewith shall I answer the demand of Chalk the dairyman? No! I will be just to all: they shall share and share alike."

"To every one something, then, sir?" suggested Mrs. Turner.

"What! would you have me compromise with the rascals for so many shillings in the pound, like a miserable bankrupt? Perish the thought! But, my Turnerini, I'll tell you what I will do. Keep the money in my own pocket. When it is gone, as go it must—for money maketh itself wings—I shall be exactly where I was, and so will they, with this advantage, that no one can be envious of his neighbour."

Dr. Brocas could have argued for ever on this theme, but he was eager to put his precepts into practice, and as he passed through Fulham on his way into town, he gave orders to Crupper the jobmaster to have a carriage and four in readiness at Vallombrosa at two o'clock, to convey him to the next railway station on the line he proposed to travel. The distance was about six miles, but had it been only one Dr. Brocas would not have stirred without two postboys.

When once Claribel saw that her friend was resolved to carry his point, she made no more opposition, only stipulating for time to write to Mr. Wimple, to tell him of her intended absence for the next three days:—it was to be no longer, and Sunday intervened.

Dr. Brocas then explained himself in detail.

"It is duty," he said, "which obliges me to take this journey—duty and a melancholy pleasure. When I parted with my property in Hampshire, I made a vow to visit it as often as I could, if not to salute the Penates—my father's hearth, my Bassettini—to wander with the Fauns and Dryads beneath my father's oaks—those that were not cut down! Who succeeded me at Broadstone I never asked or cared to know, but I think I have lately heard that some City banker is now the owner. We shall not seek his hospitality, Claribel. With this in our hands"—here he chinked his purse—"we shall find—as most people find—'our warmest welcome at an inn.' There is no enjoyment in the world like sitting at the window in the best room of a roadside inn. These places are a little altered now, perhaps, from what they were when I was young, but still the charm remains—

*Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Tæsta diu—*

which means, my Bassettini, that the cask, once filled, never loses the flavour of the wine."

"Did you say, Broadstone, doctor?" asked Mrs. Bassett.

"I did," he replied.

"Broadstone, in Hampshire?"

"The same."

"I have been to Broadstone fair many a time when I was a girl. We lived only seven miles off. Clary was born down there."

"To think of that! Our excursion, then, becomes more of a duty than ever. We will visit your native place, Claribel! We will go to church there on Sunday,—listen to the moralising country parson, and draw our own moral from the country tombstones,—quaint and simple records of better people than ourselves."

"My father and mother, and three of my brothers, are buried in that churchyard," said Mrs. Bassett, with the air of a landed proprietor.

"My father, too, lies there!" sighed Claribel.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BROADSTONE REVISITED.

THE bean-stalk in the nursery tale grew scarcely so fast as the fortunes of Richard Brunton.

Upon what principle his operations were based no one could guess, but the success with which they were attended excited universal admiration. To deal largely is the grand feature of modern commercial enterprise; amounts never dreamt of by the last race of merchants, or only reached as the sum total of a twelvemonth's toil, are now the transactions of the hour; and balances are struck in millions, where, formerly, a tithe of the business which they represent sufficed.

Our forefathers, when they wished to convey an adequate notion of the wealth of some City Cæsus of their acquaintance, used, *ore rotundo*, to exclaim, "He's worth a Plum, sir!" The word has fallen into desuetude, and the sum it indicated is looked upon as a mere fleabite in these piping times of commercial prosperity. Your "Baltic" go-ahead men will make you a hundred thousand pounds in the twinkling of a market. How long they keep their gains is, indeed, another matter.

Foremost among the plum-gatherers of the day stood Richard Brunton. It was no longer a question between him and Mr. Ashley about a paltry bond for ten thousand: that liability had, perhaps, been merged in other mutual transactions; or, like the sum which Brunton had borrowed from his quondam fellow-clerk, Mr. Julius Browser, when first he set up for himself, had remained in his hands at an interest of more per cent. than the most flourishing Jamaica copper mine ever promised.

In the phrase of the time, Richard Brunton was "The Millionaire" he had hoped to become: the term might be synonymous with Mushroom, but that signified little to Brunton if he could, by skilful management, make it the means of attaining the Oak's stability.

It is easy to make the assertion—but it is, nevertheless, as true, uttered off-hand, as if it had been pondered over for years—that the very wisest amongst us are always the first to be taken in.

Perhaps, if you had searched all London through, you could not have found a wiser-looking man, or one whose actions seemed to be so entirely under the guidance of wisdom, as Mr. Velters. Had a tear ever dimmed his eye on hearing a tale of distress—had a hand been at any time privately extended to help the unfortunate—had he ever unbuttoned his breeches-pocket except for a charity sermon, when all men saw what he gave, or a printed subscription-list, where everybody read the amount of his contribution? No person could accuse Mr. Velters of any such weakness. Surely, then, he must have been one of the very wisest! And yet he was deceived by Richard Brunton, or by the system of which "The Millionaire" was the exponent.

At the commencement of the patronage which Mr. Velters bestowed on Brunton, the seated statue of the Commandant of Seville might have envied him the stiffness of his manner; but as the scales began to turn towards an equality in wealth—or that which appeared to be so—an awkward flexibility, which resembled the same statue in motion, usurped the old rigidity. In asking Brunton to his country house again, Mr. Velters no longer condescendingly implied the honour he was conferring,

but named it as a thing which the other had the power—if it so pleased him—to refuse.

“Can you come down to us at Broadstone, on Saturday, Mr. Brunton?” was the way in which Mr. Velters put the invitation—“you will find some old friends there who, I need hardly say, will be most happy to see you.”

Guessing at once who the old friends were, Brunton did not hesitate to accept the offer. No chance of meeting Miss Travers was to be neglected—and what chance so promising as the friendly intercourse of country life? But for this, he might have regretted that Mr. Velters should invite him to Broadstone at the very moment when the absence from London of Lord Harry FitzLupus might be turned to profitable account with Claribel; but then he reflected that the proposed visit would be of little more than four-and-twenty hours' duration, and that time might be easily spared when such a result as he hoped for was possible. It is true, there was still in his way the difficulty of Margaret Nalders. How was he to set one aside and engross the other; how separate those who were always together? It must be done, however, and at last he hit upon the manner of doing it.

Frequent intercourse with Margaret, in which the most confidential subjects were discussed, had told him all her history. Isolated as she seemed—except in her attachment to Alice—there was still one tie that bound her to her own family. This was an uncle, a brother of her father, into whose house, when an orphan child, Margaret had been taken, and with whom she had passed her early life till accident introduced her to the notice of Mr. Temple Travers. Mr. Gabriel Nalders was a poor man, or he would scarcely have suffered his niece to leave him, but the opening was so good that he made a sacrifice of his feelings and consented that they should part. But, though the separation took place, mutual affection remained. At intervals they corresponded, once or twice they met, and at all times Margaret cherished the recollection of her kind old uncle in Yorkshire. It was upon this foundation that Brunton built the artifice he determined to employ.

An hour before the time he had settled with Mr. Velters for accompanying him to Broadstone, he went to a telegraph office, where his person was unknown, and wrote the following despatch:

“Miss Nalders. Your uncle is taken dangerously ill. He expresses the strongest desire to see you immediately. Pray lose no time. It is feared that he may not survive the night.”

A false name and address were subscribed by the sender of this message, the wires were immediately set in motion, and about the same moment that Brunton and Mr. Velters left the London railway station a special train started from Broadstone with Margaret.

“She cannot learn the truth,” thought Brunton, “till to-morrow; she can never find out who sent her on this wild-goose chase; she must be absent all the time I mean to stay at Broadstone.”

You have a great many irons in the fire, Mr. Brunton. Will none of them burn your fingers?

Not at present, it seems, for your *ruse* has been successful. The table is clear; make your game—and play it out!

Mrs. Velters was loud in lamentation when, on reaching the hall, she informed her husband of the sudden departure of Miss Nalders, though,

in point of fact, she was far more pleased than sorry : an educated woman the less giving her a better opportunity of parading her fragmentary acquirements. To dig them into a few passive objects was what she generally aimed at, but she had no objection to a little timid contradiction, for then, in her happy dictatorial way, she improved her previous triumph.

A larger party was assembled now than on the occasion of Brunton's former visit, and this circumstance favoured his schemes. Though a good deal *obsédé* by his hostess, who shared her husband's reverence for the *millionaire* principle, he was able in the course of the evening to detach himself from the crowd and engage the exclusive attention of Alice Travers.

At first he naturally spoke of Margaret, and expressed his deep regret at the cause which had deprived them of her presence, expatiating on her estimable qualities in so warm a manner, that Alice might well be excused if she adopted the belief—long hoped for by her—that Margaret's regard for Brunton was returned by him. She had been true to her promise ; she had never breathed a syllable to her friend on the subject of her engagement ; but there was something in Margaret's manner, when she praised Richard Brunton to Alice, which convinced the heiress that it meant more than common advocacy. Her own opinion of Brunton was very high, and she listened to his words with pleased attention.

Gifted with considerable talents and many agreeable qualities, Brunton exerted himself to the utmost to confirm the favourable impression which he knew had already been prepared. He was careful to adapt his sentiments to the tone of Alice's mind, and when he found that there was complete harmony of thought between them he ventured to speak of himself alone. He said little of his past career, beyond a vague allusion to misfortunes and unassisted struggles, but it was enough to excite an interest in the events of his early life ; the grateful acknowledgments which he expressed with respect to his present position, arrived at solely through the kindness of those whom, he averred, he most honoured and respected, could not fail to gratify her whom he addressed ; and when this tribute had been paid, and he described his prospects with so much animation, and pictured everything to come in such bright colours, referring to personal considerations with so much humility and apparent disinterestedness—as if he had purer and loftier views than any which self-aggrandisement could possibly offer—that pleasure sparkled in the eyes of Alice Travers as she thought of the happiness which seemed to be in store for her friend : a sigh, too, escaped her when she contrasted her own uncertain hopes with those of Margaret.

The gleam of pleasure and the shade of sorrow were noticed alike by Brunton, who set them both down to the same account—but he was content on this occasion only to break ground. From the estimate which he had formed of the character of Miss Travers he feared to be too precipitate, while at the same time he felt that now was the golden opportunity which never might present itself again.

"To-morrow, then, to-morrow," he said to himself, when the party broke up—"to-morrow must decide the question."

But he had a good deal to occupy him before he slept that night. As he sat at his bedroom-window, with his eyes fixed on the lake, whose

surface, stirred by a gentle air, glistened in the moonlight like scales of silver, he thought of the trusting woman whom he had rescued from its waters, of the love which she bore him, of the duplicity he had practised, and of the deeper treachery which he still meditated.

But though his conscience set before him all the wrong he had done to Margaret and was yet to do, like Alp the renegade "his heart within him was not changed."

In the calm serenity of that hour he mustered his resolution to carry out to its full extent the long-cherished purpose of his soul.

Let him only obtain from Alice an avowal of her affection, and all he desired was gained. He would urge her to a secret and instant marriage, and then Margaret and the world, if her story were ever known, might say and do their worst.

What chance was there of realising this hope?

The best, as he judged. That girl, before every one else so passionless, had listened to him with an emotion which, if she strove to do so, she could not disguise. Her smile and her sigh, he said again, were susceptible of only one interpretation. If once she acknowledged that she loved him, her love—the stronger from her natural pride and coldness—would pause at nothing he might propose, would forgive anything he might have done to obtain it.

Could he dwell on such a theme as this without thinking of Claribel?

Against her he was planning a darker scheme of guilt, but conscience here was stifled by passion. Let everything shape itself as it might, his, he determined, she should be. That was the immovable thought which no consideration affected. Whether he succeeded in marrying Alice Travers or not—whether Margaret died of a broken heart, or marred his fortunes by her resentment—this, at least, was his resolve: that Claribel should crown his triumph or console his failure.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW BRUNTON PROSPERED WITH THE HEIRESS.

A HERO may be ruffled by a gnat; the temper of a saint—that oft-quoted rarity—may be disturbed by a very slight annoyance; and the best of us—whether saints or heroes—may, like Imogen, be "sprighted by a fool"—sprighted, "and angered worse."

With all her fossilised accomplishments, Mrs. Velters had not quite "forgot herself to stone."

The moral *carapace* of that lady—to use a term which she herself would have employed—was almost as hard as her husband's, or that of one of her own favourite *Chelones*; but there was one joint in her armour through which she might be pierced.

She was accessible to self-interest.

Science had not so entirely absorbed her every faculty as to shut out all worldly considerations.

Mr. Velters was rich, and when he died—a possible event which she contemplated with great equanimity—he would leave a very large fortune to his family: of that there could be no doubt.

But if he had been the Bank of England itself, the colossal idol before

which he daily bent the knee, his fortune was divisible; and to the mathematical mind of Mrs. Velters every part suggested the whole.

Mr. and Mrs. Velters had several sons, but only one of them had yet been launched upon the world—the eldest, a travelling, yachting man, with a large and certain income, being *hors de cause*, as—for the present—were the boys at school. The excepted youth was the darling of his mother; the darling to this extent—she thought about him more than all the rest, and for a very satisfactory reason.

Albert Velters was in his twenty-first year, and therefore marriageable. Miss Alice Travers was a frequent guest at Broadstone; she, too, was marriageable—very marriageable. A match, then, was possible, and, besides being possible, it was, to Mrs. Velters's thinking, in the highest degree desirable. The programme was simple and not ineffective, and Mrs. Velters resolved to do her best to carry it out effectively.

Although Albert Velters was as common-place a young gentleman as you could expect to meet with on a long summer's day—although his face was insipid and his mind a blank—his opinion of himself was first-rate. Consequently, when his mother suggested the heiress, he looked upon the suggestion as all but a *fait accompli*.

Mrs. Velters was no sharer in her son's fatuity: she knew that Alice was not to be easily won, and that throwing the handkerchief was not the way to win her. To keep her darling Albert up to the mark was, therefore, her constant endeavour.

Though surrounded by a crowd of obsequious listeners, and engaged in the arduous demonstration of squaring the circle, or dogmatizing on some equally pleasing impossibility, it had not escaped the notice of Mrs. Velters that Brunton and Alice Travers, on the evening of their long conversation, were absent from the throng, and casting a quick glance round the room, she perceived how they were occupied. Making a mental memorandum of this fact, on the following morning she administered a lecture to her son, which had the effect of stimulating him to a more decided course of action. Mrs. Velters did not absolutely say that Mr. Brunton was to be watched—she did not, indeed, suspect him—but she gave her darling to understand that, if he relaxed in his attentions, some one else might step in and gain the prize he coveted.

Had this hint been proffered by another, a self-satisfied pooh-pooh would have been the rejoinder, but Albert Velters held his scientific mother in the greatest possible awe, and promised implicit obedience, and for that day, at least, he was as good as his word.

He sat beside Miss Travers at breakfast, he was her companion in the conservatory, he went in the same carriage with her to church, he filled the only male corner of the family pew, he offered her his arm when they went to luncheon, and behaved altogether so uncommonly like her shadow, that Brunton began to despair of securing to himself the half hour on which he had calculated.

It angered him sorely that Alice should, in this unforeseen manner, be sprighted by this fool, for he had very soon taken the measure of Albert Velters's capacity.

It was not him, however, that he feared, but his importunity, and how to get rid of that Brunton could not tell.

Within a few miles of Broadstone, on the skirts of Mr. Velters's large estate, there stood the remains of an ancient abbey. It was an extensive

and well-preserved ruin, and was, indeed, the lion of that part of the country.

At dinner, on the day before, one of the party accidentally spoke of Saint Cuthbert's, and Mrs. Velters immediately bursting forth into an elaborate description of the Abbey—which included a dissertation on every known style of ecclesiastical architecture—Brunton expressed a wish to see the spot. The Sunday qualms of Mr. Velters being of a kind that subsided before a Millionaire's desire, and Miss Travers having said besides that Saint Cuthbert's was her favourite haunt, it was agreed to drive there on the following afternoon.

Brunton had this excursion in view as likely to afford him the opportunity he desired of being quite alone with Alice Travers—and here was this intrusive Albert Velters apparently bent on monopolising her for the whole of the time he was likely to remain at Broadstone. Should he quarrel with him or swear an eternal friendship? Quarrelling, under the circumstances, was impossible: he must adopt the amicable alternative.

In considering which was the weakest amongst the many weak points of the young gentleman, Brunton recollected that he had dwelt with much emphasis, over his wine, on his knowledge of horseflesh, leaving it to be inferred, if he did not actually say as much, that he, Albert Velters, was the best judge of a horse and about the finest rider in England. There was nothing he had not done in the way of equestrianism short of leaping through a hoop at Astley's—and there really was nothing that lay within the scope of a horse's capabilities which his chesnut mare could not accomplish.

Two ways offered for approaching this question: Brunton must either meet Mr. Albert Velters on equal grounds, and so establish the usual freemasonry, or he must at once admit his own inferiority in the noble science in which the other excelled. Though he might have adopted the first of these two courses, for he was, in fact, an excellent horseman, he unhesitatingly chose the second.

Taking advantage of the interval while the ladies had gone to put on their cloaks and bonnets, Brunton smilingly addressed the vain-glorious youth.

"Do you know," he observed, "you quite excited my curiosity last night by what you said about your chesnut mare. She must be a splendid creature!"

"There's not such another in the kingdom," returned Mr. Albert Velters. "Are you fond of horses?"

"Passionately!" said Brunton.

"What hounds do you hunt with? The Queen's, or Rothschild's, or whose?"

"I don't hunt at all," replied Brunton.

"Not hunt! What's the use of a horse if you don't hunt him? But I suppose you're one of the regular Rotten Row men!"

"No," said Brunton, quietly, "I don't even ride."

"You astonish me. I can't comprehend——"

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Albert—I don't mind mentioning it to you, but I shouldn't like it, of course, to go any further, but I—the fact is—I'm not a very good rider."

"Oh!" exclaimed young Mr. Velters, in a tone bordering on con-

tempt. "Not a good rider, eh? I don't see what a man's fit for if he can't ride."

"Not much, I believe," said Brunton, meekly; "that has often struck me. Do you know, I'd give anything to ride, as you do, now. When I was some years younger—mind, this is quite between ourselves—I tried to conquer the difficulty. A friend sent me a horse to where I was staying. I was to go over to breakfast, and join the meet afterwards. The distance was only two miles, and what do you think happened?"

"Heaven knows! Perhaps the brute ran away with you?"

"I fell off sixteen times! Every time the creature got into a trot, over I went."

Mr. Albert Velters screeched with laughter. Brunton thought he never would have stopped. At last, with tears in his eyes, and ready to break out again, he exclaimed,

"By Jove! that beats all I ever heard! Sixteen times in two miles! How did you manage to mount again?"

"Oh, that was easily done, for the moment I fell the horse stood still. He was very quiet."

"I should say so!" cried Albert, still laughing. "I suppose, then," he continued, "you never tried again?"

"You are quite right, Mr. Albert," said Brunton, "I never did. But for all that, incapable as I am of showing off, like others, there's nothing in the world I delight in so much as seeing good riding."

"By Jove!" said the young man, falling at once into Brunton's trap, "you shall see me on the chesnut mare!"

"Oh, would you! When?"

Mr. Albert Velters paused an instant, remembering his mamma's injunction.

Brunton took advantage of the pause to say,

"I knew you were a first-rate horseman. I heard Miss Travers say so."

"Did she?" exclaimed the delighted idiot. "Did she, though?"

Brunton assured him it was a fact.

Mr. Albert Velters jumped up and rang the bell: a footman entered.

"Tell Maggs to saddle the chesnut. I ride. You'll have a good view of me from the box. I advise you to go there, Mr. Brunton."

"Ça dépend," said Brunton to himself; "let me see you in the saddle first."

Round came the chesnut: a hot-tempered animal, with a wild eye.

"There's a beauty!" said Mr. Albert Velters, admiringly, as the groom brought her up.

"A beauty indeed!" echoed Brunton.

"And you really wouldn't like to try her? Ha! ha! ha! You won't venture?"

"Not for anything you could offer. But, mum!"

"Oh, never fear! I'll not peach. See me, now!"

"She's a little fresh to-day, Mr. Albert," said the groom, in the under tone peculiar to his class. "You'll have to humour her a bit."

"When was she out last?" asked young Mr. Velters.

"The day afore yesterday, sir," said Maggs.

Some slight abatement of confidence was perceptible in the manner of

Mr. Albert Velters on hearing this reply, but it was too late to retract. He had bragged of his mare, had bragged of his riding, and was bound to do his *devoir*.

Brunton smiled inwardly at the change, but preserved an inflexible countenance.

Mr. Albert Velters walked round the chesnut, looked at the set of the saddle, examined the stirrup-leathers, fiddled with the curb-chain, and performed sundry other manœuvres indicative of knowing what he was about—manœuvres intended to overwhelm the ignorant Brunton—then finally patting her on the neck, and saying, "Soho, mare! steady!" he mounted.

He had hardly performed this feat when the carriage which was to take the party to the Abbey drew up in front of the portico, and the ladies made their appearance.

"Why, Albert!" exclaimed Mrs. Velters, on beholding her son, "how is this? Are you not going with us?"

"Oh yes, ma!" he answered, "only I thought if I rode there would be more room in the carriage. I mean," he added, with a triumphant air—and his glance took in both Alice and Brunton—"I mean to show you the way."

Mrs. Velters was vexed, but did not let the cause of her vexation appear. She laid it on the chesnut.

"I don't like to see you on that creature," she said. "It's too spirited for you, Albert."

This was a heavy blow to the young man's vanity, and the heavier because the remark was true. *Au fond*, Mr. Albert Velters was something of a coward: after the fashion of Parolles. His tongue was too foolhardy; it prattled him into perils.

He coloured up at the imputation.

"Spirited!" he said, "I'll soon take the spirit out of her;" and giving the mare her head, but not too much of it, he cantered off.

This was sufficient for Brunton. He cared to see no more of Mr. Albert's horsemanship, and followed the ladies into the carriage, taking his seat opposite Miss Travers. Mr. Snowball and Mr. Lamley, two very mild young gentlemen, who happened to be guests at Broadstone, went in the rumble. Mr. Velters remained behind, occupied, according to custom, with "The History of Banking."

For the first three or four miles no incident occurred to disturb the general conversation, the part which Mrs. Velters took in it being rather less spiced with science than usual, for every now and then a natural anxiety led her to watch the motions of the chesnut.

From time to time Mr. Albert Velters came capering up beside the carriage, exhibiting all the paces of his equestrian style, and for the space above mentioned all went well with him. By degrees, however, the hot temper of the mare began to get the better of her, and she chafed at the frequent checks of her rider, as if, sooner or later, she meant to have a battle with him. The motive for the struggle at last occurred.

They had traversed the park and left it by a gate which opened out upon a common that skirted the park palings for some distance. The road took a long curve, and Mr. Albert Velters proposed to exhibit on the intervening open ground, rejoining the carriage at a certain point.

He had completed about half the distance when Mrs. Velters uttered a loud exclamation.

"In the name of goodness what is the matter with Albert?"

The question was easily answered. The chesnut, in crossing the common, put her foot in a deep rut, and very nearly went down. Pulled up with a sudden jerk, she reared, and off went her rider's hat. It did not, however, reach the ground, for "an elastic" confined it at the wearer's button-hole, but being elastic, it made the hat do worse: the bobstay lengthened with every plunge, and the hat, swinging about, caught the mare's wild eye and added to her uneasiness; at last it got between her legs, and then—as the Scotch say—she was neither to hold nor to bind. After one more desperate plunge, she got the bit between her teeth, and the last thing Mrs. Velters saw was the mare having it all her own way, and the intrepid but hatless Albert the slave of her ungovernable will, both disappearing in the distance.

Her maternal apprehensions were expressed in every possible form, and it was some time before Brunton could calm her, but he finally succeeded by declaring his firm conviction that no harm could happen to the finest rider in England, and Mrs. Velters's nerves regained their wonted composure. The diaphanous Arabella gave way to no feminine emotion, an incipient flirtation having sprung up between her and the mildest of the two young gentlemen in the rumble. She merely exclaimed, "Oh, dear!" and once more fixed her eyes on the pale blue orbs of Mr. Lamley.

"At any rate," muttered Brunton, "that ass is got rid of."

In another half-hour they reached the ruins of Saint Cutlibert.

Mrs. Velters could make no decent pretext for securing Brunton as her escort, her arm having been intercepted by Mr. Snowball, who, as the representative of the house of Snowball and Lamley, the brokers of Mr. Velters, could pay no greater respect to that chieftain's lady. Arabella and the gentle Mr. Lamley paired off, as a matter of course, and Brunton, released at length from the tumult of hope and fear, had the privilege of conducting Miss Travers.

At first the party kept tolerably well together; but as Mrs. Velters, planted in the centre of the aisle, settled down to her subject, and, oblivious of her son, became more and more intent on victimising the complacent Snowball, her listeners drew off to examine the rest of the ruin.

I am sorry to say so, but it is the fact that Miss Arabella Velters whispered a game of hide-and-seek in the Chapter House to Mr. Robert Lamley, and they stole away to carry out their innocent design.

Alice Travers, who loved the picturesque of architecture far more than its pedantry, and who constituted herself, in some sort, the *cicerone* of the ruin, proposed to show Brunton the cloisters, and so it happened that Mr. Snowball was left the sole auditor of the learned Mrs. Velters.

How she punished him! Except that he was one of those persons—a sort of moral sandbag—who can stand any amount of punishment.

But still, how she gave it him!

The Anglo-Roman character,—the Early-English,—the Perpendicular,—the Transition Period,—the Ornamented,—the Decorated Gothic,—the Flamboyant,—the Florid,—nothing of style was left untouched; and shoal upon shoal came mullions and billet-mouldings,—corbels and capitals,—trefoils and lancets,—finials and pinnacles,—clerestories and flying buttresses,—till good Mr. Snowball, with the very strongest wish to

maintain his own identity, began to doubt at last whether that was his own head which grinned at him from under one of the corbel tables in front of which he was standing, or whether it really still stood on his shoulders.

Leaving this question in doubt—for, after all, it is a matter of very little consequence—we will follow Miss Travers and Richard Brunton.

A low doorway covered with ivy led from the south transept of the building into the nearly perfect cloisters. They were perfect—in ruin—on three sides, at least, but on the fourth the wall was dismantled, the arches had fallen, and there the foliage, which forced its way through every cleft and rent, grew most luxuriant. Beside some heavy fragments of stone—the wreck of a broken architrave—a fine ash-tree had taken root and threw a broad but flickering shade.

After a curious examination of many beautiful objects, Alice Travers and Brunton reached this spot, the remotest from the main building.

She sat down upon one of the sculptured stones, while Brunton stood, leaning against the tree.

There was silence for a few moments, and, perhaps for the first time in his life, he trembled.

At length he spoke, but his voice was unusually subdued.

"Miss Travers," he said, "there are places which call up feelings whose existence—if not unknown to us—forces itself upon our consciousness with all the effect of a new discovery."

"Poor Margaret!" said Alice, "I wish she were here."

"You did not hear me, Miss Travers," pursued Brunton.

"Oh yes! I heard you, Mr. Brunton," replied Alice, "and at once I thought of our absent friend. What pleasure she would have felt had she been at Broadstone to-day!"

"No doubt, Miss Travers, it is always her pleasure to be near you."

"That," returned Alice, "was not exactly my meaning. Do you think she could look upon the water which we passed not an hour ago, without remembering that it was the scene of the most eventful moment of her life? Oh no! Margaret has too much gratitude. Her sensibility is too profound."

"Her estimable qualities, Miss Travers, none can appreciate more highly than myself. I pay tribute to them every hour."

"And believe me," said Alice, who had a long-prepared project in her mind—"believe me, Mr. Brunton, that Margaret is worthy of the highest thoughts. I know her tenderness, her devotion, the sacrifices which she is capable of making; and I also know the earnest sincerity of her friendship."

Brunton mused for an instant.

"Can Alice suspect that Margaret loves me? But, even so, those allusions lead to something further."

Then, speaking aloud, he said:

"You confirm everything I have dared to hope. You release me, Miss Travers, from the most torturing fear. If Margaret has pleaded—and not pleaded in vain—this world has nothing more to offer!"

"You love her, then!" said Alice, eagerly. "Oh, Heaven!"

"Love her, Miss Travers, love her! Next to yourself, it is Margaret Nalders I have to thank for all the happiness I enjoy. But love her! Oh! Alice, it is you, you only that I love!"

And he threw himself at her feet.

Alice started—a mortal chillness came over her, and she stood up, pale as death.

"Mr. Brunton," she said, "you forget yourself! You forget who I am! You forget who you are!"

"No!" he cried, still kneeling, with clasped hands. "No, Alice! I forget nothing. I know my own unworthiness. I feel that you are far, far above me! But it cannot be scorn that prompts your words;—they are the utterance—yes, Alice, it must be so—the timid utterance of newborn passion. If Margaret has sacrificed herself, for whom that sacrifice? For whom but Alice Travers, the beloved of Richard Brunton."

Alice gasped with astonishment: her voice nearly failed her, but she made a supreme effort, and spoke.

"Mr. Brunton," she said, "you have deceived—*I am sure of it*—deceived *more than one!* Do not deceive yourself. The husband of Margaret would have been my friend. Now, sir, you are nothing to me but the drudge you were when first I saw you!"

Brunton had a bitter answer on his lips, but before it could frame itself into speech, a strange interruption took place.

Crashing through the boughs and stumbling over the stones, Mr. Albert Velters stood before them. The runaway chesnut had been stopped about half a mile from Saint Cuthbert's; her rider had returned on foot; and a countryman now held the horse at the Abbey gate.

Neither Alice nor Brunton could tell how much or how little Mr. Albert Velters might have seen or heard of the scene which had just been enacted.

Miss Travers took her course at once.

"Give me your arm, Albert," she said; "I wish to join your mother. We shall find her in the aisle."

They walked away, and Brunton slowly followed.

But he did not remain with the group.

"Mrs. Velters," he said, "will pardon me, if I return to Broadstone before her. The sudden recollection of a despatch of the gravest importance which ought to have been sent away this morning, must be my excuse for leaving her. Mr. Albert, I will borrow your horse; you can take my seat in the carriage. Miss Travers—farewell!"

He bent upon her a glance, the meaning of which none there could have interpreted, and then walked swiftly from the Abbey.

"Stop! stop!" cried Albert Velters—"stop, my good fellow, you forget you can't ride. You will be thrown as sure as fate!"

Brunton never turned his head. A few moments afterwards the clatter of a horse's feet was heard, and through one of the windows of the ruin to which he ran Albert Velters saw Brunton go by.

"Can't he ride, though!" he shouted. "He'll break the mare's heart!"

On he rode. He mistook the turning that led into Broadstone Park, and kept straight along the Queen's highway.

Three miles further on he passed a large old-fashioned roadside inn.

Some people were sitting at a large bay-window, and seeing a horseman approach full gallop, looked curiously forth.

Brunton also looked up as he passed.

Could he have been dreaming? Was that the face of Claribel?

THE MILLIONAIRE OF MINCING-LANE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A DISCOVERY.

THE Millionaire had not been mistaken: it was, indeed, Claribel whom he had seen.

In pursuance of his intention, with his purse so uneasily full, Dr. Brocas had brought his *protégée* and Mrs. Basset into the country; and before we follow Brunton further, we must speak of what had befallen them since their arrival.

The first care of Dr. Brocas was to establish himself after his heart's desire, and for this purpose he had chosen The Wheatsheaf, a well-known house, within a few miles of Broadstone, famous in its day for the carp and tench in its garden-pond, famous for the mushroomed spatchcocks which hungry mail-coach travellers had only time to pay for—had certainly no time to eat—famous for the cobwebbed claret which only saw the light on very rare occasions, famous for the roses that clustered above its porch, famous, in short, for all that makes a country inn agreeable.

The Wheatsheaf had been a favourite place of resort in the springtide of Dr. Brocas's youth, and the wonder was—amid all the changes which had come over the world since then—that it still existed in its old capacity.

Altogether unchanged it assuredly was not—time, a different proprietor, and a new era, contributing each their share of alteration—but enough of its original condition remained to justify its former reputation for good entertainment, when the landlord chose to afford it.

To Dr. Brocas nothing could be denied. He had such a magnificent way of ordering things—courting expense in every form—that the hotel-keepers wherever he went—unless he remained with them too long—absolutely worshipped him. He deserved to be the despot of the London Tavern, with only waiters for his subjects.

It was early when the travellers reached The Wheatsheaf, and, with nearly the whole day before them, Dr. Brocas at once proposed a drive, that he might show the country to his friends. As soon, therefore, as he had given instructions for “a quiet little dinner”—which included every luxury the house could supply—the party set out.

The weather was beautiful, the scenery charming, and Dr. Brocas in excellent spirits. In proposing the visit to Hampshire, he had spoken of it as “a melancholy pleasure;” but whatever of melancholy there might be in his mood, as he surveyed the property that had once been his own, he contrived to disguise it entirely from the observation of his companions. Like a schoolboy let loose, he made merry with all he saw, indulging in many witticisms at the expense of the present owner of Broadstone, whom

he pictured as a *nouveau riche* under every conceivable aspect of ridicule—an easy and congenial way of consoling himself for the loss of a large estate.

As long as they skirted his patrimonial domain, the gaiety of Dr. Brocas flowed on without interruption, but the mirthful vein was altered when, after leaving Broadstone a mile or two behind, they reached the summit of a long hill, and, across a broad expanse of downs, another object came in view.

It was a large, castellated building, environed by dark woods, which stood upon a distant height.

"What fine place is that?" asked Claribel. "It must belong to some great personage, for there is a large flag flying, as large as that on the Keep at Windsor."

"Oh, stop!" cried Mrs. Basset. "Do let us see it!"

So the carriage stopped.

The countenance of Dr. Brocas, which a moment before had been as bright as day, suddenly changed to the gloom of night.

Claribel repeated her question.

"It is called Wolverton Castle," said Dr. Brocas.

"And who lives there?" continued Claribel.

"The Marquis of Wolverton," returned Dr. Brocas, as laconically as before.

"The Marquis of Wolverton!" exclaimed Mrs. Basset. "Why, he's the father, Clary, of your friend Lord Harry FitzLupus. What a rich man he must be! How I should like to be he!"

"What can be the reason of that?" said Claribel, whose eye had been steadfastly fixed on the castle ever since she first saw it.

"Of what?" inquired Dr. Brocas.

"Why, the large flag has been suddenly lowered. I see nothing now but the bare pole."

Dr. Brocas started.

"Perhaps he has just gone out," suggested Mrs. Basset.

"Very likely," observed Dr. Brocas, quietly—"gone out—never to come back again."

"What do you mean, Dr. Brocas?" said Claribel, turning towards him.

"I mean," he replied, "Lord Wolverton is dead! He has been dangerously ill—dying for this month past—he could not leave the house, even in a carriage; it is broad daylight; he must be dead. He may have died while we were gazing here! Strange!"

"It is shocking to think of," said Claribel. "In the midst of all this sunshine! What a contrast to the sick man's darkened chamber! Poor Lord Harry! He must be sorry for his father!"

"He was not a good father," said Dr. Brocas; "he was not a good man. But he is gone to his account, and I have no more to say."

"Did you know him, then, sir?" asked Claribel.

"Only too well," returned Dr. Brocas. "Say nothing more about him."

The carriage moved on, and Dr. Brocas relapsed into silence; Claribel remained silent also; but Mrs. Basset, whose sensibilities had never been very acute, soliloquised with somewhat blunted sympathy.

"How very odd he should have popped off just as we stopped to look! I wonder what Lord Harry will come in for!"

On these two strings Mrs. Basset played the same tune a great many times over, while neither of her companions spoke. Claribel was anxiously observing Dr. Brocas, who seemed absorbed in the deepest thought.

After an interval of some minutes, the latter abruptly asked the driver if he knew Clearwell?"

"The gentleman meant the little village just under Wolverton woods? Oh yes, he knew it very well, but the road was a precious bad one; few things besides carts ever went that way: it stood quite lonely."

"Drive there," said Dr. Brocas. "At least, get as near it with the carriage as you can."

The man touched his hat, gave a sigh to the probable fate of his springs, and favoured the horse he liked least with an extra allowance of whipcord.

At the end of half an hour he pointed to a track that led off the downs, and remarking that Clearwell "lay up there," appeared to wait for a renewal of the order before he obeyed it; but at a signal from Dr. Brocas he turned off the turnpike.

He had not wantonly disparaged the road. It was as bad as it well could be. Deep ruts formed by the winter rains, loose flints detached from the chalky banks, and a steep and snaky ascent, assorted ill with the driver's macadamised experiences. After a time, however, when it gained the level turf, the track got better, and so it continued till it dipped again, and then it became as rough as before. This alternation lasted for a mile or more, but at last the driver declared the way was no longer "fit for a four-wheel carriage," and that "his hosses couldn't do it," so at a point where a shallow stream came gurgling past, and a clump of fir-trees cast a broad shadow across the road, Dr. Brocas ordered him to stop: he would walk the rest of the distance.

"Is it something very pretty that you are going to show us?" inquired Mrs. Basset. "It ought to be, after all this jolting."

"It is possible," said Dr. Brocas, "that you may not care to see the place. It is only an old cottage."

"In that case," returned Mrs. Basset, "I would rather stay here in the shade. Old cottages are no great fancy of mine. You and Clary can walk up the hill while I *set* still in the carriage."

Claribel looked at Dr. Brocas: he offered no objection, and she quietly took his arm.

"Something oppresses you," she said, when they had proceeded a short distance. "You have not been yourself since you spoke of Lord Wolverton's death."

"You are right," he answered, pressing Claribel's hand. "I am suffering—more than I have suffered for years. Some one lived, some one died, near the spot where we now stand, whose memory awakens all the grief I ever knew."

"Lord Wolverton?" timidly asked Claribel.

"He is the cause, but not the object of my sorrow. It is for the sake of another that I mourn. There—there," he cried, waving his hand, "all that my heart held dear lies buried."

Claribel followed with her eyes the direction in which Dr. Brocas

pointed, and perceived—half hidden by trees—the twisted chimneys and carved gable of a prettily ornamented cottage. They advanced towards it, and although that air of desolation pervaded it which never fails to characterise a place wholly unoccupied, the neatly kept garden testified to some kind of superintendence. Dr. Brocas made no attempt to enter, but passed on, till at a turn of the road a group of commoner dwellings came in sight.

"Here," he said, "the person lives who keeps the key of the outer gate; the other," he added, taking one from a breast-pocket, "I never part with."

A respectable woman appeared at his summons, and answered the few brief questions which he put to her. They related solely to the exterior of the cottage, which was under her husband's care.

"You will bear with me for an hour," said Dr. Brocas, addressing Claribel. "It is three years since I was last at Clearwell. I must visit *her* house *alone*. Where will you stay? Here, or with your aunt?"

"Aunt Basset," she replied, with a smile, "is fast asleep, I am sure, before this. The village is so charming, I will wander about in the open air."

The gardener's wife, whose eyes had been constantly fixed on Claribel's face, and who evidently knew Dr. Brocas's habit, offered the use of her parlour.

"It is not fit for a lady like you, miss, but I can safely say it is clean."

Claribel thanked her for her kindness, but declined it, again alleging her desire to see the village.

"In an hour, then," said Dr. Brocas, "I will be with you again. Farewell!"

He turned and slowly walked back, and Claribel was left alone.

The stream which she had crossed on leaving the carriage, and which flowed from a spring that gave its name to the village, invited her by its murmurs, and she pursued its upward course until she reached the source, where its waters, before they escaped, filled a rude basin of stone that had been placed to confine them for use. The walk ended at this spot—a high bank, surmounted by a moss-covered park paling, above which waved the foliage of a belt of young beech and aspen, stopping all further progress in that direction. The place seemed meant for repose, and by the brink of the well Claribel sat down.

Her thoughts were of Dr. Brocas. She pondered over the remarkable change in his manner, dwelt on the half-uttered confession of his early love, and called to mind the words he had spoken in relation to Lord Wolverton.

"Why," she asked herself, "should an ancient feud with a person whom I never knew cause me a feeling of more than common pain? It is true, he was Lord Harry's father. But what, except as a friend, is Lord Harry to me?"

There was a slight noise as of broken branches, and Claribel raised her head. As she looked up, her eyes met those of Lord Harry Fitz-Lupus himself. He was leaning over the park paling, apparently in quest of an easy place to descend.

His surprise on seeing Claribel was as great as hers.

"Gracious Heaven!" he exclaimed. "You! In this place—at this moment!"

He was by her side before he had done speaking. He looked pale, and seemed deeply agitated.

"Can it indeed be you?" were the words with which he renewed his greeting.

"It is singular enough," said Claribel, "that we should meet in this manner. I fear, too, in the hour of distress!"

Lord Harry covered his face with his hands. Presently he spoke again.

"You are right," he said. "I have just lost my father. But how came you to know it? It is barely an hour since he died!"

"We passed within sight of the castle when the flag was suddenly lowered, and Dr. Brocas, who was with us, said it could be for no other reason."

"Dr. Brocas! Another strange coincidence! The last moments of my father's life had reference to Dr. Brocas—and to yourself."

"How to me?" asked Claribel, in wonder.

"Claribel!—forgive me if I call you by that name—Claribel, you are my own cousin. Your father was my uncle—my father's only brother!"

Claribel was overwhelmed with astonishment.

"Can this be true?" she said. "Surely you would not jest with me—deceive me—at such a time—at any!"

"It is as true," replied Lord Harry, with solemn emphasis—"as true as the word of God! I have seen your mother's letter in which she entreated my father to protect his brother's child; I have heard from my father's lips his acknowledgment of her claim, his admission of the cruelty he had inflicted; I have received his dying commands to find you out—you, whom he little thought I had known so long. Lord Wolverton has atoned, as far as man may, for the injustice of which you were the victim."

Lord Harry had never been so eloquent before, but his heart was on his lips—and that heart was, after all, in the right place. The affectation and folly of an unoccupied life had long been swept away before the pure love which he felt for Claribel.

"I will believe what you say," she made answer, "for I have never had cause to doubt you. Yet the things you tell me are so astounding! I can scarcely think I am not dreaming."

"It will be a golden dream, Claribel," said Lord Harry, with a mournful smile. "But," he continued, hastily, as if endeavouring to shake off a painful thought, "you spoke of being with Dr. Brocas. Is he staying in this neighbourhood?"

"No farther off," replied Claribel, "than the cottage which stands yonder. An old attachment brought him to this place—one which had some, but I know not what, connexion with Lord Wolverton."

"Of that, too, I have to speak. Besides being your father's dearest friend, and slighted on that account, Dr. Brocas had received a wrong at my father's hands which many men avenge in blood. A woman's fame traduced, and a woman's broken heart, were recollections that added to

his remorse. But," continued Lord Harry, with emotion, "he repented him of all his sins, and as he looked for forgiveness above, he prayed for it also on earth."

"Mine," said Claribel, in tears, "is not needed; but I offer it for my mother's and for my father's sake. Dr. Brocas has too good a heart to refuse to cheer you by the same avowal. We had better seek him out. I will speak to him first."

Claribel led the way, and Lord Harry silently followed.

Arrived within a stone's throw of the cottage, she saw Dr. Brocas approaching. His countenance wore an air of unusual gravity, and the trace of sorrow was on his cheek, but the storm of passion had subsided.

"Child!" he said, not observing Lord Harry, who had lingered behind, "I feel better to-day than after any previous visit. Some time or other I will tell you all this sad story. But what is the matter? Your eyes are red, as if you had been crying."

"I have had cause, my dear sir, to cry, and yet—they tell me—to be glad."

"They tell you! Who tell you? Whom have you seen?"

"I, sir, have been the bearer of some unexpected news to this young lady," said Lord Harry, advancing. "Let me repeat it, as briefly as I did to her. Claribel is the daughter of your friend Lord James Fitz-Lupus, who, under the name of Mr. Page, married Miss Mary Fellowes. On his death-bed, an hour ago, my father revealed this secret. There is more to tell, if you will kindly give me the opportunity; but, first, I have a message for yourself. 'Tell Dr. Brocas,' said my father, 'that I die asking his pardon.' You know, sir, to what he referred."

Dr. Brocas made no reply; he took Lord Harry's hands between his and bent over them. When he raised his head again, he said:

"That angel has interceded. The past is obliterated."

There was a pause for a few moments, during which nobody spoke.

Dr. Brocas was the first to break silence.

"We are in this part of the country for a few days at The Wheat-sheaf, on the Broadstone road—an old haunt of mine in former days. I, as well as your cousin, Lord Harry, shall be glad to see you there, when your convenience admits of your coming."

"To-morrow evening, then," answered Lord Harry. "My visit is one of necessity, for my cousin's affairs are of moment."

"It will be as well to say 'good-by' here," said Claribel, extending her hand.

So they parted. Lord Harry took his way through the village, and Dr. Brocas returned to the carriage. They woke up Mrs. Basset, and drove back to the inn.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A CATASTROPHE.

FAST as Brunton rode, and fierce as were the thoughts that raged in his breast, the impression that the features he had seen were really those of the woman he loved—loved in the midst of all his deep duplicity—gained strength at every stride, and as soon as he could check his headlong speed he stopped to examine what kind of place it could be at which the unexpected vision had appeared.

He had passed the house several hundred yards before he turned, but he was still near enough to perceive some one in the balcony of the upper floor, who had probably been brought out by the noise of his horse's feet, and who seemed to be watching his flight.

Again Brunton was struck by a resemblance: he imagined that in the portly form of this person he recognised Dr. Brocas.

About the house itself there could be no mistake: the sign of a large golden wheatsheaf, resplendent on an azure field, which swung over the door, left no doubt of its character.

But how came Dr. Brocas at a country inn near Broadstone, when Brunton had left him, as he supposed, at Fulham? And how did it happen that Claribel was there also?

Knowing nothing of the attraction which the locality might have for either, he felt altogether at a loss to account for their presence.

After a few moments' consideration he decided on riding back to solve his doubts.

As Brunton approached the inn all further uncertainty was at an end. It was, indeed, the learned civilian who leaned over the balcony, and beyond him, through the open window, Brunton discerned the figure of Claribel, standing beside Mrs. Basset.

Dr. Brocas, whose cheerfulness a night's rest had fully restored, expressed his surprise at seeing Brunton.

"I almost fancied," he said, "as you scoured along, that I saw Wilhelm galloping for his bride, or the Wild Huntsman in search of a victim!"

Neither of these similes sounded very pleasantly in Brunton's ears, but he forced himself to smile as he replied:

"My horse was even in greater haste than myself, but I thought I could not be deceived in believing that I saw Miss Page."

Brunton took off his hat as he spoke and bowed low to Claribel, who returned his salute very coldly, and then fell back.

"It is a most unforeseen pleasure," he continued, "to meet with friends in this very rural district—friends whom I supposed to be in London."

"It is quite as great a surprise, and no less a pleasure," replied Dr. Brocas, "to see you, Mr. Brunton. Does accident bring you into this part of the country?"

"On this spot—I believe—yes," answered Brunton, with a little hesitation, "for I have, I perceive, mistaken my way; but the truth is, I am—that is—I was—on a visit near here, which circumstances—sudden business—obliged me to close sooner than I intended, and I was

hurrying back to prepare for my departure. Are you making any stay yourself, sir?"

"We are only *in villeggiatura* for a day or two," replied Dr. Brocas, "taking our ease in our inn, and enjoying this charming neighbourhood. I know the country well. In fact, I am indigenous. That house in the park yonder is where I was born. There are some fine things hereabouts. The Roman encampment,—the Druid circle,—Saint Cuthbert's Abbey:—it is a pity you should go away without visiting Saint Cuthbert's. But I see you are impatient to be off. We won't detain you. *Au revoir* in town—at Vallombrosa!"

Brunton bit his lips with vexation. But for his own hasty statement he might have invented some excuse for remaining in the country—Dr. Brocas might have invited him to the inn—he might have had a better opportunity than ever of speaking to Claribel! But, as the case stood, he was obliged to save appearances; besides, it was absolutely necessary that he should reach Broadstone House and take his departure before the return of Mrs. Velters and her party. With all his hardihood, he could not again meet Miss Travers. The remembrance, too, of his conduct towards Margaret Nalders stung him like an adder. To take such a step for nothing—for worse than nothing! He fretted with fever while Dr. Brocas spoke, as his eye vainly sought for Claribel, who, during the conversation, had left the room. Had there been the slightest relenting sign on her part, he would have stayed at every risk,—so that he could only have been near her!

As calmly, then, as he could, he said to Dr. Brocas:

"I shall not fail to pay my respects very soon, to make up for my present disappointment. As you say, sir, that this neighbourhood is familiar to you, can you tell me if this road leads to Broadstone—to the house, I mean, where Mr. Velters, the banker, lives?"

"This road, at the pace you were going," replied Dr. Brocas, laughing, "would very soon have taken you miles away from it. If you are the guest of my successor, whose name I never knew till now, you must ride back about half a mile to the heath, and follow the turning to the right: you will soon see the park gates."

Another glance was sent in search of Claribel, but he was obliged to take leave without seeing her again, and it may be doubted whether the courteous wave of the learned civilian's hand, or the superfine curtsy of Mrs. Basset, were any compensation for her non-appearance.

Following the directions of Dr. Brocas, Brunton speedily recovered the distance he had lost, and made straight for Broadstone House. As he passed the front of the building he observed Mr. Velters in his study, but, like many who study after luncheon, that gentleman was fast asleep, and the "History of Banking" reposed on the floor where it had fallen. As there is nothing that compromises a man's dignity more than being suddenly awakened under circumstances of this kind, Brunton was too considerate to expose the great man to any such mortification. He therefore took no notice of his host, but when he had delivered his mare to Mr. Maggs—who chuckled rather at seeing Brunton instead of his master—he went to his room, wrote a few lines to Mr. Velters assigning a sufficient reason for his departure, laid an embargo on one of the Broadstone villagers who had come up to the house to see the still-room maid with whom he kept company, loaded the lover with his port-

manteau, and, following him on foot, was clear of the precincts of the banker's domain almost as soon as his late companions to the ruins re-entered it.

So far, all was well ; but what did he propose to do next ?

A train would leave the Broadstone station in the course of an hour, but what—Brunton asked himself—should he gain by reaching town that evening ? Who was there in London whom he so much desired to see ? Was he not, on the contrary, leaving behind the only person he cared for ? He answered these questions as promptly as they rose, and determined not to go.

This intention he kept to himself, but as soon as he had dismissed his attendant he sent his portmanteau into the railway hotel, ordered a bed there, and endeavoured, by dining, to consume the time till evening drew on.

He had enough to occupy his thoughts.

The *coup manqué* with Alice Travers was a constant torment ; the course he should adopt with respect to Claribel an unceasing anxiety. And there were other considerations beside : the relation in which he stood towards Mr. Ashley ; that long-cherished purpose of the Hebrew Dealer now coinciding with his own ; the actual value of his own position ; the means by which he had contrived to achieve it ; the peril, known but to one other person, that environed him in the midst of his prosperity.

What ! danger to the Millionaire, whose unparalleled success was the theme of every one's discourse, the object of every one's envy ?

Yes ; danger. And that danger imminent. The discovery of the real state of his affairs, of the system on which his enormous speculations were based, might be made at any moment, and then the whole fabric would fall as rapidly as it rose. Brunton was supported in his East Indian business, as we have already seen, by the credit of the house in Broad-street, and he had not spared to make use of that credit. But this was not all : there were transactions to a vast extent in which something more than the credit of Temple Travers had assisted : transactions ostensibly conducted in their name, of which they were in complete ignorance. While Brunton was still in their employment, he had acquired a knowledge of certain circumstances, which, skilfully used, might be turned greatly to his own profit, but he had reserved his opportunity till he became his own master. Of the dishonesty of the proceeding he was fully aware, but like the majority of those who go wrong he placed his reliance on some lucky hit which would enable him to cover amounts surreptitiously obtained. If no discovery were made, he might continue for years as he had already begun, and in the mean time, if he could only succeed in marrying Miss Travers, with or without the consent of her father, publicly or privately—he cared not how—he might then set discovery at defiance. For the sake of one identified with themselves the Broad-street house would make no stir—would willingly submit to any pecuniary loss ; whatever compromise took place he should still be a Millionaire.

This had been Brunton's consolation while his suit was still in abeyance—while, as he flattered himself, there was every prospect of success. But his eyes were all at once opened. He had reckoned immeasurably without his host. The contempt and scorn with which Miss Travers had rejected his daring avowal, left not the slightest avenue for hope. He

saw, too, how strongly she suspected that he had tampered with the affections of her dearest friend. There was no consideration that could reasonably withhold her from relating to her father everything that had taken place, and, from his pride and anger combined, what might not be expected? A rupture with the Broad-street house was certain.

Well, let it come, then, this rupture! It must have happened, in some shape or other, sooner or later. But, he now asked himself, had he employed to their full extent the means he possessed of injuring the house of Temple Travers? No! The field was still open for even wider operations; a deeper blow might yet be struck, if he consented to act as Mr. Ashley had long counselled. And why not consent? His interest in the stability of the great firm was at an end. Let it only last till he had made enough by it to live at his ease elsewhere: on the continent of Europe, if he could; in America, if it were necessary.

That thought led him back again to Claribel.

As the farce of making love to Margaret Nalders was now over—as Miss Travers was no longer *sur ses bras*—nothing prevented him from seeking Claribel with honourable intentions. He easily glossed over the freedom of his first address. Actresses in general were not difficult; why should she be so prudish as to resent what ninety-nine out of a hundred would only laugh at or accept as a compliment? Besides, had he not atoned for the offence by a declaration of unfeigned regret for its unintentional committal? Excellent reasoning this, if there had existed any sentiment to plead for him in Claribel's bosom, but, with all his penetration, Brunton did not see that irrepressible dislike was mingled with her resentment. He had so much confidence in his powers of pleasing—though, to be sure, his latest attempt in that line was not very encouraging—that he trusted to one more private interview to set himself perfectly right, and that interview he was bent on having. For this purpose he had delayed his return to London.

Brunton was one who never drew back from a resolution once formed, and the strong wine he drank at dinner stimulated his previous determination. He foresaw no obstacle with Claribel, but—a thought which would scarcely have occurred to him in a more sober moment—he had the means at hand of enforcing her compliance by fear, in case she refused to listen to his entreaties; and while the thought was on him he went to his bedroom and took out a revolver which he always kept in his travelling-case.

“The sight of a weapon is quite enough for a woman,” he said, as he concealed it in his breast.

It was by this time almost dark, and after leaving word that he would return before the hotel shut up for the night, Brunton set out on foot for The Wheatsheaf, distant by the road about a couple of miles, so that by the time he got there the evening had quite closed in.

Lights were scattered in the lower part of the house, but the room which Dr. Brocas had occupied in the afternoon was apparently untenanted—a circumstance easily to be accounted for by the fact that beneath the windows some five or six rustics were seated in a row smoking their pipes and drinking “towards” each other's good health. Their fragrant talk would scarcely be agreeable to the delicate susceptibilities of the learned civilian, and Brunton, therefore, rightly supposed that he had removed to another apartment.

Parallel with the high road ran the inn garden, enclosed within a hedged shrubbery. Access to it might be obtained by a small gate in front, but as Brunton did not wish to be seen, he was obliged to seek for another entrance. He accordingly walked past the inn like any ordinary traveller, and when he had reached the end of the shrubbery crossed over, and had little difficulty in forcing his way through the hedge. Once in the garden, he soon arrived at an open part from whence he could survey the building. A large bay-windowed room looked out on that side; a chandelier hung from the ceiling, and by its light Brunton thought he made out the figure of Claribel.

To be certain of this, he cautiously went closer, and then he beheld, not only Claribel, Mrs. Basset, and Dr. Brocas, but a fourth person, whom Brunton, though he had seen him only once before, instantly knew to be Lord Harry FitzLupus. He was engaged in earnest conversation with Claribel, while Dr. Brocas, who had some papers before him, to which he seemed to be directing the attention of Mrs. Basset, occasionally glanced at her niece with an approving smile.

The evident interest with which Claribel listened, the *empressement* of the young nobleman's manner, and the pleased expression of Dr. Brocas, had but one interpretation for Brunton.

Lord Harry was the accepted lover of Claribel!

Brunton trembled with jealous agony in every limb, and muttered a heavy and sweeping curse, still watching and straining every faculty to catch a word confirmatory of his dire suspicion.

He was too far off to hear what was said, but it was only by remaining in his present position that he could witness what was passing:—so he stayed.

The conversation continued, and that it was upon no ordinary theme, it was impossible for Brunton to doubt.

What bitter revenge he meditated!

Upon Lord Harry as his rival; upon Dr. Brocas, the double-faced hypocrite, who now abetted the pretensions of the very man whose father he had heard him denounce; upon Claribel—for the reason that she had withheld her love from him and bestowed it where he hated.

At length there was a movement in the room: Lord Harry rose to take leave.

Brunton witnessed how cordially—as he read it, how affectionately—Claribel gave her hand.

He crossed the grass, and, hidden in the deep shadow of the house, glued himself to the wall and listened to their parting.

"Within a week, then, Claribel," he heard Lord Harry say, "when all is over at the castle, we shall meet again, and everything will be settled."

"In the mean time," this was the voice of Dr. Brocas, "we remain quietly here."

"It will go hard with me," thought Brunton, "if I do not prevent this meeting—a little disturb this quiet."

He turned from the house, and, quickly retracing his steps, had again planted himself in the road, when a gig drove away from the door of The Wheatsheaf, where the landlord and his waiters stood bowing to the ground.

Brunton was drunk with passion—with passion more than wine. The

gig with Lord Harry and his groom passed close to the spot where he stood. Lord Harry was within a yard of him. It was the impulse of a moment: he drew out his revolver and fired.

With a deep groan his victim fell on the ground, and Brunton plunged into a plantation behind him, while a hue and cry arose from the porch of the inn.

Danger made Brunton cool.

"I must put them on a false scent," he said.

He ran quickly for a hundred yards in the direction contrary to that which he meant to take, and fired another barrel.

"They will think I have killed myself, and lose the night in searching."

He threw away the pistol, dashed through the plantation, gained an open field, and wound his way back again to the high road at a point considerably nearer the railway station than where he had first stood. His *ruse* had succeeded: nobody was following, and he slowly walked to his hotel, where he quietly desired to be called in time for the early train. He had nerve enough to go to bed and pass the night there, alone, with the guilt of blood upon his head, and when morning came he answered the porter's summons in the drowsy tone of a man who is just awakened.

At the station a group of people were eagerly talking; a policeman was amongst them. Brunton asked him what was the matter.

"A party was shot, sir, last night," replied the man, touching his hat, "at no great distance from here."

"That's very bad," said Brunton. "Was the—the—person killed?"

"I can't exactly make out," returned the policeman, "but I'm wanted down there, and shall very soon know. We've telegraphed along the line to stop any suspicious persons."

"The telegraph is invaluable for such purposes," returned Brunton. "It's to be hoped the rascals won't escape."

He took his seat in the carriage, the whistle sounded, and the scene of crime was left behind.

"I was too hasty," said Brunton, as the train whirled along. "I might have been revenged another way. I wish to God I knew if he were alive or dead!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SCALE TREMBLING.

UNHARMED by whatever communication had sped along the telegraphic wires, Brunton arrived safely in London.

Before he attended to anything else, he proceeded straight to Finsbury-circus to see Mr. Ashley.

He found him in a mood for mischief, a circumstance having just occurred which had caused him considerable annoyance.

It related, of course, to money matters, the pivot on which everything turns in this bargain-driving world of ours.

It was little more than four-and-twenty hours since the Hebrew Dealer had heard something greatly to the disadvantage—a thing which happens oftener than the reverse—of a person whom he had looked upon as one of his most eligible clients. Mr. Ashley's in-and-out life threw him in the way of all sorts of people, and it so chanced that he fell in with Mr.

Blackshaw, the eminent coachmaker, who had sold—no, not exactly that—who had supplied Dr. Brocas with the carriage which so much excited the admiration of Mr. and Mrs. Cutts on the evening of their memorable party. Being in want of a little money—even eminent coachmakers may be troubled with that malady—Mr. Blackshaw had gone to “The Circus” about it, and in producing his securities, set two or three bills aside as paper which he did not think Mr. Ashley would be likely to touch. One acceptance caught the Hebrew’s keen eye. It was that of the learned civilian on the back of a bill, at nine months, for the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds.

“What’s that?” said Mr. Ashley.

Mr. Blackshaw shrugged his shoulders.

“No good, I’m afraid. A renewal,—overdue again, six weeks. I should rather like to know where I could put my hand on the acceptor.”

Mr. Ashley made no observation, but shivered at the recollection of the expensive *objets* which he had lately sent to Fulham, and when he had finished his affair with the coachmaker, set out—Saturday though it was—for that suburb. Dr. Brocas was not at home—an answer often given, but truly on this occasion—as it was the day of his departure for Hampshire to spend his college-money.—Being on the spot, Mr. Ashley thought he would just inquire what sort of reputation the learned civilian enjoyed in the place where he resided. To his infinite disgust, the answers he received were anything but consoling: it was not merely want of punctuality, but literally non-payment that every one complained of, and he returned to town in very ill-humour—a frame of mind which was not improved by the intervention of a day of inaction before he could take any steps to recover his property, or its value, from Dr. Brocas.

Mr. Ashley was reading the *Times* when Brunton entered. Being before all things a man of business, he did not put down the paper, but merely nodded a salutation. Presently, however, he came to a paragraph which made him speak.

“Here’s something worth knowing. Lord Wolverton’s dead. This will affect Lord Harry FitzLupus. I must look after his lordship. Why, Brunton! what on earth’s the matter with you? You look as pale as a ghost!”

“Do I?” said Brunton, making an effort to reply. “Perhaps I do. I feel rather sick all at once. I haven’t breakfasted. Let me have a glass of brandy.”

“Not breakfasted?” repeated Mr. Ashley, looking sharply at his friend. “What have you been about?”

“No-thing—no-thing,” stammered Brunton. “I came up by the train from Broadstone. I was down at Velters’s place.”

“What were you doing there?”

“I’ll tell you, presently. For God’s sake give me some brandy, whisky, anything to turn this sickness.”

Mr. Ashley went to a cellaret and poured out some brandy.

“Take care!” he said, noticing the way in which Brunton’s hand shook; “you’ll spill it all. Gone at a gulp! Any better?”

Brunton made a sign in the affirmative.

“So,” continued Mr. Ashley, “you’ve been staying at Broadstone? That’s not very far from Wolverton Castle. You didn’t happen to stumble upon Lord Harry? Sick again!”

Brunton gasped for utterance; his tongue and throat were dry; he felt as if he were choking. At last he mastered his emotion.

"Can you guess why I came here so soon?" he asked.

Then, without giving Mr. Ashley time to reply, he went on:

"I've made up my mind to fill in and sign those papers!"

A gleam of satisfaction played over the sallow features of the Hebrew Dealer.

"At last!" he said.

"Well," remarked Brunton, "better late than never."

"Some folks," returned Mr. Ashley, with a horrible grin, "would say exactly the reverse. But I'm not the one to quarrel with your resolution. Only be careful not to glut the market."

Brunton entered into an explanation of the course he proposed to adopt. It was a deep-laid scheme for damaging the house of Temple Travers, of which extensive forgery was the basis—forgery of the most artful construction. It was an amplification, as we have said, of a means already resorted to for extending Brunton's own credit and seriously compromising that of his former employers. Its progress would be more or less rapid as accident might determine,—of that Brunton took little heed, his only care being about the present. With no tenderness of conscience at any time, he was utterly reckless now which way the ruin spread. What could affect him worse than the discovery of last night's deed? Only a few days more and he would put the seas between his crime and its possible retribution. But how should he fly? With Claribel? Her image was a terror to him. For her sake he had imbrued his hands in blood. At that moment, for aught he knew—how, indeed, could he doubt?—she was weeping beside the body of her murdered lover! But yet—but yet—could he relinquish her? One for whom he had ventured so deeply! To stave off thoughts like these, which pursued him throughout his journey from Broadstone, he gave occupation to his mind by planning the details of the fraudulent operations on which he had resolved. The contemplation of a fresh crime afforded him actual relief. On this account, when startled by the casual mention of Lord Harry's name, he had plunged at once into the subject from which he had so long kept aloof. He was ready now to do all that Mr. Ashley wished, and, finding him so eager, his wily colleague kindly allowed Brunton to take all the risk on his own shoulders.

The project for "feeding fat his ancient grudge" against the firm of Temple Travers engrossed Mr. Ashley so completely as, for a time, to exclude all others: but when he had heard Brunton out and offered advice on certain points, the recollection of Dr. Brocas's affair came back in full force, and though Brunton was impatient to be gone, fearing some further allusion to Lord Harry, he kept him prisoner till he had spoken of it.

"Do you know, Brunton," he said, "I strongly suspect I've been done, like a good many more, by that magnificent friend of yours."

"Of mine? Who do you mean?"

"The old gentleman at Fulham."

"At Fulham!" reiterated Brunton, becoming again the colour of marble.

"Yes. Dr. Brocas. There's an unpleasantry in that quarter. Does he owe *you* money, that you wince at his name in that way?"

"Me! No! But what about him?" asked Brunton, forcing himself to speak.

Mr. Ashley went into the matter, denouncing the learned civilian as little better than a swindler: he was deeply mortified that his own acuteness should have been foiled, and it made him doubly vindictive.

"Nobody takes me in with impunity, Brunton. That old fellow has managed to get more than a thousand pounds' worth of my property. But I'll have it out of him before another day is over. He was in the country, they said, when I called on Saturday, but they expected him back this morning. He'll find an execution waiting for him. I'll put a man in possession this very day, as sure as my name's—what it is!"

Brunton was saved the embarrassment of an answer by a knock at the door, which made Mr. Ashley go to the window.

"I sent for Cutts," he said, "to come here early this morning. He knows where this Dr. Brocas is, I'll be bound."

Brunton knew also, but though a word would have gratified his revenge, he did not dare to speak.

"I've been waiting for you this hour, Cutts," said Mr. Ashley, as the auctioneer entered the room.

"I should have been here *two* hours ago," replied the auctioneer, "if something hadn't happened. Ah, Brunton, how d'ye do?"

"What something?" asked Mr. Ashley.

"Why, there's an awkward report down at Scotland Yard. A man I met told me of it, and I went to see if it was true."

"Can't you say what it is and have done," exclaimed Mr. Ashley; "I suppose it don't concern me?"

"If it don't concern you, it concerns somebody you know, and you won't like it, I can tell you."

A nervous dread came over Brunton; he rose to leave the room, but lingered, with his hand on the door, anxious yet afraid to hear what Cutts had to say.

"Speak out, then," said Mr. Ashley, angrily.

"Well," said Cutts, "there's a report that Lord Harry FitzLupus has been killed."

Brunton staggered, and would have fallen if he had not clung to the door for support.

Mr. Ashley's surprise gave him time to recover himself, but not before Cutts had cast on him a look of wonder.

"Killed!" cried Mr. Ashley. "The devil! How? When? Where?"

"The news, such as it is," answered Cutts, "came up by telegraph, and wasn't very well worded, but as well as they could make it out at the Yard it comes to this. Lord Harry and his groom were driving in a gig last night, and some fellow—they don't know if he's a robber or not—fired at them, and tumbled Lord Harry over."

"And where did it happen?" asked Mr. Ashley.

"Close to a plantation just outside Broadstone Park—somewhere down in Hampshire."

"Broadstone!" exclaimed Mr. Ashley. "Why, that's where you were, Brunton. Did you hear anything of it?"

The question was asked in vain. Brunton was gone, and the loud bang of the street door was all the answer Mr. Ashley received.

The Hebrew Dealer was too much interested in the news to take any

notice, just then, of Brunton's abrupt disappearance. He pressed Cutts for further information, but the auctioneer could only repeat the telegraphic message as he had heard it from the police.

If this announcement were true it accumulated misfortune on the head of Mr. Ashley. He held acceptances of Lord Harry FitzLupus to a very large amount. The death of Lord Wolverton had just flushed him with the hope of a speedy settlement: there was no end to the prospect of delay; there was every likelihood of his claims being contested, if he had to do with Lord Harry's family.

But although Cutts was the bearer of intelligence which so nearly affected his patron's interests, a look of swaggering satisfaction appeared on his countenance, which Mr. Ashley could not comprehend.

The auctioneer observed that he was the object of scrutiny.

"I'm sorry," he said, thrusting his hands into his trousers-pockets and jingling some silver—"I'm sorry for my noble relative."

"Your noble relative, Cutts!" said Mr. Ashley. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Poor Lord Harry!" apostrophised the auctioneer; "I suppose I shall have to attend the funeral."

Mr. Ashley looked at Cutts in amazement. Had he, he asked him, utterly and entirely taken leave of his senses?

"Far from it," was the reply. "Never less disposed to turn lunatic. With his prospects!"

The Hebrew Dealer was himself nearly distracted, and urged Cutts to speak plainly, in terms that admitted of no delay.

"You know," he said, "the relationship which exists between Mrs. Cutts and Miss Claribel—ah—ah—Page? Yes, 'Page,' that will do for the present. You know that, sir?"

Mr. Ashley assented.

"Well, sir, her niece, her own blood relation, my niece-in-law, sir, is a lady of rank. Mrs. Cutts and the late Lord Wolverton stand—stood I should say—in the same degree of affinity towards my Lady Claribel FitzLupus; that's her real name, sir—a lady by birth and title! Kate had a letter this morning from her sister, Mrs. Basset, relating the whole story. The fact only transpired on Saturday—quite a romance, Mrs. B. says. I was on my way here to apprise you of it when I heard of my noble nephew's accident."

"Ass and fool!" growled the Hebrew Dealer. "I must have some better warranty for this than your word. You're telling me a pack of improbable lies—one worse than the other."

"Judge for yourself, then," said Cutts, sullenly throwing Mrs. Basset's letter on the table. "When you've read that, you've only to go to the station and see how true the rest is."

Mr. Ashley seized the letter. It was long and ill-spelt. When he had got about half way through he paused.

"I remember," he said, reflecting, "the marquis had an only brother, who made, it was reported, an odd kind of marriage. It may be as she says. If so, the girl will come in for a large fortune. But she won't be 'my lady,' nevertheless. What else is there?"

He resumed the letter, but stopped again almost immediately.

"How's this?" he exclaimed. "Staying with Dr. Brocas! 'at The

Wheatsheaf Inn, near Broadstone.' Why, all the world's at Broadstone! Did you know where Dr. Brocas was?"

"I only knew," returned Cutts, "that he had taken my wife's sister and my lady—that is, our niece, Claribel—into the country for a day or two. Little Basset, the watchmaker, took the liberty, as Kate says, of calling at our door, yesterday, to say so."

"This is a complicated business," thought Mr. Ashley. "It won't do to be too precipitate. A large fortune. Who knows whether the doctor mightn't marry her! Stranger matches than that have been made. I won't put in the execution—just yet. What presses most is to learn the truth of this report about Lord Harry FitzLupus. I should lose heavily by his death. His death! Now I come to think of it, what made Brunton in such a state whenever his name was mentioned? That sickness was only a pretence. He knows something about this affair. Can he have had any hand in it? But then, why? They were strangers to each other."

After a few moments' silence, Mr. Ashley turned to Cutts.

"Did Brunton's manner strike you at all," he said, "before he went away just now?"

"I thought he looked devilish queer," returned Cutts, "when I was telling you about Lord Harry. He bolted, though, in the middle of it."

"Was Brunton acquainted with him?"

"I know they met once."

"Where was that?"

"At our house. You were there too."

"Oh, I remember. The night the play was read."

"But as to their making acquaintance, I can't say; I should rather think not."

"Why not?"

"A pretty good reason, I fancy."

"What was that?"

"There was a lady in the case; but you mustn't breathe a syllable of this to Brunton. He'd cut my throat if he knew I named it."

"You may trust me," said Mr. Ashley. "Who was the lady?"

"I shouldn't, perhaps, have told you, if you'd asked me yesterday, but to-day it's a different thing. Brunton was after Claribel; and so was Lord Harry."

Quick as thought, Mr. Ashley put certain facts in combination, and made a guess not far from the truth; but that guess he locked in his own bosom.

"It will be time enough to profit by it when I know more. If the act be his, I owe him no thanks: on the contrary, it loses me my money. I shall look to him for payment. So take care of yourself, Mr. Brunton."

Then, replying to Cutts, he said,

"The best reason possible for their not seeking each other's society."

"It stuns a man, though, whether he likes a fellow or not, when he hears of his sudden death," observed Cutts, sententiously.

"So it does," replied Mr. Ashley, glad to find that his secret thought had not been penetrated. "Come with me to Scotland Yard, and let us see if we can learn any more."

THE DAY OF HUMILIATION.

NOTHING could be more gratifying than the tone assumed by nearly all the ministers of our religion on that solemn day set apart for the humiliation of the nation before an offended Creator. It had been urged by some of the organs of public opinion that advantage should be taken of this day to promote the efforts of the recruiting-sergeant, and rouse the nation by that Moloch cry for vengeance which has so strangely perverted the judgment of some of our greatest men, causing them to forget for a while the precepts of that mild and merciful religion which we reverence, and bidding us assume to ourselves that right of punishment of which we are but the humble and appointed instruments. But this advice was only followed in isolated instances; here and there we regret to find a few "Tupperisms," as they have been called, but generally the ministers of God's Holy Word took a loftier and more noble view of their mission. As the spiritual leaders of a nation which is justly regarded as the most civilised in the world, they shrank from any appeal to the worse passions, and earnestly strove to teach a lesson of mercy and forgiveness, which we trust will bear ample fruit. Englishmen will ever be found ready to defend the honour of their country; they will make sacrifices when required, ungrudgingly and unrepiningly; but no persuasion will induce them to be guilty of acts of cruelty and barbarity, which can only emanate from latent cowardice, and thus place themselves on a parallel with the miscreant traitors whose wanton horrors have caused us such deep sorrow and regret. In the words of Mr. Disraeli, "we are bound to protest against meeting atrocities by atrocities. I have heard things said and seen things written of late which would make me almost suppose that the religious opinions of the people of England had undergone some great change, and that we were preparing to revive the worship of Moloch. I cannot believe that it is our duty to indulge in such a spirit. I think that what has happened in India is a great providential lesson, by which we may profit; and if we meet it like brave and inquiring men, we may assert our dominion and establish for the future in India a government which may prove at once lasting and honourable to the country." And to these magnificent sentiments we cordially respond Amen!

Equally gratifying has been the conduct of the Opposition during the whole of this momentous crisis; instead of striving to make political capital of the many grievous sins of omission and commission which the government has displayed, they have united with one heart and one mind to strengthen the hands of the ministers. In every speech they utter, whenever they have an opportunity of expressing their views, they carefully evade any channel which might add to the embarrassments by which Lord Palmerston is beset, and strenuously urge on the nation the necessity of combining to put down the insurrection which has so tarnished our flag. They have offered their advice, which has been received with an unwilling ear; but, brave hearts, they do not despond: they know the infinite vigour and dauntless courage animating our nation, and they employ their most strenuous exertions in fanning it into flame.

Turning to the government, we must confess our extreme disap-

pointment; for if there were any one quality for which Lord Palmerston was supposed to be distinguished, it was energy. An entire nation demanded, in the crisis of the last war, that he should assume the helm, and confidence was restored so soon as it was supposed that vigorous measures would be undertaken. We will not stop here to inquire what peculiar advantages were derived from Lord Palmerston's administration, or whether any better terms of peace were obtained in consequence; but so much is certain, that all Lord Palmerston's energy has evaporated, or was expended during the last war, leaving none with which to meet the emergencies of the present awful crisis. He has slowly drifted into what may be called "the kid-glove school of politics," and appears to be constantly hesitating between the two great principles of *laissez faire* and *laissez aller*. We have already expressed our opinion as to the suicidal policy which has distinguished the whole of the Indian crisis; every paper, every letter from the East, urged the instantaneous transmission of troops through Egypt; but the government preferred the old system, and deferred the experiment until the first reinforcements were almost in sight of port. Even so late as the 16th of July, or two months nearly after the news of the insurrection had arrived, and while every mail was bringing tidings of fresh disasters, Lord Palmerston deliberately refused to take any steps for providing substitutes, or reserves, for the line. He saw no reason why the intelligence from India should cause any change in the government policy. This refusal was repeated in still more arrogant language by Lord Panmure in the House of Lords, and it was not till some weeks afterwards that government gave way to the incessant pressure, and called out ten thousand of the militia. The mere fact that this amount was not sufficient, and that fifteen thousand more men are now being slowly collected, speaks volumes for the foresight of the governmental policy.

We are ready to grant that any government stands in a very awkward position as regards the nation when it finds itself compelled to demand large expenditure. The exertions of the peace-at-any-price party have not been thrown away, and there is something extremely fascinating in those theories which suggest national economy. But the present is an isolated case; this is no war to satisfy the arrogance of emperors or the punctilios of diplomatists, but a stern reality, in which the lives of thousands of our countrymen are at stake. All parties have combined in the general demand that England's honour should be retrieved, and no sacrifice would have been thought too great for such a consummation. The government needed not to feel alarmed that the nation would not go along with it in any expenditure calculated to bring about the result in the shortest possible space of time, and we are naturally now not disposed to accept any excuses about "expense and inconvenience," which the government allege as the reason of their short-comings in connexion with the overland route. Besides, the deprecation comes a little too late, for it is notorious that any reputation Lord Palmerston has acquired has been by an utter disregard of expenditure, and by cajoling the House of Commons into overlooking his immense outlay. So long as success accompanied the profuse demand for money, the nation accepted that as a species of panacea; but now that the government is doing nothing to respond to our demand for action, we feel that the anxious wish to save

our pockets, so suddenly enunciated, is but an *arrière pensée* to divert our attention from graver faults.

We are told, however, now, that the government is proceeding with unexampled vigour, and carefully tabulated forms are periodically published to prove that every exertion has been made to relieve our afflicted countrymen in the East. The villagers are drawn from their employment by the unusual sound of fife and drum, and the sergeant is incessant in his magnificent appeals that they should follow him where glory waits them. Unfortunately, the result has hitherto proved a barren one, and it seems as if greater embarrassments await us in England than in India. The last war read our country a bitter lesson of ingratitude; the militia were hurriedly disbanded, and treated with an ignominy which is now bearing its fruits; and, as it has been justly said, "men will no longer join for a bounty too small to be a boon, for pay which a beggar would despise, and a pension which leaves them to the workhouse." But these, probably, are defects inherent in our military system, and can hardly be charged to the government; still, we are obliged to take them into account, as they further embarrass a ministry that has already sufficient burdens on its shoulders, and which hitherto it has evinced but slight disposition to shake off. Fortunate are we that in this emergency we have an ally so chivalrous and loyal as Napoleon III., and if it be true, as asserted, that at Stuttgart he intimated that any aggressive act on the part of Russia would set the armies of France in motion, and the Continent, in all probability, in a flame, we are almost disposed to forgive Lord Palmerston all, in consideration of the appreciation he displayed for that great ruler's talents, and the staunchness with which he adhered to him through evil and good report.

We have delayed writing about India, for, in truth, any subject is more grateful to us at the present moment through the impossibility of predicting good under the existing system, and a reluctance to say anything which may increase the general despondency. Still we must not shrink from our task; we are bound to draw attention to the untoward events obtaining in that hapless country, believing it to be the duty of every writer to do his utmost, at the present awful crisis, in rousing England to a sense of her position. We find there all that we have to blame in England intensified; with every mail arrive fresh appeals for the removal of the incompetents to whom the destinies of the country are entrusted, and assurances that, unless speedy measures be taken, the policy of Lord Canning must neutralise the efforts of our gallant soldiers. The governor-general has evinced a marvellous capacity for being great in little things, and, unhappily, the converse is equally true. Precious time has been spent in unseemly squabbles about personal dignity, and when union was of paramount importance he has sedulously striven to promote dissension. He has displayed his bias and his ambition to share in those disputes which have always hampered the movements of the Indian government, by sending to Allahabad a gentleman notorious for the exaggerated notions he entertains about civilian supremacy, and he is striving every nerve to encompass Sir Colin Campbell in the adamantine fetters of red tape. In the mean while, the government of India is losing its prestige; things are hourly taking place which confirm the natives in their impression that our raj must be doomed, or the government could not be so inexplicably weak, and in the face of this Lord Canning is

sending home bulletin after bulletin painted in the most roseate hues of sanguine success, and deceiving no one but himself.

As one of the most unfortunate efforts made by the governor-general, we may allude to the practical supersession of Havelock by Sir James Outram. If there were any reviving interlude in the whole of the Indian business, or one which served to convince us of the certainty of eventual success, it was the heroic struggle carried on by Havelock at the head of his small band, and the titanic efforts he made to relieve the beleaguered of Lucknow. He has gained for himself a name which will live for ever; has raised a monument *ære perennius* in the hearts of his countrymen; the deeds done by him and his wondrous handful of men will form the theme for the poet and the painter, and gain them a niche in history by the side of Leonidas and his three hundred of Thermopylæ: and his reward for all this is, that he is superseded. We have no knowledge of Outram; he has been called the Bayard of India; but another Bayard, equally *sans peur et sans reproche*, Sir Charles Napier, has done much to strip the laurels from his brow. At any rate, however this may be, we feel assured that Havelock was equal to any emergency; a gallant soldier and truly Christian gentleman, he has fought the good fight undauntingly, and we regret that the victor's reward he reserved for himself in the relief of Lucknow should be torn from him by the fiat of the governor-general.

Although the telegraphic despatches tell the old sad story of Delhi uncaptured and Lucknow unrelieved, we have much to be thankful for in the fact that the incompetency of the government has produced no worse results. But we cannot disguise the truth that great perils are still impending over us before our troops can be sent up to the scene of danger after they have been landed at Calcutta. In invoking the assistance of Jung Bahadoor, we sincerely hope that due precautions have been taken against any intrigue on his part, but we fear that the destiny of India has been in great measure entrusted to his good pleasure. We all know the unscrupulous manner in which he waded to a throne through a sea of blood; that he allowed no pricks of conscience to interfere between him and the attainment of his sanguinary ends; and into the hands of such a man we delegate an authority which he might turn to the very worst of purposes. In Central India, Scindiah and Holkar are stated to be staunch allies of the English, but history has taught us what confidence is to be placed in Mahratta princes. Wherever a Mahratta or a Rajpoot chieftain rules we may expect danger: their contingents are joined together; and we are urged to derive hope from this fact, because Scindiah is enabled to keep them in check. It appears to us that he is following out the good old-fashioned plan among the Mahratta chiefs of waiting to see on which side the balance turns, and that his neutrality may be ascribed rather to a doubt of the result than to any affection he bears the English. And, in fact, what have we done to cause the native princes to feel any gratitude or affection towards us? The lessons we have taught them are well described in a pamphlet called the "Mutiny of the Bengal Army." "It is impossible to describe the mixed feelings of indignation and hatred which pervaded the whole Mussulman population of India when they heard of this deed (the annexation of Oude). Naturally treacherous themselves, they yet had an instinctive admiration for honest and truthful dealing, and they had hitherto placed implicit confidence in the word

of an Englishman. When, however, they learned the story of the annexation, and the juggle by which the King of Oude had been done out of his dominions, their hearts filled with rage and a desire for revenge. Our Muhammadan Sepoys were by that act alienated at once and for ever, and the Hindoos began to reflect that the kingly power which could condescend to kick a king out of his dominions, might, by a similar manœuvre, cheat them out of their religion."

It is curious to notice, also, that persons writing home from India place the most implicit confidence in the Sikhs, of whom we are raising a further force of twenty thousand, and giving commissions to chieftains who have, hitherto, been under the strictest surveillance. It is true that there is an intense hatred between the Sikhs and Sepoys, aggravated, probably, by the proclamation of the King of Delhi, ordering them to be massacred when caught; but that does not prove that the Sikhs bear any love for us. They were the most formidable and most recent foes we have had; and it seems to us that the government are putting weapons into their hands, with which they may reassert their independence. If they prove staunch to us, they will be invaluable allies, but the temptation is almost too great for them, and we may yet find ourselves beset by a new body of foemen, entailing fresh expenditure of blood and treasure, both of which will be heavily taxed under existing circumstances. By the end of November, 50,000 of the bravest men in the world will be assembled in India to reassert our supremacy; against them we find in arms at least 120,000 men, without taking into calculation the disbanded Oude levies, and the swarm of cut-throats and vagabonds now marauding about the country. In Delli there are of these probably 30,000; and in any assault of that city we must also take into account the 150,000 inhabitants, one-half of whom are Mussulmans, fighting with the courage of despair, for they well know no quarter will be shown on that fearful day of reckoning. From Bombay and Madras we can expect no assistance; on the contrary, we fancy that several of the newly-arrived regiments will be kept back to ensure the tranquillity of those presidencies; and disease and intemperance will reduce the number we shall have at our command. Another cause of delay will be found in the concentration of so many troops in Calcutta, where the means for their transport are most inadequate; and the very fact of the Indus route having been so strongly recommended, is in itself sufficient to prevent troops being sent by that practicable method, and sweeping the rebels before them on their downward march through the North-Western Provinces. We must not be misunderstood: we have not the least doubt as to the ultimate tranquillity of India, but we wish to impress upon our readers that the mere fact of the army of retribution being landed will not suffice for the immediate suppression of the insurrection. Months, in all probability, will elapse before the last spark of mutiny has been extinguished; years, before the traces it has left on the minds of the Indians are eradicated.

But until those two months between the latest news we have and the landing of the forces have passed away, our gallant brethren in India have a terrible ordeal to undergo; and who can guarantee that the next mail may not bring us tidings fraught with disaster? The dreadful mismanagement at Dinapore—a part of that system which places men physically weakened, in positions where the exercise of the most active judgment is required—delayed the march of reinforcements so much needed,

and gave fresh impetus to the mutineers. The retreat of Havelock, unavoidable, but still most unfortunate, has inspired the whole of Oude with confidence, and anarchy reigns supreme throughout that territory which we annexed, because, as Lord Dalhousie told us in his minute, no dynasty had ever performed towards us more faithfully the obligations which they had pledged themselves to fulfil. With every check upon our progress, the number of our opponents is indefinitely increased, and the consequences of past neglect will be bitterly repaid in the increased difficulties which will have to be overcome ere the gallant garrison of Lucknow can be saved from its dangerous position. All the Indian news that has hitherto reached us has borne a marvellous resemblance; we hear with each mail of isolated acts of gallantry, of wonderful deeds achieved by small bodies of men, as, for instance, the defence of Arrah; but, unfortunately, the results are almost barren, and while Englishmen are proving true to themselves, the very object for which we are fighting—the suppression of the insurrection—appears as remote as ever. When the campaign is over, and we have time to think over the marvellous deeds which have been done, we shall probably come to the conclusion that the siege of Delhi was a mistake under existing circumstances, and that it would have been better to employ such a concentration of force in relieving those who have been left to perish. The expansion which the insurrection assumed was sufficient proof that, even with the fall of Delhi, the campaign would not be over; and it would have been more satisfactory to have seen that body of men moving from point to point and ensuring the safety of our countrymen, than to be doomed to what appears a second siege of Sebastopol, in which it is difficult to decide who are the besiegers, who the besieged.

We need not here allude to the stories current in India about Lord Canning's administration, for the fiat has in all probability gone forth ere now by which his misrule will be ended, and with him will fall that selfish system which has hampered the energies of the military commanders, and of which he has been the worst exponent. The interval which will elapse between his resignation and the arrival of his successor will be turned to good account by Sir Colin Campbell, and his unfettered action for a season will be invaluable. And who will that successor be? In India one cry is raised: "Send us Lord Ellenborough; he knows our country; he has had experience of the system by which we have so long been overriden, and he will take the best measures to remove it." Sir Colin has been estimated at the value of ten thousand men, so deplorable has been the lack of *men* in India; and with Lord Ellenborough to back him, years may be saved in effecting the regeneration of India. We fear, though, that Lord Palmerston's government, in the consciousness that power is slipping from its grasp, will not bestow such a prize on an opponent; for the Whigs have always regarded the governor-generalship as a reward for services rendered, and they are beset by a swarm of hungry lords who desire place, without much caring to analyse their competency. The only hope is that few may be disposed to accept such a post of danger, and such a touchstone of talent as the Indian governorship must prove in the present crisis.

Rumours, appearing to have more than usual consistency, have been recently afloat as to an early meeting of parliament, but we are still strongly disposed to doubt the fact. Lord Palmerston may be a very

clever man—there is no doubt of his being a daring man—but even his iron nerves must quiver at the thought of what he will have to face when parliament assembles. Quips and jests will avail him little in the face of the stern reality. The case of India is not one which can be turned off by a ready repartee, nor will the threat of a dissolution browbeat those who are eager searchers after the truth. For it must be borne in mind that Lord Palmerston's government has accepted the responsibilities of the present crisis, and by it must stand and fall. It is now almost universally allowed that the annexation of Oude was the feather that broke the camel's back, as far as it entailed the confiscation of the king's private property and the resumption of the lands held by his former nobles. On the 21st of July, 1856, Mr. Vernon Smith, in his annual Indian budget, officially announced the annexation of Oude, and expressed an opinion (on behalf of government) that it was a very reasonable thing for Lord Dalhousie to do. He then added that he was "perfectly indifferent whether the transaction were called an annexation, acquisition, or a cession," and concluded his remarks by making the hazardous statement, "I am perfectly prepared, therefore, whenever it is to be questioned, to defend the acquisition of Oude." The next question that arises is, when the government had accepted the responsibility, what steps it took to secure its newly acquired property from the possible dissatisfaction such an arbitrary course must entail. The answer is, that they drifted headlong into a Persian war, of which the beginning and the end are equally shrouded in mystery, and denuded India of every available European in pursuit of that brilliant chimera which could only be realised on Persian territory. And here occurred the only redeeming point of the long list of blunders committed by Lord Canning during his short reign. He wrote home to state that he could not answer for the safety of the country when so denuded of troops. To what extent this was carried may be seen from the fact that we had, to overawe a territory extending from Calcutta to the Sutlej, just ten thousand Europeans. But Lord Palmerston was in the first flush of his triumph over an "unprincipled Opposition." He had been sent into the House by the united efforts of the whole nation, and a trifle more responsibility sat like a feather-weight upon his shoulders. In spite of his age, there is a good deal of the rollicking, jaunty Irishman about the premier. He has great faith in his luck, and fancied that his triumph ensured him a long lease of prosperity. *Après moi le déluge* might be said by Lord Palmerston, without any risk of being accused of plagiarism, for all his acts have tended to foster that opinion of his policy.

So far back as the 24th January last, insurrectionary movements had commenced in India; incendiary fires took place, and, before long, Brigadier-General Hearsey became cognizant of an immense conspiracy, which had for its object the destruction of Calcutta and the annihilation of the British. Warning after warning was given to the apathetic governor-general, but he could not be roused until the mutiny at Meerut and the loss of Delhi showed the ramifications of the mutiny which had commenced at Berhampore, on the 26th February, by the disobedience of the 19th Native Infantry. The extract we now quote from Lord Canning's despatch to the Court of Directors is equally humiliating to both: "The necessity for an increase of the substantial strength of the troops on the Bengal establishment—that is to say, of the European

troops upon the establishment—has been long apparent to us; but the necessity of refraining from any material increase to the charges of the military department, in the present state of our finances, has prevented us hitherto from moving your Honourable Court in this matter." When an empire is at stake, it is not the moment to haggle about money; and this penny-wise and pound-foolish policy of the directors will have cost oceans of blood, and something very like an Indian bankruptcy. But before this letter was written, government had received intimation of the dangerous state of things in Bengal, and the urgent necessity of reinforcements, in addition to any efforts the Court of Directors might be disposed to make. But the government were pleased to regard it as the mere bugbear of a few frightened officials, and Lord Panmure expressed their opinion in his usual haughty language on the evening of the 19th May, in reply to an earnest inquiry of Lord Ellenborough's: "The accounts from India are not such as to create on the minds of the government a belief that there is any necessity for special measures." By this decision, humanly speaking, Lord Panmure sealed the fate of the victims we now have to deplore. The government having made up its mind on the matter, fruitless were all the appeals to it to display a little energy; and Mr. Vernon Smith, in referring to the mutiny at Meerut and the murder of the British officers, begged to quiet the public mind by stating that the disaffection had been completely put an end to through the promptitude and vigour displayed by "my noble friend," Lord Canning. On the 29th June, the mail brought the news of the seizure of Delhi, and disproved the statement that the outbreak was partial and temporary. Lord Granville politely told Lord Ellenborough that his proposal to call out the militia was the result of "exaggerated alarm;" while Mr. Vernon Smith, in the other house, displayed his prophetic powers, by expressing his regret that the mail had left a day too soon to apprise us of the razing of Delhi to the ground. Still, as "a measure of security," 14,000 men would be sent out during the course of July; and that eminent statesman and great Indian authority clenched his argument by expressing his belief that the Indian Empire was not imperilled by the present outbreak, and that the disaffection would be effectually suppressed by the force then in the country. On the 14th July, Lord Granville repeated the assertion that the mutiny was confined to the army; and Lord Palmerston evinced the universality of his knowledge by explaining that Delhi was not regularly fortified—the very thing which cost us so much trouble before Sebastopol.

On the 27th July, Mr. Vernon Smith enunciated some new, but equally startling, theories about the insurrection: he observed that "a rising of this kind which does not spread like a conflagration, may be regarded as having already failed," and considered it a most consolatory circumstance that not one of the native princes, our gallant allies, had sullied their glory by betraying us at this juncture. An awkward reference being made to Oude, Mr. V. Smith could not see the connexion, and he felt assured that the Oude Sepoys "were as satisfied with the annexation as the rest of the Sepoys undoubtedly are." On the 12th August, a new actor appeared on the scene, the Chancellor of the Exchequer expressing his perfect satisfaction with the monetary resources of the East India Company, and an assurance that they suffered from no difficulty of a financial kind. On the same evening, Mr. V. Smith gave a fresh reason for not availing

themselves of the Suez route, because of its injurious effects in that season on European health, and ended by saying that the "government were acquitted in their own consciences of any neglect to avail themselves of the best means of pouring troops into India." And all this while a fleet of transports was beating about in the chops of the Channel, and our magnificent fleet could not supply a single screw steamer to serve the purpose of a tug.

Such, then, are the heads of the accusations which, in all probability, will be brought against Lord Palmerston's government on the assembling of parliament: we charge them with culpable neglect, for, as Sir Lytton Bulwer justly said, "the man who tells us that a revolt which must have taken months, if not years, to organise, no prudence could have foreseen, and no energy averted, simply asks us to believe that policy is an accident, and government a farce." But a heavier charge remains behind, of indifference to the sufferings of our countrymen in the East, and a deliberate neglect of the only measures which could have averted so awful a sacrifice. The Aberdeen ministry was overthrown for much slighter faults than these: the errors of judgment they displayed produced no such fatal results as those which have accompanied Lord Palmerston's policy, nor were such mighty interests at stake. But the nation, acting as judge, condemned that ministry irrevocably, and, such being the case, we have no doubt but that Lord Palmerston, so recently the favourite of the people, will undergo the fate of all favourites, and experience a day of humiliation, which he was far from anticipating in the moment of triumph.

FRENCH FASHIONABLE LIFE.

MONSIEUR LE BARON DE MORTEMART BOISSE, COMTE DE MARLE, chamberlain to his Imperial and Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Tuscany, commander and knight of several French and foreign orders, has a mission. It is his duty to make known to the world, through the convenient medium of Hachette's cheap series, the usages obtaining in the elegant world of Paris, and to play the part of a modern Chesterfield, as bear-leader and teacher of politeness to the supposititious nephew of a mythical Vicomtesse de Toustain, who is about to commence his perilous travels through the fashionable world of Paris. According to our author's showing, and the old lady's letter to him, the young man is sadly in want of a guide; for though the charmers in the country have repeatedly lectured him about his want of politeness and *empressement* towards the fair sex, the slight attention he pays to his toilette, and his ignorance of the customs of the world, he is still blind enough to prefer his shooting-jacket, his cigar, his horses, and his dogs, to what a French woman may be pardoned for regarding as the only *jucunda et idonea vitæ*. But let us employ the lady's own words in describing an interview she had on this all-important subject with her nephew:

"You live here in your shell, without thinking of all the happy faculties with which you are endowed. You fancy you have done wonders by seizing on some false Parisian type in order to cast ridicule on politeness, the duties of a well-educated man, and the etiquette of courts or of the great world; but etiquette,

regarded from a certain point of view, is indispensable for the civilised man, whose type, I repeat to you, is at Paris. You must learn, then, my dear boy, that after your college education you have another to go through, that of the salon—of the knowledge of life, which will render you distinguished.” “But, my dear aunt, what do you mean by that vague term ‘the world?’” Gustave asked me. The question was difficult, and would have required a volume for a proper reply. However, here you have my answer, dear cousin, but your astonishment will equal mine in seeing the effect it produced. ’Tis a stroke of fortune, like gaining a prize in the Paris lottery. “My dear child,” I said to him, “I mean, by that remark, the world in general, which is composed of a multitude of lesser worlds. Thus we have the court world, where the severe etiquette, self-love, and ambition frequently absorb all other faculties, and where husbands pay a high price for the dress or success of their wives; the diplomatic world, elegant, amiable, talented, and discreet; the sporting world, one of those serious institutions imported from over the water; the scientific world, which grows pallid over books, and dies of difficulties; the agricultural world, which would gladly supply us the bread we want; the horticultural world, which aims to produce a tulip with a hyacinth smell, or a hyacinth with a violet odour; the chess world, which absorbs all the human faculties on a board; the Bourse world, where you grow rich by employing other people’s money;* the business world,” I added, with a laugh, “where you also grow rich when you hold the handle of the frying-pan (*la queue de la poêle*), in which those who bring the butter are fried; the whist world, to which useless guests are sent, near the salon in which others are amusing themselves; the theatrical world, which you leave off visiting so soon as you have secured a free admission; the hunting world, in which you kill what you can, at times your friend or yourself; the dancing world, which grows smaller daily, and will soon be represented by bows; the world of restaurants, where you can dine for from two to two hundred francs a head; the army world, where you always acquire glory but rarely money; the world of the fencing-room, where you learn fencing to defend yourself from insult, and sometimes to provoke it; the world of the dames *quêteuses*, who, without any fortune, live gently, benignly, and very bountifully, in a nice little set of well-furnished rooms, where some good and old clergymen come sometimes to dine with them; last of all, there is the great world, the world of celebrities, the poetical world, the elegant and spiritual world of good society: that exists, traditionally, among the duchesses of the Faubourgs St. Germain and St. Honoré, and, at the present day, of the Champs Elysées. Good company may certainly be found also in the *Chaussée d’Antin*, but in that case you must keep aloof from the part where the *Marquises du Helder*, the *Ladies of the Rue Taitbout*, and the *Camelias of Bréda Street* reside.”

We are not surprised that the nephew, captivated by this glowing description, should give up horses and dogs and proceed to Paris to place himself under the tutelage of our author, who has written *La Vie Élégante* for his guidance; and we have no doubt, if he followed all the rules laid down, he returned to his château a veritable Adonis. Let us see, then, what we should have to do and to leave undone, in the improbable event of our being thrown into the society which enjoys the distinguished acquaintance of the Baron de Mortemart Boisse.

The opening chapter of this valuable work is devoted to *politesse* generally, and our author explains that his sole motive in writing the book was, because every other manual of etiquette was imperfect; but as every writer on the subject, from *Ἀγάγος* down to the “Complete Letter-writer,” price one penny, urges the same reason, we need not delay over it for any length of time. Of course, the marquis challenges for France the right of being the most polite nation in the world: how

* This *mot* is stolen from *Dumas fils*, who, in his turn, stole it from Heine.

could it be otherwise, when their politeness was handed down to them from the Greeks, *vis à Rome*? Proceeding to individualise, he draws our attention to those "chivalrous words"—more than chivalrous perhaps—addressed to the enemy, "Have the kindness to fire first." This furnishes an opportunity for having a rap at England, whose Addison, much to our author's surprise, qualified French politeness as artificial. Probably 'tis this fear of artifice which causes the English to dispense with it so frequently, and occasioned Montesquieu to say, "The English are so busy that they have not the time to be polite," and the Duc de Lauraguais to declare, on his return, that he had found in England nothing polished but the steel. Our countrymen should take a lesson in true politeness from the following anecdote, quoted from St. Simon :

The politeness of the Duc de Coislin was so great, that, on a foreign ambassador paying him a visit, he wished to accompany him to the street. But the ambassador, himself a very polite man, would not permit it. Hence arose a contest of politeness between them, in which the ambassador saw that Coislin could only be vanquished by a bold stroke. In consequence, on arriving in the passage, he locked the door, to prevent the duke following him. M. de Coislin, quite in despair, opened one of the windows, and, not frightened at the drop, jumped out into the street in time to bow the ambassador into his carriage.

In exemplifying his politeness, the duke had sustained no other injury than putting his thumb out of joint. The king, on hearing of it, sent his surgeon, Felix, to set it. When the thumb was set, the duke wished to conduct the surgeon to the stair-head. The surgeon resisted : there was a struggle as to the possession of the door, and the unlucky thumb was put out again.

In addition to those manners and customs to which we shall presently allude as obtaining in the highest society, it must not be forgotten that fashion deals with proper names. Just as we have our Chumleys, Sin-johns, and Darbys, so the French, when speaking of the Baron de Besenval, say Bezval. Prince Talleyrand is known as Talran. If mentioning the Dukes of Damas, Duras, Brancas, you must be careful not to pronounce the *s*. M. de Castries finds his name abbreviated into Castre. The Count de Soyecourt becomes Socour. Lastly, the Counts de Castellane, de Béarn, or de Bernis would not be recognised, unless you called them Castlelane, Béar, Berni.

On the subject of dress, our author becomes almost sublime. He deploras in most pathetic language that rigorous fashion which compels us to look like a middle term between the dissenting minister and the en-waitered greengrocer. Even the white waistcoat has gone out of fashion, except for those happy few who wear French or foreign orders round the neck. That *sans gêne* which present society has so eagerly adopted injures the effect, and even the elegance, of manners. Our author tells a most affecting anecdote he heard from Baron Dénon, about Dorat, that type of the frivolous world, who, when dying, played his part as a man of fashion, with beautiful lace ruffles and fancy sword-knots, presents from that Comtesse Fanny de Beauharnais, who wrote such charming letters to Beaumarchais, and whom Mmc. Le Brun accused of "making her face and not making her verses." As fashion is fickle as fancy, our author wastes no valuable time in describing the cut of male vestments or the shape of feminine attire. As for the latter article, some ady of the most irreproachable taste ought to direct her sex ; but it is

not so. Excepting the fashion of *jupons-ballons*, which is said to have been set by the Empress Eugénie, the rest comes from chance and the fancy of the milliners. The time is past when the Duchesse de Duras could say: "The last person I would consult about my toilette is my milliner." All husbands who suffer at the present time from the exaggerated proportions of feminine attire, will join with us in wishing for the return of those good old times. But we are afraid that our author will attain no honour in his own country while striving to inculcate the axiom that beauty when unadorned is adorned the most.

La tenue, formerly called *le maintien*, naturally follows dress. The baron quotes several instances of bad habits to be guarded against. Thus a *parvenu* will strike you on the shoulder, call you my dear fellow, and throw himself back into a chair, playing with his breloques, and talking about "my carriages, my horses, my liveries," &c. A statesman, remarkable for his brilliant talent and easy manners, forgot himself so far as to tap a foreign ambassador—a great gentleman, too—on the stomach! When driving out, M. — seats himself at the back of the carriage, and allows his daughter, a most agreeable young person, to sit in front. This is an offence to politeness and to the well-educated public that see him pass along the Champs Elysées. As a general rule, you must never wear your hat when seated with a lady in a coupé or berline. You are only allowed to wear your hat in an open carriage. If there be a gentleman in years in the same carriage with you, give him the back seat; and in the same way, if he address you in a room in a standing posture, you must also rise. On the subject of gloves our author is equally inspired:

Gloves are the obligato complement of every costume: hence I cannot omit speaking of them to you. Their existence is not modern: traces of them are found in Scripture, in Ruth and in the Book of Kings. Homer, in his *Odyssey*, shows us Laertes pulling up thorns in his garden, his hands being defended by leather gloves. Xenophon refers their first use to the Persians. Athenæus describes a celebrated *gourmand* who came to a banquet with gloved hands to eat more rapidly and easily, while the other guests waited for the viands to become sufficiently cool to handle. Silk mittens remind us of the fine days of the court of Louis XIV. and the coquettish epoch of Louis XV. At the present day we have mittens, gloves of kid, worsted, silk, muslin, Scotch thread, and cotton. For your guidance, learn that men of fashion must wear during the day doeskin, beaver, or chamois gloves of various shades, and in the evening straw-coloured gloves for the salon or the theatre. D'Orsay established this at London in 1839. A gentleman belonging to the English fashion must use six pair of gloves a day. In the morning, to drive his dog-cart, reindeer-skin gloves. When hunting the fox, chamois leather gloves. On returning to London in the tilbury, beaver gloves. On going later to walk in Hyde Park, coloured doeskin gloves. On going to dinner, yellow dogskin gloves. For the evening, the ball, or the rout, gloves of white thread, embroidered with silk. Which constitutes an outlay of 48 francs 75 cent. a day for gloves alone; or, per annum, 17,793 francs. I limit myself to two pair a day, which I have explained to you. It is only at the chase, either royal or that of rich gentlemen, that three pair become indispensable.

The next most important point to be regarded by the fashionable neophyte is the choice of his language. Our author is not of opinion that you should always laugh with those who laugh, or cry with those who cry. It may be that business takes you among low persons who speak deplorably, and you must be careful not to imitate them. Here follows a lecture which may prove valuable to English readers, as imparting those

nuances of conversation which, neglected, betray the Anglo-Parisian at once. In asking a husband about the health of his wife, you must not say, "Madame votre épouse;" or, if inquiring after his daughter, you must not ask, "Comment va votre demoiselle?" You will say to the husband, "Comment va madame——?" adding the husband's name. If inquiring after the health of his daughter, you will say, "Mademoiselle votre fille." When talking to children about their parents, you will be careful to say, "Monsieur votre père," "Madame votre mère," &c. A worthy provincial, who came to Paris at the last fêtes, returned home, saying that he was very happy to have seen "l'empereur, son épouse, et leur petit bonhomme." In speaking to a young person, you must always say very distinctly, "Mademoiselle," for "Mam'selle" is low or impertinent. In Italy, it is permissible to say, in speaking of great ladies who are perfectly virtuous, "la Colona," "la Corsini," &c. In France, the susceptibilities or purism of the language only permit such abbreviations for those who belong to the theatrical world; and besides, when speaking of great artistes, it is in very good taste to precede their names with Mademoiselle or Madame. "Femme enceinte" is no longer used: "femme grosse" is more usually employed; and the phrase "état intéressant" has been adopted, although affected. Never say a "cadeau," but a "don." The expressions "orgie," "bacchanal," and similar words, should never be heard in a drawing-room. A single instance, taken from the "demi-monde," will preserve you from such an oversight. On one of the visits of those unknown marchionesses and impossible duchesses, the mistress of the house said to a young person, "By the way, little one, the marquis here present has had for a long time a *tocade* for you." "Thank you," said the young person, assuming the fashionable style, "je ne cultive pas les jeunes gens." Never say of a stout man that he is "puissant;" and in speaking of any one who has been raised to high rank in the Legion of Honour, do not remark that he has obtained the "crachat," for that is low and disgusting: say the "plaque of the Legion." Never call Paris "la capitale." It is no longer the mode to say "pincer de la harpe," "toucher du piano." The term "jouer" is applied to all these instruments. You must also say "battre la caisse," and not "battre le tambour," for the "tambour" is the man who beats the "caisse." The word "croisée" is antiquated: always say "fenêtre." You must not say, "I have eaten 'un fruit, un raisin:'" you must employ "du fruit, du raisin." In speaking to a distinguished and respectable woman, you may say to her, "I will have the honour to pay my court to you on such a day (faire ma cour), if you will allow me;" but you must not assert that "M. — fait la cour à Madame —" It is more proper to express yourself thus: "M. — rends homage to the talent of Madame —;" "to the beauty" would not be perfect, for that might give a material colouring to the attentions of M. —; and, as a general rule, materialism is disliked in good society. Never employ the trivialities, "I am going to throw myself into the arms of Morpheus," or "I am going this evening into society" (en société). The only permissible use of the word "société" is when you are engaged in a company with other persons for commercial purposes. But the best idea of the misuse of this word is found in the Memoirs attributed to the Marquise de Créquy: "Ceux qui disent la bonne société ne sont pas de la bonne compagnie." Nor must you say "aller en soirée," for by the same rule you could say "aller

en jour, en matinée, en nuit." Another thing to be avoided is any confusion of "mortifier" with "fâcher," or the use of such odious expressions as "En usez-vous?" in offering a friend a pinch; or, "J'y vas de suite;" "se détruire" for "se tuer;" or, "his proceedings 'vis-à-vis de moi'" for "envers moi." The man who says of another, "C'est un farceur," or of a woman, "C'est une farceuse," should go back at once to the pothouse whence he came.

If you ever enter an omnibus, as our author is in the habit of doing, you will hear persons who incommode you say, "Excusez," for, "I beg your pardon." Many would say, with the best meaning, "Je vous demande excuse," forgetting that if they were talking French, this would be as much as saying, "You have insulted me, and I expect you to make your excuse," which would be rather disagreeable to you, after having your favourite corn trodden on. In stating that a thing is in the fashion or out of it, never make use of the phrase, "C'est le bon genre," or, "Cela est de mauvais genre," for "genre" can never be the synonyme of "mode" or "goût." There are many other *lapsus lingue* quoted by our author, for which we have not space, but must refer our readers to the work itself, as a very valuable monitor of colloquialisms to be avoided.

While discoursing on etiquette, our author protests against any wish to demand admiration for ceremonials which (and especially those connected with court) he regards with much aversion. Still, in a well-regulated society, he considers that each individual must strive for the comfort of the mass, and this can only be effected by the observance of certain rules. Napoleon the Great, who had a mania for classification, said, "Were Corneille alive I would make him a prince." By a natural process, he slides from this remark into presentation at court:

Whatever may be your nobility, your rank, high distinction, or celebrity, when introduced into the presence of a sovereign you must conform to the three salutations of etiquette. You know, too, that you must address him in the third person, and have your gloves removed. You say, "Will the emperor deign to grant me such a favour?" If it is a king or a queen, you employ the same expression, saving the difference of title. If it be a ruling prince, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, for instance, you know that he is an imperial and royal highness, and that the Grand Duke of Baden is only a royal highness. In addressing sovereign princes of this category, and princes of the imperial or royal blood, you employ the title "Monseigneur," as well as to cardinals, who are also "Eminences." The word "Monsieur" must always precede the title of princes of the blood, when speaking of them. Thus, you must not say, the "Comte de Chambord," the "Duc d'Orléans," but "M. le Duc," "M. le Comte," and, in addressing them, you must say, "Monseigneur." The title of Prince in France has less value than that of Duke, for there have been all sorts of Princes of the Holy Empire, and so on, while the title of Duke has not been so lavishly distributed. . . . If you meet in society an aged prince, or one of high position in public affairs, you may address him as "Mon Prince," but not repeatedly; you must always guard against any appearance of servility. The title of "Excellency" is given to ministers, marshals, and ambassadors. But you must know that a marshal of France would be very little flattered by being termed "Excellency," or by giving him his noble title, if he possess one. In speaking to M. le Duc de Malakoff, you must say "M. le Maréchal." . . . Again, if you were to finish a letter to your sovereign, to a minister, to a marshal, to a person of exalted rank, with the words, "I have the honour," &c., you would commit a fault against etiquette. You must write, "I am, &c." But to all other persons, except your friends and equals, you should precede your signature with the words, "I have the honour," &c.

Of the martyrs produced by court etiquette our author gives many instructive instances, beginning with that king of Spain who was roasted, because the grandee whose duty it was to hand the fire-screen happened to be out of the way. Among those less known we will quote a letter of the Princesse des Ursins, written to the Maréchale de Noailles: "To what employment, good God, have you introduced me? I have not the slightest rest, and cannot even find time to speak to my secretary. There is no longer any idea of resting after dinner, or eating when I am hungry; I am only too happy to make a poor meal while hurrying to and fro, and then it is very rare that I am not summoned just as I have sat down to table. In truth, Madame de Maintenon would laugh heartily were she to know all the details of my duties. Tell her, I implore you, that it is I who have the honour of taking the King of Spain's dressing-gown when he goes to bed, and handing it to him with his slippers when he rises. So far I could be patient: but it is really too absurd, that every night when the king enters the queen's bedchamber, the Comte de Bonavente loads me with his majesty's sword and a lamp, which I generally upset over my dress. The king would never get up at all, if I did not draw his curtain, and it would be a sacrilege were any one but I to enter the queen's apartment while they are in bed. Lately the lamp had gone out, because I had spilt half the oil; I did not know where the windows were, because we arrived at this place in the night; I thought I should break my nose against the wall; and the King of Spain and I ran against one another during nearly a quarter of an hour while looking for them. His majesty is so well satisfied with me, that he is sometimes kind enough to summon me two hours sooner than I care to rise. The queen enters into his jests; but still I have not gained the confidence she had in her Piedmontese waiting-women. I am astonished at it, for I wait on her better than they did; and I am sure they did not take off her shoes and stockings so properly as I do."

In Paris there is a constant succession of new comers who have made a fortune none know how, and spend it none know for what object. They are known by the name of the "newly landed." As they have heard of the enjoyments of Paris, they naturally seek presentations, and are not particular as to their society. But it requires great tact and time to form a suitable circle of friends in Paris when you arrive as a stranger. You must be introduced to each man by a lady, and to each lady by her husband. Our author strongly recommends the choice of a lady of a certain age to be your introducer into polite society. Your education must also have been carefully attended to, if you desire to shine, and you are recommended to have at your fingers' ends the letters of Mmes. de Sévigné, Dudeffant, and L'Éspinasse; the memoirs of Mme. d'Épinay, Lauzun Bezenval, Dangeau, St. Simon, Talleyrand des Réaux, Horace Walpole, Grimm, Champfort, and other good painters of the manners and customs of courts and elegant company. Here, too, is another hint, which is addressed exclusively to Frenchmen:

If one of those accidents, common enough in life, bring you into collision in society with a woman with whom you have been on certain terms of intimacy, take great care to prevent its being suspected, for you would ruin the lady and injure yourself; for it is one of the enjoyments of the world generally to attack two parties. Never boast of any of your successes—any of your points of superiority of any description; you will never be pardoned any advantage you

may happen to possess, neither fortune, wit, nor talent. Love is said to possess a good deal of imagination; hatred has still more, and a great amount of perseverance in the bargain. If you desire to maintain the affection which attaches you to a lady friend, never speak about her, and she must do the same by you. Happiness is consecrated by mystery. If you let fall any hints about your bliss, you will excite envy, jealousy, the necessity of not leaving to others the felicity persons do not themselves enjoy. The statue which receives your adoration will soon be removed from its pedestal; but that is not enough, it must be shattered, and it will be so.

On the subject of dining our author is superb. He commences by warning his readers that good society no longer indulges in saturnalia; and though the youth of Romieu was but a long dinner, that good liver set bounds to his appetites. The great moralist, Dr. Johnson, asserted that the most important thing for every civilised being was dinner, but you must never, our author warns you, be present at a bachelor's dinner, unless you are master of yourself; your head is troubled, reason flies, and you may suffer long-lasting regret for a short debauch. Our forefathers, it is true, were guilty of strange excesses; thus, MM. de Brissac, de Vitré, de Matha, de Fontrailles, on leaving the dinner-table at Coulon's, and seeing a funeral procession pass with priests, crosses, &c., rushed upon it with drawn swords, crying, "Down with the enemy!" In these degenerate days such playful ebullitions are stopped by the strong arm of the law. The chief aphorism of gastronomy, as quoted from Brillat Savarin, is: "Les animaux se repaissent, l'homme mange, l'homme d'esprit seul sait manger!" And it may be asserted as a certain rule that the true art of dining satisfies three senses at once, sight, smell, and taste. A good and healthy repast exercises a notable influence over the imagination, the humour, perhaps over the heart. Cardinal Richelieu was accused of being bloodthirsty, when he was in fact suffering from indigestion. In this wise does our gallant author lecture ladies who object to masculine good cheer:

In Molière's days the women had a fancy for thinness and pallor: it was a foretaste of the "consumptive poesy." They tightened their waists till they made furrows on their persons; they only ate enough to keep them from inanition, and each house had its Philaminte to exclaim:

"Que ce grossier discours terriblement assomme!
Et quelle indignité, pour ce qu'on appelle homme,
D'être laissé sans cesse aux soins matériels,
Au lieu de se hausser vers le spirituel."

Alas! fair and yet lean languishers of the period of the "femmes savantes," what would you have said had you known that, after your time, Voltaire, the author of ravishing epistles to so many charming women, went to sup with the Maréchale de Villars, when they ate hot meats and drank hard? Come, come, ladies of all periods, who deprive yourselves of food or contract your waist, in defiance of all the ancient statues, which show you what nature demands for the life of the loveliest women, even for a Venus, believe me, follow that old proverb of our fathers: "Qui ne vit ne vaut." I suppose, ladies, that you are ardent admirers of Lamartine's poetry; well, he dines like any other man, no more nor less, and I even believe he dines sometimes at Véry's. I suppose, too, that you appreciate the delicious poesy of A. Dumas, Emile Deschamps, Lefèvre, Drumier, St. Félix, and our other famous poets. Well, these gentlemen dine perfectly at the Frères Provençaux, the Maison Dorée, or at Bernard's, when they do not happen to visit Philippe. Thus, you see, men may dine while making verses like Lamartine, or writing magnificent prose poetry like Chateaubriand.

As to that which terrifies the most delicate persons on the subject of gallantry, they may reassure themselves: I never knew any hearty guests, after the repast, fail in their gallant conduct towards women.

“Sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus.”

I know not, in truth, whether I ought now to speak to you about the literary ladies who, in prose or verse, march beneath the banner of George Sand, Louise Colet, or the Comtesse Dash; but you must know, poor drooping flowers as you are, that the women of the rarest genius, the most powerful mind, dine perfectly.

The rules of the dinner-table may be shortly condensed as follow: you must never open your napkin, but lay it on your lap in folds; you must not use your fork in eating soup; you must break the shell of the new-laid egg which you have been eating; ask for beef and not for bouilli; for fowl, capon, &c., and not for volaille; never ask for Bordeaux or champagne, but for vin de Bordeaux, &c.; break your bread instead of cutting it; drink your coffee in the cup and not in the saucer; eat tidily, not making a noise with your jaws; put not your elbows on the table, nor offer to fill your neighbours' glass unless they may ask you to do so. Having thus laid down the material points, we will proceed to more elevated notions:

I suppose you are about to dine at a great lady's. If you are asked for half-past seven, it is a great dinner; if for half-past six, it is a less important affair; if the card says six o'clock, it is a mere family rejoicing, you may be sure, for in the other case the chef, or the cordon-bleu, would lose his importance. In any case, be careful to have your horses put to so that you may arrive ten minutes after the time indicated. To arrive at the appointed time is provincial; to get there too soon is indiscreet; but to be too late is not polite. Enter firmly, without embarrassment, but without disturbance; display a worthy modesty, a perfect politeness, and a noble deference for all. If this cost you any portion of your self-love or character, remember that Ovid, on modifying his habits among the Seythæ, said, “Barbarus hie ego sum.” Salute the lady of the house with respectful ease, then her husband with deference, and, lastly, the guests with a gracious and general salute. . . . The hat question is not to be disdained: when you are going into the dining-room you must put it down for the first time, and remove the straw-coloured kid from your left hand which you have kept on—the other had been removed prior to your entrance, to satisfy the new custom of “shake-hand,” which is not polite with a glove. Of course you have been careful to choose beforehand the corner in which you will deposit your hat, so that you may recover it easily on returning to the drawing-room, for you must never be without it except when you are on intimate terms. I knew an excellent provincial once, owner of a handsome château, a man of fortune and heart, who missed a brilliant marriage because he entered a drawing-room in the Champs-Élysées hatless, both hands gloved, and with his arms going through telegraphic movements. . . . If your ideas are not quite made up about any one of the thousand trifles which surge up at any moment, observe silently, and imitate what you have seen done by others who are well educated. Brillat Savarin tells us that the table is the touchstone of the gentleman. Here is one out of a thousand instances. A clever person, sprung though I know not whence, managed, I know not how, to procure an invitation to dinner at a great house, by the help of a “nom de terre,” such as Beaumarchais would call a “nom de guerre.” M. de Richelieu honoured the table by his presence, and he heard his neighbours asking if the stranger was of a “good house,” as used to be said in those days. The cardinal said nothing, but watched the unknown. He soon unmasked the adventurer on seeing him eat olives with a fork. In former days, on being invited to the house of a great lady, you might have received lessons

which I would not recommend you to employ now. The Duc and Duchesse de Chaulnes were accustomed to help one of the dishes at table with the spoon they had been using. More recently, the Princess de Talmont, who had a superb hand, ate salad with her fingers.* At the present day such acts would be most unbecoming, and we are fortunately saved from them by our mode of serving; the officers of the mouth go round the table and offer you the dishes, mentioning their names. If you accept, the steward, who is accompanied by two lacqueys carrying the dishes and sauces, helps you, and one of the people hands you your plate ready loaded. A very excellent custom we have adopted from the English and Americans is to eat almost everything with the fork in the left hand and the knife in the right. The English are full of skill in this new mode, and have succeeded in peeling a peach without touching it at all with the fingers.

As regards the last paragraph, we sincerely trust that the French will not be induced to accept all American fashions blindly, or else we may be having a revised edition of the Baron de Mortemart's book, in which picking your teeth with a fork may be gravely recommended.

In his chapters on drawing-room society, our baron overflows with anecdotes, which we regret our space will not permit us to quote. Among the ladies whom you may meet in society, there are, of course, several whose education has not been equal to their present position. One of them, a marchioness, is in the habit of writing "voilà" with two *l*'s, and "soupirs" with two *p*'s. On being told with great delicacy by the the Baronne de Fresne that the French language saved those two letters, marchioness replied, "Mon Dieu! how poor our language must be, then!" Among the nuisances of high society are those persons who have been christened "les rats de lettres," species of parasites, who pick up *bons mots* and repeat them as their own. A great Parisian capitalist, who had an unbounded ambition to unite to the "capacity of the hollow of the hand" a reputation for wit, lately requested a gentleman, noted for his wit, to put him up to some good story which he could repeat, and gave him a note for five hundred francs as the consideration. On the next Sunday the Bourse man took an opportunity to tell his story, but he made such a deplorable mess of it, that the author, in horror, went up to him: "Here, sir," he said, adroitly thrusting the note into his hand, "take back your money and restore me my story." Another point which the baron presses on our attention is, not to go into ecstasies about the beauty of the ladies you may meet, for, if you see them by daylight, you may suffer an extreme disappointment. A woman who may have overwhelmed you with her flood of beauty at night, will appear to you almost ugly by day. Distance, too, exerts a great influence. Fine and delicate features lose their charms when far from you. It is the opposite with strongly-marked features. A large nose, mouth, or eyes, have enchantment lent them by distance. There are beauties by night, and beauties by day. A little yellow or black brunette becomes white and agreeable under a brilliant light, and black hair looks better than light. Indian ink, rouge, white, and the new chemical preparations, are only used by actresses—at least, so our author hopes. As for your conversation in company, the baron refers you to the following anecdote, as showing what example you should follow: "A large number of friends were invited one evening to Madame de ——'s, to hear portions of a new

* In the same way great George our king, fourth of that name, would take a chicken-bone in his royal hands and gnaw it with his royal teeth.

translation of "Paradise Lost" read. M. —, who had been invited, was unable to attend, so he sent his excuses in the following quatrain :

Tous les plaisirs pour moi sont du fruit défendu :
 Je ne regrette point vos spectacles, vos fêtes ;
 Mais celle qui les donne et les lieux où vous êtes,
 Voilà mon Paradis perdu !

The misfortune is that we are not all poets, and many of us would be sadly at a loss if we had to follow this gentleman's example whenever an accident prevented us from accepting an invitation.

When you are at a ball there are also certain rules to be observed : in dancing, for instance, you must never hug your partner, after the fashion of the casinos, or ask to be permitted to hold your partner's fan, handkerchief, or smelling-bottle. Even if you are on most intimate terms you should avoid this, for such familiarity is always noticed, and you would injure any lady who forgot herself so far as to accept your offer. For the same reason, do not speak in a low voice to your partner ; for, if she is well brought up, she will answer you in a loud key, to let it be seen that she does not accept secret confidences. If you conduct a lady to her carriage, offer her your arm, but never touch her naked arm, which the sleeves of the present day leave so much uncovered. Madame de Sevigné tells us, that when she went to Marseilles she visited the monuments of that city on the fist of the bishop. This was indubitably more respectful than the arm of the present day, but must have been very inconvenient for both parties.

I am so much afraid of seeing you enter into hazardous conversation, that I recommend to you the part of a prudent observer and reserved talker. Think, too, that the language and intelligence with which we are endowed must never be employed save for the truth, in spite of the contrary maxim attributed to Talleyrand. Falsehood leads further than is intended ; and remember it is the vice of lacqueys. In some groups you will hear, perchance, atrabillious persons exercising their malignity : be circumspect. You may hear, too, Islanders of the old rock, studious readers of the *Quarterly Review* and Colman's comedies, attacking France : be generous. You will hear them perhaps say that the Parisians are badly dressed, that the women only like showy colours, and that they are facile beauties : what does it concern you ? You will hear these rulers of the *Quarterly* say that the Countess — is a Rubens beauty of the first water, or that the Duchess of —, a poor, weak, and sickly lady, is a beauty of the sylph-like order : be impassive, and astonished at nothing, not even their journals, which so recently attacked France, forgetting so speedily Inkermann, and that mot of Napoleon the First, "Les coups d'épingle entre les nations précèdent les coups de canon."

And with this practical commentary on the Anglo-French alliance, we cannot do better than conclude. We trust, however, our readers will not regret the space we have devoted to this butterfly, as it will furnish a better idea of the French character and pursuits than a hundred pages of calm reflection and sober judgment. While Rome was in a blaze from one end to the other, the Emperor Nero calmly played the fiddle and enjoyed the sight.

MOAT-GRANGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PASSING BELL."

I.

THEY had brought down the pheasants in plenty; never had a First of October afforded better spoil; and they had lingered long at the sport, for evening was drawing on. Mr. Dalrymple, the owner of Moat-Grange—which was a desolate Grange enough, to look at, with the remains of a moat round it, long since filled in—aimed at the last bird he meant to hit that day, and missed it. He handed his gun to his gamekeeper.

"Shall I load again, sir?"

"No. We have had enough for one day, Hardy; and it is getting late. Come along, Charles. Oscar, are you satisfied?"

"He must be greedy if he is not," broke in the hearty voice of Mr. Cleveland, a neighbour, who had joined their sport. "He ought to leave some."

"You'll come home and dine with us, Cleveland," interposed Mr. Dalrymple, as they turned towards the Grange.

"What, in this trim? Mrs. Dalrymple would say I made myself free and easy."

"Nonsense! You know we don't stand upon ceremony. James will give your boots a brush. And, if you insist on being smart, I will lend you a coat."

"As you have, before now. Thank you. Then I don't care if I do. Look out, Charles; out of the way." And, turning round, Mr. Cleveland fired his gun in the air.

"What is that for?" demanded Oscar Dalrymple, a relative of the family, who was visiting at the Grange. "You have wasted the charge."

"I never carry home a piece loaded," was the answer. "I have too many young ones to risk it; they are in all parts of the house at once, and putting their hands to everything. Neither do I think it fair to carry it into the house of a friend."

Oscar Dalrymple drew down the corners of his mouth, rendering his cold, unpleasing face, more unpleasing. At that moment, a bird rose within range, Oscar raised his gun, fired, and brought it down. "That is how I like to waste good shot and powder," said he.

"All right, Mr. Oscar," merrily answered Mr. Cleveland. "To use it is better than to waste it, but to waste it is better than to run risks. All the accidents that happen with guns, happen from want of precaution."

"Shall I draw your charge, Mr. Charles?" asked Hardy, who had a reverence for Mr. Cleveland and all he said, having once served his father.

"Draw the charge from *my* gun!" returned Charles Dalrymple. "No. I can take care of my playthings, if others can't," he added, in a lower tone to Hardy, with all the self-surety of a young and vain man.

Presently Farmer Lee came up, winding across the stubble towards his

home. They were on the farmer's grounds then, who rented under Mr. Dalrymple.

"Famous good sport to-day, hasn't it been, squire?" cried he, touching his hat to his landlord.

"Famous. Never better. Will you accept a pair, Lee?" continued Mr. Dalrymple. "We have bagged plenty."

The farmer gladly took the pheasants. He had no time to go shooting, himself, or did not choose to make it: work, with Farmer Lee, was all in all. "I shall tell my daughters you shot them on purpose, squire," said he, jestingly.

"Do," laughed Charles Dalrymple. "Tell Miss Judith I shot them for her: in return for her sewing up that rent in my coat, the other day, and making me decent to go home. Is the fence, where I fell, mended yet, farmer?"

"Mended yet!" echoed Mr. Lee. "It was up again in an hour after you left, Mr. Charles."

"Ah! I know you are the essence of order and punctuality," returned Charles. "You must let me have the cost."

"Time enough for that," said the farmer. "'Twasn't much. Good afternoon, gentlemen; your servant, squire."

"Oh—I say—Lee," called out Charles, as the farmer was turning homewards, whilst the rest of the party pursued their way, "about the mud in that weir? Hardy says it will hurt the fish to do it now."

"That's just what I told you, Mr. Charles."

"Well, then—— But I'll come down to-morrow and talk it over with you: I can't stop now."

"As you please, sir. I shall be somewhere about."

Charles Dalrymple turned too hastily. His foot caught against something rising from the stubble, and in saving himself he nearly dropped his gun. He recovered the gun, with a jerk, but the trigger was touched, he never knew how, or with what, and the piece went off. A cry in front, a confusion, one down, and the others gathered round him, was all Charles Dalrymple saw, as through a mist. He dropped the gun, started forward, and gave vent to a cry of anguish. For it was his father who had fallen.

The most collected was Oscar Dalrymple. He always was collected: his nature was too cold ever to be put out. He held up his relative's head and shoulders, and strove to ascertain the injury. Mr. Dalrymple, though very pale, had not fainted, and he opened his eyes.

"Oh, father," cried Charles, with a wail of grief, as he threw himself beside him, "I did not do it purposely—I don't know how it happened."

"Purposely, no, boy," answered his father, in a kind tone. "Cheer up. I do not believe there's much harm done. Cleveland, I think the damage is in my left leg."

Mr. Dalrymple was right. The charge had entered the calf of the left leg. Oscar cut the leg of the trouser round at the knee with a pen-knife, and drew it off, and the boot. The blood was running freely. As a matter of course, not a soul present knew what ought to be done, whether anything or nothing, all being profoundly ignorant of the simple principles of surgery, but they stumbled to the conclusion that tying it up might stop the blood.

"Not that handkerchief," interrupted Mr. Cleveland, as Oscar introduced a silk one for the purpose; "take mine; it is white and linen. The first thing will be to get him home."

"The first thing must be to get a doctor," said Oscar.

"Of course. But we can move him home while advice is coming."

"My house is nearer than the Grange," said Farmer Lee. "Better take him there."

"No; get me home," interposed Mr. Dalrymple.

"My house is not a stone's throw off, and the best room shall be at your service, sir. You know that."

"Yes, Lee. But—this may be a long job. I would rather be taken home."

"The squire thinks that home's home," cried the gamekeeper. "And so it is; 'specially in illness."

The difficulty was, how to get him there. But necessity, as we all know, is the true mother of invention; and by help of a mattress, procured from Farmer Lee's, with impromptu bearings to it, made of "webbing," as Miss Judith Lee called some particularly strong tape she happened to have by her, the gamekeeper, two labourers, and Mr. Lee started with their load. Oscar walked by Mr. Dalrymple's side; Charles, in a state of distraction, had flown off to the town for medical assistance; and Mr. Cleveland volunteered to go forward and prepare Mrs. Dalrymple.

Mrs. Dalrymple was in one of the old-fashioned sitting-rooms of the Grange, with her daughters. Old-fashioned as regarded its construction, and its carved oak panelling, dark as mahogany; handsome and modern as regarded its furniture and fittings up. Mrs. Dalrymple, an agreeable woman of three or four-and-forty, had risen, and was bending over the tambour-work of their visitor, Miss Lynn, telling her it was too dusk to do more then; Selina Dalrymple was trying a piece of new music, talking and laughing at the same time; and Alice Dalrymple, lame and an invalid, was on her reclining sofa, near the window.

"Here is Mr. Cleveland by himself," exclaimed Alice, seeing him pass. "I wonder where the others are."

Mrs. Dalrymple raised her head, and went, in her simple, hospitable fashion, to open the hall door. Putting it back for Mr. Cleveland's approach, she retreated, and stood just inside the oak parlour.

"What a long day you have had!" she exclaimed, as he came in after her. "I think you must all be tired. Where are the others?"

"They are behind," replied Mr. Cleveland. He had been thinking, as he came long, that he would make light of the accident, at the first telling; quite a joke of it; so as to prepare them without alarm. "We have bagged such a quantity, Mrs. Dalrymple: and your husband has asked me to dinner; and is going to accommodate me with a coat, as well. Oh, but, talking of bagging, and dinner, and coats, I hope you have plenty of hot water in the house; baths, and all the rest of it. One of us has hurt his leg, and we may want no end of hot water to wash it."

"That is Charles, I know," said Selina. "He is always getting into some scrape. Look at what he did at Lee's last week."

"No; it is not Charles, for once. Guess again."

"Is it Oscar?"

"Oscar!" interposed Alice, from her sofa. "Oscar is too cautious to get into hurt."

"Then who is it?" cried Mrs. Dalrymple, looking up. "Is it much?"

"What should you say to its being me?" said Mr. Cleveland, sitting down, and stretching out one leg, as if it were stiff and he could not bend it.

"Oh dear!" uttered Mrs. Dalrymple, running forward with a footstool, "how did it happen? You ought not to have walked home."

"No," said he, "my leg is all right. It is Dalrymple: he has hurt his a little."

"How did he do it? Is it the knee? Did he fall?" was reiterated around.

"It is nothing," interrupted Mr. Cleveland. "But we would not let him walk home. And I came on to tell you, lest you should be alarmed at seeing him brought."

"Brought!" said Mrs. Dalrymple. "How do you mean? Who is bringing him?"

"Hardy and Farmer Lee. I suppose, left to himself, he would have been for running all the way here, and leaping the ditches over the shortest cut, so we just made him lie down on a mattress, and they are carrying it. Miss Judith supplied us."

"Has he sprained his leg?"

"No," carelessly returned Mr. Cleveland. "He has managed to get a little shot into it; but——"

"Shot!" interrupted Mrs. Dalrymple, in a frightened tone. "Shot?"

"It is nothing, I assure you," said Mr. Cleveland. "A very slight wound. He will be out with us in a week again."

"Oh, Mr. Cleveland," she faintly uttered, "you have quite upset me. Is it serious?"

"Serious! Don't you see how merry I am? The most serious part is the trousers. Oscar, in his alarm, like you, as to seriousness, decapitated their leg at the knee. They will never be fit to wear again," added Mr. Cleveland, with a grave face.

"We will turn them over to Charles's stock," said Selina. "I am sure, what with one random action or another, half his clothes are in ribands."

"How was it done?" inquired Alice.

"An accident," replied Mr. Cleveland. "One never does know too well how such occur."

"We must send for a doctor," observed Mrs. Dalrymple, rising hastily. "However slight it may be, I shall not know how to treat it."

"Do not trouble yourself. We thought of that, and Charles is gone for Forth. I suppose his bed is ready, Mrs. Dalrymple? He should be laid there at once. Better be on the safe side."

Mrs. Dalrymple quitted the room. Mr. Cleveland also quitted it, and went to the hall door, and stood there, looking out, his hands in the pocket of his velveteen coat. Some one came quietly up, and stood by him: it was Selina Dalrymple, trembling.

"Mr. Cleveland," she whispered, "is it not worse than you have said?"

I think you have been making light of it to us. Pray tell me the truth : you know I am not excitable, like Alice."

"My dear, I made light of it, in one sense, because I wished to prevent unnecessary alarm. But I assure you, I do not think there is any serious hurt."

"Was it his own gun went off?"

"No."

"Whose?"

"Charles's."

"Oh!—But I might have told it," she added, her shocked tone giving place to one of anger. "Charles is guilty of carelessness every day of his life—wanton carelessness."

"He is careless," replied Mr. Cleveland, "but he has a good heart, and is always so sorry for his faults."

"Yes. His life is made up of careless actions and repentance. How dreadful to reflect that he should have shot papa!"

"Do not speak of it in that aspect, my dear. I believe it will prove but a trifling hurt. But to see him borne here on a mattress, like a dead man, a leg of his pantaloons cut off, and his own leg bandaged up, might have frightened some of you into illness, so I came to prepare you. Selina, were I you, I would draw the curtains before the window. They will soon be here, and a little thing flurries Alice. And do not let her run out here, when they come."

Selina went in to act upon this advice : Mr. Cleveland remained at the door. Soon he heard feet coming round the house, and at the same time he saw, to his surprise, the gig of the surgeon, turning off from the road. How quick Charles had been ! He could not have been to the town.

No ; it proved that he had met them, Mr. Forth and Dr. Tyler, who had been to a country consultation. All three were crammed into the gig. Charles jumped out first, and began rushing about like a mad creature. Mr. Cleveland went out, and laid hands upon him.

"You will do more harm than you have already done, young sir, unless you can control yourself. Here have I been impressing your mother and sisters with the conviction that it is nothing more than a few fleabites, and you are going to upset all I have done. Be calm before them, at any rate."

"Oh, Mr. Cleveland ! You talk of calmness ! Perhaps I have killed my father."

"I hope not. But I dare say a great deal depends upon his being kept quiet and tranquil. Remember that. If you cannot," added Mr. Cleveland, walking him forward a few paces, "I will just march you over to my house, and you shall stop there till all fear of danger is over."

"I will be calm," said Charles : "I promise you. Repentance," he continued, bitterly, "whether controlled or not, will do *him* no good, so I had better keep it to myself. I wish I had shot my own head off first."

"There you begin again ! *Will* you be quiet?"

"Yes, I will. I'll go and pace about where they can't see me, and get rid of myself that way."

He wrenched himself from the Honourable Mr. Cleveland, went to the back of the house and began striding amongst some cabbages in the kitchen-garden. Poor Charles Dalrymple felt then as if it would be a mercy, for which he should be ever thankful, if his head were off. He was generous, affectionate, but thoughtless, and most impulsive.

As the gamekeeper was departing, after helping with his master upstairs, he detected Charles's restless movements, and went to him.

"Ah, Mr. Charles, it's bad enough, but tearing about won't do no good. If you had but let me draw that there charge! Mr. Cleveland's ideas is sure to be right: the earl's always was, afore him."

Charles "tore" about worse than before, clearing six-and-twenty cabbages at a stride. "How did my father bear the transport home, Hardy?"

"Pretty well. A bit faintish he was."

"Hardy, I will *never* touch a gun again."

"Not till the next time, I don't suppose you will, Mr. Charles. You may touch 'em, sir, but you must be more careful of 'em."

Charles groaned.

"This is the second accident of just the same sort that I have been in," continued Hardy. "The other was at the earl's, when I was a youngster. Two red-coat blades had come down there with the young lord, him as is now the earl, for a week's sport, and one of 'em (he seemed to us keepers as if he had never handled a gun in all his born days) got the shot into the other's calf—just as it has been got this evening into the squire's. That was a worse accident, though, than this will be, I hope. He was laid up at the inn, close by where it happened, for six weeks, and then——"

"And then——did it terminate fatally?" interrupted Charles, scarcely above his breath.

"Law no, sir! At the end of the six weeks he was on his legs, as strong as ever, and went back to Lunnon—or wherever it was he came from."

Charles Dalrymple drew a relieved breath. "I shall go in and hear what the surgeons say," said he, restlessly.

The medical men were still with Mr. Dalrymple, and Charles entered the oak parlour. Miss Lynn was standing before the fire. No one else was there.

"Charles," she said, "I wanted to see you. Do you fear this will be very bad?"

"I don't know," was the desponding answer.

"Whose gun was it that did the mischief?"

"Whose gun! Have you not heard?" he broke forth, in a tone of fierce self-reproach.

"No," said she, looking at him.

"MINE, of course. And if he dies, I shall have murdered him."

Miss Lynn's countenance faded to sorrow with the words, but she did not speak.

"I see what you think, Isabel," he said, in the mood to view all things in a gloomy light: "that you will be better without me than with me. Cancel our engagement, if you will. I cannot say I do not deserve it."

"No, Charles, I was not thinking that," she answered, the tears, which

had risen to her eyes, glistening in the glow of the fire. "I was thinking whether I could say or do anything that would induce you to become more thoughtful—more like a rational being."

"And less like a fool. Say it out, Isabel."

"You are anything but that, and you know it. Only you will act from impulse. You think, speak, move, without the slightest deliberation: it is all impulse."

"Impulse could hardly have been at fault here. It was a horrible accident, and I shall deplore it to the last hour of my life. But it was an accident that might have happened to any one else: to Oscar, cautious as he is."

"How was it?"

"I cannot tell. I had been speaking to Lee, and was turning sharp round to catch up the others, and the gun went off. Perhaps the trigger caught my coat sleeve. Yes, that part was pure accident, Isabel, but there is something worse connected with it."

"What do you mean?"

"Not five minutes previously, Cleveland had fired off his gun, because he would not bring it in, loaded. Hardy asked if he should draw the charge from mine, and I haughtily answered that I could take good care of it. Why did I not let him do it?" added Charles, striding the room in his vexation, as he had previously strode the cabbages; "what an idiot I was! You had better give me up, Isabel?"

She turned and glanced at him, and he came towards her and laid his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes by the light of the fire. "It may be to your interest," he whispered. "Some day I may be shooting you, in one of my careless moods. What do you say, Isabel?"

She said nothing. She only leaned a little forward, and Charles threw his arms round her and strained her to him, in all the fervency of a first affection. "My darling! you are too good for me."

The report of the medical men was favourable. The bleeding had been stopped, the shots extracted, and there was no appearance of danger. A little confinement, quiet, and proper treatment, they hoped would set all to rights again.

No one had thought about dinner, and an hour, at least, after it ought to have been served, when Mr. Dalrymple had dropped into a calm sleep, and they were all gathered in the oak parlour, a servant came in, and said it was on the table.

"Then I will be gone," spoke Mr. Cleveland, "and wish you all a good appetite."

"Indeed you will not go without some dinner," returned Mrs. Dalrymple.

"I am in a pretty state for dinner," said he. "And I can't worry Dalrymple over coats, now. Look at me."

"Oh, Mr. Cleveland! do you think we shall regard your dress? Is this a time to be fastidious? We have not thought of it, ourselves."

"No?" said Mr. Cleveland, looking at them. "I am sure you all look well. You are not in shooting-jackets and muddy boots."

"I am going to sit down as I am," interrupted Charles, who had not changed a thing since he came in.

Mrs. Dalrymple ended the matter by taking Mr. Cleveland's arm, and

bearing him off towards the dining-room. Charles laid hold of Isabel Lynn, and the rest followed. Oscar was the only one who had dressed. In all emergencies he retained propriety and cool self-possession, even to the putting on of a coat.

It was a lively dinner-table, made so by the efforts of Mr. Cleveland : in fact, that was why he had remained. He had great faith in cheerful looks round a sick-bed ; and did not want desponding ones shown to his friend Dalrymple.

II.

THE seventh day after the accident was a day of rejoicing, for Mr. Dalrymple was so far recovered as to be up for some hours. A sofa was drawn before the fire, and he lay on it. The symptoms had all along been favourable, and he now merrily told them that if anybody had written to order him a cork leg, he thought it might be countermanded. They all made merry with him, paying him visits by turns. Alice and Miss Lynn had been in together : when they were leaving, he beckoned the latter back, but Alice did not notice, and went limping from the room.

"Do you want me to do anything for you?" asked Isabel, returning, and bending over the sofa.

"Yes," said Mr. Dalrymple, taking possession of both her hands, and looking up with an arch smile, "I want you to tell me what the secret is between you and that spooney, Charles."

Isabel Lynn's eyes drooped, and her face grew scarlet. She was unable to speak.

"*Won't* you tell me?" repeated Mr. Dalrymple.

"Has he been—saying anything to you, sir?" she faltered.

"Not he. Not a word. Somebody else told me they saw he and Miss Lynn had a secret between them, which might possibly bear results some day."

She burst into tears, got one of her hands free, and held it before her face.

"Nay, my dear," he kindly said, "I did not wish to make you uncomfortable. I only meant to joke : and just to say one thing, Isabel—that if you and Charlie should be talking secrets to each other, I and his mother will not say nay to it. Dry up your tears, child ; it is a laughing matter, not a crying one. I invite you and Charles to drink tea with me this evening. There."

Isabel escaped, half smiles, half tears. And she and Charles had tea with Mr. Dalrymple that evening. He took it early since his illness ; six o'clock. Isabel made the tea, and Charles waited on his father, who was then in bed. When the tea was cleared away, Isabel went with it, and Charles sat by the bedside alone.

"This might have been an unlucky shot, Charles," Mr. Dalrymple suddenly observed.

"Oh, father ! do not talk about it. I am so thankful !"

"But I am going to talk about it. To tell you why it would have been so unlucky, had it turned out differently. This accident has made me remember the uncertainty of life, if I never remembered it before. Put

the candles off the table, Charles; I don't like them right in my eyes. And just get the lotion before you sit down."

Charles Dalrymple rose, did what was required, and resumed his seat. "When I married, Charles, I was only the second brother, and no settlement was made on your mother. I had a post in London, as I believe you have heard, which brought me in six hundred a year, and we married on that, to rub on as we best could. And I dare say we should have rubbed on very well," added Mr. Dalrymple, in a sort of parenthesis, "for our desires were simple, and we were not likely to go beyond our income. However, when you were about two years old, Moat-Grange fell to me, through the death of my brother."

"He was my godfather, was he not?" interrupted Charles.

"Yes. He——"

"What was the cause of his death? He must have been a young man."

"Eight-and-twenty only. It was young. I gave up my post in London, and we came to Moat-Grange——"

"But what did my uncle Charles die of?" asked Charles again.

"Never mind what. It was an unhappy death, and we do not care to speak of it. Moat-Grange is worth about 2000*l.* a year; and, in one respect, we have done wrong since we came to it: we have put nothing by."

"Why should you have put by?" interrupted Charles.

"There. There is an exemplification of your random way of speaking and thinking. Moat-Grange is entailed upon you, every shilling of it."

"Well?" said Charles. "It will be enough for me."

"I hope it will. But it would have been anything but 'well' had I died; for, in that case, your mother and sisters would have been beggars."

"Oh, father!"

"Yes. You would have had 2000*l.* a year, and they nothing. Let me go on. Charles Dalrymple left many debts behind him, some of them cruel ones: we will not enter into that. I (in a chivalrous feeling, perhaps, but which I and your mother have never repented of) took those debts upon me, to pay off by degrees. And I paid them."

"Gothiely chivalrous, that was," thought Charles to himself.

"And the estate had also to be kept up, for I would not have it said that Moat-Grange suffered by its change of owners, and your mother thought with me; so that, altogether, we had a struggle for it, and were positively less at our ease for ready money here, than we had been in our little household in London. In about twelve years, I think it was, the debts were cleared off, and we had breathing time. Then we began to think about saving: but I am sorry to say it was only thought of; not done. The cost of educating you children had increased as you grew older: Alice's illness came on about that period, and was a great and continued expense: and, what with one thing or other, we never did, or have, put by. Your expenses at college were enormous."

"Were they?" returned Charles, somewhat indifferently.

"Were they!" echoed Mr. Dalrymple, almost in a sharp tone. "Do you forget that you also ran into debt, like your uncle Charles?"

"Not much, was it, sir?" cried Charles, deprecatingly, who remem-

bered very little of the matter, beyond the fact that "the bills" had gone in to Moat-Grange.

"Pretty well," returned Mr. Dalrymple, with a cough. "The sum total averaged between six and seven hundred a year, for every year that you were there."

"Surely not!" uttered Charles, startled to contrition.

"It seems to have made but little impression on you; you knew it at the time. But I am not recalling this, to cast reproach to you now, Charles. You promised then that you would not get into debt again, and I believe you have kept your word."

"I have," he readily spoke up, the fearless look of truth on his countenance. "I have not exceeded the income you allow me."

"My boy, I believe you. And I only wanted to explain how it is that we have been unable to put by. Not a day, after I am well, will I delay beginning it. We will curtail our expenses, even in things hitherto considered necessary, no matter what the neighbourhood may think; and I shall probably insure my life. Your mother and I were talking this over all day yesterday."

"I can do with less than you allow me, father; I will make the half of it do," said Charles, in one of his fits of impulse.

"We shall see that," said Mr. Dalrymple, with another cough. "But you do not know the trouble this has been to me since the accident, Charles. I have lain here, and dwelt incessantly upon the helpless condition of your mother and sisters—should I be called away."

"My dear father—though grateful I am that the fear has passed—you might have set your mind at rest. Do you suppose that I should ever have thought of disturbing my mother and sisters in their possession of their home? No: it should have been theirs just as much as it is now."

"Ah, Charles,—those generous resolves are easier formed than kept. You will soon be wanting a home of your own. A wife, too, eh, Charles?"

"Time enough for that, sir," returned Charles, with a very conscious look.

"If you could only think so. But you are three-and-twenty, and I was married at your age."

Charles Dalrymple fidgeted on his chair—as if he would say something, but did not know how. Mr. Dalrymple relieved him.

"You have got your thoughts turned to Isabel Lynn: have you not?"

"Should you object to her, sir?" asked Charles, in hesitation.

"Quite the contrary. I like her much; and I believe your mother does. I have told Isabel so."

"Have you?" said Charles, opening his eyes.

"I told her so this afternoon. There is one thing against it, Charles?"

"What is that?" asked he, in alarm.

"That she is too good for you."

Charles laughed. "I told her that, myself, and asked her to give me up. It was the night the accident happened, when I was so truly miserable."

"And I suppose she would not listen to the advice?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, Charles, you could scarcely have chosen better, and might have chosen very much worse. So you shall have our good-will. Isabel has money, and——"

"I am sure I have not thought whether she has or not," interrupted Charles, quite indignantly. "I don't care about that part of the affair."

"Of course not," said Mr. Dalrymple, in a tone his son very much disliked, for he knew it betrayed no veneration for his own wisdom—"I should be surprised if you did. Common-place ways and means, pounds, shillings, and pence, are beneath the exalted consideration of Mr. Charles Dalrymple. I should not wonder but you would set up to live upon air to-morrow, if you had nothing else to set up upon."

"Well, father, you know what I meant—that I am not mercenary."

"I should not wish you to be. Neither was I, when I spoke of Isabel's having money, nor has her possessing it influenced us, in approving of her. We like her for herself: but you will both, no doubt, find her fortune useful. There must be an additional allowance to you, instead of the subtraction you spoke of just now. Well—we must manage it. I would ten thousand times over rather you married, than ran wild and fell into folly, as did poor Charles Dalrymple. Have you talked of when it is to be, Charles?"

"Oh, sir—not this year."

"This year will soon be out. Next, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"And this brings us round to our argument. Do you not see—we're I gone, and you married—that the Grange would be your home? And that your mother and sisters would be thrust out upon the world?"

"Never, father. If—if Isabel were here, would there not be room for all?"

"No, Charles," answered Mr. Dalrymple, gravely, "there would not be room. Isabel would wish and require to be mistress in her own house. And your mother could scarcely remain in this house, if it owned another mistress."

"They—they could both act as mistress," said Charles, dubiously.

Mr. Dalrymple shook his head. "Two mistresses never answered yet," he said. "And there is another thing, Charles, that I have never found answer: a wife and mother-in-law living together; especially in the house where the latter has ruled as mistress. It would not do in this."

"Well, sir, let us be thankful that there will be no cause to try it."

"Ay, Charles, I am thankful—and for my own sake—that my life is yet spared to me. But the future of your mother and sisters has been as a thorn in my side, now that I have been brought face to face with death."

"Hear me, father!" exclaimed Charles, rising, "had the worst happened, they should have been my first care: I declare it to you. First and foremost, even before Isabel."

"Are you going down, Charles? Bring a light here first. My leg is very uneasy."

"Does it pain you?" inquired Charles, who had noticed that his father was restless. "How tight the bandage is! But the leg appears swollen."

"The effect of the bandage being tight," remarked Mr. Dalrymple. "Loosen it, and put plenty of lotion on."

"It feels very hot," were Charles's last words.

They were sitting round the fire just before bedtime, Selina, Alice, Miss Lynn, Charles, and Oscar. So certain were they of the good result of the accident, that they had got to speak lightly of it—not of the accident, none would have been capable of that, but of the circumstances attending it. They had just been recommending Charles never in future to touch any weapon stronger than a popgun.

"I don't mean to," said Charles.

"What a long closeting you had with papa to-night, after Isabel came down," remarked Selina. "What was the conference about, Charles? Was he reading you a lecture how to carry loaded guns?"

"Not that," broke in Oscar. "He was charging him how to reign at Moat-Grange, when he comes into it—as he was so near doing lately."

Charles glanced up quickly, almost believing Oscar must have been hid in the bedchamber wall. "You have nearly hit it, Oscar," said he. "Moat-Grange was the chief subject of our conversation."

"Only to think of it!" uttered Alice—"that we have been so close to losing the Grange. For if dear papa had died, it would be Charlie's."

"Ay, all Charles's; and you no longer would have had any right here, even Mrs. Dalrymple," cried Oscar, in a musing tone, as if speaking for his own benefit. "I dare say that has worried Mr. Dalrymple."

"I know it has," spoke up Charles, in his hasty way: "that was what he was telling me. But there was no occasion for it."

"No, thank Heaven! as things have turned out," exclaimed Selina.

"Nor if they had turned out differently," added Charles. "My father might have made himself easy on that score."

"Should you have sent us adrift, Charles?" asked Alice.

"To be sure I should; in double-quick time," answered Charles, advancing behind Alice and tilting her chair back to kiss her, and keeping her in that position. "Sharp the word, and quick the motion, it would have been with me then. I should have paid a premium with you both, and shipped you off by some emigrant ship, that you might never trouble me and the Grange again."

"And mamma, Charlie?"

"Oh, mamma—I *might*, perhaps, have allowed her to stop," returned Charles, with a mock serious face. "On condition that she would have acted as my housekeeper."

They all laughed: they were secure in the love of Charles: in the midst of which, Charles felt somebody touch his shoulder. It was Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Dearest mamma," said he, letting Alice and her chair go forward to their natural position, and stepping backwards, laughing still. "Did you hear what we were saying?"

"Yes, Charles," she sighed, "I heard it. Have you a mind for a ride to-night?"

"A ride!" exclaimed Charles. "To find the emigrant ship?"

"I have told James to get the gig ready. He can go, if you do not, but I thought you might be the quicker driver. It is to bring Mr. Forth. Some change has taken place in your father's leg. It is worse."

All their mirth was forgotten instantly. They sat speechless.

"He complained, just now, of the bandage being too tight, and said Charles had pretended to loosen it, but must have only fancied that he did so. I looked at it, and it is so much inflamed and swollen, and he cannot bear the pain. I fear," she added, sitting down on a chair and bursting into tears, "that we have reckoned on his recovery too soon—that it is far off yet."

Charles flew to the coach-house, and helped to harness in the horse, not that he apprehended danger. He soon brought back Mr. Forth.

Mrs. Dalrymple, Charles, and Osear went with Mr. Forth to the chamber. He uncovered the leg, took off the bandage and linen, and held the wax-light close. He gave but one look, and then glanced up with a too expressive face. *Erysipelas had set in.*

Nobody understood, or was alarmed. Mrs. Dalrymple asked the cause of the change, the sudden heat and pain.

"It is a change—that—does—sometimes come on," drawled Mr. Forth, who of course, as a medical man, would have protested against danger, had he known his patient was going to drop off the next moment but one.

"That redness about it," said Mr. Dalrymple, "that's new."

"A touch of erysipelas," remarked the surgeon.

But all were hopeful at the Grange. Even though Mr. Forth came repeatedly, not only the succeeding day, but the next, and the next, and always brought the physician with him. They were naturally anxious, but they had been imbued with the notion that the danger was over, and none of them looked to the worst side.

One day the medical men were driving out of the stable-yard—they generally came and went that way, for it was more convenient to the high road than the front entrance—when they met Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Forth pulled up, and Mr. Cleveland leaned on the gig while he talked to them, one hand on the wing, the other on the dash-board.

"How is he this morning?"

"We were speaking of you, sir," cried Mr. Forth: "saying that you, as Mr. Dalrymple's chief friend, would be the best to break the news at the Grange. There is no hope."

"No hope of his life?"

"None. A day or two must terminate it."

Mr. Cleveland was inexpressibly shocked. He could not at first speak. "This is very sudden, gentlemen."

"Not particularly so. You knew that erysipelas had come on."

"Yes, I knew that," answered Mr. Cleveland.

"There has been little hope since. And what there was, has gone now. We have done all in our power, but it has mastered us. Will you break it to Mr. Dalrymple?"

"Yes," he answered, quitting them. "It is a hard task; but somebody must do it."

He went straight to Mr. Dalrymple's bedroom, and remained with him some time. Charles, who had been despatched to the town on a

matter of business, did not get home till evening. He also went there. His mother left the chamber as he went in. She had her handkerchief to her face: Charles supposed she was afraid of the draught. He approached the bed.

"How are you by this time, sir?"

Mr. Dalrymple, who was looking flushed and restless, laid hold of Charles's hand and held it between both of his. "Have they told you the news, my boy?" he whispered.

"No," answered Charles, whose thoughts did not point to the true meaning of the words. "Is there any?"

Mr. Dalrymple gazed up at him, a yearning gaze. And an uneasy sensation stole over his son.

"I am going to leave you, Charles."

Charles sank down by the side of the bed. It was as if a thunderbolt had struck him: and one that was to leave its trace throughout his life. "Father! it cannot be!"

"In a day or two, Charles. That is all they allow me now of life."

He cried out, with a loud, wailing cry, and let his head drop on the counterpane beside his father.

"You must not take it too much to heart, my son. Remember: that is one of my dying injunctions."

"I wish I could die for you, father!" he passionately uttered. "I shall never forgive myself."

"I forgive you heartily and freely, Charles. Let that suffice. It was a lamentable accident, but it must have been permitted for some wise end. I forgive and bless you. I could die in peace, but for the thought of your mother and sisters. I can but leave them to you: will you cherish and provide for them?"

He lifted up his head, speaking eagerly. "I will, I will. They shall be my only care. Father! I will never marry. Here I swear——"

"Be silent, Charles!" interrupted Mr. Dalrymple, his voice raised to hoarseness. "How dare you? *Never take a rash oath.*"

"I mean to perform it, father."

"Hush! Act always according to the best of your abilities and conscience, but never bind yourself to what you may prove unable to perform. Future affairs, which may look to us dark and perplexing, sometimes clear up wonderfully in the working. Perhaps you may be able to provide for them without marring your own prospects. A way may be found."

"Yes, yes," sighed Charles; "be at ease respecting them; they shall be my care, as I told you, even before Isabel. But, oh, to lose you thus! My father! say once more that you do forgive me!"

"From my very heart and soul. Do not grieve, Charles. Take counsel of your mother in all things, when I am gone. Bless you, my boy, bless you!"

"If Mr. Charles had but let me draw that there charge from his gun," bewailed the gamekeeper aloud, as mourners, friends, tenants, and servants were falling into order, after laying Mr. Dalrymple in his grave, "the squire would have been here now."

Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWALS:

VI.—HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS.*

As volume after volume appears of Walpole's Entire Correspondence, we are more and more struck with the amount of obligation due to the writer by historians of the period about which he writes. Allow him to be ever so prejudiced, spiteful, fond of caricature and exaggeration, a snapper-up of unconsidered and inconsiderable trifles, and a scandal-monger of the first magnitude,—he is yet unrivalled as an aid to our acquaintance with the men and women of his time. Take almost any public character of that age, and it will be found that to Walpole we are indebted for nearly every lively characteristic and salient point in the portrait. Historians add little to it, though they may diminish from it. Mahon may have done the latter; Macaulay himself will hardly do the former. As an example to the purpose, let us learn what we may from this Complete Letter-writer, of William, Duke of Cumberland.

About the earliest glimpse we get of the Duke in these Letters is at a masquerade. He comes up to Horace Walpole, who is dressed like an old woman, and says: "Je connais cette poitrine." Horace, taking him for some Templar, replies: "Vous! vous ne connaissez que des poitrines qui sont bien plus usées." Describing the scene to Sir Horace Mann, Walpole says of his sprightly retort on the rakish Prince in disguise: "It was unluckily pat. The next night, at the Drawing-Room, he [the Duke] asked me, very good-humouredly, if I knew who was the old woman that had teased everybody at the Masquerade." This was some four years before Culloden. At present the Duke's notoriety was mainly due to his profligate habits—to which Horace's chance-shot allusion was so "unluckily pat"—too much so, probably, for his Royal Highness to believe in its *being* a chance-shot, though his good-humour made light of the matter.

A letter of a month later (April 15, 1742) contains this brief paragraph: "The Duke [of Cumberland] is of age to-day; and, I hear by the guns, is just gone with the King to take his seat in the Lords."

A year elapses, and the Duke is distinguishing himself, with his father, at the battle of Dettingen. "I don't know what I write"—thus Horace runs on (June 29, 1743)—"I am all a hurry of thoughts—a battle—a victory! . . . The King was in all the heat of the fire, and safe—the Duke is wounded in the calf of the leg, but slightly." In a following letter, dated a fortnight later, we read: "The poor Duke of Cumberland is in a much worse way than was at first apprehended: his wound proves a bad one; he is gross, and has had a shivering fit, which is often the forerunner of a mortification." However, the wound heals, though

* The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. Edited by Peter Cunningham. Now first chronologically arranged. In Eight Volumes. Vols. I.—IV. Richard Bentley. 1857.

the grossness is destined to increase to the last degree, as succeeding extracts will show.

In March, 1745, Horace writes: "The Duke, you hear, is named generalissimo, with Count Koningseg, Lord Dunmore, and Ligonier under him. Poor boy! he is most Brunswickly happy with his drums and trumpets. Do but think that this sugar-plum was to tempt him to swallow that bolus the Princess of Denmark!"* In May: "The King is at Hanover. All the letters are full of the Duke's humanity and bravery: he will be as popular with the lower class of men as he has been for three or four years with the low women: he will be the soldier's *Great Sir* as well as theirs. I am really glad; it will be of great service to the family, if any of them come to make a figure." A few months, and "the Duke's humanity" will turn out to be a vanishing quantity, and "all the letters" to be "full" of the Butcher of Culloden.

It is now November. The Young Pretender has put Great Britain in a panic, and the Duke is commissioned to put down such pretensions in the most summary way. "It is certain," writes Walpole, "that the army adore the Duke, and are gone in the greatest spirits; and on the parade, as they began their march, the Guards vowed that they would neither give nor take quarter. For bravery, his Royal Highness is certainly no Stuart, but literally loves to be in the act of fighting." Letter after letter during the next few months contains multiplied allusions to "the Duke" and his progress in the north. "The great dependence is upon the Duke; the soldiers adore him, and with reason: he has a lion's courage, vast vigilance and activity, and, I am told,† great military genius." (Jan. 28, 1746.) "The Duke's name disperses armies, as the Pretender's raised them." (Feb. 7.) "The Duke and his name are pursuing the scattered rebels into their very mountains, determined to

* "From the time the Duke first appeared on the stage of the public, all his father's ministers had been blind to his Royal Highness's capacity, or were afraid of it. Lord Granville, too giddy himself to sound a young Prince, had treated him arrogantly when the King and the Earl had projected a match for him with the Princess of Denmark. The Duke, accustomed by the Queen and his governor, Mr. Poyntz, to venerate the wisdom of Sir Robert Walpole, then on his death-bed, sent Mr. Poyntz, the day but one before Sir Robert expired [18th March, 1745], to consult him how to avoid the match. Sir Robert advised his Royal Highness to stipulate for an ample settlement. The Duke took the sage counsel, and heard no more of his intended bride." (Walpole's Reminiscences of the Courts of George the First and Second. Chap. viii.)

† Conway, we may presume, was Walpole's authority on this point. In a letter to Conway of the previous summer, Horace had rallied his friend, then an *aide-de-camp* of the Duke, and fresh from Fontenoy, on his cool and steadfast adherence to military duty, as such. But, "Thank Heaven," he goes on to say, "you have one spice of madness! Your admiration of your master [the Duke] leaves me a glimmering of hope, that you will not be always so unreasonably reasonable. Do you remember the humorous lieutenant, in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, that is in love with the King? Indeed, your master is not behindhand with you; you seem agreed to puff one another." (Walpole to Conway, May 27, 1745.)

Walpole tells Mann in the January following, when reporting progress on the part of the Duke's forces against the rebels, that "the Ministry would have kept back Mr. Conway, as being in parliament; which when the Duke told him, he burst into tears, and protested that nothing should hinder his going—and he is gone. Judge," adds Horace, who had a heart where Harry Conway was concerned—"judge, if I have not reason to be alarmed!" (Jan. 28, 1746.)

root out sedition entirely." (Feb. 14.) Then the Duke is detained a great while at Aberdeen by the snows; and is said to complain much of the *loyal* Scotch, from whom he can get no intelligence. Anon, "the Rebellion seems once more at its last gasp, the Duke is marched, and the rebels fly before him, in the utmost want of money." (April 15.) The battle of Culloden is the next piece of news: "The defeat is reckoned total, and the dispersion general: and all their artillery is taken. It is a brave young Duke! The town is all blazing round me, as I write, with fireworks and illuminations: I have some inclination to wrap up half a dozen skyrockets, to make you drink the Duke's health." (April 25.)—"The Duke is not yet returned, but we have amply prepared for his reception, by settling on him immediately and for ever twenty-five thousand pounds a year, besides the fifteen which he is to have on the King's death." (May 16.)

In July of the next year his Royal Highness is on the Continent again. He loses the battle of Laffelt; and Horace writes: "The truth of the whole is, that the Duke was determined to fight at all events, which the French, who determined not to fight but at great odds, took advantage of. His Royal Highness's valour has shone extremely, but at the expense of his judgment." (July 2, 1747.)—"The Duke was very near taken, having, through his short sight, mistaken a body of French for his own people. He behaved as bravely as usual; but his prowess is so well established, that it grows time for him to exert other qualities of a general." (July 3.)—"The Duke is coming back. I fear his candles are gone to bed to Admiral Vernon's! He has been ill; they say his head has been more affected than his body." (Oct. 1.)

The reaction had set in. Henceforth the Duke appears chiefly to a disadvantage in Walpole's letters. The salient points about him now are his severity as a martinet, his insolence, his cruelty, and his constantly crescent corpulence.

"There are prodigious discontents in the army," writes Walpole, in Feb., 1748. "*We* are great and very exact disciplinarians. . . . Lord Robert Bertie received a reprimand the other day by an *aide-de-camp*, for blowing his nose as he relieved the guard under a window [the Duke's]; where very exact notice is constantly taken of very small circumstances." By the August of that year, the Duke is in full possession of a barbarous nickname: "Nolkejumskoi has let down his dignity and his discipline, and invites continually all officers that are members of parliament." In June, 1749, Horace gives an account of Ralph's journal, the *Remembrancer*, which, he tells Mann, "is the *Craftsman* of the present age, and is generally levelled at the Duke, and filled with very circumstantial cases of his arbitrary behaviour. It has absolutely written down Hawley, his favourite general and executioner, who was to have been on the staff." Then we hear of a court-martial on a "young poor soldier, who, to see his friends, had counterfeited a furlough only for a day," and who was condemned to two hundred lashes; "but Nolkejumskoi, who loves blood like a leech, insisted that it was not enough—has made them sit three times (though every one adheres to the first sentence), and swears they shall sit there six months till they increase the punishment." (July 20, 1749.) Already, in 1746, Walpole had said, when relating the trial of the rebel lords, "The King is much inclined to some mercy; but the

Duke, who has not so much of Cæsar after a victory, as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed in the City to present him with the freedom of some company; one of the aldermen said aloud, 'Then let it be of the *Butchers!*'" And now, in 1751, when Horace has to relate the sudden death of the Prince of Wales, he is careful to let Mann know what the people are saying of the Duke: "The grief for the dead brother is unaffectedly great; the aversion to the living one as affectedly displayed. They cried about an elegy, and added, 'Oh, that it were but his brother!' On 'Change they said, 'Oh, that it were but the butcher!'" The elegy here mentioned is given in Walpole's Memoirs of George the Second, and is pretty impartial on the whole in its estimate of the royal family one and all:

Here lies Fred,
 Who was alive and is dead:
 Had it been his father,
 I had much rather;
 Had it been his brother,
 Still better than another;
 Had it been his sister,
 No one would have missed her;
 Had it been the whole generation,
 Still better for the nation:
 But since 'tis only Fred,
 Who was alive and is dead—
 There's no more to be said.

Terse and expressive, this elegy, without respect of persons. Racy enough, whatever its offences against rhythm or the other proprieties.

Now and then we have a glance at the Duke in gay life. At Newmarket, for instance, in 1753, "where the Duke is at present making a campaign, with half the nobility and half the money of England, attending him: they really say, that not less than a hundred thousand pounds have been carried thither for the hazard of this single week. The palace has been furnished for him from the great wardrobe, though the *chief person concerned* [the King] flatters himself that his son is at the expense of his own amusement there." In a following letter (May 5, 1753) Walpole tells Conway that "his Royal Highness has won as many hearts at Newmarket as he lost in Scotland; he played deep and handsomely; received everybody at his table with the greatest good-humour, and permitted the familiarities of the place with ease and sense."

Next year (August 6, 1754) Conway is thus congratulated: "I wish you joy of escaping such an accident as breaking the Duke's leg; I hope he and you will be known together to posterity by more dignified wounds than the kick of a horse. As I can never employ my time better than in being your biographer, I beg you will take care that I may have no such plebeian mishaps upon my hands; or, if the Duke is to fall out of battle, he has such delicious lions and tigers, which I saw the day before yesterday at Windsor, that he will be exceedingly to blame, if he does not give some of them an exclusive patent for tearing him to pieces." It is observable that Walpole, in his letters to Conway, speaks less flip-pantly of the Duke, than to his other correspondents,—out of respect to Conway's personal feeling in the matter, which, at one time at least, appears to have been strong.

To Mann he much more freely confides his notions of the Duke's "brutality," and his jokes at the Duke's size and figure. "Don't you begin to be impatient for the events of all our West Indian expeditions?" he writes in August, 1755, in an epistle which makes sad game of Braddock and his antecedents: "The Duke, who is now the soul of the Regency, and who on all hands is allowed to make a great figure there, is much dissatisfied at the slowness of General Braddock, who does not march as if he were at all impatient to be scalped. It is said for him, that he has had bad guides, that the roads are exceedingly difficult, and that it was necessary to drag as much artillery as he does. This is not the first time, as witness in Hawley, that the Duke has found that brutality did not necessarily constitute a general." The jest on the "great figure" which the Duke is allowed to make, is a favourite one with Horace, himself an anatomy of a man. Thus, in a letter dated May 3, 1749, describing a subscription-masquerade, he says: "The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup as they were drinking tea. The Duke had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain, in 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.'" His Royal Highness was not yet thirty. Five years later we hear of him paying a visit to Strawberry Hill, which just then was becoming quite the talk. "But what will you say to greater honour which Strawberry has received? Nolkejumskoi has been to see it, and liked the windows and staircase. I can't conceive how he entered it. I should have figured him like Gulliver cutting down some of the largest oaks in Windsor Forest to make joint stools, in order to straddle over the battlements and peep in at the windows of Lilliput." (March 2, 1754.) A year later, in a letter to the same friend (Richard Bentley), written during the public excitement caused by rumours of a French invasion, Horace has another fling at Duke William's corporation: "The Duke is at the head of the Regency—you may guess if we are afraid! Both fleets are sailed. The night the King went there was a magnificent ball and supper at Bedford House. The Duke was there: he was playing at hazard with a great heap of gold before him: somebody said he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf both." (May 6, 1755.) In 1757 Horace is prodigiously diverted by a caricature of George Townshend's (whose "genius for likeness in caricature is astonishing")—and assures Mann that he has laughed till he cried over the figures of his friend Dodington and Lord Sandwich—adding, as regards the Duke: "I need say nothing of the lump of fat crowned with laurel on the altar."

Duke "Billy" is thus unceremoniously coupled with "Bully" Bolingbroke in one of the epistles to George Montague: "The Duke had appeared in form on the causeway in Hyde Park with my Lady Coventry; it is the new office, where all lovers now are entered. How happy she must be with Billy and Bully! I hope she will not mistake, and call the former by the nickname of the latter,"—a mistake which, evidently, in Horatio's opinion, would be exceedingly natural and substantially correct.—Late in the summer of 1757, however, Duke William's military misfortunes become the means of awakening the sympathy of our letter-writer, who grows indignant at the injustice which makes a scapegoat of his Royal Highness. "The French attacked the Duke for three days

together, and at last defeated him. . . . The Duke exposed himself extremely, but is unhurt. . . . What a melancholy picture is there of an old monarch at Kensington, who has lived to see such inglorious and fatal days!" (Aug. 4, 1757.) Ten days later Horace writes: "It is universally said that the Duke failed merely by inferiority." The result of this defeat was the so-called Convention of Closter Severn, concluded by the Duke with Marshal Richelieu, by which he engaged for himself and his army not again to serve against the French during the war. To this humiliating contract Walpole refers when he writes to Sir Horace Mann: "You can scarce have recovered from your astonishment at the suspension of arms concluded near Stade. . . . You will be more surprised when you hear that it is totally disavowed here. The clamour is going to be extreme—no wonder, when Kensington is the head-quarters of murmur. The Commander-in-Chief is recalled—the *late* Elector is outrageous." To this passage Walpole annexes a foot-note of his own, to advise the reader that George II. had ordered his son to make the capitulation, and then disavowed him. Henceforth Walpole's antipathy to the reigning monarch served to foster a growing sympathy with the wronged but dutiful and much enduring prince. "On such an occasion," the same letter continues, "you may imagine that every old store of malice and hatred is ransacked: but you would not think that the *general* is now accused of cowardice. . . . The *general* is to be the sacrifice." (Sept. 29, 1757.) A fortnight later we read: "The Duke came last night. You [Mann] will not hear much more of his affair: he will not do himself justice, and it proves too gross, to be possible to do him injustice." Another week, and "the big event is, the Duke's resignation. He is not so patient as Mr. Conway under unmerited reproach; and has thrown up everything, regiment and all. You [Montague] and I wish for a Fronde, but I don't expect one." (Oct. 18, 1757.) Again, to Sir Horace Mann (Oct. 24): "The Duke is arrived, was very ill received, and without that, would have done, what he did immediately, resign all his commissions. He does not, like his brother [Frederick, Prince of Wales], go into opposition. He is even to make his usual appearances." Just three years later, the old king dies. A few weeks only before which event, "the Duke," we read, "has had a stroke of the palsy, but is quite recovered, except in some letters, which he cannot pronounce; and it is still visible in the contraction of one side of his mouth." (Sept. 1, 1760.) Of the new king, George III., and his behaviour towards his uncle—closely observed, of course, by quidnuncs of every grade, and by politicians of all parties—the following mention is made in a letter dated Nov. 1: "To the Duke of Cumberland he has shown even a delicacy of attention. He told him he intended to introduce a new custom into his family, that of living well with all his family; and he would not permit anybody but the Princess [his mother] to be named in the Prayers, because the Duke of Cumberland must have been put back for the Duke of York," the late king's son, that is, for the new king's brother.

The same letter throws some light on the old King's final disposition towards his once favourite son. "The King's Will was opened last night. He has given fifty thousand pounds between the Duke, Princess Amelie, and the Princess of Hesse [his three surviving children]. The Duke, it is said, has relinquished his share. . . . There is, besides, an un-

revoked deed, dated soon after the battle of Culloden, by which he [George II.] has given the greatest part of his jewels, which are very fine, to the Duke, and about a hundred and fourscore thousand pounds. Unluckily, the chief part of the sum is upon mortgages in Germany; consequently, German and French armies are executors." Another letter affirms, that his majesty "had given him twice as much before, then revoked it, and at last excused the revocation, on the pretence of the expenses of the war; but owns he was the best son that ever lived, and had never offended him; a pretty strong comment on the affair of Clostersevern!" (Nov. 4, 1760.)

That son's demeanour at his father's funeral is made a topic of foremost interest in one of the letters to George Montague. "The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it with a firm and unaffected countenance." (Nov. 13, 1760.) And then, to deepen the sombre effect of this mournful figure, Horace turns to the demeanour, or *mis*-demeanour, of another duke—not a royal one, not by any means a dignified one—the "burlesque Duke of Newcastle," as he calls him, who fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; "but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble." One is reminded, with a difference, of the contrasted demeanour respectively of Lord Eldon (standing on his hat), and George Canning (taking his death of cold), at the obsequies of the Duke of York.

Walpole's next mention of his Royal Highness is in quite another vein, and connected with quite another scene. "In less than two hours t'other night the Duke of Cumberland lost four hundred and fifty pounds at Loo; Miss Pelham won three hundred, and I the rest." (Dec. 3, 1761.)—A paragraph dated the autumn following, exhibits him in a more engaging attitude. His chief favourite, George Lord Albemarle, had taken the Havannah; and the Duke was as delighted as though he had taken it himself. In October, apropos of another of the Keppel family being made a bishop, Horace writes to Mann: "Lady Albemarle; there is a happy mother! She owns she has felt intoxicated. The moment the King had complimented the Duke of Cumberland on Lord Albemarle's success, the Duke stepped across the room to Lady Albemarle, and said, 'If it was not in the Drawing-Room, I would kiss you.' He is full as transported as she is." Indeed, the Duke himself declared in a letter to Albemarle, "Upon the whole no joy can equal

mine, and I strut and plume myself as if it was I that had taken the Havannah." There was a big heart in that big body—so at least the Conways and Keppels had some reason to think.

A month later (Nov. 30, 1762) we learn that "the Duke of Cumberland, who has entirely broken with Mr. Fox, has had a conference of four hours with Mr. Pitt," which, however, has hitherto "produced nothing." Horace opines that the Court must, just now, be in a state of alarm at Fox's failing health—presuming that the said Court "owe their present security entirely to him, and would not meet with much quarter from Mr. Pitt, the Duke of Devonshire, or the greater Duke [of Cumberland]. The resentment of the last I guess to be the bitterest of all." *The Duke's* political movements were now a subject of particular interest to Walpole; but his Royal Highness does not afford so much matter for political gossip as our eager correspondent could wish. However, at the close of 1763 a stray sentence informs us that "the Duke of Cumberland, who voted at the head of the minority, was as unsuccessful as he has been in other engagements, and was beaten by 114 to 35"—the question in debate being the resolutions of the Commons in the great case of Jack Wilkes. In the January of 1764, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick came to England, to marry the Princess Augusta; and Walpole has a deal to say about the coolness of his reception by the King, and the pains taken to keep the illustrious stranger from any intercourse with the Opposition. In spite of which precaution, "he [the Prince] not only wrote to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt, but has been at Hayes to see the latter, and has dined *twice* with the Duke of Cumberland; the first time on Friday last, when he was appointed to be at St. James's at half an hour after seven, to a concert. As the time drew near, Féronce [his secretary] pulled out his watch; the Duke took the hint, and said, 'I am sorry to part with you, but I fear your time is come.' He replied, 'N'importe;' sat on, drank coffee, and it was half an hour after eight before he set out from Upper Grosvenor-street for St. James's." Whereby St. James's would owe Upper Grosvenor-street an additional grudge, if we accept Walpole's record of Royal Family dissensions.

The next noticeable mention of the Duke occurs in October (1764). It gives a false alarm of his death. "It is over with us!" writes Horace to Conway. "If I did not know your firmness, I would have prepared you by degrees; but you are a man, and can hear the worst at once. The Duke of Cumberland is dead. I have heard it but this instant." The Duke gone, Horace avows himself in despair—the country is done for—"we cannot combat fate," &c. &c. Happily, the report of this death was unfounded. "The Duke of Cumberland," says a subsequent letter (to Mann), "was reported dead three weeks ago, and the enemy still insist upon his dying; but he has escaped marvellously, by the help of St. Antony's fire, and . . . I think for this time they will be disappointed." Next month, in an epistle to Lord Hertford, Horace still further reports progress, and gives a remarkable illustration of the Duke's fortitude: "The Duke of Cumberland is quite recovered, after an incision of many inches in his knee. Ranby did not dare to propose that a hero should be tied, but was frightened out of his senses when the hero would hold the candle himself, which none of his generals could bear to do: in the middle of the operation the Duke said, 'Hold!' Ranby said, 'For

God's sake, sir, let me proceed now—it will be worse to renew it.' The Duke repeated, 'I say, hold!' and then calmly bade them give Ranby a clean waistcoat and cap; for, said he, the poor man has sweated through these. It was true; but the Duke did not utter a groan."

Within a few days again we read, that "the Duke of Cumberland had a dangerous sore-throat, but is recovered. In one of the bitterest days that could be felt, he would go upon the course at Newmarket with the windows of his landau down. I can conceive a hero welcoming death, or at least despising it; but if I was covered with more laurels than a boar's head at Christmas, I should hate pain, and Ranby, and operations." Horace himself used to be well scolded by Gray and others for his reckless exposure of his frail anatomy to wind and frost; but this Newmarket feat in November was beyond his bounds.

Duke William may be indifferent to pain and death; but he shows himself fond enough, meanwhile, of pleasure and life. It was taken as a matter of course that so sure as October came round, he would be found at Newmarket, and as surely lose there two or three thousand pounds. Balls and routs in town might reckon largely on his Royal Highness. In January (1765), Horace attends his levee, and is glad to find him looking much better than could be expected, and reports him gone to Windsor, where he "mends daily." On the 12th of February, a memorable event took place—the opening of Almack's. The house was miserably damp and unfinished, it appears, and many were deterred from being present: "They tell me the ceilings were dripping with wet—but can you believe me, when I assure you the Duke of Cumberland was there?—Nay, had had a levee in the morning, and went to the Opera before the assembly! There is a vast flight of steps, and he was forced to rest two or three times. If he dies of it,—and how should he not?—it will sound very silly when Hercules or Theseus ask him what he died of, to reply, 'I caught my death on a damp staircase at a new club-room.'" Towards the close of March, Walpole has to say, accordingly, that "for the Duke of Cumberland, next post will probably certify you of his death, as he is relapsed, and there are no hopes of him. He fell into his lethargy again, and when they waked him, he said he did not know whether he could call himself obliged to them." Indeed, this time Horace accounts his fate certain, "and verging fast to a conclusion; yet he has ordered his equipages to Newmarket, and persists in going thither if he is alive; he seems indifferent both where he dies, and when." And in April: "The Duke of Cumberland is actually set out for Newmarket to-day; he . . . is called much better; but it is often as true of the health of princes as of their prisons, that there is little distance between each and their graves." Later again: "The Duke bore the journey to Newmarket extremely well, but has been lethargic since; yet they have found out that Daffy's Elixir agrees with, and does him good." The Duke had more life and strength and work in him yet, than Horace supposed. True, he died within the year; but not before he had played a prominent part in the concerns of his Majesty's Government.

In May, he was desired, in fact, by his august nephew, to form a new administration. This was just after he had been forward to oppose the Regency bill, the character of which he is said to have deeply resented. Thus commissioned to treat with Mr. Pitt, "the Hero of Culloden went

down in person to the Conqueror of America, at Hayes, and though tendering almost *carte blanche*,—*blanchissime* for the constitution, and little short of it for the whole red-book of places,—brought back nothing but a flat refusal." This is rather over-stating, or under-stating the matter; but we are not here concerned with the verbal accuracy of our correspondent, and, as in other slips or lapses of the kind, must let it pass. At the period in question, there were riots going on in London on the part of the weavers—at one time on so alarming a scale that "his Majesty determined to name the Duke of Cumberland Captain-General; but the tranquillity of the rioters happily gave H.R.H. occasion to persuade the King to suspend that resolution. Thank God! During these events, the Duke was endeavouring to form a Ministry; but, luckily, nobody would undertake it when Mr. Pitt had refused; so the King is reduced to the mortification, and it is extreme, of taking his old Ministers again,"—to wit, Grenville, Bedford, Sandwich, &c. Anon we hear of the Duke and the King being shut up together day and night. But not until two months later has "the Duke of Cumberland persuaded the Opposition to accept and form a ministry." A short-lived one, too; being Lord Rockingham's first lease of power.

We have seen with what agitation and excitement Walpole announced the false alarm, in October, 1764, of Duke William's death. Far more subdued is the tone in which he refers to the actual decease of that prince, in November, 1765. "You will have heard," he writes from Paris to Sir Horace Mann, "of the death of the Duke of Cumberland, which has awakened much anxiety in England, and given a glimpse of changes. The King has assured the present Ministers that this event shall make no alterations, and you may be sure they are desirous of believing so. The opinions of the Opposition are divided, of whom some think the rivet that held them together is gone; others that it will strengthen them, as some who hated only the Duke will now be ready to accede. I am of neither opinion: a forced connexion between a nephew and uncle who had so long hated one another was no real cement: they met in a centre of hatred to the late Ministers; while that subsists, the Duke's life or death was indifferent."

Due allowance being made for Walpole's prejudices—his relish for back-stairs gossip—his habit of writing with a sharp-pointed yet free-flowing pen—and whatever else should qualify our entire acceptance of his verdicts on men and measures,—we may look in vain, to any other source, for the means of gaining so lively and life-like a view of the "Hero of Culloden," as the foregoing extracts, thus patched together after a mere patchwork pattern, unquestionably afford. We have but selected one figure out of many, as an illustration of the value of the "Entire Correspondence" to every student of the eighteenth century or the Georgian Era. At a later stage in the publication of Mr. Cunningham's admirably complete edition, we hope to take a more general review of the personal character and epistolary characteristics of the Letter-writer himself. Meanwhile, let us add to our piecemeal portraiture of Duke William, a political pendant, constructed on the same principles, as a corroborative example of the obligations under which modern history lies to the Earl of Orford.

Most of us are familiar with Lord Macaulay's sketch of Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, than whom, the essayist maintains, no public man of that age had greater courage, greater ambition, greater activity, greater talents for debate, or for declamation; while no public man had such profound and extensive learning as this pink of the peerage, who was familiar with the ancient writers, and loved to sit up till midnight discussing philological and metrical questions with Bentley—whose knowledge of modern languages was prodigious—who had pushed his researches into the most obscure nooks of literature, being as familiar with canonists and schoolmen as with orators and poets, and having read all that the universities of Saxony and Holland had produced on the most intricate questions of public law. "With all this learning," thus Macaulay goes on to depict his lordship, "Carteret was far from being a pedant. His was not one of those cold spirits of which the fire is put out by the fuel. In council, in debate, in society, he was all life and energy. His measures were strong, prompt, and daring, his oratory animated and glowing. His spirits were constantly high. No misfortune, public or private, could depress him. He was at once the most unlucky and the happiest public man of his time." And then the essayist traces the outline of Carteret's career—how he had acquired considerable influence over the mind of George the First, by his knowledge of the king's mother-tongue—for while the other ministers could speak no German, and the king no English, and all the communication held by Walpole with his master was in dog Latin of a sad-dog sort, Carteret "dismayed his colleagues by the volubility" of his *Deutsch*, making them listen with envy and terror to the mysterious gutturals which might possibly convey suggestions very little in unison with their wishes: hence Walpole's resolve to make a good riddance of Carteret, who accordingly joined the Opposition, helped to turn Walpole out, and during some months acted as chief minister, indeed sole minister—gaining the confidence and regard of George the Second, at the same time that he was high in favour with the Prince of Wales. "Confident in his talents and in the royal favour, he neglected all those means by which the power of Walpole had been created and maintained. His head was full of treaties and expeditions. . . . He contemptuously abandoned to others all the drudgery, and, with the drudgery, all the fruits of corruption. . . . He encountered the opposition of his colleagues, not with the fierce haughtiness of the first Pitt, or the cold unbending arrogance of the second, but with a gay vehemence, a good-humoured imperiousness, that bore everything down before it. The period of his ascendancy was known by the name of the 'Drunken Administration;' and the expression was not altogether figurative. His habits were extremely convivial, and champagne probably lent its aid to keep him in that state of joyous excitement in which his life was passed." Being driven from office, and failing in a bold if not desperate attempt to recover power, he thenceforth "relinquished all ambitious hopes, and retired laughing to his books and his bottle. No statesman ever enjoyed success with so exquisite a relish, or submitted to defeat with so genuine and unforced a cheerfulness."—Let us now collect some of the scattered allusions to Carteret in Walpole's Letters, and remark the nature and amount of the aid they supply towards the Edinburgh Reviewer's brilliant sketch.

In the December of 1741 we find Horace retailing to his namesake

at Florence the aspirations and exasperations of the Opposition, headed by Pulteney and Carteret—expressing particular amusement at Lady Carteret's saying, "they talk every day of making her lord First Minister, but he is not so easily persuaded as they think for." In the February following he intimates Carteret's betrayal of his party, in conjunction with Pulteney—the Argylls, Chesterfields, and other thorough-going partisans insisting on the impeachment of Sir Robert, whereas Carteret and Pulteney "pretend to be against this violence, but own that if their party insist upon it, they cannot desert them"—to which passage Horace subsequently appended this foot-note: "Lord Carteret and Mr. Pulteney had really betrayed their party, and so injudiciously, that they lost their old friends, and gained no new ones." In October, 1742, Horace transcribes with great glee Lord Hervcy's squib on the fall of Sir Robert and the tactics of his opponents—the fifth stanza thus describing Carteret's advances to the perplexed in the extreme and distraught king:

At last Carteret arriving, spoke thus to his grief,
 "If you make me your Doctor, I'll bring you relief;
 You see to your closet familiar I come,
 And seem like my wife in the circle—at home."

Quoth the King, "My good Lord, perhaps you've been told
 That I used to abuse you a little of old;
 But now bring whom you will, and eke turn away,
 Let but me and my money and Walmoden stay."

Carteret freely consents to *him* and Walmoden (Lady Yarmouth), but insists on other terms as regards the money. However, Monarch and Minister get on famously together ere they part; and in the twenty-third and fourth stanzas Carteret jauntily promises,

For your foreign affairs, howe'er they turn out,
 At least I'll take care you shall make a great rout:
 Then cock your great hat, strut, bounce, and look bluff,
 For though kick'd and cuff'd here, you shall there kick and cuff.

That Walpole did nothing they all us'd to say,
 So I'll do enough, but I'll make the dogs pay;
 Great fleets I'll provide, and great armies engage,
 What'e'r debts we make, or whate'er wars we wage.

A year later, and Sir Horace Mann is thus informed of the goings-on of Sir Robert's successors: "The division in the Ministry [Nov., 1742] has been more violent than between parties; though now, they tell you, it is all adjusted. The Secretary [Lord Carteret], since his return, has carried all with a high hand, and treated the rest as ciphers; but he has been so beaten in the cabinet council, that in appearance he submits, though the favour is most evidently with him. . . . He is never sober; his rants are amazing; so are his parts and spirits." In a postscript we read: "Mr. Pitt called Lord Carteret the execrable author of our measures, and sole minister. Mr. Winnington replied, that he did not know of any sole minister; but if my Lord Carteret was so, the gentlemen of the other side had contributed more to make him so than he had." A month or two later we read: "Lord Carteret has the full prerequisites of the Mi-

nistry. The other day, after Pitt had called him 'the Hanover troop-master, a flagitious task-master,' and said 'that the 16,000 Hanoverians were all the party he had, and were his placemen;' in short, after he had exhausted invectives, he added, 'But I have done: if he were present, I would say ten times more.'

A few months bring us to November, 1744, and a ministerial crisis. "I have not prepared you for a great event, because it was really so unlikely to happen, that I was afraid of being the author of a mere political report; but to keep you no longer in suspense, Lord Granville [to which title Baron Carteret had succeeded on the death of his mother, a week ago] has *resigned*: that is the term, 'l'honnête façon de parler;' but, in a few words, the truth of the history is, that the Duke of Newcastle (by the way, mind that the words I am going to use are not mine, but his Majesty's) 'being grown as jealous of Lord Granville as he had been of Lord Orford, and wanting to be first minister himself, which, a puppy! how should he be?' (*autre phrase royale*) and his brother [Mr. Pelham] being as susceptible of the noble passion of jealousy as he is, have long been conspiring to overturn the noble lord. Resolution and capacity were all they wanted to bring it about; for the imperiousness and universal contempt which their rival had for them, and for the rest of the ministry, and for the rest of the nation, had made almost all men his enemies; and, indeed, he took no pains to make friends: his maxim was, 'Give any man the crown on his side, and he can defy everything.' Winnington asked him if that were true, how he came to be minister? About a fortnight ago, the whole cabinet council, except Lord Bath [and three others] . . . did venture to let the King know, that he must part with them or with Lord Granville. The monarch does not love to be forced, and his son is full as angry. Both tried to avoid the rupture." But in vain. Granville resigned. "The King has declared," however, "that my Lord Granville has his opinion and affection—the Prince warmly and openly espouses him."

A month later we find that "ever since Lord Granville went out, all has been in suspense." "The King, instigated by Lord Granville, has used all his ministry as ill as possible, and has with the greatest difficulty been brought to consent to the necessary changes." Two months pass on, and there is still the same story to tell. "The Granville faction are still the constant and only countenanced people at Court." Yet a fortnight later, and Horace gives us his personal estimate of the ex-minister as follows (Feb. 1, 1745): "Don't take me for a partisan of Lord Granville's because I despise his rivals; I am not for adopting his measures; they were wild and dangerous: in his single capacity, I think him a great genius; and without having recourse to the Countess [Pomfret's] *translatable* periods, am pleased with his company. His frankness charms one when it is not necessary to depend upon it; and his contempt of fools is very flattering to any one who happens to know the present ministry." Again, March 4th: "If my Lord Granville had any resentment [against his colleagues], as he seems to have nothing but thirst, sure there is no vengeance he might not take! So far from contracting any prudence from his fall, he laughs it off every night over two or three bottles."

By the following February the two Secretaries of State have thrown up the seals, and Lord Granville has "immediately received both seals, one for himself, and the other to give to whom he pleases." A mad hurly-burly of alterations ensues. The result is the reinstatement of the resigning powers, and general confusion. Amid which, and in spite of which, partly perhaps in consequence of which, "Lord Granville is as jolly as ever; laughs, and drinks, and owns it was mad, and owns he would do it again to-morrow. It would not be quite so safe, indeed, to try it so soon again, for the triumphant party are not at all in the humour to be turned out every time his lordship has drunk a bottle too much; and that House of Commons that he could not make do for him, would do to send him to the Tower till he was sober. . . . It was a good idea of somebody, when no man would accept a place under the new system, that Granville and Bath were met going about the streets, calling *odd man!* as the hackney-coachmen do when they want a partner. This little faction of Lord Granville goes by the name of the *Grand-villains.*"

Henceforth the allusions to his lordship are few and far between. When they do occur, they are mainly concerned with his love of the bottle. As where the intended baptism of Lord Egremont's new-born son is announced for "to-morrow," "when his Majesty, and the Earl of Granville (*if he is able to stand*) and the Duchess of Somerset, are to be sponsors." (Jan. 9, 1752.) In April, 1753, a Strawberry Hill post-script informs Sir Horace Mann, that the writer hears "that my Lord Granville has cut another colt's tooth—in short, they say he is going to be married again; it is to Lady Juliana Collier, a very pretty girl, daughter of Lord Portmore; there are not above two or three-and-forty years difference in their ages, and not above three bottles difference in their drinking in a day, so it is a very suitable match!" The match did *not* come off, however. A subsequent letter (June 12) apprises Sir Horace that "the match for Lord Granville, which I announced to you, is not concluded: his flames are cooled in that quarter as well as in others." A letter-writer like Walpole very often has to retract his annunciations of this sort. *N'importe*, there are plenty of fresh ones to make; and if some of these too must be withdrawn, what matter to the gossip-loving Horatio? The writer amuses his correspondent as well as himself, and, like the fool in the forest,

Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags—

the great world, as it is called, of which his Entire Correspondence presents us with a kind of microcosm, wonderfully minute as well as comprehensive.

NAPOLEON BALLADS.—No. II.

By WALTER THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

THE NIGHT REVIEW BEFORE AUSTERLITZ.

DECEMBER dawn—through frosty fogs
 The sun strove hard to shine,
 A rolling of the muster drums
 Was heard along the line;
 In simple grey the Corporal
 Rode with his head bent down,
 More like a savañ than the man
 Who won an emperor's crown.

He looked at Soult, and raised his hand,
 He stood god-like upright,
 Then all at once a silence fell
 As deep and hushed as night.
 Ten thousand faces turned at once—
 Like flowers unto the sun—
 The gunner, with his lighted match,
 Stood silent by his gun.

"One year to-day, my sons, you placed
 The crown upon my head,"
 (We saw his coal-black eye was fired,
 His yellow cheek grew red.)
 "The Tartars yonder want to steal
 That iron crown you gave,
 And will you let them?" Tête de Dieu,
 The shout the soldiers gave!

Six hundred cannon bellowed "No!"
 The eagles waved—and then
 There came the earthquake clamouring
 Of a hundred thousand men.
 In waves of sound the grenadiers
 Cried "Vive l'Empereur!" at once,
 And fires broke out along the line,
 Like Lapland's midnight suns.

"Soldiers, a thunderbolt must fall
 Upon this Tartar's head,
 Your Emperor will be this day
 Victorious or dead.
 My children, where the eagle flies
 Is (who dare doubt it?) France;
 To-day we'll light the bivouac fire
 With Russia's broken lance."

A grizzled giant, old Daru,
 Looked round him with a frown—
 He wore upon his broad bull chest
 The order of the "Crown."
 "To-morrow, sire, those Russian flags
 In sheaves we hope to bring,
 And lay them at our Emperor's feet,
 A BOUQUET FOR A KING."

A FORTNIGHT'S SPORT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

August 26th.—Some very heavy showers. I hope they did not spoil Alick's sport. Spent nearly the whole of the day copying out my journal; it is certainly not very agreeable being laid up in the Highlands, every one enjoying himself, and I—

Must pine in my fetters here.

Well, it can't be helped. I would gladly serve the other leg the same to get such another stag. Retired at an early hour to my downy couch, where, had it not been that I suffered much pain whenever I turned in bed, I should probably have slept the clock round.

27th.—Very wet. What a nuisance! it is impossible Alick can stalk a deer to-day. What a cruel disappointment it must be to him. Still suffered much pain when I moved about; nevertheless, was decidedly progressing towards convalescence. Had a long visit from Colin; spent the greater part of the day tying flies and chaffing on fishing matters. He told me that there was a heavy speat in the river, but that he hoped by the time I was well enough to get about again that it would be in order for the fly. Was very glad of Colin's company, for he amused me greatly, not only with many fishing anecdotes, but also with accounts of every piece of fun that had taken place in the neighbourhood since the Deluge. He is a great wag in his way, and tells a story well, but as they were chiefly jokes against my own countrymen, the "Southerns," as he called us, I would rather not retail them. Arranged with him, should I be well enough in a couple of days, to try if I am as lucky with the salmon as with the deer, the death of which had delighted him wonderfully. Just as he was going away, he came back to say he considered that I might have some good fun trolling for pike and trout in the loch, and if I took my gun down should be nearly certain to get a few shots at ducks; that I could drive to the boat-house, and then take the air on the loch without any danger of hurting myself. This sounded so reasonable, and, further, was so exactly in accordance with my wishes, that I immediately determined to take his advice; so I started him forthwith to the burn, to get as many small parr as he could for bait. What would some of the contributors to the *Times* say to this? Probably, that I ought to be transported; but is there one among them—I mean, of course, a fisherman—who would not have done the same? or, if he happened to have an idle hour himself, would not have taken his own rod and renewed his schoolboy's sport? for

Oft have I, in forbidden time
(If youth could sanctify a crime),
With hazel rod and fraudulent fly,
Ensnared the unsuspecting fry.

I appointed Colin to meet me at ten o'clock next day at the boat-house, which is on the river near the head of the loch. Got out my box, and soon tied up some spinning tackle, which I made on very fine gimp—so fine, indeed, that there was little fear but that a trout would take it, should I come across one, just as well as a pike. It was dinner-time be-

fore I finished all my work. Having no one to chat to, I did not remain long over my toddy, but turned in at an early hour.

28th.—Fine, with a nice breeze. Come, here is one glorious day for Alick, at any rate. Much better; indeed, I could make a very fair walk of it. As soon as breakfast was over, ordered the drosky, and away to the loch. Found Colin at the boat-house. He had a famous supply of bait, of all kinds and sizes; among the rest, two very fine loach, one of which he recommended me to try in the river on the way to the loch, as the salmon often rest in the dead heavy water there, and the speat would certainly have brought some up from the loch. I obeyed instructions, but considered the river far too dirty. While baiting my lines, a fine brood of wild-ducks flew over my head at about thirty yards' distance. I up with the gun, but had not loaded it, a neglect which was very speedily remedied, and of course the gun was kept within reach for the rest of the day.

Although there was a very nice breeze it did not hit the river, consequently it was as calm as a well, to add to its not being in fishing order; in fact, had there been a hundred salmon there, not one would have taken with the water in such a state. I, however, had scarcely entered the first bay, at the head of the loch, when I got a drag, and soon landed a nice pike of about seven pounds. I then baited both lines with parr, as there was a pretty curl on the water, and the loach was rather too dull a bait. We let the boat go down with the wind, and drop to leeward of some rushes, expecting a shot, as it looked a very favourable place for ducks. I was right; and as soon as they winded us, which they did not do until we were close upon them, up they got, a fine brood of ten, out of which I tumbled three, as they doubled nicely together on the rise. While picking up the birds, and reloading, I had entirely forgotten the rods, and both bait were, consequently, hard and fast in the weeds. It took a long quarter of an hour to repair damages, for one set of hooks remained in some obstinate obstruction at the bottom. Colin informed me that the next bay was considered the best in the loch for large pike, and I believe he told me the truth, for we had scarcely entered it when both my bait were taken. Colin immediately gave the oar to the gillie, and seized one of the rods; but he was too late, the fish had departed. I still held mine, and a nice one it was, which, after making me two or three very good runs for a pike, I brought to the edge of the boat, and Colin soon drew it on board with the gaff. It weighed ten pounds. While arranging my bait I was aroused by a "Whist! look at the ducks, sir," from the gillie. We all crouched down in the boat. There were seven of them—probably the rest of the brood from which I had killed the three. They made two or three circles round us, but never came within shot; at last they pitched in some reeds at no very great distance. I wound up the lines, and gave directions which way to approach the spot they had alighted in; but the wind was, unfortunately, a little foul, and before we got within a hundred yards of them up they got; they flew round the boat; I fired, and struck one. We watched the flight for a long time, but as the wounded bird did not separate from the rest, I conclude that it was not hit very hard. We tried some likely-looking water for pike, for about two hours longer, during which time I killed two small jack only, but lost three or four rather nice fish; they were not taking

well. Colin advised me to try across the upper part of the loch, where the bottom is rocky, as, in the spring of the year, it is a famous lie for large trout. When passing over a part where there were about four feet of water, I had a run, and had the pleasure of landing a fine trout of nearly five pounds; but my tackle being very strong, I did not allow him much time after he was hooked; the only difficulty was in landing him, owing to my having no landing-net, and the gaff being rather large for a fish of that size. I afterwards killed a fine perch of nearly three pounds weight; these were all the rocky bay afforded, though I fished several times over it. My leg now began to pain me a little, having kept it so long in a bent position being the probable cause; so I directed Colin to pull quietly for the boat-house, fishing, of course, as I went along. When we came near the opening of the river, which had greatly run down and cleared since the morning, I got a tremendous pull, forthwith raised my rod, and away went the fish, running me out fifty yards of line in no time. "It's a salmon, I am certain." Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when up it went, making a splendid spring in the air. "Wind up the other line and get the gaff ready." I then went to the bow of the boat, which enabled me more easily to bring the fish within reach, cautioning the gillie at the same time not to entangle the line with the oars. It was a fine sporting fish; had I held it in a rough heavy stream I should probably have had a good half hour's sport, but in ten minutes it was in the boat. Colin pronounced it to be the first autumn fish he had yet seen, and guessed its weight at fifteen pounds; he was not far wrong, as it wanted but a quarter of a pound of it. This was a capital addition to our larder, for the only fish we had tasted since our arrival were the Loch Fyne herrings, and, delicious as they are, one likes a change: *on n'aime pas toujours perdrix*.

This was the end of my sport for the day, although I fished for a couple of hours longer, the salmon having completely taken the stiffness out of my knee. Colin said that the river would be in order next day for the fly, and advised me to try the streams at the falls, as there was certain to be a run of fresh fish up with this spout; that I need not walk much, as I could drive to the spot; he thought also that I should probably meet Sir A. —, as he generally shot his way home from the forest, following the course between the road and the river. I arranged that unless Sir A. — returned that evening, which I thought probable, I would be at the falls by nine o'clock. On arriving at the lodge, found a note from Sir A. —, telling me that he should return precisely as Colin had said, asking me to meet him at the falls, and after I was tired of fishing to shoot home from thence, if I could make a walk of it. I took care to have a salmon cutlet for dinner, which, in spite of my late affection for herrings, went down admirably, as it was an excellent, firm, and curdy fish.

29th.—Rose by times in the morning; was all right again; found no inconvenience from my knee, but it was still a little weak. Having demolished the best part of a grilled blackcock, started for the falls, with fishing-rod, guns, and dogs, ready for anything. Did not expect much sport in the fishing way, as the salmon in that river are generally very sulky in the summer months, but take freely in the spring. The streams below the falls are splendid, and the day was such as a fisherman dearly loves.

Saft the southland breeze was blawing,
Sweetly saughed the green aik wood;
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing
Struck the ear wi' thundering thud.

I, of course, put myself entirely into the hands of Colin, never having thrown a line on that river before. After I had made a few casts he lighted his pipe, and sat down on the bank, telling me he would give me a call when I had fished far enough down the pool, which was all the instruction I should require, as I could throw a line and fish a stream quite as well as he could, which was saying a great deal; but I doubt much if he thought it, for he was considered by far the best fisherman on the river. However, whether I fished well or ill it seemed to matter but little, for nothing could I stir, although there were a multitude of fish showing themselves, which, by-the-by, does not often betoken good sport. Stream after stream I fished of as beautiful water as line was ever thrown over, but to no purpose. Until twelve o'clock I never ceased thrashing, except when changing my fly, which I did about twenty times. I now determined to rest the water and myself too, not that I felt much inconvenience from my leg, for I was well on my pins again, though not yet quite up to a hard day's work. Down I sat for more than an hour, took some refreshment, and listened to Colin's fishing yarns, which seemed inexhaustible, of times past in the palmy days of salmon-fishing. Among others, he told me that, thirty years ago, he thought nothing of killing ten or a dozen fish of from ten to twenty pounds weight before breakfast (I conclude he rose very early, and broke his fast at a late hour on those occasions); that one day before two o'clock he had landed seventeen salmon, one of them a thirty-two pounder, besides hooking and losing nearly as many more, in the same streams that I had for two or three hours been fruitlessly endeavouring to stir one. He also told me a very amusing story of a young Englishman who pretended to be quite *blasé* with everything, and having hooked a salmon requested him to play it, as really, after the first race, all amusement was over; that, in fact, it was a bore playing a fish. I could not help thinking that this must have been the same individual whom I once met in a steamer on one of the Scotch lakes. He had scarcely got his eye-teeth, and certainly had not then cut his wise ones. By way of introducing a conversation, I asked him if he had been long in Scotland, and whether he had had good sport in the Highlands? He answered me in a lisping drawl—for he was far too conceited to speak his native language—that he had been making a short tour in the lake districts, chiefly for the purpose of sketching—producing something which he called a drawing, that looked for all the world like a molehill with a cabbage stuck into it. This, he told me, was a faithful representation of a well-known tree that still stands close to the spot where some celebrated character performed some great feat, but who the hero was that had done this wonderful deed, or what it was he did do, I have forgotten. As to sport, he was quite sick of grouse-shooting, salmon-fishing, deer-stalking, and all that sort of thing, and had long since (he must have been still in his teens) come to the conclusion that the only real happiness in life consisted in being left to his own thoughts with a cigar-case well filled. How fat he must have got on the continual feast of such a noble, contented mind! I told Colin

this story of my friend ; he spat upon the ground in disgust, took a pinch from his mull that would have made a top-dressing for a rood of ground, before delivering himself of the following soliloquy :

“Tired o’ saulmun-fishing and deer-stalking ! I ha’ pity for the pair chiel ; but he’s na sae far wrang when he says a pipe’s a gude thing, for it’s vera soothing on a raw day.”

I showed Colin my book of flies ; he approved much of all those that I had tried—in fact, they had been his own selection—many of them being copies of some that he had made for Sir A. —. He took out another change, and said if I did not hook a fish on one of them I might give it up as a bad job. Before trying this set I walked up to the head of the falls. It is a most beautiful and picturesque scene ; the dark, peaty water—for the river was not yet quite clear after the late speat—rolling from rock to rock, throwing up its spray, forming a hundred rainbows as it glistened in the sun’s rays, then rushing into the boiling cauldron below, the salmon every minute rising above the foam, only to be dashed back again after their fruitless attempt to surmount the raging torrent. I sat for half an hour gazing on the scene and listening to the thunder of the water, which drowned every other sound. How much longer I should have remained in my reverie I know not, but was aroused by Colin showing me a fine salmon. I thought, of course, that he had taken my rod, and proved himself a better fisherman than I was. But it was not so ; he had found the fish on a rock above the falls. It had formed the repast of some gourmand otter, was perfectly fresh, could not have been killed many hours, and only the back of the head was eaten. It appears that this rock has been one of the favourite haunts of otters for years, as Colin told me that since he was a boy and could remember anything, it was always the custom of the shepherds, when the river was high, to examine those rocks above the falls for fish left by the otters, and that they seldom searched in vain. Colin had tried with his terrier—a very good one—if he could come upon the trail of the beast that had so kindly provided him with a fish, but made nothing of it. An island of rock just above the falls is their favourite residence, but the water was too high then ; they could not remain there in the present state of the river.

I now returned to the streams, and having as much patience as most men, went to work again as if I had not cast a line during the season, but with the same want of success. I proposed, as a last resource, trying one of my Irish flies, and brought out the Parson, the most gaudy of them all. It derives its name, decidedly not from its appearance, but from its having been first successfully used by a fishing divine on the Shannon ; it is composed almost entirely of golden pheasant feathers and the lightest dyed yellow hackle, with a blue jay’s shoulder. Colin promised to eat his hat, which was a shocking bad one, and surrounded by two casting lines of trout flies, if I stirred a fish with that fly. Nothing daunted, I put it on, and before I had fished half way down the first stream, hooked a fine fish, which afforded me much sport, and from the position I was in gave me a great deal of trouble to kill. He would constantly head up to the rock immediately below the fall, where I could not possibly follow him ; whenever I brought him out of his hiding-place, he ran furiously down upon me. I had to cut away over the rocks as hard as I could run, at the risk of breaking my neck, to say nothing of putting a screw into

the game leg, winding up my line all the time to prevent him from having some thirty yards of slack out, which would inevitably have given him the power to go wherever his fancy might lead him; and as the stream is full of hidden rocks, he would probably have soon run round one of them and left my poor Parson at the bottom of the river.

"Get him down to the tail of the stream if you can, sir; the water is all clear fifty yards below you," urged Colin.

As soon as I could command the fish's movements, I turned it down as directed, and in spite of all its endeavours to reach the falls again, kept it there though once or twice I feared for my tackle, while bearing heavily against it to prevent its running up. Its exertions soon tired it. I rolled it over and over with its gills open, until I brought it near enough to the bank, when Colin immediately gaffed it. I was about a quarter of an hour settling the affair; fourteen pounds was the weight of the fish, but it was not in fine condition, being quite red. Colin took the fly out of its mouth, washed it, took a long look at it between him and the light, and then made the following comment:

"A weel, a weel, I ne'er saw the loike. I wadna hae believed it if I had na seen it wi' mi ain een. To tak a saumon wi' siccan a flee as thon! They maun all hae gane clean daft, or they are muckle changed sin those dommed bag-nets—the Lord forgie me for swearing—hae been put on all our rivers."

"Well, Colin," said I, as soon as he had finished his speech, "when are you going to commence upon your hat?"

He took it off and rubbed his head. I really thought he was going to begin upon it, the Scotch, in general, being very conscientious people, and inclined to keep their words; but it was only a further demonstration of wrath at an Irish fly having killed a Scotch salmon.

"Och!" said he, "that's just a chance; you will na get another to be siccan a fule."

But, strange to say, I did find one equally stupid, and that no further off than the tail of the same stream; he was a very small one, weighing but six pounds. Just as I had it landed, Sir A. — came down to us. We had heard him shoot several times; he produced a fair bag of game for a rambling beat. He congratulated me on being on my legs again, and was not a little pleased that I had killed a couple of fish, which he told me at that season of the year was an achievement by no means probable. When I showed the fly that had produced this miracle, he was as much astonished as Colin, and a good quizzing he gave him at all his pets having been beaten. He took the rod and tried his luck; but either the fish in the other streams were wiser, or "some change had come o'er the spirit of their dream," for, after fishing for an hour without a rise, he gave it up in disgust. I told him I could manage a couple of hours' quiet walk, so we started to shoot home, having just time to skirt along the river-side and be at the lodge before the leg of mutton was burnt to a cinder. We picked up a few brace of grouse, a hare or two, and three or four blackcock; but the broods appeared to be much more backward there than on the high and drier ground, as we found four or five small cheepers, which we let go their way in peace, reserving their destruction for a later period in the season. There were a few small birds on the first day also, but none that were not shootable. Had we

been prepared for such an event, we should have killed a very large otter, which Ginger, Colin's terrier, bolted; but, unfortunately, we were neither of us near enough to do any harm, though both ran down to the bank the moment that we saw the dog upon a trail, and fired at the vermin as he dived. Whether we were in time for him or not I cannot say, as he went straight across the river, where we could not follow him. I dare say it was the one that had left the fish which Colin found. I made a good dinner after my walk; a haunch of roe-venison was one of the dishes, but it was dry and hard. While we drank our toddy, Sir A. — gave me a detail of his sport in the forest.

"On the Wednesday," said he, "I arrived at — at about half-past ten, having, as you can well imagine, lost no time on the road. The marquis had gone out, not being certain at what time I might arrive, but he had kindly left Douglas—his head forester—behind, that he might take me up to the part of the forest he intended beating, unless I happened to fall in with deer before I reached the rendezvous, which was fixed for half-past one, if all went right. I had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile on the borders of the forest, when Douglas touched me, and signed to me to lie down. He had his glass up in an instant. I looked in the direction he was examining, and there saw a hart and hind.

"The wind is in a bad air for us, sir," said he; "but yon's a fine beast, and would be worth some trouble to kill. I would like you could have him to show to the marquis when you meet with him."

"There is, perhaps, no man in Scotland can stalk a deer with Douglas; he seems to know not only what they do, but what they think about.

"If we could only get to the rock," said he, "the wind would not be quite so bad for us. It's lucky they did not see us; I was wrong not to take more heed, but I did not think, with the wind in the south, that the deer would be that low down in the forest; sink below the brae, sir, and get behind that big stone, till I see more about it."

"He examined the spot most carefully, and soon made up his mind how to proceed. We got a long way beneath them, which, although it gave us hard work to get up the hill-side again, was the only chance, with the wind in the quarter it then was, for a successful stalk. When we had gone about three-quarters of a mile we came again within view of the spot the deer had occupied when we first saw them, and I had the extreme gratification of seeing them a mile off, heading into the heart of the forest at their best pace.

"I thought so," said Douglas; "they must have winded us even at that distance. Hark! sir, there's a shot; I'll be bound they have crossed the marquis."

"While speaking, Douglas jumped up and started off, running as if suddenly demented. Away I went also, but why, I knew not for some minutes. At last, Douglas, who had gone two yards for my one, disappeared into a small glen, shouting wildly to his hound, a splendid bitch that had been following us. Almost immediately afterwards, out of the glen bounded the wounded stag, sorely pressed by Minna, and leading straight towards me; he appeared a little weak, but was going at a great pace. I prepared for a shot, expecting him to pass. Minna sprang forward once or twice, but was foiled in her attempt to seize his throat. At last, she made a tremendous leap, and pulled down the noble beast within a very short distance of me.

“Shoot him, shoot him, sir!” shouted Douglas.

“I ran up just as he had shaken the hound off, and was preparing for another race. I fired; the ball entered at the back of the shoulder, and over he rolled. The marquis, I am glad to say, came up just in time to see the death. What a glorious meeting for two deer-stalkers! I was at first afraid he might have been annoyed at my having shot the stag, but, on the contrary, he acknowledged, had I not fired, that we might have lost it, as the first shot had struck it too high up to be a mortal wound. It appeared that the marquis had been trying to get a shot at this hart, but there was a glen which he dared not cross for fear of the wind, so he had sent his beaters round, by nearly the same course that we had come up, to drive them. This accounted for the deer having bolted in such a hurry; they probably had scented some of the beaters. I had another stalk that afternoon, which had little interest in it, and killed a fine beast with nine points; the only difficulty in the business was to avoid a hind that was with him, which kept a good look-out, but I was too sharp for her. The marquis also tumbled a second stag; it was not a large one, and had but an indifferent head, it being still in the velvet. Almost immediately after the death of my last deer the rain came down so heavily that we were obliged to leave the forest, as we could not see fifty yards before us. I don't know what sort of weather you had here on Thursday, but there it rained in torrents the whole day. It was impossible to go out; at least, if we did, we could have seen nothing. I spent the whole day looking to windward for a broken cloud, but, alas! no gleam of light enlivened the scene. Yesterday we were indeed fortunate, for it was not only very fine, but the wind was in the right quarter for the best beat in the forest. We were to have a grand drive, as Colonel C. and Lord L. came in the morning early. Douglas, who of course had the arrangement of the drive, placed us all in such positions that, provided everything went right, we were all nearly certain of having a shot. I, who was the last placed, had not been long at my post when I saw a fine herd of at least forty stags and hinds mixed, coming rattling over the opposite hill. There were several fine heads among them; one, in particular, was more conspicuous than the rest even at that distance, and I hoped for a crack at him, and had marked him for my own. But there was another as wide awake as I was. I saw my chosen one, as it were, stumble, and then heard the sharp crack of a rifle echoing through the forest. It was the colonel who had fired; I, of course, expected a second shot from him, but he did not fire again, which astonished me, as there were several fine stags in the herd. They came down at a furious pace. Bang, bang, went another rifle, and a second stag fell; up he got again, and tried to join the rest, but was obliged to bring up the rear; the pace was too good for him. I kept my eye all this time on a noble beast, although I caught a glimpse of all that passed, for it was over in a twentieth part of the time it has taken me to tell it you. I let three or four small stags pass me; there was a hind between me and the big hart, but fortunately, just as he crossed my line, she dropped a little astern, and I got a splendid broadside chance within fifty yards of me, and brought him to the ground almost without a struggle. I looked instantly for a second shot, seeing that he was quite safe. Every stag worth killing had passed me, with the exception of the wounded one; he was within a fair range, so I sent

the contents of my second barrel well forward into him, when he fell upon his knees, and before he could rise a hound was at his throat. He had received three wounds, any one of which must have eventually caused his death. Lord L. had not fired, why I know not, for he was within very reasonable distance of the herd.

"The finest beast killed was the first that fell to the colonel's shot; he had eleven points—a splendid head. The colonel claimed him as a royal; but the second cup could not be considered perfect. Both the others had nine full points each, and were very good heads. It is but seldom you would see three finer stags killed in the one day, to say nothing of the same drive. We had a second drive, but the colonel only got a shot; the wind had become a little shifty, and something went wrong. He struck the stag, but it was lost after a very long, exciting chase; the hounds brought it to bay twice, but it broke away from them before any of us could get at all near enough for a shot, giving one of them a fearful wound to remember it by. We did nothing after this; indeed it was too late before we gave up the wounded deer. The marquis good-naturedly told me, as I had been disappointed of a day, that, if I liked, I might try and kill a stag before I left in the morning. I therefore started at daylight, and got a fair chance at one, though at rather long range. I must have made some mistake as to the distance, and shot too low, and away he went, at a pace that told me I had made a mull of it; but I would much rather have missed him clean, as I did, than lose him as we did the colonel's the day before. He was a nice stag, with a tolerable head. I did not go further, for fear of disturbing the forest. I, however, may be very well pleased. I killed two stags to my own rifle—one a noble beast—and had a large half in two others. So now that I have given you a full and true account of my sport, I'll to my downy, for I was up at cock-crow; to-morrow we will see if you can walk well enough for a short day after black game."

29th.—When I turned out of bed, I found to my delight that scarcely a trace of my accident remained; in fact, was as strong on my pins as ever. Soon adorned myself, and joined Sir A. — at breakfast. When the morning salutations were over, I inquired his arrangements for the day; he had talked over his plans with Campbell, and agreed that, as I was not to have a hard day's work, the best beat to take would be the woods on the other side of the river.

"They are full of black game," said he, "and several roe frequent them. When tired of that, we can either go after grouse on the opposite hills, or snipe, of which there are plenty, in a famous bog about a mile from the woods."

"All that sounds very agreeably, my dear fellow," said I; "and now that my cigar is lighted I am ready for the start."

What a splendid piece of ground we went over. I never saw such a spot for black game in my life. There was every luxury they could ask for; heather up to one's knees, plenty of swamps and rushes, the most inviting little woods imaginable, and a large glen, which joined the mountain. This appeared their favourite ground. We were not long before our sport began, as Rover soon came to a point.

"Let's go to him at once," said I, "for he is a gentleman that does not like being kept waiting. Why, what is it, old man? Oh, I see, a

hare just under his nose. Steady, ware hare! Rover, kick it up. By George! you have blistered him pretty well, Master Alick. Come, load away, for I see Grouse has had a point all this time also. Toho! Rover. What a splendid brood—I have two!"

"And I three," said Sir A. —. "They doubled up into a ball just as I fired. I expected half a dozen to have fallen with such a glorious pot-shot; that's the way to fill the bag. I forgot to tell you to kill a few grey hens here, as we have really too large a stock; but you had better shoot young ones, as the old ladies would be rather tough, I fear, as we have shot none of them in this beat for three seasons. The rest of the brood that we just shot at have gone into the wood; if you will go to the end we will beat up to you."

"All right," said I. "Give me five minutes before you send in the gillies."

I had scarcely arrived at my post when, without any warning from the beaters, out came a roebuck at about thirty yards from me. I toppled him over like a hare, and old Drake went in to him like a bull-dog, and held him until I came to his assistance, for the poor beast was not quite dead. I gave him the *coup de grace*, and returned to my position, where I had five nice shots at black game; two of them fine old birds, that came at a great pace, having been put up at the far end of the wood. I also shot a brace of hares and a rabbit, the first I had seen; in fact, every yard of the ground seemed tenanted by some kind of game or another, for on our way to the second wood we picked up three more young blackcock, three grouse, two hares, and four snipe. Each of us missed a shot or two, but they were rather far off.

"You may kill another roe if you get the chance," said Sir A. —.

I agreed, provided I came across a fine old fellow; that which was killed was only a two-year-old buck. There were two does in the next wood, which went their ways unmolested. While beating through it, old Drake made a sudden dive into a furze-bush, and then ran barking to a tree. I instantly went to him, and found he had bolted an enormous marten cat, into which I immediately sent a charge of No. 5; but so tenacious are those hardy creatures of life, that, although I was within fifteen yards of it, I was obliged to fire a second shot before it fell, which it immediately did, being cut to pieces. Campbell was delighted at the death of this, his last enemy of that race in the neighbourhood. He was the old patriarch parent of a large progeny, which had at different times fallen victims to some of Campbell's devices for their destruction, but up to this time the old sire had succeeded in escaping his vigilance. I could not resist a right and left at two old grey hens, that came over the wood at a great pace; they were both of them clipping fine shots, neither falling within eighty yards, therefore they must have been at least forty-five when I fired, and high in the air; they were both stone dead, for I had shot well forward of them. In truth, I ought not to have shot at them at all. I never advise any one to fire long shots at black game, or in fact any other, as a good shot seldom misses clean, and in hot weather most of the poor creatures struck die a lingering death from being flyblown.

We continued our beat between the woods and low ground until luncheon, by which time we had a splendid bag: twenty head of black

game, eleven grouse, ten hares, nine snipe, four rabbits, three golden plover, and two roebucks, Sir A. — having killed another very fine one. I promised to prepare him one of the haunches *en marinade*, from the receipt of a French cook I once had, as the one we had the other day had not proved a very tempting dish. After luncheon, and half an hour's rest, feeling no inconvenience from my knee, I proposed trying the hill for grouse. We did not find so many birds there as on the beat we shot the first day; they were much wilder, also. We picked up fourteen brace and a few hares. On the rocky height above the moor we saw a couple of ravens mobbing a fine golden eagle; we watched their proceedings for a long time. Sir A. — was half inclined to try and get a shot at it, but he would not have succeeded, for before he could have got half way up the mountain the noble bird jumped from his perch, made half a dozen long hops on the ground with his wings extended, then mounted so far into the celestial world that we lost sight of him, even with our glasses, in the vast distance he placed between himself and the earth. We returned in the evening to the black game, and added seven more to the bag, by waiting for their flights to a corn-field. A little later in the season great sport is to be had driving them from one field to another, where a small corner of the corn is often left standing as food for these ravenous gentry, who early in the season, before the corn is quite ripe, and subsequently when cut and in the stook, make great havoc, often doing much serious damage to the small holders in the mountains, which necessarily has to be paid for by the renter of the moor. You shoot the birds on their passage, picking out of the packs, which often number fifty or sixty, those with the finest plumage, and splendid fellows they are when their fan-tails are well grown. I have heard many a good sportsman say, "I was born a hundred years too late; we know nothing about sport in comparison to that enjoyed by our forefathers." Now, in the first place, the late generation, who lived far south of the Tweed, only heard of Highland sports, few ever enjoyed them. Secondly, in my opinion, it is a great error to say that there was more sport in the shooting way than we have at present—and why? Now, all game is most strictly preserved, and every kind of vermin destroyed. In olden times, who troubled themselves about hawks, magpies, or grey crows? they were allowed to take their share of the good things of this world in peace and quietude; now, where a good staff of keepers is kept, you seldom see one of these marauders, except in the neighbourhood of the forests, where they are never destroyed, but, on the contrary, encouraged, that they may annihilate as many grouse, &c. as possible, as they are troublesome, and often spoil a stalk by putting the deer upon their guard against interlopers on their territory. I would I could say as much for salmon-fishing; the era of the kind and gentle Izaak, who used frogs tenderly that they might live the longer on the hook, was certainly the golden one for fishermen; now, what can be had except by a chosen few? Alas! alas! I fear, before many years are over our heads, that will be spoken of among the sports that were.

After dinner I kept my promise, and prepared the haunch of roe *en marinade*, which, after, of course, a jolly row with the cook, I left in its bath. It is thus done: Having first raised the thin under skin that remains after the first skin is taken off, have the haunch well *piqué* with

lard that has been but slightly salted, then place it in a long deep dish, and make the following sauce to soak it in: a quart of water, a large wine-glassful of salad oil, into which chop half a dozen middling-sized onions, a large carrot cut into thin slices, two bay-leaves chopped fine, a handful of parsley, not cut, a tea-spoonful of salt, ditto pepper, ditto finely-powdered allspice, which must be sprinkled all over the venison; add, the second day, two large wine-glasses of Madeira, turn the haunch three or four times a day, the oftener the better, and constantly pour the sauce over it. It should remain at least four days in the *marinade*. While roasting, baste with it. Make the following sauce to serve at table: eight shallots and three onions, chopped fine, a table-spoonful of flour, and half an ounce of butter; let this simmer gently over a hot hearth, then add half a pint of clear gravy, a tea-spoonful of salt, a little pepper, one wine-glass of Madeira and a tea-spoonful of white wine vinegar; let this boil very gently for an hour, constantly stirring it, then filter it through a hair sieve. Have currant-jelly in a separate boat for those who prefer it. Dress the haunch of a roe in this manner, and then if you don't like it, *don't eat it*.

30th.—Sunday I literally made a day of rest; visited the haunch once or twice to see if it was going on all right. Sir A. — called upon two of the tenants, and invited them to shoot the next day.

31st.—Our allies arrived at an early hour to breakfast; they were evidently not a little pleased at the prospect of a day's shooting. Sir A. — always asks them three or four times each season when he shoots the high mountains. They were two of as fine specimens of the human form divine as you will often see, each six feet high, with shoulders broad enough to bear any burden placed upon them; but in spite of their herculean form they had a step as light as Taglioni's, though perhaps not quite so graceful, and faced the stiffest hills as if they were walking over a Turkey carpet. Our sport to-day was of a very different kind to any that we had yet had. It was a regular battue against the mountain hares: by *mountain hares*, I mean those that always reside far above the haunts of man or beast. The only living creatures they ever see except themselves are occasional packs of ptarmigan. This is always a very hard day's work, and in this instance, in addition to the mountain where they were most numerous being at some distance—about five miles—it was also very steep and lofty, and a pretty stiff pull I found it, though I had ridden to the foot of it, giving up the shooting on the way, not wishing to run the risk of a relapse by overwork at first. When we had got three parts of the way up, the four shooters were placed in different positions, so that they could not fire into one another—a very necessary precaution, believe me. Each was provided with a second gun and a man to load for him. When we were duly fixed, a host of gillies beat the lower part of the mountain; all the hares immediately headed upwards. It is, to a person who has never been present at one of these battues, a very curious sight; the hares unite and come up in flocks ten and a dozen together, following each other through the passes between the rocks like small flocks of sheep. However, after having shot at them for half an hour, and the novelty of the scene is over, the sport, if sport it can be called, becomes most tame; so much so, that I soon gave it up and followed a pack of ptarmigan (certainly at the risk of my life, for the shot

was whizzing past me on all sides) which had flown past me, and out of which I had shot one, leaving Sandy, my loader, to amuse himself at the hares with my second gun. I marked the birds down twice without getting another shot, which is strange, as they generally lie like stones; but I suppose the great inroad upon their so seldom frequented residence had disturbed them more than usual. They led me a weary chase; but in following them, I fortunately came upon three other packs between my first station and the top of the mountain, which I had nearly reached. Out of them I bagged a brace at each rise; these I believe to have been all that frequented that locality. They had gone round to the north side of the hill, which was far too precipitous and dangerous ground for me to venture over, and I reluctantly gave them up. I stopped for a while to rest and look about me. It is impossible to imagine a finer view than that which was then before me. It commanded a panorama of some eighty or a hundred miles in circumference, and as the day was beautifully clear none of the grandeur of this glorious scene was hidden. It was well worth all the toil I had had to reach my exalted position. I would gladly have spent an hour there admiring the prospect, but dare not remain long. I was much heated by my exertions, and the air was very keen; had I continued any length of time there it would soon have chilled my poor old bones, and brought my Highland trip to a speedy close. I enjoyed this more than any day I had had, except my stalk up the glen, as the wildness of the scene was so grand, to say nothing of shooting a few ptarmigan, which is a feat at my time of life that is something to talk about, as they are not to be got without trouble; and many a good sportsman has never had the chance of firing a shot at one in his life, although he may have been a constant visitor to the Highlands. My peregrination to the top had also been of much service to the hare shooters, who kept up a constant running fire like a line of skirmishers, as I drove the hares down again that had got up above their stations. When we had sufficiently thinned the poor beasts we descended the mountain, lunched, then divided our forces to shoot our way home across the moor, Ronald going with me, and Andy with Sir A. —. My ally was not a tip-top shot at winged game, but he was a most jovial, pleasant fellow, and when he did tumble over an old cock grouse it seemed to give him marvellous satisfaction. When we all mustered at the lodge the game was laid out, and a goodly bag it was, upwards of a hundred and fifty hares, thirty-three grouse, fourteen black game, among which were a great many young hens, which the allies shot, being allowed to bang away as they pleased, and the seven ptarmigan which I, not a little proud of my performance, had killed to my own gun.

Ronald and Andy stayed to dinner. We had a haunch of the stag I shot near the glen, which was very fat and in splendid order. Certainly, after seeing our friends at their meal, there was no reason for surprise at their excellent condition; I never saw any pair of knives and forks play a prettier duet. They were both decidedly first-rate trenchermen, finishing their entertainment by smacking their lips over some dozen tumblers each at least of whisky-toddy, and that by no means weak. Alick and myself were more prudent, but far exceeded our usual quantum, and nothing but the fear of gout enabled me to count the candles when our friends departed.

Sept. 1st.—We had arranged the night before (at least if I remember right) to shoot round the head of the moss for partridge, of which we had seen several coveys on our second day's shooting, and finish with snipe, wild fowl, black game, &c. I was therefore surprised to be aroused at an early hour by Sir A. — coming into my room and telling me to turn out instanter. I had a confused idea that I was still enjoying the farintosh, and listening to the Gaelic chorus of some bacchanalian chant. I was, however, soon into my slippers and dressing-gown, when Alick informed me that the shepherd had just come up to tell him that there were a stag and two hinds near the march over the crag. I am ashamed to say, in how few minutes I was dressed and had bolted my breakfast.

"You can ride," said Sir A. —, "to within a short mile of the spot where the deer were seen. I will send a gillie with you to take the pony and show you the short cut to the black knoll, where whoever arrives first must have a good look-out for the deer. I shall take Campbell with me, and he can carry your rifle. From what the shepherd tells me, we shall have a fine view of our stalk from the knoll unless they shift their quarters before our arrival. The wind is fair for us, and I'll bet a sovereign we bring the hart home."

I was soon in the saddle and under way for the black knoll, which was not above a quarter of a mile distant, when the gillie told me to stop. Sir A. — and Campbell had just arrived, and had made out the deer, which was not a very difficult matter, as they were in the open about a mile off. The hart was lying down with one of the hinds, the other being evidently on the look-out for squalls.

"If it was na for the hinds 'twould be easy stalking the beast," said Campbell. "He's but a young one I'm thinking, for he has a small head, but he may be a bonnie beast for a' that. If you wud tak' my way of it, Sir A. —, I think you had better get round to the march and try and stalk him from the back of the rock, westward of the wee loch; ye ken weel the spot I mean, where you shot that muckle beast wi' the one horn, two years ago. When you have had your shot, Sandy and I will show ourselves to windward of the hinds, and wi' the wind in this sirt they will be sure to head down to the pass, where I think the captain had better stop, as it's a sore walk we'll all have."

"But in that case," said Sir A. —, "the captain, I hope, will have but a small chance of a shot at the stag, as I don't intend to miss him if I can get a fair shot, I can tell you. I would rather take to the pass myself, and let him have the stalk."

"Not a bit of it, my dear fellow," was my response. "I shall be quite content to see your performance, which I can perfectly from the place Campbell has pointed out for me to remain. Indeed, I would not on any account venture upon the journey you have to take. Mind you don't miss it; I should have a jolly laugh at you if I killed it after all. At any rate, mind you drive the hinds my way, and I will try and bring one of them down. Good luck to you. Be off at once; I can easily find my way to the pass."

We all started to our different destinations, Campbell and Sandy having about three miles to go. As the wind was foul for the quarter they were going to, they therefore had to make a great round. Sir

A. — had a stiff walk before him also. I merely played second fiddle, and was soon ensconced behind a big stone to leeward of the pass, where I could sit at my ease, in a position that commanded a view of the whole attack. The hart was still lying when I espied them from my new hiding-place, but the other hind had risen, and was looking rather suspiciously about her. I remained for three-quarters of an hour, at least, watching them, when suddenly away went the hinds at full speed, and up rose the stag. He bounded forward and fell. I then heard the report of Sir Alexander's rifle—one shot only. The hart was on his legs again in a second, following behind the hinds, which were heading straight to me at a tremendous burst. I cocked my rifle. In a couple of minutes they were within thirty yards of me, and the foremost paid her last debt of nature, the hindmost one jumping over her prostrate comrade, who had never moved a muscle. I reserved my second barrel for the wounded stag, which was evidently very hard hit; but I very nearly lost my chance, for at the sound of my shot he swerved from his course, and half his body was covered by a knoll before I could fire. I struck him, however, but not in the right place. On he went, with old Drake, who was now regularly entered as a staghound, at his heels. I joined the chase, but waited to load one barrel first, in case of accidents. I must have made a very bad fist of the running, for the rest of the party caught me up by the time I had gone a little more than a mile, they having started the moment Sir A. — had fired. We followed our chase by his track long after I had lost sight of him, which I did in three-quarters of a mile. At last the ground was so hard and dry we lost all trace of him. Campbell proposed making for the wood, suggesting that the stag would probably seek the shelter in preference to remaining in the open. While heading that way, old Drake made his appearance, coming from a contrary direction. He was covered with blood. I examined him; there was not a scratch about him, so we concluded he had brought the chase to bay, and probably pulled it down. It had not gone into the wood, that was clear. "Where is it, old man? Fetch him, Drake," said I. The poor old dog looked up with a face full of intelligence, and then ran barking in the direction of the craig, evidently asking us, in plain canine language, to follow him, which we immediately did.

"He'll have run into the larder if he's gane that way," said Sandy.

The old dog led us as straight as a line to the stag, which was lying quite dead just above the craig. Sir A. — had hit him in the shoulder, but too high up; my ball had entered his victualling department; the two shots finished him, though he had run more than two miles after he had received the last. He had evidently had a struggle with Drake, for the ground was much trampled, and soaked in blood. He was a fine beast, and in excellent condition; but his antlers were small. Sir A. — accounted to me for not having fired his second shot, thus: He ran a few yards for the purpose of getting a fair chance at the stag, when he tripped and fell over a small rock, risking the breaking of his rifle in the fall, but fortunately neither it nor the noble baronet suffered from the accident; but it was very near being the loss of the stag, for had it gone a yard farther when it turned from me, he would have been completely covered behind the pass. It was most fortunate our chase had taken the line it did, as he lay within a mile of the lodge, to which he

was soon transported. The hind we left to the tender mercies of the gillies. It was a grand chance for them. Sir A. — sent the rifles home, and, as it was quite early in the day, ordered up our dogs and guns. We finished our sport on a portion of the ground that was shot over on the first day. We found a good show of grouse, and stuck pretty closely to them, bagging twenty-eight brace and a half, several hares, a few snipe, and black game; indeed, with the two deer, had a splendid day's sport—on the whole, I think the best I ever remember having had in my life.

Sept. 2nd.—My trip was nearly brought to a close, for I received a letter in the morning summoning me home. I wished to start there and then, and should have done so but for two reasons; the first being, that, having some distance to send for a vehicle, I should be too late for the coach at —; the second, that I did not require much persuasion to stay, and have the day's partridge-shooting we were to have had yesterday. Having laid in a good supply of hashed venison, we drove down to the head of the moss, and had scarcely time to load our guns before the dogs found a covey of birds, out of which three were made to bite the dust from the four shots, I having missed with my first barrel. There were a great number of birds, but it was very difficult to drive them into the heather, as some of the oats in different patches was still standing. We continued to beat round the head of the moss, the arable ground being on a high table-land, surrounded on three sides by the heather. When we had beat one side, we crossed over by the stubble and tried the other, and always found some of the birds had drawn out of the corn in search of their missing comrades; and we thus by luncheon-time had twenty brace killed, and, apparently, the coveys were but little thinned, as we could not carry on the annihilating system of following our birds. After our repast, we beat that part of the moss which we had not gone over on our last visit. There were great numbers of snipe, but they did not lie very well, but not many ducks, as the pools are chiefly on the far-side of the moss. We, however, bagged nine and three teal, together with twenty-one snipe. In the evening we paid the black game and partridges another short visit, killing four-and-a-half brace more, and six young blackcock, which, with eight or ten hares, constituted our last day's sport together.

I never enjoyed myself more, or shot over as splendid ground as in this short visit. My accident, unfortunately, lost me a day or two. The next morning I found a haunch of venison and an enormous box of game ready to take with me; and with many thanks to Alick for his kind remembrance of an old friend, I bade adieu to those happy scenes; but I trust, ere many seasons are over, I may again have the chance of another such a "Fortnight's Sport in the Highlands."

LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

MADHOUSE REMINISCENCES.

MENTION has been made of my appointment as architect to the County Lunatic Asylum at Bodmin, Cornwall. My predecessor, Foulston, had erected the original building, which now forms, perhaps, the minor part of the present erections.

My impressions, on becoming acquainted with its unfortunate inmates, were less distressing than I had expected. Their comfort, and the gentle care attending them, suggest, at least, the sense of their being happy as they are capable of; and many are in a condition which some of the sane might almost envy. "I have pray'd," says Byron's *Manfred*, "for madness as a blessing!" and we might hesitate to choose between the poor maniac who fancies himself a king, and the sane wretch who knows himself to be worse than a beggar. The common notions of "madness" are exaggerated, and the term is scarcely applicable to the partial aberration—the mere monomania—which largely prevails. A visitor may hear the superintendent converse with many of the patients without discovering any very marked disorder of mind or occasion for distress. Cases of deep moral suffering, of sad aspect, and of appalling violence, no doubt appear within an asylum; but perhaps scarcely more than in the proportion to be seen without the walls, where moral delinquency, abject wretchedness, or savage brutality, leaves us to moderate our distinction between the relative pitiableness of the confinable without guilt or appreciable misery, and the guilty or sane wretched who are at large, uncontrolled in their sin, or unhoused and unheeded in their sorrow. The aspect of the female patients, it is true, from the greater alteration effected in their dress and personal appearance, is more deteriorated than that of the men; but otherwise the presentment within a lunatic asylum is more like that of a poor-house, and less resembling that of a madhouse, than may be supposed. Semblances, at least, of mild content, cheerfulness, and pleasing hilarity, are not unfrequent; while, for intellectual strength, wit,—ay, and wisdom (though displayed "in mangled forms"), I will back the Cornwall Asylum (as I knew it) against the whole staff of writers in *Punch*.

Here was one man who more than realised the essential qualities of Shakspeare's *Fools*. He had been a small farmer, shrewd, conscientious, and industrious; with, from his youth, an exaggerated estimate of sweating labour, as the decreed condition of the sons of the gardener Adam. His brain was turned by the vexations of a lawsuit; but, though "turned," it remained in substance vigorous as ever. He was short, powerfully thick set, with a countenance that Lavater might select as denoting the most acute wit and rich humour, imbued with a severe and contemptuous bitter, ever asserting superiority, and aiming at the humiliation of the person addressed. The features were good. "The slow, wise smile" would often perfect the expression of his lips;

And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles of his eyes?

He was advanced in age, the husband of a good-looking wife, and the

father of seven handsome children; but after coming to the asylum he took little or no interest in them, having, as he conceived, "enough to do where he was."

His delusion was a belief that the asylum was an imposition on the county; and that, whatever the motives of its supporters, it was practically no better than a refuge for indolence under the guise of madness. Existing, however, as it did, his duty was to control its expenditure and lessen its mischief, until he might succeed in its destruction. To these ends he daily laboured from earliest morning till bedtime, doing the work of others for his conscience and the county's sake. Regarding the building as the house of idleness, he looked scorn upon me as its architect—a hireling aider and abettor in the crying abomination—and he would latterly scarcely ever speak to me. A total want of amiability might have been imputed to him, but for his tender regard for helpless age and infancy, for those whom he really believed to be incapacitated by idiocy or illness, and for delicate women especially. A few of this "*Mad Tom's*" sayings will be welcome, promising that they must lose greatly by their translation from the Cornish dialect into a somewhat more common parlance, and that to be thoroughly enjoyed, they should be uttered with the verbal accuracy of my friend W. R. H.

"Well, Tom," said a young gentleman of ultra sage pretensions, and with patronising hauteur, "they say you are retained here as Fool to the establishment." Tom—"They say *you* do a good deal of business in that line on your own account."

It was an object to see what effect one of my comic songs would have upon the philosopher. I anticipated nothing but anger or silent contempt. The issue was otherwise. He laughed heartily, saying, "that little Winnock's a clever fellow enough—in *his way*; and, if he'd put away his infernal drawings and plans, he'd make an honest living at a fair as a mountebank-chap."

Hearing, as he passed, an allusion to Prince Albert, he ignored any such person as a contemptible fiction. "I've just been down to Bodmin fair," said he, "and went into one of the barricades, or playhouses as they call 'em; and there was a fellow, strutting about in 'clothen' boots and a cap and feathers, as called hisself *Prince Edward*; and I do believe the fools there thought as how it *was* Prince Edward. Well: a little time a'ter, I went into the Red Lion for a cup o' beer, and who should come in but *Prince Edward*. He had took'd off his cap and feathers; but I know'd him agin by his clothen boots—and a bigger blackguard for discourse I never seed! Prince Albert! What next?"

Going onwards into Cornwall inside the coach, I saw him as we stopped at the asylum gate, and addressed him civilly from the coach window. As he made no reply, the coachman called his attention to my greeting. Tom—"I don't want to have anything to say to such as he. I've a got plenty of his sort inside here"—(pointing backwards over his shoulder to the asylum).

On meeting him some days after in the asylum, he again refused to notice my salutation; and on my mentioning to him the usual courtesy of a "gentleman" in replying to such salutation, he said, "I've not seen a 'gentleman' here for some time."

Riding by him one morning on a little chesnut mare, of which I was

as proud as of my horsemanship, he said, "That horse ought to be shot." "Why?" said I. "For carrying a jackass," replied Tom.

Sitting on a wall, as the groom of an equestrian troop was conducting a number of piebald horses, he observed, "Those be pretty speckity hosses. O' coorse they never pays turnpike." "Indeed but they do," said the groom. "How so?" asked Tom. "I had two or dree such hosses, and *they* niver paid no turnpike." The man was soon induced to believe he had remained in shameful ignorance of a claimable privilege, and began to contemplate a heavy drawback from the turnpike trusts; when, pressing the question once more as to "how it was Tom's speckity hosses paid no toll?" the jester explained, "Why, I paid it for 'em;" the joke of course mainly lying in his enjoyment of the groom's growing hopes of restitution.

Tom fed the pigs. He did more; he killed them; and was accounted so good a butcher, that his services were occasionally sought by the neighbours. He had been the death of one of Farmer ——'s pigs; another having been at the same time slain by one of the farmer's own men. "Well, Tom," said the farmer, some time after, "I think my man's mode of killing must be better than yours, for his pig has made the best bacon." Tom—"You'll niver sit in Solomon's judgment-seat till we can kill the same same pig both ways."

His Scriptural knowledge was often manifested. Being more than ordinarily excited by the subject of the asylum and its "lazy" inmates, he exclaimed, "I'll have this place shut up, or I'll play the deuce with the turnpike trust. They doo'd these things easier in ancient times. They blow'd ram's-horns, and down comed the walls of Jericho. Curse 'em: if a blast of ram's-horns u'd do the bus'ness, I'd blow till I split!"

His favourite scheme involved the dismissal of all the able-bodied inmates to "cultivate the waste lands on Darty-moor" (Dartmoor). "I've a-offer'd the coachman," said he, "a pound for every man as he'll carry there; and them as won't go shall be sent to Navy-harbour, down to Devonport, to relave the convicts. I'll sign an appearance against them aboard of the *Royal Sov'reign*, and make ev'ry one on 'em a slave to one of the crew. If they won't work *then*, I'll take 'em out to Breakwater, souse 'em in the salt sea-ocean, and wash all the stupid nonsense out on 'em; or, eithermore, I'll send 'em over to America and swop 'em for balk!"

On the asserted *insanity* of the patients, his arguments were unanswerable. "In *sane*, you say. *I* say, in *sin*. You say they can't work, by reason they don't know what they be about. Did you ever see one on 'em as didn't know precious well what he was about when he had a fork in his hand, with a bit of meat at the end o't? Did you ever see him put it into his eye instead of into the mouth of him? Did you ever see him cut his thumb instead of his pork? If he don't know what he's a doing, why do you punish him for blaspheming on a Sunday? Pretty punishment too; to put the poor fool in an auld clock case, and pull the pendlemun, and call it a showery bath!" (One of the remedies for patients over-excited is a cold bath.)

His notions on prison punishments were alike philosophic. The asylum grounds command a view of the county gaol. "I've a been looking down to gaol," said he, "and I seed five chimbleys smoking. For what?"

Honest labourer's fare won't do for *they*, so they takes to picking pockets; and the worst that comes o't is the shifting of their own beastly rags for a warm woollen jacket, with five fires to make 'em comfortable! And what's their punishment? Why, they put 'em to what they call the treadmill! Did you ever hear such nonsense! Why don't 'e put 'em to run up and down the steps of the church tower? What's the good of leaving 'em to go on a standing still up a parcel of steps as comes down to meet 'em?"

Tom, though originally a Methodist, became, after his admission into the asylum, the most uncompromising enemy of Methodism. Hearing that a young scapegrace of the town, in whose defence he had often spoken, was at length consigned to prison on the double charge of having stolen some wheat and purloined the shirt of a Methodist minister, he delivered judgment as follows: "If h' hath stolen the *corn*, he deserves to be punished; but, in regard to the Methody parson's shirt, he *ought* to have took'd the ——'s skin; for the Methody parson has been, for twenty years or more, a trying to take the church minister's *surples* from him. However, the church minister get'h hould of the Methody at last, and tucks him under the airth; and a good job when he *is* there."

This last anecdote reminds me of the reply made by a Cornish episcopal clergyman (*not* in the asylum) to a Methodist, who had falsely reported the "resolution" of the former "not to bury any of his sect." "So far," said the reverend churchman, "from having any reluctance to bury a Methodist, I should be only too happy to bury you all."

A poor Fellow of one of the Universities, who had lost his wits in winning honours, upbraided Tom for his ignorance of Latin and Greek. "Get out," said Tom; "I know a good deal more, *now*, than I can make use of. What's the good of Greek and Latin to me?"

Having one day attended the sale of a bankrupt's stock, he was asked what he had observed. "Why, I observed that they as had least money bid highest."

Enough, I trust, has been shown to justify Tom's high repute as a wit. He never met with his match but once. A vehicle arrived with a new patient—a young sailor. "Here," exclaimed the disgusted supervisor, "is another of these lazy blackguards. I'll not stand it;" and, as poor Jack jumped down from the cart, the former angrily inquired, "Where do ye come from?" Jack—"Where do I come from? From Seven Dials." Tom—"Seven Dials? I never heer'd on such a place, nor don't believe in it; but I have a seen you somewhere." Jack—"Well, I dare say ye have; I've often been there." Tom—"Who are your friends and relations?" Jack—"Who are my friends and relations? D'ye know Alderman Thompson?" Tom—"No." Jack—"D'ye know the Lord Mayor of London?" Tom—"No." Jack—"D'ye know the First Lord of the Admiralty?" Tom—"No." Jack—"Then you don't know any of my friends and relations." Tom was posed, but not defeated. Failing to run the enemy down, he adroitly put about on the tack of friendly patronage, and took Jack in tow, saying, "He's a sharp chap enough: too good for this place: shan't stay here: I'll get him a ship." Tom's pride was indeed unassailable. One of the visiting magistrates presented him with a half sovereign. He took it, without a notion of thanks, as if receiving what was due, through him, to others; and, look-

ing away from the donor, he put the gold carelessly into his waistcoat-pocket, saying, "There's a good many as is in want of this sort of thing."

Our sailor-patient was the very reverse of the other in all but his wit and ready reply. He was amiable and refined in feeling, and, at the time I saw him, manifested little insanity beyond an occasional extravagance of harmless excitement, and an inability to see the *madness* which occasioned the unreasonable conduct or converse of his fellow inmates. He took interest in a poor man whose never-ceasing utterances were wholly incoherent. "I say, old fellow," said he, taking the other kindly by the arm, "what are you talking about?" The latter only continued expressing his fragmental detachments of thought: "The Marchioness of Douro's—copper tea-kettle—with forty thousand tons of oil—in Pendarves's Bank—and the Duke of Wellington's—receipt for mixed pickles—with the old consols—all blue, red, and yellow——" Here Jack interrupted him, saying, "Well, what's the odds about the colour?" "Live for ever," continued the other. "No you can't," said Jack. "Make shoes," said the former. "Ay, *that* you *may*," responded Jack; who, however, soon gave up his attempt at conversation, saying he could "make nothing of such nonsense." Though patiently submissive, he was occasionally irked by his confinement, and would ask, "Why am I kept here? Am I waiting for a wind?" He did not, however, wait very long; and, having been discharged as cured, continued to enjoy the perfect restoration of his reason.

Another patient was a man of scientific acquirement, a fair musician, with good and courteous manners, and of such general conversational propriety that his malady only showed itself in religious argument, when he would profess an understanding of the Bible not *strictly* accordant with generally received interpretation. He delighted in etymological speculations, or in the mystic signification of words. For a taste: "You observe," he would say, "GOD and DOG are, in moral essence, one; the mere literal inversion giving a distinction without a difference; for (mark me), as it is said, 'God is love'—so also Dog is love—the beneficent Creator and the most affectionate of created animals being thus mysteriously associated." "Again," he would continue, "observe the significant connexion between the cradle of the divine birth and the festive enjoyment of Christmas; the word '*manger*,' as a noun substantive, denoting the one; and the same word, as a verb active, referring to the other." "Mark, too," said he, "the seeming accidental—but, as I conceive, the divinely intended—significance of a certain name. The fulfilment of prophecy is *coming*;—for, who says so?—Even Dr. *Cumming* himself!"

Among the patients, also, was a young man exhibiting extraordinary talent as a modeller of the human bust, and who talked upon the essential qualities of Art, and on the evidence of Art-genius, with a truth, only deteriorated by a wild or random mode of expression, and by the inordinate self-conceit of the speaker. What he really *did* with his modelling tools, and the prospective excellence indicated, were persuasive testimonies to the radical worth of his reasonings; and had he spoken of another artist as he talked of himself, or had the opinions of others on his own merits been, with some correction, expressed as he pronounced them, there would have been no madness to be remarked upon. "*I am*," he

would say, "an uncommon man. I have that, by gift of God, which no teaching of man could give me. Many, who have been learning all their lives, have even less *common* knowledge than I have, because, with the native power which I possess to do what cannot be taught, I have of course a much greater ability to learn what may be imparted to common men. I acquire in a few months what it takes them years to obtain: and, after all, they must want what I had before I began to learn: so that it would be ridiculous to compare such men with me. I am an uncommon man." It must be understood that this would be expressed much more illiterately than here given, and with rambling mystification; but still it would be signified with sufficient clearness to an attentive listener; and it is true enough, not more as applying to genius, than to the individual who uttered it. None but a madman, however, would so talk of himself; and I might allude to a certain popular writer upon art, whose arrogance is scarcely less than what has been here adduced, though not, perhaps, warranted by the same excuse.

Another patient of lowly condition exhibited no remarkable eccentricity in his replies to common observations; but, if touched by reference to his wife and St. Paul, he became wildly communicative, the excitement of "revivalist" Methodism having been the cause of his mania. "I niver," he would loudly exclaim at the highest pitch of his voice—"I niver thought of marriage till the veesion of a little 'oman appeared to me in the clouds, in a gown-piece of a colour—like snuff. A pretty little thing she was, to look at; but she wouldn't work; and I do believe she must a been a rank Roman Catholic. Well, I married her; and there was a little sperit playing in the air—like a fife with a pair of wings, it was; and then come the 'postle Paul; and a said I was to lave wife and cheldern and follow *him*; and a pretty dance a led me—all the way from Gwennap—up by the Indian Queens—and down to the gaol yonder; and then they brought me here. There *may* be something in it, too; but I do *think* 'twas a most ridic'ous swindle." The truth was, the poor fellow, before his insanity was discovered, was imprisoned for deserting his family; and it was some time ere the knowledge of his malady transferred him to the Lunatic Asylum.

Apropos to the matter of family desertion, I may, parenthetically, insert the following:—On my inspecting a county prison, to inform myself in respect to a design for such a building, I was attended by two of the turnkeys and one of the prisoners. At length, the outer door, opening into the public road, was unlocked, and we all went out. The turnkeys were shortly required inside, leaving the prisoner and myself, with the fields and lanes free to liberty's availment. I followed the turnkeys, leaving the prisoner—at large. After a few minutes, we came out again; and certainly I expected to find the quondam prisoner a prisoner no longer—in other words, to find him *not*. But there he was, true to his trust, patiently awaiting the return of his gaolers. "Pray," said I, *sotto voce*, "why is this man imprisoned?" "Oh, for running away from his wife and children," was the all-sufficient reply.

There were two Fellows of the University here: one, a constant reader of the newspapers and a most rational politician. He was under the impression that a certain electric overcharge was constantly accumulating in his body, only to be relieved by touching the person of another; and

he would take a sly opportunity of bringing the knuckles of his hand in momentary contact with your cheek, just as the brass knob of the discharging rod might be brought to restore the equilibrium between the interior of a charged Leyden jar and the negative objects without. The other was one of the few instances I have seen of the madman as my inexperienced imagination had conceived him generally to be:—i. e. there was a grandeur in his aspect and manner; a fearful strangeness of concentrated but misdirected energy! On one occasion, when unusually excited, the medical attendant suggested to him that he should take a bath; and as he was fond of oranges, a fine one was offered him by the superintendent, to be given on his coming out of the bath. He saw the intention to subdue him by the water-cure, and defiantly challenged it, saying, "Come along." The douche bath was applied, as he sat naked, upon the chair in the sunken enclosure. The shock is so great, that the patient, if not restrained, would usually start from the chair; but he sat like a marble statue. In a few seconds the stream was stopped. He turned his head to the operator, exclaiming with loud violence, "Well, won't you give me any more?" The water was directed upon him again. He sat as before. Enough had now been done, and he ascended composedly from the bath, and dressed himself. "How do you feel, now, sir?" said I. "Precisely, sir," answered he, "as I felt before I went into that bath, and just as I shall feel to all eternity! Now, Mr. Superintendent, give me my orange." He soon, however, became composed, and shortly retired to sleep.

Another instance, in which the fearful *picturesque* of madness singularly showed itself, was in the case of a patient who was heard furiously raving in his cell. An unprepared stranger would no more have ventured within his reach than within that of an angry tiger. When the door was opened, I found him, by his own act, naked in his crib, and the aspect which he presented for the moment was terrifying. He was, however, almost instantly silent; and, after a fixed stare of a few seconds, his countenance beamed with a smile of mild satisfaction. He extended his arm. I took his hand. "How *are* you, Devonport?" he exclaimed; and relaxed into a quiet which seemed to show that his foregone violence was not so much that of angry fluror as of boisterous animal spirits. Another patient put his head through the door, and, with the most comic expression of patronising interest, inquired, "How *is* the poor man?" "He seems much better," I answered. "Oh, better, is he? Ah! he's a little queer in the head," said the inquirer, touching his own forehead—"a little queer—*here*—you understand me." Much more alarming was the aspect of another, who walked about alone in one of the inner courts, having his right hand tied with a cord to the button-hole of his pocket. He had been proved, even to his own apprehension, "dangerous," and the act of precautionary restraint was—his own!

"How does your majesty?" I inquired of a poor fellow, who had never known in his rational days the dignity and happiness he now enjoyed. "How should I be, but well?" said he. "I have here everything which can contribute to my comfort and gratify my mind; the most loyal attentions of my people about me, and the most friendly assurances from foreign powers." By another I was engaged as his architect, with a *carte blanche* to lay out at my discretion, and a greater expression of

satisfaction at my performances than I ever received from any man in his senses.

Among the women was one whose rhyming propensities were an amusing peculiarity. Give her a line from any poet, and she would instantly complete the couplet with a line of her own. I tried her with

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;

to which she immediately appended,

The Brixham ladies all went out to *tay* (tea).

Another, fantastically adorned in coloured paper, old ribbon, and artificial flowers, would coquet with me most prudentially. "Come," said I, offering my arm, "together let us range the fields." "Go along with you," she replied, pushing me off with a look in which satisfaction and prudery were equally mingled; "it's not proper." Several women were there, from the sad operation of disappointed love; but more from religious causes. The most happy of them seemed to be an old woman, whose content and mild tenderness were shown in ever nursing a lapful of cats or kittens. The most melancholy case was that of a poor creature who fancied herself dead, and too wicked to be buried! She was, of course, the victim of religious despair, and was constantly crying to the nurses to give her sepulture. But these very sad cases were, happily, very rare.

It was interesting to see the more manageable male patients (forming, indeed, the greater number) dining together in the common hall. The ready and reverential way in which they all stood up during grace, was a comforting proof to their unimpaired sense of sacred duty. The grace was generally said by one of themselves. On one occasion, our old friend the sailor stooped over his plate while a prosy Methodist patient proceeded to "ask the blessing;" but, as the latter extended his grace into a somewhat rambling discourse, the other stopped him with—"I say, old fellow, none of your long yarns. Hadn't ye better sit down to your grub? Or, if you're not ready for dinner, couldn't ye as well ask for a newspaper?" On another occasion, a young carpenter took on himself the ministerial duty, and delivered as proper a grace as need be; but when, after dinner, he had just begun to give thanks, another patient, opposite to him, who seemed offended at his presumption, exclaimed, "Who are you?" "Who am I?" replied the other, instantly changing into the maniac, "I'm the cow with a crumple horn, that tossed the cat that was all forlorn, that married the maiden, that killed the rat, that worried the dog, that— Hang it, who are *you*?"

Pleasing was it to observe the number who at times assembled to enjoy the music afforded them by a band of amateurs (two or three of the more able performers being patients), or to witness their innocent participation in mirth, when the keepers led out some of the female, and the nurses joined the male patients, in the evolutions of the dance. There was not only a propriety, but a respectful placidity in their general bearing, which seemed to show that they appreciated the kindness of the intent, not less than the pleasure of the entertainment; and the crowning mark of the wholesome influence of the indulgence upon their hearts and minds appeared in the mild and contented obedience with which, on the signal for departure, they made their thankful acknowledgments, and went orderly off to their sleeping rooms.

SEVEN YEARS OF AN INDIAN OFFICER'S LIFE.

V.

AFTER ravaging the country, the Pindarees fled to the hills on our approach, and the government did not think it advisable to follow them at that time; consequently we returned to Baroda, having had nothing but the pleasant excitement of a march, yet embittered in the end by meeting with no hard knocks.

At this time the government determined on some recognition of a religion as existing among the English. It was the general opinion of the natives that we had none. Some of the better informed, however, fancied we were members of the Greek Church, having never heard of such a thing as Protestantism or Christianity unaccompanied by idolatry. To have heard the comments of officers and others on this point, one would have fancied that a religious establishment was a magazine stored with powder and shot, and that the clergy had license to use them on their neighbours at discretion. Some officers, at the beginning of a discussion on the matter, would declare, with the most deep-chested oaths, that they hated all the canting black-coated hypocrites, and never could bear them, giving, as a rational cause of their dislike, some imaginary story of clerical profligacy, which was received with loud shouts of applause by the bystanders. As the bottle circulated round the mess-table a few more times, a greater diversity of reasons for the condemnation of the appointment of a bishop and chaplains appeared. A major, who was previously only distinguished for his sceptical opinions, was afflicted by a sudden access of piety. Laying his hand on his heart, he solemnly declared that *he* could not lend his sword to persecution, or even force the poorest Hindoo into a profession of anything against his conscience. "No," he said, whilst his red nose grew redder, and tears stood in his eyes, "his *conscience*, and the duty laid on us all towards our neighbour, constrained him, even though the Company cashiered him for refusing, to become a persecutor!" And with a deep sigh and shake of the head he tossed off a tumbler of dry rum, which so changed the tone of his mind, that, smashing his glass on the table, he swore that he hated parsons, who never would let a fellow enjoy himself, and wished they were every one of them hung. "By Jove!" he added, "I shouldn't care about helping in the job."

This last sentiment met with more approbation than his first, as some were afraid that "that jolly dog" the major was going to *do the pious dodge*, when, in fact, he was only drunk to the moral stage, and those of his own stamp received it with a cheer, and drank a bumper to the long life of "jolly dogs," and the confusion of parsons! These men, in truth, had an idea that the recognition of religion by the Honourable Company would be a check on their profligacy. But not daring to avow such a motive, they tried to persuade themselves that the Hindoos were to be baptised at the sword's point, and also to convince the home authorities and public that the appointment of religious instructors for the British soldiers would infallibly cause a rebellion.

For my own part, I was glad to hear of efforts being made to spread Christianity among the natives. But neither I, nor those of my opinion, expected so much difficulty in this work from the Hindoos as from the

Europeans ; not so much in active opposition as in the bad example they set. In fact, I soon found that the much-boasted superiority of European morality was utterly false. If there is a difference in Asia it is much to our disadvantage. I know this is the most unpopular thing I could write, but surely a *little* truth may, now and then, be allowed to pass that gilded screen of lies with which Europeans, and especially the English public, have been surrounded on this point by their flatterers. I have even heard the greater criminality of European populations advanced as a proof of their superior intellect ! But all such reasonings are false. I grant that men of superior talents have, sometimes, been atrocious scoundrels, yet this does not hold as a general rule, and it is happy for mankind that such is not the case.

The existence of castes in India has always by Europeans been regarded as an unmitigated evil ; but that it contains a greater amount of good the long existence of the system proves. For in all nations and ages, when the people of a country have felt an institution to be, for the greater part, detrimental to them, they have rejected it, notwithstanding all the ties that religion or policy could impose for its preservation. The rejection by the ancient Jews of their republican constitution for a monarchical one, and the reformation in Europe, with the expulsion of the Stuarts from the English throne, are cases to the point. It is true that castes seemingly offer great obstacles to the advance of Christianity, but I am of opinion that a man of great original missionary genius would find means to make them most effectual allies to that end. Providence, in a fit time, will send such a man, as surely as Warren Hastings and Clive were sent when needed for the foundation of our Indian Empire. As I am fully convinced that there is no act, from the fall of Adam until now, but has been tending, in the decrees of God, to the re-establishment of the primitive state, therefore I cannot but think that so astonishing an institution as the Hindoo castes must have a connexion with it. The picture I have given of the ordinary manners of the European officers of that day will astonish many. But it is only too true. At the time cadets come out the principles are unfixed, and as then they had no stated times of public worship, and no one to warn them against following their instinctive passions, they usually rushed headlong to destruction. Indeed, I had been two years in the province before I saw a clergyman or any form of worship. Even when a youth of better principles than ordinary came out, he was too soon led aside by the bad example and advice of bolder adventurers. He would swerve a little, at first, from the path of rectitude, but the sting of conscience recalled his failing spirit. Resolves were made to offend no more, but the mockery of his tutors and the dread of singularity caused him to plunge into the whirlpool with full fury, to drown the cries of conscience in its roar. This was soon followed by the profession of infidelity as a resort from remorse. I have often watched this course, and tried to save the unfortunate, but seldom with success. We do not see the great influence which the forms of religion have in guarding virtue till we feel their loss. They may be compared to the drill of an army : without it each man may be individually as brave, but he is almost certain to suffer defeat. However, with all the advantages of the modern Anglo-Indian, can he truly boast of a better moral state ? Let those who know speak.

On the 1st of April in the following year we marched from Baroda for

Suroor, distant four hundred and twenty miles S.E. All were glad to change once more the weariness of barrack life—only now and then varied by an invitation to a feast at the house of a wealthy native—for the pleasures of a march. What female society we saw seemed to have lost every attribute of the feminine character which makes it attractive at home on the voyage out. My candid opinion is, that they ought to have been consigned not to the Bombay Presidency but to Botany Bay, as only in some such place could they have met with fit companions. In this respect, at least, British India can boast a great improvement. But, as I said, we were glad to leave Baroda; but, alas! we were not sent against the Ghoorkas as we had hoped, but only moved in order to do the duty of some troops who were ordered there. Colonel Holmes, who commanded, was a thorough John Bull: nothing in common society, where he could not show his good parts, and was cut out by the impudence of a shallow poltroon, whose tongue was as glib as his heels would have been light at the sound of a cannon-ball; but on the field of battle he was a hero, and by his moderation in victory, together with the restraint he laid on his men, displayed those qualities which have made the English more distinguished for conquest than winning splendid battles—a national quality of them—for in the conquest of these islands they possessed no leader who has delivered so wide-spread a fame to posterity as King Arthur, yet in his reign the Saxons possessed themselves of the greatest part of the island. We have another instance in Napoleon's wars.

It would not interest the reader if I were to detail the ordinary incidents of a march, sickness in some from fatigue, and in all the rest the highest life and spirits. We had a few skirmishes with bands of Pindarees, and much useless chasing of those most fugacious freebooters, who no sooner alighted on a place than it was ravaged, and before we could reach the spot they had retired to their fastnesses, or were plundering at fifty miles' distance. This was the yearly custom of those hordes, such as inhabited the Tweed and Tyne in our own country some centuries ago. But their doings had, to the sight, none of that romance which Scott has thrown around the Moss-troopers. The tracks of the Pindarees, as of the Moss-troopers, in reality were marked by violated women and children, ruined houses, wasted fields, infants weeping for their murdered parents, and wives lamenting their dead husbands and children, who had either perished, or taken their own lives, to escape the brutal lust of these marauders.

VI.

I NOW began to experience the effect of my previous temperance and study; my commanding officer recommended me to notice, and Sir Evan Nepean, unsolicited, announced his intention of looking after my interests. He accompanied this by giving me the command of a company. I was thus enabled to begin and save somewhat for a return to my beloved Cambria.

At the time of which I am now writing, the war with the Peishwa broke out, which had been foreseen ever since the conspiracy to assassinate the Europeans of Bombay, which occurred soon after my arrival, and we were called into a service spiced with a little more danger, and consequent pleasure, for a soldier, than lounging in a fortress, or running off one's legs in search of Pindarees, who were no sooner seen than out of

sight, galloping on horses whose speed rivalled that of a hawk. I shall not attempt to write a history of this war, or describe the many dashing affairs which characterised it, but only to touch on a few of the scenes in which I was personally engaged. However, it may not be out of place to give an outline of the career of Trimbookjee Dainglia, who was then prime minister of Poonah, whose story has all the strangeness of one of the "Arabian Nights." He was by original profession a spy, but by skilful flattery and ministering to the vices of the Peishwa, he rose to the Wuzerat, and directed the government with all the vigour of genius and unprincipled conduct of an adventurer. His ambition was to restore the Mahratta Empire, and drive the English from Hindostan. He formed alliances with all the native princes of Central India, replenished the treasury by every means in his power, and had the troops instructed by European officers; besides hiring a large body of Arab mercenaries, the breath of whose nostrils—to speak in Eastern phrase—is war. He had intended to begin hostilities with us during the Ghoorka war, but was for the moment checked by the skilful disposition of troops made by Lord Hastings in the territories around. However, Trimbookjee became so dangerous, that, in 1815, Mr. Elphinstone demanded he should be given up to the British. After some delay and the exhaustion of every subterfuge, the Peishwa consented to surrender him, and he was confined in the fort of Tauna, in Salsette. But here the most romantic part of this extraordinary man's career began. It was known that the Peishwa would use every means that bribery and cunning could supply to obtain his release, that his design, inspired into him by Trimbookjee, of uniting the Mahrattas under his rule and expelling the English from India might be carried out by the only man whom the fear of his enemies pointed out as being fit to execute it. Consequently, the fort was garrisoned with Europeans entirely, and the dreaded intriguer was escorted and watched at his door by Englishmen; he never moved without their presence. But it was forgotten to exclude native servants, who were far more likely to assist his escape than the disciplined Sepoys would have been. In the first days of his captivity, a Mahratta offered his services as groom. He had been a freebooter, but strongly desiring the honour of his nation, and devoting himself to the man who seemed capable of restoring it, he became the means of communication between Trimbookjee and the agents of the Peishwa. The first, after the manner of the minstrel Blondel when seeking *Cœur de Lion*, announced his presence and object by singing, when cleaning the imprisoned statesman's horse under his window, a Mahratta ballad, unintelligible to the English guard, but not to themselves. At low water, the strait which separates Salsette from the mainland is fordable. Choosing a dark night, Trimbookjee escaped from the fort, and, with his groom, crossed the ford, then fled to the hills about Nassack and Singummere, where, by the gathering to him of the wild tribes, he was soon in a state to repel by arms any further attempt on his liberty. Mr. Elphinstone's demand to the Peishwa to seize and again deliver up the fugitive was of course useless. He therefore applied to Calcutta for instructions, and in the mean time the English troops were called to collect around Poonah, and began to fight and disperse the new levies of the Peishwa's army. The weak-minded prince, struck with dread, then proclaimed his great countryman an outlaw. The principal members of his family were arrested, and a price was set on his

head. But this did not satisfy the fears we entertained of Trimbookjee. A treaty was extorted from the Peishwa, by which he delivered to us the strongest fortresses of his territories as a security against his late minister, who still lived in the hills in perfect security, but only like an eagle watching the opportunity to swoop down on his prey. The Peishwa did not disguise the rage he felt at this treaty, and immediately after ratifying it left Poonah. He was closely watched, and on the commencement of the Pindaree war it was seen that he, in fact, was its head, and ere long would openly join it. In September of 1817, he returned to the capital, and made ready for the blow he had some time been meditating. He so deceived Sir John Malcolm who paid him a visit, that General Smith's division was moved from near Poonah, the forts given as pledge to us were restored, and the prince was even encouraged to continue his recruiting. Gokla, who was an advocate for the restoration of the Mahrattas, and of the policy of Trimbookjee, was Wuzeer. He immediately collected a large force round Poonah; the officers of the Concan and the other ceded districts were ordered to occupy their old posts, and then a command was given to concentrate a corps of horse and foot between the Kistna and Toombuddra to invade the territories of the Company.

Mr. Elphinstone now prepared to face the storm. He fled from the Residency to the English camp at Kirkee, and war was openly begun. On the 5th of November, 1817, on approaching the camp and ascending an eminence, he beheld the plain beyond covered with innumerable clouds of horse, in all the picturesque costumes of Indian Irregulars; and streams were pouring in from all quarters to reinforce them. There was a dead calm, such as is common to an India day, and nothing was heard but the neighing and trampling of horse and the rattle of artillery. As the tide of horsemen advanced, the peasants flew in terror from their labours, bullocks broke from their yokes and flew bellowing over the land, whilst the wild deer bounded off, then turned to see the cause of their terror, and flew in wilder confusion to the horizon. The hedges were swept down before the advancing cavalry, and the ripe corn fell as if before a hurricane. Nothing is able to give a more sublime idea of military power; and we can hardly wonder, after having seen such, that a despot, who has been accustomed to view such collections of living power as his slaves, should sometimes go a step farther, and imagine himself a god.

The light troops of the English were thrown out to meet the advance of Colonel Ford's Irregulars, and came in contact with some of the Mahrattas, who were highly surprised at it. The Mahrattas, under the command of Gokla, then advanced, and we were enveloped, in five minutes, on every side. We poured a deadly fire into the charging horse, who galloped madly about the flanks, but did not dare to ride home to our men, who stood as firm as rocks. An attack of the Regulars, led by a Portuguese mercenary, Da Pinto, was repulsed by the 7th Native Infantry, under Colonel Burr, who drove the enemy headlong into a deep bog. A well-directed fire of musketry followed them, and horses and men rolled to the ground in wild confusion. The Mahrattas recoiled, and Gokla drew off to his original position.

We were only two thousand eight hundred, whilst against us were eighteen thousand horse and eight thousand foot. Thus began a war which only ended with the extinction of the Mahratta power, and the subjugation of Central India to British rule.

F. F.

FRENCH ALMANACKS FOR 1858.

THE actual amount of incidents upon which our versatile and witty neighbours have had to comment this year has been very small indeed. The Peregrinations of the Emperor Napoleon III., the Visit to Osborne, the Military Displays at Châlons, the kingly and imperial greetings in Central Europe, come not within the province of the French Almanacks, which are, more than ever, restricted to harmless badinage. The presence of an American spirit-rapper, a Mr. Hume, has been a godsend in this respect, and many are the good things told at his expense. A new medium has, however, it is added, arrived to take the shine out of Mr. Hume. This is no less a personage than the celebrated Bilboquet, who has just returned from the United States, after serving two years as merman to the renowned Barnum. The non-arrival of the expected comet has also been a fertile theme for playful satire. There is, however, no ill wind that does not blow somebody good, and thus a proprietor of vineyards, who has not seen any wine these ten years, now passes his time in contemplating barrels full to the brim! He has been christened the Narcissus of the vineyard. Peace Societies, and Societies for the Protection of Animals, are laughed at in Paris as well as in London. A member of the former was, we are told, sent on a mission to convert crocodiles, and these scaly incorruptibles exhibited their true nature by devouring the advocate of peace. A member of the second confraternity visited Paris with a view to putting an end to the disgraceful traffic in maybugs. He made a splendid discourse to those who dealt in coleopterous insects upon the cruelty of their conduct. They consented to forego business upon the receipt of an indemnification. A subscription was in consequence opened in Paris by the Society, in order to pay this indemnity. A celebrated vocal artist, who has now been fifty years in retirement, gave a concert in the cause; this concert comprised a Proverb, enacted by the select of the Théâtre Saint-Marcel, a recital of *Théramène* (a fertile subject for satire, the poem being particularly recommended to mothers of fractious children, in order to lull them to sleep); and a fable by Viennet, entitled "The Philanthropist and the Maybug." Unfortunately the member of the Society for the Protection of Animals was, after all his successes, most ungratefully devoured on his way back by the maybugs of the Pas-de-Calais. The Clarence hat has, it appears, been worn out, and succeeded by the old Gibus, once again revived. Societies have been constituted for the revival also of wooden shoes, and the manufacture of sweetmeats from American nuts; but neither have met with brilliant success. The use of horseflesh as an aliment progresses but slowly. A certain professor has, however, it is reported, turned off his cook for persevering in bringing up legs of mutton. A trial excited a prodigious sensation, being for a crime almost unknown in France—criminal conversation. It is well known how common such a dereliction to good manners is in England, in Italy, in Spain, in Germany, and even in Turkey. Luckily it is extremely rare—almost unknown—in France! The introduction of bridges for foot-passengers across the streets is attributed to a Madame Mitoufflet, who was one day splashed with

mud on attempting to cross the Boulevard. Madame Mitoufflet immediately placed herself at the head of an insurrection of women against macadamisation, that being the accepted mode of proceeding in case of a grievance in Paris, and it must be acknowledged that it is a more lively and picturesque mode of proceeding than a letter to the *Times*. The municipal council, blockaded by the rebels in the Hôtel de Ville, was reduced to capitulation, and to consent to the erection of "passerelles," as they are called. A statue in honour of Madame Mitoufflet was inaugurated the same day that the first passerelle was raised, at the entrance of the Boulevard Montmartre. English civil engineers, we are also told, have arrived in Paris to study the art of raising passerelles, with a view to their introduction into this country. The Academy of Moral Sciences has also proposed, as subject for annual competition, an essay on their influence upon manners. A much-to-be regretted rupture has taken place between the president of the Society opposed to the celebration of the New-Year and his friend Cabassol, who perseveres in keeping up the system of New-Year's gifts. The Society, however, gains in strength; the great financier Gobsek has added his name to the list of members, and Lord Brougham has sent in his adhesion from Cannes. Sealed bonbons, en papillote, have been revived; a young and fantastic poet has been engaged by the firm Bossier, as writer of devices, at 6000 fr. a year. At a dinner given in one of the most fashionable hotels of the Chaussée d'Antin, one of the guests sang couplets at the dessert, and the innovation was received with marked success. The progress of pisciculture has introduced a new science—Piscithérapie, or the treatment of fish disease. A class has been formed to learn the new science at the Institute. A man of letters, who recently made an excursion to California, was surprised at meeting an old friend and quondam man of letters, accoutred as a wild Indian, and wearing rings in his nose. He recognised the savage whilst inquiring his way, and after exchanging mutual embraces they related their adventures. The one had become a commissioner to a dealer in champagne, the other had become the chief of an Indian tribe, after being their prisoner. The bagman's name was Gandissart, the Indian called himself Chin-ka-khi-ga-non, or "Rain that Marches." The Moving Rain-cloud endeavoured to persuade his friend to turn savage; the latter, however, resisted the temptation of having his nostrils pierced, and returned to the capital. It was from him that has arisen the prejudice now generally current, that all savages trace their origin from the Rue Saint-Denis. Witness an absurd story of the mission of Miss Ophelia Macsupp to civilise Eastern pashas in respect to their harems, and who, after untold exertions, found that she had been wasting her energies and her eloquence upon one Oscar Coqunard, formerly a sub in the Zouaves, and now a bearded Turk and a luxurious Mohammedan in respect to Miss Macsupp's reforming labours. Such, indeed, is the origin of no small number of beys and pashas in modern times, if it is not the same with respect to wild Indians. The latter have, however, nothing to envy, so long as they have Mormon states in juxtaposition to them.

Regattas have been transferred from the Thames to the Seine at Asnières. The consequence has been, as might have been anticipated, "triumph of the Parisian canotiers over the canotiers of the universe, and of a thousand other places!" M. Joseph Prudhomme has, we are told,

willed all his worldly goods to Henri Monnier. M. Cadet Rousselle has commenced the publication of his Memoirs. The first volume contains his childhood, his first loves, and his metamorphosis into a sturgeon. The Parisians, it appears, continue to imagine that it is sufficient to rise early in the morning in order to imbibe pure milk, and that it is only after eight o'clock that water is added. "Let us," says a contributor to the Almanacks, "leave them so innocent an illusion, which, after all, we could no more deprive them of than we could a host of others which constitute their joy and happiness. The Parisians are, of all people, those who yield themselves up most readily to illusions. For thirty years they have fancied that they found amusement in tragedies, and the prejudice is even yet current. In the present day the Parisians imagine that they adore painting and music; let us also leave them that illusion." These, it might be added, are not all their illusions; for that the Parisian is at the tip-top of all things and everything, moral or intellectual, civil or military, in the universe, and as they themselves say, "in a thousand other places," is a fact admitted, without the smallest possible opening for scepticism, by every Parisian, male or female, child, youth, adult, or senile. The rest of the world (Parisian civility forbids the expression of the fact, but it is everywhere tacitly admitted) are outer barbarians. Even were this doubted, the literature of the Almanacks, which are the embodiment of the social and habitual feelings of the people, would show it in a hundred ways. A notice of the Manchester Exhibition, amusing enough in every point of view, will also serve to attest what we have just said:

THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.

It must be acknowledged that the English have strange ideas.

First strange notion.—To gather together in one place all the pictures that Old England possesses.

Second strange notion.—To place this exhibition at Manchester.

If the first of these ideas had struck a Frenchman, it can be most assuredly affirmed that he would not have had the second.

No one would have dared to suggest the founding such an exhibition at Saint-Etienne, or any other manufacturing city.

The French would have said to themselves: "The natural place for such an exhibition is Paris; it is at Paris that it must be, and nowhere else."

The English did not even think of London. They were told to go to Manchester to see pictures, and they went.

Only try to persuade a Frenchman that pictures can be seen anywhere else than at Paris!

Nevertheless, after having maturely reflected upon the matter, I think that of the two strange ideas which I have first spoken of, one might fairly be struck out.

An exhibition of all the pictures in England being admitted, it can be conceived that this exhibition should be at Manchester and nowhere else.

Manchester had the idea.

Manchester carried it into execution.

We consider ourselves to be an essentially artistic people, almost as much so as the Italians, and a thousand times more so than the English.

Yet it never came into the head of the manufacturers of Saint-Quentin, of Mulhausen, or any other great industrial centre, to organise an exhibition of paintings.

Even let us suppose them capable of such a fancy.

Where will you find a proprietor of pictures willing to lend such for an exhibition at Saint-Quentin, at Mulhausen, or at Rive de Gier?

Not one amateur would consent to part with a single canvas. Whether he is in the right or the wrong I do not stop to inquire; that which is certain is that he would keep his pictures at home, and he would show the door, with greater or less politeness, to the commissioners who might come to ask him, in the name of the founders of the exhibition.

In England, on the contrary, everybody has lent himself with the greatest delight to the fancy of Manchester.

It is known that England is one of the richest countries in Europe in galleries of valuable paintings; all these galleries took to the railway and went by themselves to the Crystal Palace, where places were prepared for them.

Not a lord, or a baronet, or an esquire, who did not make it an act of pleasure to contribute to the adornment of the Manchester Exhibition. Never was such a collection of *chefs d'œuvre* seen. What extraordinary things there were in that exhibition!

First extraordinary thing.—The idea of an exhibition of paintings originating in the head of the city of Manchester.

Second extraordinary thing.—That everybody should accept the idea, and lend all the pictures that it may want to the town of Manchester.

Third extraordinary thing.—That people should go to see the exhibition.

How many persons would you find in France who would put themselves out of the way to go and see an exhibition of old paintings at Mulhausen?

Who would pay a franc for admission?

Not a thousand; not five hundred; two or three hundred, perhaps, at the most. The English flocked to Manchester from all parts of the United Kingdom, some came from foggy Scotland, others from green Erin, or from *joyous England*, (!) from Lancashire, from Yorkshire, from *Chestershire*, &c. &c.

Upwards of ten thousand season tickets at two guineas (fifty francs) were actually taken before the opening of the Crystal Palace.

Who would give fifty francs in France in order to enjoy the privilege of perpetual admission to an exhibition of paintings?

The Parisians have not given up the idea of their pet city becoming a seaport. On the contrary, we are told that it is assuming daily a more and more maritime aspect; so much so, that Madame Chaumontel insisted the other day upon her husband allowing her to take salt-water baths in the Seine.* Railway companies have sent out societies of journalists to discover Switzerland and the Mediterranean. Those who were despatched to Marseilles have been so delighted with the place that they have refused to return to Paris.

The Parisians do not appear to have so much to complain of as Londoners. The letters of oppressed *Patres familiarum*, unprotected females, and abused simplicity, rarely find their way into their journals. The following may be said to resume the history of the wants of the Parisians, and, their life being theatrical, their complaints have also mostly a histrionic bearing:

There is a being who is always imperiously asking for New-Year's gifts, without ever obtaining them, and that is the public.

The public asks this year, upon the occasion of entering into a new era:

First, that the theatres shall not present them with too many of those pieces which are designated as *Revue*s, in which a number of persons are made to appear and disappear like dissolving views, and in which myriads of couplets are sung to airs of exceeding novelty, as the "Bossus," "Tout le long de la rivière," or "Quand on va boire à l'Ecu."

* Reports have also been current of a shoal of sardines having been seen at the Pont-Neuf; but it is not generally credited. Any more than the rumour that a herring with two heads was fished at St. Cloud.

It also insists—

That the double basses should sink to the level of the stage, and not intercept the view of the figurantes' limbs.

That the person who has to deliver the tickets for readmission should not wet his thumb.

That the women who let out stools should not upset ten or fifteen people in carrying out their vocation.

That the stalls should be so arranged as not to give rise to elbow and shoulder duels with one's neighbour.

That the distributors of the *Entr'acte*, *Argus*, and *Caricature* should be a little less zealous, and not force you, in order to obtain entrance to a theatre, to jump over their journals, as the performers at a circus do over lines of ribbons.

That the actresses should not look so much at the side scenes.

That great comedians should not remain as *débutants* till the age of seventy, in order to entitle them to have their names printed on the bills in capitals.

That the *ingénues* shall not have passed their apprenticeship in the cabinets of the *Maison d'Or*.

The public also require—

That a little less chocolate cream should be met with on the asphalté of the Boulevards in time of rain.

That cabs should be sometimes found in the streets when they are really wanted.

That houseless dogs should not be heard barking in the streets all night long.

That the neighbours' cats should not be the orpheonists of the gutter at the same epoch of supposed tranquillity.

That the little rest that succeeds to these combined symphonies should not be interrupted in the morning by the horns of the "marchands de fontaines."

That restaurateurs should no longer make habitual mistakes in their addition—to their own advantage.

That champagne should not cost twelve francs a bottle.

That there should be lights under the tunnels on railroads.

That hairdressers should not insist against your will in inundating your head with Athenian water, or other liquid cosmetics.

That there should still be a few restaurateurs who can boast of a roasting-jack.

That the "portiers" of houses should be a little more civil.

That all houses should not be infested with pianos.

That rents should not be so extravagantly high.

And lastly, and not least, that the prices of the necessities of life should bear some little or distant relation to the wages or receipts of the public.

Crinoline comes in for its share of ridicule. A boat is represented capsizing in a squall, and all sail having to be taken suddenly in, a forced collapse takes place in a lady's lower garment. The ladies on their side may comfort themselves that mad dogs cannot get near them, and that they are thus, by their crinolines, placed out of danger of hydrophobia—an important consideration with a Parisian. "Les jupons Malakoff, facilitant aux dames la promenade par eau de Paris à Saint-Cloud," presents the same thing under another aspect.

Among the curiosities of modern Paris, the stranger is particularly recommended a descent and morning walk in the sewers; a little rest on the Pont Royal, to listen to the blind player on the clarionet; to visit at mid-day the cell at the Préfecture where the dogs suspected of madness are confined; in the afternoon, a walk on the new Boulevard de Sébastopol, keeping, if possible, out of the way of falling materials; and a call in at

the Morgue, to see what effect the said materials have had upon a number of persons. Then drive off to the Bois de Boulogne, and, for sake of variety, leave the highway. The stranger will then be sure to get mixed up with one or more duels, and he will be enabled to finish the night with the rats in the "violon d'un poste queleconque"—that is, the lock-up of a guard-house.

The Gallic temperament appears, from the reports of the correctional police, to be peculiarly sensitive upon the subject of epithets. Here is an instance :

Accused : "Yes, it is quite true. I do not deny what Galpy says. I fell upon him ; but if he had said to any one what he did to me, he would have done precisely as I did."

Magistrate : "What did he say to you?"

Accused : "What he said to me—what he said to me—he knows well enough. It suffices that I understood him."

Magistrate : "Galpy, what was it you said?"

Galpy : "I—I don't know ; we abused one another, but I don't remember saying anything that should have induced him to beat me as he did."

Magistrate : "Are there no witnesses?"

Witness : "I saw M. Souvette kick and strike M. Galpy."

Magistrate : "Did Galpy do anything to provoke him?"

Witness : "I don't know ; I did not hear. I only know that Souvette said that Galpy had applied an epithet to him that he could not swallow."

Another witness was called, who likewise stated that Souvette had beaten Galpy ; but he added, that he had been provoked thereunto.

Magistrate : "How provoked?"

Witness : "By an insulting word."

Magistrate : "What word?"

Witness : "Souvette said that he did not wish it to be publicly repeated."

Magistrate : "You are here to tell the truth, and must disguise nothing."

Souvette : "Oh, you may tell it, for I am not what he called me, and I can prove it when I like."

Witness : "Oh ! then I will tell it : Galpy called him an archæologist."

Magistrate : "An archæologist ! Well, is that an insulting epithet ? Archæologists have become itinerants but not vagabonds."

Witness : "Well, I don't know what it means. It was Souvette who said it was an insult."

Magistrate : "Souvette, was it for being called an archæologist that you struck Galpy ? Does that designation conceal some allusion to any acts in your life ? Have you ever belonged to an archæological society ?"

Accused : "I, indeed ! I don't even know what the word means ; but the witness who has just spoken exasperated me by saying : 'Why he has called you an archæologist, and you take no notice of it ?' So I felt my honour concerned, and vindicated it accordingly."

Souvette was condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment.

The witness must have been a "farceur."

The spirit of prophecy has died away with political liberty. Was there any relationship between them ? Or is it that prophets, by peering into the visions of the future, might see that which is not agreeable to the existing powers, and they are therefore for the time being deprived of their faculties "by order?" One thing is certain, that there is not one prophecy in our old friend the "Almanach Prophétique." We are told that there will be maximum high tides on the

17th of March, 15th of April, 10th of August, 9th of September, and 24th of October, and that those of the 17th of March, 15th of April, and 9th of September may be disastrous; but such prophecies enter almost into the domain of legitimate anticipation. There is a history of the comet "that did not appear," a prediction of Bossuet's that Algiers would be destroyed, being the stronghold of piracy, a vision of Hugues Capet's, and a story of a gentleman who wedded a beautiful young lady only to find that his beloved "joue à la Bourse." This under the astronomical heading of "Une Tache au Soleil." Under these circumstances, we are fain to have recourse to the field of romance—not the less amusing for being also pseudo-artistic.

There was once a young German painter whose name was Flaminus Krustchen.

He inhabited Heidelberg, the town with the great tun; and although he could contemplate from his window the Necker and its beautiful windings, he was almost always sorrowful, and he had some reason for being in low spirits, for he often only dined one day out of two—that is, when he dined at all.

"What bad fairy," he said, one day, as he gazed sadly at his easel, "placed a pallet in my hand? I am literally starving. All my companions laugh at me, and say that I do not make the slightest progress in art. How will all this end? Well," he said, with a sigh of reviving hope, after the lapse of a few minutes, "there still remains a chance for me. Prince Kanitsch is coming to Heidelberg in a few days; he has the reputation of possessing one of the best collections in Germany. Perchance he may buy a picture from me. These princes do sometimes take such strange fancies!"

Just as he concluded, he heard a gentle pawing at his door, followed by the mewing of a cat. Opening it, a very ugly tabby, with a grisly coat and battered tail, made its appearance.

"You are well acquainted with me, Master Flaminus," said the cat; "my name is Berlinerblau. I am in the habit of frequenting painters' studios, where I have had to do with all sorts of rough spirits, who cropped my ears, docked my tail, and played me all kinds of tricks, so I have come to ask you for a home."

"Truly, you have made a good selection!" replied Flaminus. "I am so poor that I can scarcely provide for myself, and you expect me to provide also for you!"

"Do not let that give you any anxiety," said the cat; "I only ask for a home. There must be plenty of rats and mice in your studio, and I will see to my repasts."

"Yes, but I know you," added Flaminus; "you are loquacious as a blind magpie. What is worse, you have mixed yourself up a good deal with oppositions of light, contrasts of colours, and you will begin to interfere with my work—to be perpetually throwing Rubens and Rembrandt at my head."

"Oh! as to that, be under no apprehensions," replied Berlinerblau; "I have been too badly paid for my counsels by the different artists to whom I have tendered them. I certainly did tell them that they were in the wrong to persist in drawing long oval silhouettes without any relief, without the least colouring; the same pictures repeated over and over again, after the fashion of the icy Cornelius; triangles with the Holy Virgin at the top, and on each side files of angels, like soldiers on parade; but they only got vexed and persecuted me."

"They did quite right!" exclaimed Flaminus. "What! a miserable cat like you to permit himself to have opinions on art! What are we, then, professional artists?"

"Master," replied Berlinerblau, "I will promise you to keep in my place as a cat for the future, and never to go out of it, unless compelled to do so by the most imperious circumstances."

Thus saying, he left off to pursue a rat which had taken refuge between the legs of a mannequin, stuck up in a corner of the studio like a colossus of Rhodes.

Flaminius, in the mean time, had poked his head out of the window, attracted thither by a great noise without.

He there perceived a post-chaise, surrounded by people, in which was a fat, well-fed personage, with his hat cocked on one side, long powdered hair falling on his shoulders, and a splendid lace frill. He seemed, indeed, at the distance, for all the world like some corpulent publican.

"It is Prince Kanitsch!" exclaimed Flaminius at once.

Berlinerblau made a satisfactory ron-ron.

Half an hour afterwards the prince was in the artist's studio.

"Show me all that you have," he said to Flaminius, "so that I may see if you have anything that will suit me."

Flaminius immediately set to work dusting and displaying an infinity of bits of canvas variously daubed, finished and unfinished, sketches, studies, miniatures, portraits, small and large, and which he successively laid before the prince.

The latter allowed them all to pass by without a word. Nor could he be brought to pay attention to anything but a rough sketch which he had himself disinterred from out of a corner of the studio.

"I like this picture," he said, "'de nature morte,' very well, only it would require that it should be finished."

Flaminius did not dare to contradict him, and to acknowledge that which he took for a picture of dead rocks and stones was in reality a troop of live Arabs in pursuit of a panther. It is true that the sketch was sufficiently vague and obscure.

"Finish this picture for me," said the prince; "I will return at the end of the week. I have no doubt that we shall agree as to the price. In the mean time, here are a hundred florins in advance."

The prince took his departure. Flaminius felt as if in a dream. One hundred florins! Never had such a sum passed over the threshold of his study.

Heaven knows with what zeal he set to work, transforming, without the slightest compunction, his rudiments of Arabs and horses into blocks of granite, and finishing off with a grand composition of savage rockery, with a few firs and larches straggling here and there.

As he was but an indifferent colourist, he found great difficulty in pleasing himself, and in obtaining those warm and vigorous tints of which the prince had spoken several times.

At last, however, after having heightened the tones where they were pale, touched up and changed the colours in many places, he made up his mind to conclude on the seventh day, or he might never be satisfied at all.

Such continuous labour for seven long days without distractions of any kind whatsoever, brought on so violent a headache that he felt obliged to go out and breathe a little fresh air.

He did not, however, extend his ramble to beyond the high-street of Heidelberg; his mind was too much occupied with his work, and he was constantly asking himself if he should still add a few more touches. So, finding his way back, he hastened once more to examine his picture. What was his horror! his despair! The picture presented nothing to his eye but a monstrous mass of colours; a chaos of tints commingled; a salmagundi, a harlequinade, a painter's pallet on canvas!

The unfortunate Flaminius was annihilated. But imagine the excess of his passion, the kind of delirium tremens with which he was seized, when he saw the cat Berlinerblau seated near the easel, holding up the tip of its tail with a triumphant expression, it and its paws all daubed over with bistre, carmine, and ultramarine!

"Well, master," exclaimed the cat, "you must be pleased with your picture now. I hope I have given you a good cat's-paw!"

"Wretched painter, frightful colourist!" exclaimed Flaminius, "I knew that you would bring me misfortune! You shall perish by my hand!"

So saying, he seized upon a broomstick with which to avenge his disgrace; but Berlinerblau had made good his retreat to the roof, and as the artist could not run along the gutter, he was obliged to delay the moment of revenge. When he got back into his study, the scene of his humiliation and mortification, what was his surprise to find himself received with open arms by a stout personage. It was Prince Kanitsch himself.

"Embrace me!" exclaimed the prince, as he turned round to the easel with an expression of infinite enthusiasm—"embrace me. Your picture has surpassed my most sanguine hopes. Where did you seize those tones? What vigour! what boldness! I will give you three thousand florins for a work of its class. It is worth, indeed, twice as much. Orders for other works of the same kind will, I can tell you, never be wanting."

Since that bit of good luck, Flaminius Krustchen has become one of the first living artists which the Fatherland boasts of.

He still dwells in Heidelberg, and he only paints through the medium of another, that is to say, by the aid of the marvellous paw of his cat Berlinerblau, for whom he has had made brushes with ivory handles, a mantle of Persian silk trimmed with gold lace, and a fez glittering with precious stones.

His friends, who used to sneer at him, now avow, when imbibing sundry flasks of beer at his expense, under the tun and on the other side of the Necker, that he is an artist of great ability, and with a great future before him.

"Oh yes, truly so!" Flaminius replies, in laughing mood. And then he adds, quietly, as if speaking to himself, "It is the cat!"

One more sketch of a domestic character, amusing as a Will story, and not a little illustrative of manners among our good friends and neighbours:

"Is she dead, then?"

"Yes, madam," replied a little gentleman in brown coat and short breeches.

"And her will?"

"Is going to be opened here immediately by her solicitor."

"Shall we inherit anything?"

"It must be supposed so; we have claims."

"Who is that miserably dressed personage who intrudes herself here?"

"Oh, she," said the little man, sneering—"she won't have much in the will: she is sister to the deceased."

"What, that Anne who wedded in 1812 a man of nothing—an officer?"

"Precisely so."

"She must have no small amount of impudence to present herself here, before a respectable family."

"The more so as Sister Egerie, of noble birth, had never forgiven her that *mésalliance*."

Anne moved at this time across the room in which the family of the deceased were assembled. She was pale; her fine eyes were filled with tears, and her face was furrowed by care with precocious wrinkles.

"What do you come here for?" said, with great haughtiness, Madame de Villebois, the lady who, a moment before, had been interrogating the little man who inherited with her.

"Madam," the poor lady replied, with humility, "I do not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me; I come solely to see M. Dubois, my poor sister's solicitor, to inquire if she spoke of me at her last hour."

"What! do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly observed Madame de Villebois; "the disgrace of a great house—you, who wedded a man of nothing, a soldier of Bonaparte's!"

"Madame, my husband, although a child of the people, was a brave soldier, and, what is better, an honest man," observed Anne.

At this moment a venerable personage, the notary Dubois, made his appearance.

"Cease," he said, "to reproach Anne with a union which her sister has forgiven her. Anne loved a generous, brave, and good man, who had no other crime to reproach himself with than his poverty and the obscurity of his name. Nevertheless, had he lived, if his family had known him as I knew him, I, his old friend, Anne would be at this time happy and respected."

"But why is this woman here?"

"Because it is her place to be here," said the notary, gravely; "I myself requested her to attend here."

M. Dubois then proceeded to open the will :

"I, being sound in mind and heart, Egerie de Damfreming, retired as a boarder in the convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, dictate the following wishes as the expression of my formal desire and the principal clause of my testament.

"After my decease there will be found two hundred thousand francs in money at my notary's, besides jewellery, clothes, and furniture, as also a château worth two hundred thousand francs.

"In the convent where I have been residing there will only be found my book, 'Heures de la Vierge,' holy volume, which remains as it was when I took it with me at the time of the emigration. I desire that these three objects be divided into three lots.

"The first lot, the two hundred thousand francs in money.

"The second lot, the château, furniture, and jewels.

"The third lot, my book, 'Heures de la Vierge.'

"I have pardoned my sister Anne the grief which she has caused to us, and I would have comforted her in her sorrows if I had known sooner of her return to France. I comprise her in my will.

"Madame de Villebois, my much beloved cousin, shall have the first choice.

"M. Vetry, my brother-in-law, shall have the second choice.

"Anne will take the remaining lot."

"Ah! ah!" said Vetry, "Sister Egerie was a good one; that is rather clever on her part!"

"Anne will only have the Prayer-book!" exclaimed Madame de Villebois, laughing aloud. The notary interrupted her jocularity.

"Madame," he said, "which lot do you choose?"

"The two hundred thousand francs in money."

"Have you quite made up your mind?"

"Perfectly so."

The man of law, addressing himself then to the good feelings of the lady, said, "Madame, you are rich, and Anne has nothing. Could you not leave her this lot, and take the book of prayers, which the eccentricity of the deceased has placed on a par with the other lots."

"You must be joking, M. Dubois!" exclaimed Madame de Villebois; "you must really be very dull not to see the intentions of Sister Egerie in all this. Our honoured cousin foresaw full well that her book of prayers would fall to the lot of Anne, who had the last choice."

"And what do you conclude from that?" inquired the notary.

"I conclude that she meant to intimate to her sister that repentance and prayer were the only help that she had to expect in this world."

As she finished these words, Madame de Villebois made a definite selection of the ready money for her share. Monsieur Vetry, as may be easily imagined, selected the château, furniture, and jewels as his lot.

"Monsieur Vatry," said M. Dubois to that gentleman, "even suppose it had been the intention of the deceased to punish her sister, it would be noble on your part, millionaire as you are, to give up at least a portion of your share to Anne, who wants it so much."

"Thanks for your kind advice, dear sir," replied Vatry; "the mansion is situated on the very confines of my woods, and suits me admirably, all the more so that it is ready furnished. As to the jewels of Sister Egerie, they are reminiscences which one ought never to part with."

"Since it is so," said the notary, "my poor Madame Anne, here is the Prayer-book that remains to you."

Anne, attended by her son, a handsome boy with blue eyes, took her sister's old Prayer-book, and making her son kiss it after her, she said:

"Hector, kiss this book which belonged to your poor aunt, who is dead, but who would have loved you well had she known you. When you have learnt to read, you will pray to Heaven to make you wise and good as your father was, and happier than your unfortunate mother!"

The eyes of those who were present were filled with tears, notwithstanding their efforts to preserve an appearance of indifference.

The child embraced the old book with boyish fervour, and opening it afterwards:

"Oh! mamma," he said, "what pretty pictures!"

"Indeed!" said the mother, happy in the gladness of her boy.

"Yes. The good Virgin in a red dress, holding the infant Jesus in her arms. But why, mamma, has silk paper been put upon the pictures?"

"So that they might not be injured, my dear."

"But, mamma, why are there ten silk papers to each engraving?"

The mother looked, and uttering a sudden shriek, she fell into the arms of M. Dubois, the notary, who, addressing those present, said,

"Leave her alone, it won't be much; people don't die of these shocks. As for you, little one," he added, addressing Hector, "give me that Prayer-book; you will tear the engravings."

The inheritors withdrew, making various conjectures as to the cause of Anne's sudden illness, and the interest which the notary took in her. A month afterwards they met Anne and her son, exceedingly well, yet not extravagantly, dressed, taking an airing in a two-horse chariot. This led them to make inquiries, and they ascertained that Madame Anne had recently purchased an hotel for one hundred and eighty thousand francs, and that she was giving a first-rate education to her son. The news came like a thunderbolt upon them. Madame de Villebois and M. de Vatry hastened to call upon the notary to ask for explanations. The good Dubois was working at his desk.

"Perhaps we are disturbing you?" said the arrogant old lady.

"No matter. I was in the act of settling a purchase in the state funds for Madame Anne."

"What!" exclaimed Vatry, "after purchasing house and equipages, she has still money to invest?"

"Undoubtedly so."

"But where did the money come from?"

"What! did you not see?"

"When?"

"When she shrieked upon seeing what the Prayer-book contained which she inherited."

"We observed nothing."

"Oh! I thought that you saw it," said the sarcastic notary. "That Prayer-book contained sixty engravings, and each engraving was covered by ten notes of a thousand francs each."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Vatry, thunderstruck.

"If I had only known it!" shouted Madame de Villebois.

"You had the choice," added the notary, "and I myself urged you to take the Prayer-book, but you refused."

"But who could have expected to find a fortune in a breviary?"

The two baffled old egotists withdrew, their hearts swollen with passionate envy.

Madame Anne is still in Paris. If you pass by the Rue Lafitte on a fine summer's evening, you will see a charming picture on the first floor, illuminated by the pale reflexion of wax-lights:

A lady who has joined the two hands of her son, a fair child of six years of age, in prayer before an old book of "Heures de la Vierge," and for which a case in gold has been made.

"Pray for me, child," said the mother.

"And for who else?" inquired the child.

"For your father, your dear father, who perished without knowing you, without being able to love you."

"Must I pray to the saint my patron?"

"Yes, my little friend; but do not forget a saint who watches us from heaven, and who smiles upon us from above the clouds."

"What is the name of that saint, mamma dear?"

The mother, then watering the fair child's head with her tears, answered:

"Her name is—Sister Egeric."

THE GRAND MOSQUE AND IMPERIAL PALACE OF DELHI.

At the present moment the city of Delhi has a most painful interest attached to it, having become the centre of a mighty conspiracy for the overthrow of our Eastern Empire, and apparently for the extermination of our countrymen in India. As we know too well, this has been in part accomplished, and a vigorous attempt is being made for its completion. A short sketch of the place, therefore, will not be unacceptable to the public, even to those who at other times take no interest in the East.

The capital of the mighty empire founded by the Mogul descendants of Timoor-lung (corrupted by Europeans into Tamerlane—the original signifying TIMOOR THE LAME) is nine hundred and seventy-six miles from Calcutta by the travelling road. A knowledge of this fact will lessen the impatience of the public at our troops not being on the seat of action immediately after landing at the City of Palaces, as our capital on the Hooghly has been named. But the ignorance of the English public of Indian geography is astonishing, and can only be equalled by the dim idea they possess regarding Eastern character and the tenets of Oriental faiths. But what makes any enlightenment on this latter point hopeless, is the blindness of those who profess to be guides in explaining them. Why, not long since, we saw it gravely stated in the work of an Oriental missionary, that the Mohammedan religion denies the possession of souls and a future life to women. But in this the writer only repeated the idea which has, by some extraordinary means, taken possession

of the English mind. For it must be extraordinary—since the Koran asserts the liability of woman to future rewards and punishments not less than a hundred times; and how this could happen if the Prophet had inculcated the doctrine of their annihilation at death, is hard to tell.

No situation could be better chosen for the metropolis of Hindostan than Delhi, the Indraput of the times before the Mohammedan conquest. It shows the powerful grasp of mind, as regards the statesmanship required in a conquering race, possessed by the Patan, and after them the Mogul, rulers in fixing on it as the head-quarters of their power. Its position is nearly central, and, consequently, equally near to rebellion in whatever part it might show itself; whilst it is the point best suited for collecting troops to send towards the north-west frontier, where the Affghan mountaineers are always watching the moment to descend on the plains of India, and whence conquest had always come to the country before we subdued it by sea, and from which point Anglo-Indians alone expect foreign danger, as on the other frontiers impassable mountains and deserts block the way. Had the English gone to India with the intention of conquest, and not as humble traders, they would, without doubt, have chosen some spot not far from it as the seat of their power, instead of the pestiferous mud-banks of the Hooghly, where, in a few years, the very stone of the houses is rotted, and two-thirds of our countrymen perish ere they have passed a couple of summers. But our necessities fixed us, not the foresight of such men as Clive, Hastings, or Wellesley, on a spot the worst adapted for retaining our conquests that, perhaps, could have been devised. For were there no other disadvantage of position with respect to Calcutta, the climate, which is utterly destructive of vigorous mental exertion, is enough to cripple our statesmen for half the year in the performance of their duties. This is proved by the inconvenient journeys which the governor-generals are forced to make to the hills every few months, in the vain search of health, and the broken constitutions with which they return home after a few years' service. But in the midland, where Delhi is situated, a man could pass half his life without moving from the scene of his labours, without more impediment from ill-health than the ordinary lot of man brings. But, supposing this advantage to cease, the strong hand of power would be in the heart of the land, where every motion would be felt as along the vibrating thread of a spider's web.

Such being the advantage of Delhi's situation, it is no wonder that the Hindoos hold it as a proverb that he who possesses Delhi and the emperor's person is the virtual ruler of India. Perhaps we may yet find it advisable to place the residence of our governor-general in this quarter when the present insurrection is crushed, so imitating the conduct of all the invaders who have subdued the land before us, and thus stamped the site with the approval of ages and nations who had no national or religious prejudices to bind them to it. Once or twice the seat of government has, indeed, been removed from this quarter by the caprice of the sovereigns, but it was soon found imperative to return to the old spot. Even if there were nothing else, it has always been the policy of conquerors to place the capital in the heart of the country, and at some distance from the sea-coast. A maritime metropolis should alone be kept for the landing of troops.

Such being the governmental advantages of Delhi, it can hardly be conceived but that it, or some neighbouring city, would have been chosen by Clive, if he had had the selection of a capital, when he made preparation for our assumption of the Mogul power. He saw this when it was undreamed of by others, and says, in a letter written in 1765, when going to take his second governorship, "In a manner of speaking, I may say to-morrow the power of the Mogul is ours." But by circumstances he was bound to the former trading station of Calcutta, which, from the predilections men feel towards an old settlement, and the expense which would attend a removal of the government offices, still continues the seat of our power, after so many more advantageous places have come into our possession.

Few are aware of the remains of former magnificence still existing in this old imperial city, whose ruins extend over a larger space than our own metropolis, and display greater architectural glories than the latter would if reduced to a like state. A competent authority has said that the former possessors of Delhi built like giants, and finished their work like jewellers. The buildings are mostly of a fine red granite, inlaid with tracery and flowers of white and coloured marbles and precious stones. But such a fine artistic taste pervades these ornaments, that they are never out of place, nor produce a tawdry effect, but constitute a fine whole, like the decorations of our Gothic cathedrals, grand in the extended glance, yet striking in the close examination by the beauty of individual parts. However, when we know that what is called Gothic architecture was the invention of the Spanish Arabs, and by architects educated in their schools carried to most parts of Europe in the middle ages, we shall cease to wonder at this similarity of structure in buildings so far apart as Delhi and York Minster. The Jumna Musjeed, or Grand Mosque of Delhi, is in fact one of the finest Gothic edifices in the world, and, except in the broad and high flight of steps leading to the entrance, a picture of it might be taken for a cathedral front. This magnificent place of worship was built by the Emperor Jehânquer, at the cost of ten lakhs of rupees. Two minarets at the sides alone distinguish its structure from that of our own churches. These rise to a height of a hundred and thirty feet, constructed of marble and red stone, used alternately, to produce a finer effect. In our damp climate and smoky towns the beauty of this combination would soon be lost by an accumulation of moss and soot, but in the pure sky of India it is unimpaired for ever. The pillar-like minaret is not, however, an invariable characteristic of Mohammedan architecture, as in Morocco mosques are seen, especially those of an old date, with the massive square tower, by many imagined characteristic of Christian temples. In the days of Moorish science these were used as astronomical observatories. The Jumna Musjeed is two hundred and sixty-one feet in length; the front is covered with marble of surpassing whiteness; the cornice has ten compartments, which are inlaid with Arabic inscriptions in black stone of the same kind, which, from the elegant form of the Oriental letters, produce the finest effect; the inner pavement is of white marble slabs, ornamented with black borders, and is exceedingly beautiful; and the coolness produced by lining the walls and roof with white marble slabs is in delicious contrast to the suffocation of

an Anglo-Indian church. But until we copy from the natives the principles of building adapted to the climate, as well as many other things, we must always expect to be in India like an unskilful rider on a headstrong horse—in constant fear of a fall. The pulpit is of marble, and the kibla is adorned with delicate fringe-work. The summit of the minarets gives a wide view over the city and surrounding country. Besides this fine edifice there are other mosques; but it is unnecessary to particularise them further than to say they are all beautiful in their kind, and some show traces of what we call the early Norman school of architecture.

The imperial palace, the pride of Delhi and wonder of the early travellers, was built by Shah Jehân. It is of red granite, and far surpasses the Kremlin in magnificence, being a structure in all respects worthy of the governors of one of the mightiest and most splendid empires which the world has seen—that of the Indian Mohammedans. The entrance-gate surpasses anything of the kind in Europe, and is so high that a man can ride through it mounted on an elephant. But this fair outside is not all: on entering, the visitor proceeds down a long aisle, like that of a cathedral, ornamented with inscriptions from the Koran, and flowers, all beautifully cut with that delicacy and patience for which Eastern workmen are so famed. In the middle of this is an octagon court. The apartments are all ornamented in the same manner with inlaid flowers and foliage of precious marble. Many of the rooms are lined with white marble, inlaid with flowers and leaves of green serpentine, lapis lazuli, and blue and red porphyry, so arranged as to give the appearance of natural plants creeping over the walls. Some of the flowers have as many as sixty separate pieces of shaded stone used in their structure, that a more natural appearance might be produced.

The private hall of audience, where in former times the Great Mogul used to receive particular persons, and confer titles of nobility, is a pavilion of white marble, opening on one side to a large garden, and on the other to the palace. Round the frieze is the motto which Moore has translated in "Lalla Rookh:"

If there be an clysium on earth,
It is this! it is this!

The pillars and arches are inlaid with gold and carved flowers, exquisitely delicate, and inscriptions in the most elaborate Persian character. The floor is of marble, beautifully inlaid.

The public hall of audience, where the Shah used to sit in state to hear the complaints and receive the petitions of his subjects, is in the outer court of the palace. This, like the other, is of marble, but larger. Three sides are open, and the fourth is closed by a black wall, clothed with inlaying and inscriptions. The throne is in the centre, raised ten feet from the ground, so that the monarch could see and be seen by any one who wished to address him, but who might be impeded by his attendants.

That splendid peacock throne, which we have all heard of from our infancy, was carried off by Nadir Shah, and now graces the palace of Teheran. But still, even in its present state, that of Delhi is the most noble palace the world can boast, excelling anything which the poverty

of a European imagination could ever produce, either in ancient or modern times. And such is the building which our press is urging on the Indian army to reduce to dust when we recapture Delhi! We are fond of boasting of civilisation, and the respect for art which it gives, and at the same time vituperating the Easterns as being now, and at all times, barbarians; but, I ask, would an Eastern king ever commit such an act as destroying this, the finest monument of architectural skill in existence? No. For when the ignorantly-abused Turks besieged Vienna, they particularly averted the fire of their artillery from the quarter of the church of St. Stephen's, as, like brave men, they fought with human beings, and not with the manifestations of genius.

It would be a nobler monument of our triumph, more impressive to the natives, and more worthy of our fathers' example, when, by the assistance of Heaven, we take the city,* to preserve the palace as the seat of our governor-general, and as an illustration of our moderation in the use of victory. Shame ought to burn the cheek of those writers who not long since were edifying us with homilies full of pious horror at the cruelties of Commissioner Yeh, of Canton, but who now are inciting to the commission of greater atrocities on the capture of Delhi than ever apparently entered into the head of that individual, or have been recorded in authentic history. But the cant of civilisation, like many other fine things when put to the test, is only like the Dead Sea fruit—a brilliant lie. England, however, ought to prove that she has something better to restrain her passions—Religion. For if in the suppression of this rebellion we commit half the crimes urged on us by the daily and weekly press, our doom as a nation is sealed. We shall have proved ourselves unworthy to rule, and, as on the Spaniard before us, the curse of God will come in every form that a nation can suffer.

With all this former splendour in outward show, the Mohammedan rulers did not, as Prince Woronzow declared was his policy with the city of Odessa, look after the ornamental, and leave the useful to come when it could, for as the water of the Jumna, on which Delhi stands, is rendered impure by flowing over beds of natron, an aqueduct of a *hundred and twenty miles* in length was built to supply the inhabitants with water. For the last three miles near the city it is cut through the solid granite rock, in a channel thirty feet deep and thirty-five broad. The engineer of this astonishing work was Ali Mirdân Khan, a Persian noble. Were there nothing else to prove the contrary, this alone would show the falsehood of the charge of barbarism so confidently and ignorantly brought against the Orientals. Barbarians do not build large and splendid cities.

F. F.

* Delhi has fallen since our excellent contributor's article was in type. With it also the rebellion has been struck at the heart. A great deal may remain to be done before British rule is re-established throughout the breadth and width of India, especially in Oude, but that is a matter of detail compared with the great and decisive blow struck at Delhi, and that without the aid of succours from England, although it is to be regretted with a sad loss of valuable lives. While there has and still will be, no doubt, severe retribution, we happily, however, hear of no undue severity having been exercised by the avenging army; as to palaces, and mosques, and other works of art, the British wage not war against such; there is no fear of their being destroyed except by accidents inevitable in a siege.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S JOURNEY TO THE NORTH.*

PRINCE NAPOLEON formed the project of an excursion to the North in the spring of the year 1856. The project embraced at first only Scotland and Iceland, but it gradually extended itself till it also took in "the Polar regions and the Scandinavian territories." The corvette *Reine Hortense* and the tender *Cocyte* were placed at the disposal of the prince. The little expedition left Havre on the 16th of June, 1856, an orchestra which entered into its composition playing opera airs, whilst the population of the town, crowding the jetty and the shores, expressed in loud plaudits their loyalty and their admiration of the graceful outline of the ship, which, we are told, "appeared like a gull, just shaking its wings as it is about to take flight."

The expedition does not appear to have awakened to a sense of sympathy with the outer world from this time till it was somewhere off Flamborough Head. Up to that period inward emotions monopolised all their attention. But at this last landmark, two boys, "whose cheeks and hair seemed confounded in the same red tint," rowed alongside, and, in exchange for some fresh fish, obtained two bottles of brandy. To effect this exchange, the corvette had to bring up for a short time. "Cela," says M. Charles Edmond—who, by-the-by, disavows the responsibilities of historian to the expedition, whilst the *luxé* with which his work is got up attests to the contrary—"cela s'appelle *stoper* à bord des navires français." The boys were hailed by one of the expedition, "who, in what concerns the English, could remember that his father used to beat the soldiers of the United Kingdom without having to speak their language." "English spoken here!" shouted the hereditary thrasher of the English; while the boys, if we are to believe the historiographer, replied, "Du beau poisson, milord!"

The next day they were to land on British soil for the first time. The corvette lay in the roads of Tynemouth. "The boats are lowered, the tricolor flag is hoisted. A few minutes more and we land at Tynemouth." If our historiographer is not more accurate in his orthography when he gets to Iceland and Greenland, we begin to fear that he will make a sad mess of it.

Well, with all our faults we are a generous nation. Our subscriptions, our charities, attest it. We have homes and asylums of all kinds and characters—for the old and young, for the afflicted or the distressed—for all kinds of conditions and persons. If an asylum was to be erected for master mariners, no place more fit, it might be fancied, than the mouth of the Tyne, out of which river so many stout hearts and able hands go forth every day of the year. Our historiographer does not view the matter in this light. Speaking of the noble charity at Tynemouth, he says:

English vanity reflects itself to the full in the thought that presided at the foundation of this hospital. We are here in the presence of an aristocracy,

* *Voyage dans les Mers du Nord à bord la Corvette La Reine Hortense.* Par M. Charles Edmond (Choiecki).—Notices Scientifiques, communiquées par MM. les Membres de l'Expédition.—Carte du Voyage.—Carte Géologique de l'Islande.

which patronises, which opens, as in Rome of old, a corner of its garrets to its indigent clients. At Rome, the aristocracy heaped its favours on those plebeians who helped it up to power, and it erected monuments to the legions who conquered the world for their benefit. British feudality gives its support to those who have spent their lives in inundating other countries with British merchandise, and in subjecting the consumers of the whole world to the productions of England. Here the merits of a citizen are determined by the number of tons that he has exported. His best epitaph would be: "Here lies Williams, who sold as much calico as would make a shift for the terrestrial globe."

This tremendous witticism is printed in capitals. No expense has indeed been spared to bring out the labours of the expedition to the greatest possible advantage. When we see the results, we think sympathetically of the pains of begetting, and we feel how worthily it has been bestowed. From Tynemouth the expedition advanced upon British soil. Generalities, however, take precedence of observations, instead of—as they ought legitimately to do—following them.

England is the country of cold positivism. The intimate sensations of humanity find there with difficulty wherewith to satisfy themselves. In all things you recognise the impress of strict necessity, nothing beyond that. That which more particularly strikes one among our neighbours is the absence of the picturesque in all that is not the immediate work of nature. In southern countries, misery has not that hideous aspect that it displays in England: people know how to put art even in the arrangement of their rags, the sun gilds their wretchedness, misery is melancholy, but it is never grotesque. The women of the people whom we meet in the streets of Tynemouth walk with bare feet, and the remainder of their attire seems like the spectre of Parisian fashions as they were in 1815.

Art in England, we are also told, is imported ready done. If she attempts anything herself, success seldom crowns her efforts. There is at Tynemouth a statue of the Duke of Northumberland. It is said to have excited the surprise of the expedition. There is another upon a height. It must be the Duke of Wellington!—No: it is Admiral Collingwood. It looks as if it had been sculptured by a Danish (not a French) enemy.

A hurried visit to Newcastle—a town "which presents nothing curious," "which has the monotonous aspect of all British cities," where "it rains five days out of six," "a mere ink-bottle"—and a descent into the coal-pits at Hartley, and we are in the Firth of Forth at Leith, and by train to Edinburgh. Even this noble city, so favoured by its situation, and so justly proud of its private and public buildings, does not give pleasure to the fastidious expeditionists. "Tout cela," M. Charles Edmond sums up, "est sombre, austère, uniforme, déceamment incolore ou tristement déguenillé. Un ennui incommensurable plane sur la cité."

This "Great Chartreuse of Presbyterianism," it is further said, assumes on the Sunday the aspect of an acropolis (necropolis we suspect was meant). "A stranger, who has no personal relations or occupation, can then alone conceive the extent to which that evil can go, which was formerly so little known on the Continent, and which, under the name of spleen, tortures the nerves of the inhabitants of Great Britain." Ruskin meets with unexpected auxiliaries among the members of the expedition. There is "an absence of proportions in the monuments and buildings which approaches deformity. The lower portions of the buildings are in general so low, compared with the upper parts,

that all these monuments appear as if about to issue forth from a stage-trap, and to have stopped short when they had got three-fourths of the way out." Even the old town "presents nothing to the lovers of the middle ages. There are, as in most old towns, nothing but narrow streets, flanked by very high houses, and encumbered by a poverty-stricken population."

The expedition made a pilgrimage to Abbotsford. Sir Walter Scott is in favour even with our most supercilious friends. The place turned out, however, like everything else in our unfortunate island—a failure. "What a frightful distance," exclaims the pennman of the party, "from the engraving in the album to the reality!" And then we are told the history of Sir Walter's life; how he was the Great Unknown because he was ashamed of being a literary man. He wished to be a feudal chieftain, and he spent the night in writing, so that he might appear in the daytime to have nothing to do. The secret only came out with the failure of Dallontyne (Ballantyne?) and Constable!

The expedition also visited Glasgow. A word or two of justice are penned in favour of the wonders of activity in industry and commerce there exhibited; but still the city is declared to be the goose with golden eggs, in respect to "that institution which prevents people from consuming and exchanging their reciprocal products; the custom-house receiving seventeen millions of francs upon imported merchandise." If France would reciprocate free trade, Great Britain would not tax her products. Let the experiment be tried of France accepting our manufactures, and of England receiving French wines and brandies free, and it would then be seen who is the palmiped with golden eggs.

Peterhead was the next station on the journey. It is described as a place that "wants colour like all the other urban agglomerations of the United Kingdom." It is true that it possesses a magnificent harbour cut out of the solid rock, but still there is no "cachet particulier; absence de pittoresque." In the absence of the picturesque, there were at Peterhead mariners experienced in the seas of the North, with whom the members of the expedition opened a rolling fire of questions. But the mariners opposed the British phlegm to the impetuosity of French interrogation. An ice-master was, however, engaged, a man of rare ability, whose name is said to have been Arbutnot, but more probably Arbutnot. This person mystified the members of the expedition. They were most anxious to know if the beautiful *Reine Hortense* was suited for the Polar Seas, but upon that subject he preserved a discreet silence. They revenged themselves by saying that had they been going upon a raft, he would have gone with them just as composedly.

Whilst the corvette made the best of its way under guidance of the Scotch pilot to the Firth of Murray, Prince Napoleon made a trip by land, accompanied by three of his companions. Aberdeen and Banchoy led the way to Balmoral. The mansion is described as standing just at that point of the valley of the Dee at which the landscape, deprived of all its grandeur, preserves nothing but its "tristesse mesquine et monotone." As to what intentions presided in the construction of the building, that remains a problem to strangers. It most resembles those pasteboard châteaux with which children play at the Middle Ages. Blair

Athol, with a passing notice of its exclusive proprietor, Culloden, and finally Inverness, and we have done with Scotland. The tradition that the best modern English is spoken at the latter city, is noticed as an observed fact: "That which strikes the stranger most," says our historiographer, "on entering Inverness, is the purity with which the English language is spoken there." This manifests considerable discrimination on the part of a writer upon whose little linguistic mistakes we have before had occasion to remark.

Once more the prince and his companions were "upon the floating soil of France; the tricolored flag was there to attest it." They had not, however, quite done with Scotland. A sudden squall obliged them to seek shelter for a short time at Thurso, and beyond that a discreet silence is observed till the ship came within sight of Iceland, the great point upon which all their hopes were concentrated. The reason of this silence is best understood when we mention that the *Reine Hortense* is most ungallantly described as rolling "comme un ivrogne en train de choisir l'endroit ou il cuvera son vin."

The expedition anchored in the bay of Reikiavik on the 30th of June. The tender *Coccyte* was already there. There were also two English screw steamers, the *Saxon* and the *Tasmania*, loaded with coal for the use of the expedition.

A frigate of war, the *Arthémise*, bearing the tricolor flag, commands the naval station of Iceland, and protects our French fishermen dispersed over the Polar Seas. The flag of Spain floats from the tall mast of a brig, which has come for a cargo of salt cod, indispensable for the fasts of the most Catholic peninsula. A little steamer belonging to the British navy lies at anchor near the Spaniard. Iceland is a very poor country; Denmark does not figure among first-class powers. The British ship is here to make some claim or other, merely to keep up a good old habit. Lastly, a pleasure yacht has brought a young English lord, who has come to Iceland in search of distraction.

Reikiavik is not a pretty town, although the sketch by Giraud is by no means displeasing. Sir George Maekenzie said of the capital of Iceland that it had a very mean appearance. M. Charles Edmond goes further. He says, "L'aspect de la ville est triste, morne, chétif." "C'est triste, morne, désolé." But still Reikiavik was a capital, and the imagination of the expeditionists found an agreeable exercise in picturing forth what agitations could pervade the bosoms of people dwelling in such a climate, what metropolis imposed its ideas, its fashions, and its tastes in this northern capital, and what they should be most questioned upon. They were not long in being disillusionised. "The Icelanders whom we met," M. Charles Edmond relates, after landing, "busy for the most part in drying, weighing, and packing up salt cod, looked at us in a calm, mild, sympathising manner. The men took off their hats as we passed by and muttered kindly expressions. But there was no manifestation of surprise at the visit which we were paying them. Like the Doge of Genoa in the Versailles of Louis XIV., it is rather we who are astonished at finding ourselves in Iceland."

A gentleman of high stature advanced to meet the expeditionists. This was M. Biarni Johnson, rector of the University of Reikiavik. M. Johnson spoke slowly, but the choice of his expressions marked a man who had cultivated the French language at its purest sources. With M. Johnson came M. Gunnlaugson, who has spent a long life in drawing up

an accurate map of the island, and M. Fridrikson, professor of natural history. Unfortunately the professor could only speak Icelandic and Latin. This was a sting to the consciences of those who had not profited by their classical studies. "The number of such was considerable." Our expeditionists appear to have profited wondrously, however, under the guidance of these gentlemen intimate with the real interests of the country. It is quite a relief to find them, on discussing the fact that the finances of Iceland are always in arrear, and that the island costs Copenhagen annually some 60,000 francs, attribute this state of things to its true source—monopoly. Iceland, when independent, supported 100,000 inhabitants; it does not possess one-half that number in the present day.

An hour was sufficient to explore Reikiavik, its university, and its church. A walk outside the town was easily effected. To the surprise of the expedition, there were no walls nor gates, no sentries nor passports; but outside there were no trees nor gardens—barely a buttercup and a forget-me-not. There were not even any roads. "How is it that you have no carriages?" they asked of a native. "Because there are no roads." "Why is it that you have no roads?" they inquired of another. "Because we have no carriages," was the reply. So they took their way back to Reikiavik.

After all it is nature, not man—nature in its most stern and forbidding aspects of perpetual snow and ice, by the very side of living volcanoes and jets of boiling water—that the traveller goes to see in Iceland; and our expeditionists soon got up a party for the Geysers. To effect this they had to ride the ponies of the country, and it soon becomes evident that such an exercise over rough beds of lava, and along the side of precipitous ravines, was by no means suited to their habits. "What," inquires our historiographer, "did these men come to such inhospitable solitudes for? The riders, their heads bent, crouching on their steeds, seem to be impressed with the gloomy melancholy of the landscape. It was impossible to shorten the fatigue and weariness of the journey by conversation. Every one had to look out for himself, and if his legs were long, had every now and then to lift them in the air to avoid some obnoxious rock. Luckily for the equestrian's self-love, there is no one, not a peasant, to look at him." The sailors alone appear to have enjoyed the thing. No mariner can resist the temptation of a little extra equitation. The French mariners aspired on their ponies to the perfections of the "haute école." But M. Charles Edmond manifestly did not enjoy himself. "Le panorama maudit," he says, "continue ses scènes de désolation ensorcelée."

The second day brought them to what Sir George Mackenzie calls "the deep and frightful fissure of Thingvalla." M. Charles Edmond says, "Le paysage est d'un fantasque grandiose. La solitude prend un aspect sauvage et d'une désolation incommensurable." Glad enough were they to pass from such scenes of horror, amidst which the Icelandic Althing was once held, to the quiet little church of Thingvalla itself. Churches serve as caravanserais in Iceland.

Next day the caravan prepared early for a start. Sore and weary, the travellers issued one after another out of the holes where they passed the night. Scarcely do they condescend to cast a look of gratitude at the benches in the church, upon the heaps of turf in the stable, or the stone floor of the pastor's little chamber, on all of which they had sought repose. The horse's saddle and

the fresh air is better than all that. Quick, on horseback! When travelling, if one only gets on, one has no right to complain.

The pastor and his family, grouped at the threshold of the cottage, contemplate the preparations for departure with an apathetic eye. Yet one would think that the unexpected invasion of their humble abode by a numerous caravan, led by a personage whose name has filled the nineteenth century with his renown, would have constituted an event in the life of these good people. Ils n'ont pas même l'air de s'en douter.

Our expeditionists were perplexed what to do. The hospitality had not been excessive, the shelter had not even sufficed for all, still less so had the resources in comestibles of the place. But whatever there was of both had been used up, and they felt that an indemnification was due. They could not offer money to a simple pastor in Iceland, it would be an insult to his dignity. Nor yet could they vouchsafe a compliment in Latin, for reasons before given. It was finally resolved to leave the question of indemnity open till their return. They would then take a liking to the antique costume of the pastor's daughter, and replace it by the price of a Danish equipment in the latest fashion. They did return to Thingvalla, after the lapse of a day or two, and here were the results:

The next morning preparations for starting were made at an early hour. The moment had come to bid our host a farewell which will probably be eternal. The hand of the pastor Bech is duly shaken, the price of the famous costume is handed over to the daughter, a few jugs of milk which have been imbibed, the peat-turfs that have served as pillows, and the grass that the horses have eaten, are paid for. A few small presents have been added, so that our hosts shall preserve a long and pleasant memory of our visit: and now quick to the saddle! Only let our steeds do their work well, and we shall be this evening at Reikiavik. At the very moment that the cavalcade is about to get into motion, the pastor comes up. He is shaking a paper that he holds in his hand. Are they verses composed in honour of the chief of our caravan? Is that a blessing that he has penned for us in Latin? We stop, and explanations are entered into. It is a bill—a positive bill, and amounts to 220 francs—and that for the use of the soil on which we encamped, for the lease of certain fragments of lava on which we had in vain attempted to sleep, and probably also for the rain which abundantly poured over us. It is not fitting to enter into a discussion with a pastor, so his *addition* was paid, and we left Thingvalla very little edified by the disinterestedness of the religious recluse.

The expeditionists, to their surprise, found Lord Dufferin quietly encamped at the Great Geyser, awaiting an eruption with the usual Britannic phlegm. He is described as “a fair young man, of juvenile aspect, long features finely marked, and reminding one vaguely of the portrait of his maternal grandfather, Sheridan. A southern climate would have been better suited for his delicate health, but his predilections led him to the north.” Remarking further upon these pursuits of the young English nobleman, M. Charles Edmond applauds a nation whose wealthy youth can seek for pleasures elsewhere than in the brutal satisfaction of coarse appetites. “How much,” he remarks, “do they in this respect differ from those degenerate races whom idleness and the ignorance of savages induce to forget themselves in common-places, bourgeois, idiotic vice! If England is, in the present day, the only country in the world that possesses an aristocracy, she inherits a right in such, in the manner in which the privileges handed down by tradition are justified. It is felt in Great Britain, that a name, that a fortune are not sufficient; that one

may be a gentleman, and at the same time work, without losing caste, for the prosperity of the country." These are among the most kindly observations in the book.

A ball was given, on the return of the expedition, to the *élite* of Reikiavik, on board the war-frigate *Arthémise*, but the incidents which accompanied the festivities do not appear to have been of a very marked character. Nearly half a century ago, Sir George Mackenzie gave a ball at Reikiavik, and the worthy Scotch baronet experienced considerable disappointment at not observing a single woman in the Icelandic costume. The dresses, he remarks, had some resemblance to those of English chambermaids, but were not so smart. The French expedition were doomed to a similar disappointment, and they gallantly revenged themselves by intimating that "a moody spirit, given to criticism, would have found ample occasion for malicious observations upon the fashions in vogue at Reikiavik. Let us content ourselves with expressing our regret that the Icelandic ladies should have abandoned their gracious costumes for so-called Parisian fashions, received at third-hand from Copenhagen."

And this was all that was seen of Iceland—the Thingvalla, and the Geysers, and a ball at Reikiavik! The deeply-indented and picturesque fiords—notoriously Havnefjord; the sulphur mountains at Krisuvik; the salses, or mud volcanoes in the same vicinity; the yokuls, or great glaciers—more particularly the Snaefell; the caves of columnar basalt at Stappen; the boiling springs in the river Reikiadalsaa; even the terrible Heekla itself, were all alike passed over. It was truly worth while to go all the way to Iceland for a dislocating ride to the Geysers and a dance with the fish-dames of Reikiavik.

As a compensation, there was the anxiety attendant upon the projected exploration of the Polar regions. Jan Mayen's Island was considered to be a kind of outlying station in these seas, and to it, therefore, it was resolved that the expedition should wend its way.

Before an ultimate decision was come to, it was, however, deemed advisable to consult the captain of one of the steam-tenders.

He was still a young man, with fair hair, blue eyes, and the looks of a modest miss who has only just escaped from the tutelage of Saint Catherine. "You are accustomed to navigation?" inquired Captain de la Roncière.—"Yes," answered our Englishman, modestly lowering his eyes; "I have just arrived from Oceania, and I only stopped at Liverpool time enough to get in your coals." "Have you been a long time in the profession?"—"I have never had another." "What would you think of a journey to Greenland?"—"Nothing at all. I should not think of it." "Would you be willing to accompany us there?"—"Not immediately; the fires are out; it will take two hours to get up steam, and then I am ready." "Do you know the way there?"—"I have a chart; I believe it is a correct one." "But the ice?" interrupted one of the expedition.—"Ah! yes, there is a good deal. I have heard that ice abounds in that country." "And you think you could get there?"—"Oh! one always arrives at a place if the ship's head is put in the right direction."

And so ended this, manifestly in part, apocryphal colloquy. English mariners do not talk of Oceania, a French captain would not have asked another sailor if he knew "the way" by sea; and a modest man would have replied, "The season being favourable, we may probably reach Greenland in safety." Yet, upon this specimen of the character of our countrymen, M. Charles Edmond observes, "It is needless to seek the reason that renders Great Britain the home of so many good mariners."

The *Reine Hortense* left Reikiavik for Jan Mayen's Island, having Lord Dufferin's little yacht, *Foam*, in tow, on the 7th of July. On the 10th they first sighted the detached ice, floating from the great bank that has closed the eastern coast of Greenland to all access since the fifteenth century. To believe our excitable historiographer, "a shout of joy arose on deck. There he is at last! It is really himself, the empire of Père Arctique, the regions of eternal winter, that we are entering upon in midsummer!" It was not, however, so playful a matter as had been imagined. The ice was a reality—no mere pasteboard scenery—and the floating masses kept increasing in size and numbers till they herded portentously about the *Reine Hortense*. The expeditionists began to shake, and we are told, simply from cold, but it is evident that "M. le Capitaine de la Roncière" suddenly became a far more important personage than heretofore. They felt that their safety lay in his hands. The captain, on his side, did not like the look of the "Banquise," as the French call it, and so he traced his way back into open sea. For three long days did they thus coast along the ice line. Now and then they made efforts to force their way in, but in vain. Time appeared terribly long in the midst of such disagreeable alternatives. A whole month, we are assured by our expeditionists, would have passed with greater rapidity on the Boulevard at Paris. "The wind persists in blowing, the ice persists in heaping up around the vessel, and cold is not the only sensation it produces. In case of a catastrophe, there would not even be the means of sending news of it to France!"

On the 11th of July the lofty peak of Jan Mayen was believed to be visible by telescope; if so, it became certain that the island was surrounded by ice on all its southern and western aspect. There only remained to try and reach it by its eastern or northerly sides; but the *Reine Hortense's* coal was nearly exhausted, the *Saxon* was not in sight, and it was wisely determined to retrace their steps to Reikiavik. This was accordingly done, the *Foam* parting company.

On approaching the coast of Iceland, greatly to their surprise a steamer came out to meet them. The excitement consequent thereon is depicted as something really extraordinary. The tender *Cocyte* had been ordered not to stir, and they fancied that superior orders must have come from Paris! It was the *Cocyte*, however, and it announced that the poor *Saxon* had met with a misfortune, having been struck by the ice, and lay at Onundar Fiord, which it had only been able to fetch by the greatest exertions. "A weight fell from our breasts," M. Charles Edmond relates. "Every one breathed freely. It was only the *Saxon* wrecked! Quelle joie!" One can hardly tell whether the joy was experienced at the news of the wreck of the *Saxon*, or from the relief derived by the absence of the much-dreaded "superior orders."

The *Cocyte* and the *Tasmania*, the other English screw-steamer, having been despatched to the western coast of Greenland, the expedition followed in the same direction on the 17th of July. Off Cape Farewell they fell in with a deserted wreck, but under the impression that there might be survivors on board, a genuine and earnest enthusiasm to afford succour was exhibited, which presents a most agreeable relief to the otherwise prevalent tone of Parisian superciliousness.

On the 21st the expedition neared the ice. The great glacier of Fredericksshaab was visible from the deck, but they were prevented ap-

proaching the coast by dense fogs till they got to Godthaab. Two Esquimaux pilots boarded them here. "Nothing in our country," says M. Charles Edmond, "scandalises a person more than to meet a stranger who is so insolent as not to understand French." But here were savages still more unmannerly, for they did not understand even English. The pilots, however, intimated the way into the fiord, and the *Reine Hortense* soon found herself safely anchored in a land-locked bay that would have held all the fleets of Europe.

The expeditionists had fancied that it was impossible to encounter a more desolate country than Iceland. They were doomed to be undeceived here. "There was no place here," says the historiographer, "for sorrow, no motive for melancholy. Everything was reduced to a gloomy, immeasurable despair. After an hour's walk across "the petrified waves of this lugubrious ossuary," they perceived the tower of a church. "That was the colony; that was Godthaab, the capital of a continent larger than Europe. Godthaab consisted of five wooden houses: the church, the presbytery, the habitations of the factor, of the inspector, and of the doctor. A handful of huts of earth, inhabited by the natives, completed the colony."

The illustration is more kindly than the description; it makes a very pretty place of this well-known Greenland factory. Nor do they altogether fare badly at Godthaab. It appears that they and the neighbouring establishment of Moravian Brethren, with their pupils, consume annually 500,000 Danish pounds of reindeer meat, 100,000 pounds of birds' flesh, 3,500,000 of seal, 240,000 of fish, and 100,000 of walrus and dolphin. Add to this 4,000,000 of herrings and shell-fish, besides 100 tons of peas and oatmeal, and 100,000 pounds of bread and flour, imported from Europe.

The great thing was to astonish the natives, and this was successfully accomplished. When the pastor of Godthaab, the first to visit the corvette, found himself suddenly in a saloon decorated with all the luxury of a Parisian mansion, in the midst of an animated, lively group of persons, face to face with a French prince who by his name and his features brought back to his memory the great legend of the nineteenth century, he placed his head in his hands, sank into an arm-chair, and was some time before he could answer the questions addressed to him. When the simple-hearted Moravian Brethren heard the name of him who walked at the head of the party visiting them, they opened their large eyes, had the name repeated twice over to them, and appeared confounded into a silent admiration. But when the ladies—for there were ladies in Godthaab—were invited by the prince to breakfast, they contemplated this sudden apparition of the luxuries and brilliancy of European life with melancholy looks. "It would perhaps have been better for them," M. Charles Edmond tells us, "that the corvette should not have touched at the gloomy colony of Godthaab!" The English, we are also told, *à propos* of a ball given to the Esquimaux, "on leaving a foreign station, leave behind them money, orders, and recriminations, which the government can turn to profit when it may be deemed convenient to do so; the Frenchman bids farewell, leaves presents and regrets. Commercially speaking, the English are in the right, but in the point of view of moral influence, of the instinctive and often involuntary propagandism of ideas, the stay of the French is not always agreeable to foreign au-

thorities, especially when they are of a gloomy, morose, or jealous disposition."

This is all very well, but it is not every French ship that is so fine or so luxuriously furnished and apparelled, or freighted with such an intelligent, animated, and wealthy crew as the *Reine Hortense*. Well might it have left regrets, especially among the fair sex, to the justifiable annoyance of jealous husbands.

On their way back, the expedition, after touching at Fiskernen, was enabled to fetch the harbour of Frederickshaab, where the *Tasmania* and *Coccyte* lay at anchor. Mr. Tayler (Taylor?), an English mineralogist, induced the party to visit hence the mines of Arksuk Fiord. There are at that place both copper and lead, but the chief and almost peculiar riches of the locality consist in beds of cryolite, or kriolithe, a mineral which abounds in the newly utilised metal—aluminium. Mr. Taylor appeared to be most inadequately supported in his labours, for he was left alone, with a single attendant, at Arksuk, where, we are given to understand, he is preparing a valuable work on the geology of the country. The expedition was attacked so sharply by the mosquitoes on this part of the coast, that in their anger they declared that "in so cursed a territory the very air was as inhospitable as the land."

It was proposed to sail hence directly for the Faroe Islands, but contrary winds obliged the expedition to seek shelter once more at Reikiavik. The port was more animated than ever; the young Prince of Orange was there in the *Merapi*, and this time M. de Chancourtois, the mineralogist of the expedition, visited the sulphur mountains. Three days' sail from Reikiavik and they arrived at Thorshaven, in Faroe. The inhabitants of these islands, which, strictly speaking, belong to sea-birds, are described as being no better off or more civilised than the Icelanders, although more immediately under Danish protection. It is only twenty-four hours from the Faroe to the Shetland Islands, and to the latter our travellers next proceeded. A magnificent lighthouse off Somberg Head announced to them their return to civilisation. At Lerwick there was a consular agent and newspapers. The expedition had really and positively got back again to civilised lands! It was but a short run from Shetland to Bergen, and after a brief contemplation of the oft-described features of the ancient capital of Norway, the expedition coasted along by Christiansund to Christiana, and thence by Frederickstadt and Gothenburg to Copenhagen and Stockholm, finally returning home by way of Hamburg.

It is needless to follow our travellers in such devious peregrinations in well-known regions. The object of Prince Napoleon was manifestly to make himself acquainted, by personal inspection, with the state of these interesting regions, and the record of the journey by M. Charles Edmond contains many observations on the condition and on the future prospects of the Scandinavian nations well worthy of serious perusal. We have, indeed, treated the work in a somewhat light mood, forced upon us by the overwhelming odour of the bitumen of the Boulevards, which pervades every page, especially at the onset of the journey; but, laying aside some very irrelevant discussions on history, lugged in *à propos* both of Scotland and Iceland, and an out-of-the-way story of Oceania, related in the Polar Seas, there is a good deal to interest and even enlighten the reader upon the condition of the countries visited, in this curious record of travel.

MIDNIGHT DOINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PASSING BELL."

THE hot rays of the sun in June were on the West-end streets, as three gentlemen strolled arm-in-arm through one of them. Three men more different in appearance it would be rare to meet. He who walked in the middle was by far the best-looking, a young man of four-and-twenty, attired in mourning. His regular features had an open expression, his blue eyes were set somewhat deep in his head, and their long eyelashes, nearly black, were darker than his hair. He on the right was a stout man of five or six-and-fifty, with a burly manner, and a big head covered with a mass of iron-grey hair; and his prominent eyes shone out, hard and bold, through his gold-rimmed glasses. The other was short and thin, and stooped in the shoulders, with keen jet-black eyes overhanging a hooked nose; and his eyes looked too keen, and his nose too hooked, for his thirty years. The stout one was Colonel Haughton, the keen one Mr. Piggott, and the middle one Charles Dalrymple. Suddenly the latter stood still, and gazed across the street.

"What now, Dalrymple?"

"There's my cousin Oscar. If ever I saw him in my life, that is he. What brings him in town? I'll wish you good day, and be after him."

"To meet to-night?" quickly cried Colonel Haughton.

"To meet to-night of course. No fear of my not coming for my revenge." And so saying, Charles Dalrymple disengaged himself from the other two, and flew across the street.

"Oscar, Oscar, is it you? When did you get here?"

"Ah! how are you? I was on my way to South Audley-street to find you out."

"Come for a long stay?" demanded Charles, as he linked his arm within his cousin's—who, by the way, was a cousin some degrees removed.

"I came to-day, and I return to-morrow," replied Oscar Dalrymple.

"You don't mean that, man? Visit London in the height of the season, and stop a day only! Such a calamity was never heard of."

"I cannot afford to stay," said Oscar. "My purse is not long enough for London."

"Then what did you come for?"

"A small matter of business brought me," returned Oscar; who did not choose to tell Charles that he was come to look after him. News of Charles's doings, or rather misdoings, had travelled to his mother's remote home, the Grange, and she had written to Oscar to proceed to London and see what was amiss.

Oscar said nothing of this. Cold, cautious, and secretive, he determined first of all to look and mark: he might gather something by signs. If ever two natures were opposed to each other, his and Charles's were: the one all cool calculation, the other all thoughtless impulse. Oscar had also the advantage of Charles by half a dozen years.

They dined together at Charles's rooms. Charles urged some outdoor attractions afterwards, but he urged them in vain: Oscar preferred

to remain at home. So they sat, and smoked, and sipped their wine: at least, Charles smoked, Oscar was not given to the habit. Still he said nothing. At eleven o'clock he rose.

"It is time for sober people to be in bed, Charles. I hope I have not kept you up."

Charles Dalrymple fairly exploded with laughter. Kept him up! at only eleven o'clock! "My evening is not begun yet," said he.

"No!" returned Oscar, looking surprised, whether he felt so or not. "What do you mean?"

"I am engaged for the evening to Colonel Haughton."

"It is a curious time to begin an evening. What are you going to do at Colonel Haughton's?"

"Can't tell till I get there."

"Can I accompany you?"

Charles's face turned grave. "No," said he, "it is a liberty I may not take. Colonel Haughton might resent it. He is a peculiar-tempered man."

"Good night."

"Good night, Oscar. Come to breakfast at ten."

Oscar Dalrymple departed. But he did not proceed to the hotel, where he had engaged a bed: on the contrary, he took up his station in a shady place, whence he could see the door he had just come out of: cowering there like a housebreaker watching the putting out of the lights in the house he contemplates honouring with a midnight visit; or like a policeman keeping himself dark while he watches for a housebreaker. Presently he saw Charles Dalrymple emerge from it, and betake himself away.

Hardly had his echoing footsteps died out, when Oscar retraced his steps to the house and knocked. His cousin's own man answered it. A faithful servant, getting in years now. Charles was the third of the family he had served.

"Reuben," said Mr. Dalrymple, "I think I have left a note-case in the sitting-room. I am come back to find it."

The note-case was looked for without success: and Oscar discovered that it was safe in his pocket. Perhaps he knew that, all the while.

"I am sorry to have troubled you for nothing, Reuben. Did I call you out of your bed?"

"No, no," answered the man, shaking his head. "There's rarely much bed for me now, before daylight, Mr. Oscar."

"How is that?" inquired Oscar.

"I suppose young men must be young men," he replied. "I should not mind that; but Mr. Charles is getting into just the habits of his uncle."

Oscar looked up quickly. "His uncle, Charles Dalrymple?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Ay, he is. My heart is almost mad at times with fear. However, I suppose I must not talk about it. If my dear late master was alive, though, I should just go down to the Grange and tell him everything."

A new idea floated over the mind of Oscar as he listened. It gathered strength. Mrs. Dalrymple had not mentioned whence she had received news of Charles's exploits, but he now felt sure it was from no other than Reuben.

"I came up to-day at Mrs. Dalrymple's request," said Oscar; "but that must not be told to Mr. Charles. Tell me all, Reuben, for I have to report it at the Grange. How is he going on?"

"Not well, sir. And should things ever come to a crisis with him, as they did with the first Charles Dalrymple, I thought, maybe, Mrs. Dalrymple would blame me for not having warned her. Therefore I wrote."

Oscar Dalrymple had not taken his eyes off the servant during the last sentence. Some of its words struck strangely upon his ear. "Do you fancy—do you fear—things may come to a crisis with him, as they did with his uncle?" he breathed, in a low voice.

"Not, as to *him*; not to the same crisis, as to him." And the servant's agitation was so great that the tone of his voice approached a scream. "Mr. Dalrymple! how could you think it?"

"Nay, Reuben—I think it! Your words alone led to the thought."

"I meant as to his money. Nothing else; nothing else, Mr. Oscar."

"Let me hear what you know, and what you fear."

"He has fallen into just such a horrid gambling set as that his uncle got into. One of them is the very same man. They sought him out; they did, Mr. Dalrymple, and he never would have got into it of his own accord. I was in the room to-night, sir, when he told you he was going to Colonel Haughton's. It was that very man who ruined his uncle."

"Colonel Haughton!"

"It was. He was only Captain Haughton in those days; he is a colonel now. A colonel by courtesy only, I should call him, for I hear he has sold out of the army long ago. It's to know whether he was not turned out. And they say he has nothing whatever to live upon. Colonel Haughton called here some days ago: I knew his face again, though it's a bloated one now, and his hair's grey, and he had got on spectacles. And he knew me. Perhaps he remembered that the last time we ever met was over the dead body of poor Charles Dalrymple; for he went shuffling away, and he has never called since. I asked Mr. Charles if he knew how Haughton lived—without saying that I could tell anything about him—and he said, No. 'On his property,' he supposed. Fine property," contemptuously added Reuben: "he has nothing but what he fleeces others of."

Oscar made no comment. He waited for more.

"It was when I found he had drawn Mr. Charles into his meshes that I wrote to Mrs. Dalrymple. Every night, every night, as the nights—or, I may say, the mornings—come round, at two, three, four o'clock does Mr. Charles come home, flushed and haggard: yes, sir, flushed and haggard: the two go together with gamblers, though you may not fancy so."

"You think he gambles?"

"I am sure he does: I know the signs too well: I had that experience with his uncle before him. Sometimes he will come home the worse for drink; sometimes he will be sober, and then he seems the most wretched. He will often walk about the rooms for an hour before getting into bed. I hear him from mine, pacing about like one in a frenzy. He appeared laughing and jocular before you, Mr. Oscar, but it was all put on."

"Have you warned him? or tried to stop him?"

"What good can I do, sir? Twice I have begged him not to go out, and said this night work was ruin; but he was not going to heed me. I said nothing about the play; it is hard to tell how he might have taken it, from me."

"But I think you ought to do so, Reuben, and tell him the history of his uncle. That may stagger him."

"Only last night, that ever was, I had the greatest mind to it. But the squire would never have it spoken of to him: he used to say, 'Keep it from him, Reuben, don't tell him that.' Mr. Charles has asked me, before now, what his uncle died of, and I have passed it off, and said a short illness. But what's the good of speaking, Mr. Oscar? no warning ever turned a gambler. I think he has got bills out," added Reuben, passing to a different subject.

"Bills out! Already?" repeated Mr. Dalrymple.

"There's cause to fear so, sir," he sighed. "And all the ill has arisen through those sharks coming after him. They knew Moat-Grange had fallen to him, and they scented the prey as soon as he set foot in London, and came hunting him up, like they hunted up his uncle two-and-twenty years ago. These harpies, who have no means of their own, and live by preying upon young men, driving them to ruin and despair, ought to have their necks stretched on Tower Hill. Nobody was ever born with a better heart than Mr. Charles, only he is easy, and good-natured, and gets led away."

"Tush!" said Oscar. He did not believe in good hearts: or, at any rate, had a profound contempt for them. He believed in nothing but cool self-interest. The servant had told all he knew, and Oscar bade him good night, and departed.

They met at breakfast. Charles was looking ill and anxious. Oscar saw it plainly, now the clue had been given him.

"Been making a night of it?" began Oscar. "You look as if you had."

"Yes, I was late. Pour out the coffee, will you, Oscar?"

His own hands were shaking. Oscar saw it as he opened some letters.

"There is a letter from home, I see, by the post-mark," remarked Oscar.

"Not from the Grange. It is from Farmer Lee."

"What can you find to do, so as to keep you up, night after night? You must have some pursuit."

"One is never at a loss to kill time in London."

"I suppose not, where it is required to be killed. But I did not know it was necessary to kill that which ought to be spent in sleep. One would think you passed your nights at the gaming-table, Charles."

The words startled him, and a flush rose to his pallid features. Oscar was gazing steadily at him, and Charles saw that he was.

"Charles! you look conscious. Have you learnt to gamble?"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Charles, confusedly. "I may play a little now and then."

"Do not shirk the question. *Have you taken to play?*"

"A little, I tell you. Never mind. It's my own affair."

"Were you not playing last night?"

"Well—yes; I was. Very little."

"Lost or won?" said Oscar, carelessly.

"Oh, I lost," answered Charles. "The luck was against me."

"Now, my good fellow, do you know what you had better do? Go home to Moat-Grange and stop there, and get out of this set. I know what gamesters are: they never let a pigeon off till he is stripped of his last feather. Leave, with me, for the Grange to-day, and cheat them; and stop there till the mania shall have left you, though it should be years to come."

"I am not going to Moat-Grange if I know it," was Charles Dalrymple's answer.

"Your reason?"

"Because I must stay where I am. I wish I had never come. I do wish that. But as I did come, here I am fixed."

"You might have been content there. What did you want, flying off to London, the moment your father was underground? Had you succeeded to forty thousand a year, you could but have hastened to launch out in the metropolis."

"I did not come to launch out," returned Charles, angrily. "I came to get rid of myself: everything was so wretched down there."

"What constituted its wretchedness?"

"The remembrance of my father. Every face I saw, every stick and stone about the spot, seemed to reproach me, to whisper that but for my carelessness he would not have died. And, secondly, there was that miserable business of my giving up Isabel Lynn?"

"How! Have you given up Miss Lynn?"

"Yes," replied Charles, with a stifled sigh. "I promised my father that my mother should remain in the Grange, so of course I could not marry. And I gave up Isabel, and we took a formal leave of each other. Don't talk to me about the Grange, Oscar. I shall not return to the place. I hate the sight of it."

"I suppose you gave her up in a fit of impulse?"

"I gave her up because there was nothing else to be done. The accident, by which my father lost his life, was owing to me, and it was but right that I should sacrifice my own prospects to provide for my mother and sisters. Justice demanded it of me."

"In a degree: but not in the chivalrous style you have gone to work. You might have married Isabel Lynn, and yet have provided for Mrs. Dalrymple and your sisters."

"How?"

"How! Suppose you had divided your income, there would have been a thousand a year for each party. Neither would have starved upon it. And there was Miss Lynn's fortune to add to yours."

"I did think, afterwards, that I had been hasty. What you now say occurred to my own mind. However, it is of no use dwelling upon it. It is too late."

"No, it is not too late. Mrs. Dalrymple will, no doubt, readily——"

"I tell you it is too late," burst forth Charles, in a sharp tone, and Oscar thought it was one of anguish, if he had ever heard one.

Oscar Dalrymple left London that night for the Grange. He found

he could do nothing with Charles, so he resolved to "wash his hands of him" (his own expression to himself) by laying the facts before Mrs. Dalrymple. She must do as she best could in the matter. Oscar Dalrymple was not aware that he had come to town too late. He might have been able to effect no good had he arrived earlier, but now the power to do so was removed from all. Charles Dalrymple was ruined. Not only were all his available funds gone, but he had entered into liabilities thick and threefold, far beyond what the rent-roll at the Grange would be sufficient to meet. He had told Oscar he did not play much the previous night. Why did he not? Because he had nothing left to play with, and had sat a gloomy, morose man, looking on at the others. Introduced to the evil fascinations of play by Colonel Haughton, that man had drawn him on until the unhappy mania took full hold upon Charles himself. To remain away from the gambling-table for one night would have been intolerable, for the feverish disease was raging within him. Poor infatuated man!—poor infatuated men, all of them, who thus lose themselves!—he was positively indulging a vision of success and hope: every time that he approached the pernicious table, it was rife within him, buoying him up, and urging him on—that luck might turn in his favour, that night, that very night, and he might win the Grange back, and the value of another Grange to it, and so regain Isabel! Thus it is with all; save with those habitual gamblers who are behind the scenes, such as Colonel Haughton and his confederate Piggott; and the sooner the crash comes, the better—as it had now come for Charles Dalrymple.

Everything was gone, every available thing: he had nothing left but the watch he had about him and the ring he wore. Yes he had. Farmer Lec had been wishing to invest a few hundred pounds in the funds, and had prayed his young landlord to transact the business for him, and save him a journey to London. Charles good-naturedly acquiesced. Had any one told him he could touch that money for his own purposes, he would have knocked the offender down with indignation. The vouchers for the money to be transferred had come from the farmer that very morning; there they lay at his elbow on the breakfast-table; and there sat Charles, striving to turn his covetous eyes from them, yet unable, for they bore for him the deadly fascination of the basilisk. He had rather they were in the midst of some blazing fire, smouldering away, than there to tempt him. Once it came across his mind to hand them to Oscar, and request him to take them that day where they ought to go: but he did not, wanting an excuse.

And the day went on to evening, and Oscar Dalrymple departed, and that unfortunate money's worth still remained in Charles's possession. Mr. Piggott had called late in the afternoon. Whether that worthy gentleman scented the fact, or heard of it casually from Charles Dalrymple, who was too open upon most subjects, it is probable that he did become acquainted with it, for he did not leave him afterwards. He carried him out to dine, and between ten and eleven Charles returned home alone, heated with wine. He went to his desk, took something out of it—*something!* and relocked it again. Then he saw that Reuben had followed him in, and was standing close by.

"Mr. Charles—do not go out again to-night."

Charles stared at him.

"Sir, I carried you in my arms when you were a child; your father, the very day he died, told me to give you a word of warning, if I saw you going wrong; let that be my excuse for speaking to you as you may think I have no right to do. Do not go out again, sir; for this night, at any rate, stay away from the set, they are nothing but blacklegs. There's that Piggott waiting for you outside the door."

"Reuben, don't be a fool. How dare you say my friends are black-legs?"

"They are so, sir. And you are losing your money to them, and it won't be their fault if they don't get it all."

Charles Dalrymple did not reply. He moved to the door, but Reuben moved more quickly than he, and stood with his back against it.

"What farce is this?" uttered Charles, indignantly. "Stand away from the door, or I shall be tempted to fling you from it."

"Oh, sir, hear reason. Two-and-twenty years ago, I stood, in like manner, praying your uncle Charles not to go out to his ruin. He had come to London, sir, as fine and generous a young man as you, but a little older, he was, in years; and the gamblers got hold of him, and drew him into their ways and stuck to him, like a leech, till all he had was gone. A night came when he was half mad; I saw he was; and I stood before him, and prayed him not to go out with them, as I am now praying you. It was of no use, and he went. If I tell you what that night brought forth, sir, will you regard it as a warning?"

"What did it bring forth?" demanded Charles, arrested to interest.

"I will tell you, sir, if you will take warning by it, and break with them, this night, and never go amongst them more. Will you promise, Mr. Charles?"

"Out of the way, Reuben. You are getting into your dotage. If you have nothing to tell me, let me go."

"Listen, then," cried Reuben, bending his head forward, in his excitement. "At three o'clock, that same morning, Mr. Dalrymple returned. He had been half mad, I say, when he went, he was wholly mad when he came back; mad with despair and despondency. He came in, his head down, and his steps lagging, and went into his bedroom. I went to mine, and was undressing, when he called me back. He had got his portmanteau from against the wall, open, and was standing over it, looking in, his coat and cravat off, and the collar of his shirt unbuttoned. 'Reuben,' said he, 'I have made up my mind to leave London and take a journey.'

"Down to the Grange, sir?" I asked, my heart leaping within me at the good news.

"No, not to the Grange, this time; it's farther than that. But as I have informed no one of my intention, I must leave a word with you, in case I am inquired after."

"Am I not to attend you, sir?" I interrupted.

"No, I shan't want you particularly," he answered; "you'll do more good here. Tell all who may inquire for me, and especially my brother, that although they may think I did wrong to start alone on a road where I have never been, I am obliged to do so. I cannot help myself. Tell them I deliberated upon it before making up my mind, and that I undertake it in the possession of all my faculties and senses."

"I found these words somewhat strange," continued Reuben, "but his true meaning never struck upon me—oh," he wailed, clasping his hands, "it never struck upon me. My thoughts only turned to Scotland; for my master had been talking of going there to see a Scotch laird, a friend of his, and I believed he had taken a sudden resolution to pay the visit then; I thought he had pulled out his trunk to put in some things, he might want, before I packed it. I asked him when he intended to start, and he replied that I should know all in the morning; and I went back to my bed."

Charles had sat down on the nearest chair: his eyes were strained on Reuben. Had he a foreshowing of what was to come?

"In the morning one of the women servants came and woke me. Her face startled me the moment I opened my eyes; it was white and terror-stricken, and she asked me what that stream of blood meant that had trickled from under the door of my master's chamber. I went there when I had put a thing or two on. Master Charles," he added, dropping his voice to a dread whisper, "he had indeed gone on his journey."

"Was he dead?"

"He had been dead for hours. The razor was lying beside him, near the door: I told you his throat was bare. I have never overgot that dreadful sight: a thought has always been haunting me that, had I understood his meaning as I might, it would have been prevented."

"His trunk—what did he get that out for?"

"To blind me—as I have believed since."

"Why did he commit the deed?" gloomily continued Charles, whom the account seemed to have partially sobered.

"He had got into the clutches of the same sort of people that you have, sir, and they had fleeced him down to beggary and shame; and he had not the resolution to leave them, and face the poverty: that was why he did it. His worst enemy was Captain Haughton. He is Colonel Haughton now."

"What do you mean?" cried Charles Dalrymple, after a pause of astonishment.

"Yes, sir, the same man. He is your evil genius, and he was your uncle's before you. The last time I saw him, was when we both stood together, over my master's dead body: he came in, along with others. 'He must have been stark mad,' was his exclamation, as he looked down at him. 'Perhaps so, Captain Haughton,' I answered, 'but the guilt lies on those who drove him so.' He took my meaning, and he slunk away, and we never met again till he called here the other day, after you, sir. I knew him, and he knew me: I don't think he'll come here again. Mr. Charles, you had better have fallen into the meshes of the Fiend himself, than into that man's."

"My uncle must have been insane when he did this," uttered Charles Dalrymple.

"The jury said otherwise," sadly answered Reuben. "They brought it in *felo-de-se*; and he was buried by torchlight, without the burial service."

The news had told upon Charles. His mind, just then, was a chaos. Nothing tangible showing out of it, save that his plight was as bad as his uncle's, and he had been looking, in his persistent infatuation, for that

night to redeem it. He rose up, after a while, and signed to Reuben to let him pass. The latter's spirit sank within him.

"Is what I have told you of no avail, Mr. Charles? Are you still bent on going forth to those wicked men? It will be your ruin."

"It is that already," were Charles's words. "Reuben, as it was with my uncle, so it is with me: I am ruined, and worse than ruined, and after to-night I will know Colonel Haughton no more. But I have resolved to make one desperate effort this night to redeem myself, and I must do it. I *will* try it, it is the only chance. Let me pass."

The servant could not help himself; he saw there was no hope of controlling or turning him, and he drew aside. And Charles went out with what he had taken from the desk in his breast-pocket.

What strange infatuation could have been upon him? If you have been drawn into the fiery vortex of gambling, you will not ask; and if you have not, it would be difficult to make you understand it. Charles Dalrymple was a desperate man: and, besides that, the feverish yearning for play, in itself, was strong upon him; as it always was now, at that night hour. As yet the penalty he had incurred was but embarrassment and poverty: he was now about to stake what was not his, and risk guilt. And yet, *he went forth*: for the dreadful vice had got fast hold of him.

Mr. Piggott had been cooling his heels and his patience outside, not blessing his young friend for the unnecessary and unexpected delay, and not doing the opposite. He was of too equable a nature to curse and swear: he left that to his peppery partner, Haughton.

"I thought you had gone to bed," he said, when Charles appeared: "in another minute I should have come to see after you."

Charles Dalrymple did not reply. He linked his arm within Mr. Piggott's, and walked on, in silence, in the direction of Jermyn-street.

They entered the "hell." It is not a pleasant word for polite pens and ears, but it is an exceedingly appropriate one. It was blazing with light, and as hot as—as its name, and fiery countenances of impassioned triumph, and agonised countenances of vascillating suspense, and sullen countenances of despair, were crowding there. Colonel Haughton was in a private room: it was mostly kept for himself and his friends, a choice knot, of whom, he was amidst, when Charles and Mr. Piggott entered. Down sat Charles at the green cloth, wild and eager.

"It is of no use to make fools of us," whispered Colonel Haughton. "You know you do not possess another stiver: why take up a place?"

"Now, Haughton, you are too stringent," benevolently interposed Mr. Piggott, laying hold of the colonel's arm, and giving it a peculiar pinch. "Here is Dalrymple, with an impression that luck will be upon him to-night, a conviction, indeed, and you are afraid of giving him his revenge. It is his turn to win now. As to stakes, he says he has something with him that will do."

Charles Dalrymple drew the papers from his pocket, and dashed them before Colonel Haughton. "I am prepared to stake this," he said. "Nothing risk, nothing win. Luck must favour me to-night. Even Piggott says so, and he knows how bad it has been."

Colonel Haughton ran his spectacles over the papers. "I see," he said: "it will do. The risking it is your business, not ours."

"Of course it is mine," answered Charles Dalrymple.

"Then put your signature to it. Here ; by the side of the other."

It was done, and they sat down to play. "Nothing risk, nothing win," Charles had said : he had better have said, "Nothing risk, nothing lose;" and have acted upon it. A little past midnight, he went staggering out of that house, a doomed man. All was over, all lost. Farmer Lee's money had passed out of his possession, and he was a criminal in the sight of himself ; soon to be a criminal in the sight of the world, and liable to be arrested and tried at the bar of justice, a common felon.

He had taken nothing since he entered, yet he reeled about like one the worse for drink. What was to become of him ? Involuntarily the fate his uncle had resorted to came across his mind : nay, it is wrong to say "came across his mind," for it had not been away from it. Even in the mad turmoil of that last hour, when the suspense was awful to bear, and hope and dread had fought with each other as a meeting whirlwind, the facts of that dark history had been thrusting themselves out.

His face was burning without, and his brain was burning within. It was a remarkably windy night, and he took off his hat and suffered the breeze to blow on his miserable brow. And so he paced the streets, going from home, not to it. Where *could* he go ? he with the brand of crime and shame upon him ? He got to Charing-cross, and there he halted, and listened to the different clocks striking one. Should he turn back to South Audley-street ? And encounter Reuben, who had tried to save him, and had failed ? And go to bed, and wait, with what calmness he might, till the law claimed him ? Hardly. Anywhere but home. The breeze was stronger now : it blew from the direction of the water. Charles Dalrymple replaced his hat, pulled it firmly on his head to hide his eyes from the night, and dragged his steps towards Westminster-bridge.

Of all places in the world !—the bridge and the tempting stream !—what evil power impelled him there ?

Reuben sat up the livelong night. His master never came. Fearing, he knew not what, and attaching more importance to Charles's having remained out than he might have done at another time, he betook himself, between eight and nine, to Mr. Piggott's. That gentleman did not live in very fashionable lodgings, and his address there was not usually given : but Reuben had gone on a fishing tour, some days before, to catch what information he could, as to the private concerns of Mr. Piggott and Colonel Haughton, and had found it out.

The slipshod servant knew nothing : only that Mr. Piggott "warn't up yet." So Reuben, without any opposition, appeared before his chamber door, and knocked at it, a sharp, loud knock.

"Who's there ?"

Another knock, sharper than before.

"Come in."

Reuben walked in. "Sir," was his unceremonious address, "do you know anything of my master ?"

"I !" cried Mr. Piggott, when he had recovered his surprise. "I do not. Why ?"

"I thought you might, sir, as you took him out last night. He said he was going to play with you and Colonel Haughton. He has not returned home, and there's some important business waiting for him, so I want to find him."

Reuben had spoken out daringly, but the "important business" was an impromptu invention.

"He left us last night between twelve and one; to go home, as I suppose," said Mr. Piggott, somewhat taken-to. "I know nothing more."

Nobody else knew anything more, though Reuben did not scruple to question all he came across, especially Colonel Haughton. The day wore on, and the servant was half-distracted. His master had never remained away like this.

Another night passed, Sunday morning arose, and tidings came of Charles and his probable fate. A hat had been found in the Thames the previous day, floating away with the tide. Inside it was written "C. Dalrymple," and it was brought to Reuben to be owned or disowned. He recognised it in a moment. It was the one his unfortunate master had worn that night. How could it have come in the water, and where, then, was Charles Dalrymple? Little need to speculate. Some barge-men, who were in their vessel, lying close to the side of Westminster-bridge, came forward and deposed that about two o'clock on Saturday morning they had heard a weight drop into the water—"as if a body had thrown himself right on to the Thames, o' purpose to make a hole in it." A person had also seen Mr. Dalrymple on the bridge, and recognised him, not many minutes before. The melancholy tale soon spread over London—that Charles Dalrymple had drowned himself; another victim to Play.

"It runs in the family," quoth some who remembered the former catastrophe: "like uncle, like nephew. The name of Charles Dalrymple must be a fated one."

"I would at least have used a pistol, and gone out of the world like a gentleman," was the bad remark of that bad man, Colonel Haughton, as he stood on the Sunday night—yes, the Sunday night—and addressed those collected around him in the—place with the hot name.

Meanwhile, Oscar Dalrymple, travelling all night, had reached the Grange on Saturday morning. Never in his life fond of Charles, scarcely tolerant of him, he did not spare him now, but openly proclaimed his delinquencies to his mother and sisters. The pain to all was great: the shock to Mrs. Dalrymple very great; *she* knew how fatal the vice had already been in the family. But in the midst of her reproachful anger towards Charles, she felt that Oscar need not have betrayed him to his sisters. She said as much.

"I differ from you," replied Oscar. "When a man enters on ruinous courses, to hide it from any of his family is not expedient. It is only by letting him feel their marked disapprobation of his conduct, that any hope of amelioration can be looked for. Selina and Alice must not pet and flatter him as they have hitherto done. Such is my opinion."

Such was not Mrs. Dalrymple's. "What plan can be adopted?" she asked, quitting that part of the subject. "Did he positively refuse to come down with you?"

"He positively refused. I might as well have tried to move a mountain down here. Something ought to be done—if you could only tell what. Of course things get worse, night by night. Any night he may stake the Grange."

"Stake the Grange!" uttered Selina Dalrymple. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Stake it and lose it," added Oscar. "When the mania for play sets in on a man, he is not content to confine his ventures to trifles."

"But, I do not understand," returned Selina. "How could he stake the Grange? It is in the Dalrymple family, and cannot go out of it."

"He might stake its value. Mortgage it, that is, for his own life."

"And could we not remain in it?" she quickly asked.

"Scarcely. It might take every shilling of its in-comings to pay off the interest. You could not remain here upon nothing."

"Would it be sacrificed; useless to us for so long as Charles lived?" Selina reiterated, not comprehending yet.

Oscar nodded. "I am only saying what he might do: I do not say he will. He might so hamper himself, and involve the estate, that he could never derive further benefit from it. Or his family either, so long as he lived."

"Would it return to us at his death? I am sure if he is to sit up all night, he will destroy his health, and die," she mournfully added.

"It——would return into the family," spoke Oscar, hesitating where the pause has been put.

Alice Dalrymple, who had been buried in a reverie, looked up. A contingency had occurred to her which she had never thought of before: so entirely had the Grange been theirs, in their father's recent lifetime, and in the certainty of its descending to Charles afterwards. "Suppose anything were to happen to Charles," she said, "whose would the Grange be? Mamma's?"

No one answered her.

"Oscar, I ask you, would it go to mamma?"

"No."

"To whom, then?"

"My dear," interposed Mrs. Dalrymple, "it would be Oscar's. It goes in the male line."

The answer took both the young ladies by surprise, but they were silent. They stole a glance at him: a red, conscious light had flown into his usually pale cheek.

"I never knew it," breathed Selina.

"And it is of little import your knowing it now," cried Oscar. "I am as likely to come in to the Grange as I am to be made prime minister. Charles is a younger man than I am."

"But, if Charles were to play it away," resumed Alice, "it would be yours then."

"Alice, you must be unusually dull to-day," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "Were Charles to be so infatuated—which I have little fear of; none, indeed—it would not be Oscar's, any more than it is now."

"Whose then, mamma? I was thinking of something else when you were talking."

"Charles's still. Only he could not enjoy it. His creditors would take care of that."

"Poor Charles!" uttered Alice. "He has been left to himself, up there, he has had nobody to turn to for advice or counsel, and I dare say he has only done, what he has done, from thoughtlessness. A word from

mamma may set him right. Do you not think you ought to go to him, mamma?"

"Yes, Alice. I have been resolving on it, now, as we were talking."

"It is the only plan," returned Oscar, looking at Mrs. Dalrymple. "He may listen to you."

"I will go—to-morrow is Sunday—the first thing on Monday morning. You must accompany me, Oscar."

"If you wish it, I will."

Monday morning dawned, and all got up to the early breakfast-table; even Alice, whose lameness was an apology for not rising early in general. In the midst of breakfast, James came in, and looked at Oscar Dalrymple.

"Will you please to step here, sir, a minute?"

"What for?"

"Just for a minute, sir," repeated James.

Oscar went out, some bread-and-butter in his hand, for there was no time to spare. James shut the door.

"Here's Reuben come down, sir, by the night mail," he whispered. "He told me to fetch you out to him, but not to say to mistress that it was him."

Oscar walked quickly across the hall. Reuben, who was peeping for him, from the kitchen passage, turned into an empty room. Oscar followed.

"What is it? What has brought you from town?"

The old servant trembled with agitation, and grasped hold of the back of a chair. "Oh, Mr. Oscar! it is all over. My poor young master is gone."

Oscar sat down, seemingly unconscious what he did, and the same red light came into his cheeks.

"The very night you left, sir, he went out again with those men. Before he went, he told me he was ruined, and worse than ruined. He never came back. He followed on the fate of the first Charles Dalrymple; but he did not come home to do it."

"Has he destroyed himself?"

"He has! he has!"

"How? In what manner?"

"Drowned, sir. He jumped over Westminster-bridge, right into the water. Oh, what distraction his poor mind must have been in, to urge him to such a death as that!"

Oscar rose and looked from the window. Cold as was his nature, the news could not fail to shock him—although he was the inheritor.

"Has the body been found?" he presently asked.

"No. Perhaps it never will be. The officers say, not half the bodies that get into the Thames ever see the light again. But his fate is as certain, sir, as if it had been: and it may yet be found. Curious to say, a young man who works for his tailor, passed along the bridge, just before two o'clock, and saw him there, hanging half over the parapet: just as if he was going to drop into it. He pulled him back, but, he says, when he saw it was Mr. Dalrymple, he begged his pardon and

walked on. At two, the men, in a barge there, heard the splash in the water, and the next day his hat was found in the stream, and brought home."

"It is sad news," said Oscar. "I and Mrs. Dalrymple were on the point of starting for London. It is of no use now."

"Oscar," called out the voice of Mrs. Dalrymple, "where are you? We have not many minutes."

"However shall I break it to them?" muttered Oscar. "I do not like the mission."

He walked across the hall, *now his own*, and re-entered the breakfast-room. He proceeded with his task as well as he could, and got through it, not telling them the worst particulars at first, and almost thankful that Alice fainted and fell on the floor, because it caused some diversion to Mrs. Dalrymple's death-like shock.

And, ere the mid-day sun was at its height, the estate was ringing with the news that its generous young landlord had passed away, with his faults and his follies, and that Oscar Dalrymple reigned at the Grange.

New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

LAST SONGS OF BÉRANGER.*

MELLOW and full-flavoured, juicy and generous, is much of this Last Fruit off an Old Tree. No such apology it needs as is proffered in one of Dryden's prologues—

And since that plenteous Autumn now is past,
Whose grapes and peaches have indulged your taste,
Take in good part, from our poor poet's board,
Such rivell'd fruits as Winter can afford.

It is not merely, in the language of the Hebrew prophet, as the shaking of an olive-tree, or as the gleaning grapes when the vintage is done. No such apologetic tone it needed, therefore, as the introductory lines assume :

———Et, comme aux fins d'automne,
Le villageois, dans ses clos dépouillés,
Regarde encor si l'arbre en sa couronne
Ne cache pas quelques fruits oubliés,
Je vais, cherchant ; pour cela je m'éveille ;
Mais l'arbre est mort, fatigué des hivers.
Qu'il manquera de fruits à ma corbeille !
Dieu ne veut plus que je fasse de vers.

In one sense, the tree is indeed dead ; *l'arbre est mort*. But in another, and on account of this its latest fruitage, ripe and racy, rich and

* *Dernières Chansons de P. J. de Béranger, de 1834 à 1851, avec une Lettre et une Préface de l'Auteur.* Paris: Perrotin. 1857.

rare, it may be said to smell sweet and blossom in the dust. Dead and gone is the old man eloquent, the veteran chansonnier on whose lips a nation hung, in days of yore, whether he sang to them of the King of Yvetot, or the Fifth of May, or the Old Flag, or the *Dieu des bonnes gens*, or of the garret in which he could be, and was, so gay at twenty, when "six stories most blithely and briskly he clomb"—"daffing the world, both the foolish and witty; rich in his spring, without prospect or fears."

A garret it is, and who'd have it unknown?
There lay my bed, very shabby and hard;
There stood my table; and still I behold
Three feet of a verse on the plaster charred:

yet for one month of which garret-life he would (*ipse dixit*) have bartered all his remaining existence when he wrote *Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans*. But dead and gone though the old songster be, the songs live, and will live—the old songs, and, we may add, the new. When Béranger was in seclusion at Tours, he was thus appealed to by the venerable English poet to whom we owe that phrase, Last Fruit off an Old Tree:

O Harp of France! why hang unstrung
Those poplar waving isles among
Which thinly shade the sunny Loire?

The harp was not, however, unstrung. The right hand of the harper had not exhausted its force or lost its cunning. These present lays, echoed as it were *d'outre tombe*, are the result of long years of laborious leisure—composed with care as well as spirit, polished up at intervals and with fastidious deliberation, and not made over to the public until brought as near to perfection as the ripened taste of the poet, who never could nor would be hurried in his poetry, accounted practicable. Only the author of the best of the earlier chansons could have written the best of these. None other could have carolled a tralala with the same joyous abandon, or reiterated a refrain with the same melodious ease, or shown the same shrewd insight in some tit-bit of worldly wisdom, or the same humorous tenderness in some reminiscence of the past, or the same common-sensical appreciation or perhaps cynical depreciation of the present. In the last songs as in the original collections, we have that self-same Béranger who once declared, *Mes chansons, c'est Moi*. Again the chansons proclaim, and embody, and are identified with the *Moi*. Again we recognise that Bonapartist enthusiasm, that republican independence withal, that quiet humour, that buoyant gaiety, that *malice bourgeoise*, that *carpe diem* philosophy, that masterly versification, that art in concealing art, which ravished the ears of young France from 1815 to 1833, from the restoration of the Bourbons to their exodus, and after. Of course there is a more subdued tone in many of the lyrics, a lower degree of animal spirits, a more pensive tendency, a frequent allusion to the penalties of age, the losses of long life, the triumphs of time.

Tu m'entends chanter d'une voix qui tremble
De grands souvenirs, de tendres regrets.

So the septuagenarian addresses his walking-stick, *mon compagnon, humble cep de vigne*; dreamily rehearsing again, in retrospective review,

the days when there was splendour in the grass and glory in the flower which nothing could now bring back ; and sighing at the change 'twixt now and then, while summoning a cheery aspect, if only in memory of the past.

For we are pressed by heavy laws,
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore.

Me voilà septuagénaire, exclaims Béranger on his seventieth birthday,

Beau titre, mais lourd à porter,
Amis, ce titre qu'on vénère,
Nul de vous n'ose le chanter.

But *he* dares, after his fashion :

Tout en respectant la vieillesse
J'ai bien étudié les vieux—

and the result of this study becomes the burden of his song,

Ah ! que les vieux
Sont ennuyeux !
Ne rien faire est ce qu'ils font mieux—

a refrain on the strength of which the minstrel may be assured, that although he bears witness against himself, his witness is not true. Not true is the complaint in the last stanza,

Amis, moi, j'ai perdu ma verve :
Plus de couplets gais et chantants—

for it was after this stanza, and after this seventieth birthday, that he warbled the *Gaieté, persévère*, in a strain after Horace's own heart, and other kindred verses, anything but age-stricken or *ennuyeux*.

One could have wished to catch in the accents of Béranger's adieux something of that devotional spirit, of that chastened faith, that pleasing hope, and fond desire, and longing after immortality, without which old age is of necessity so dreary, and often so unlovely, a thing. But the poet's creed and practice were epicurean. Our neo-Christian secularists tell us, in their own formula, How to Make the Best of both Worlds. Béranger's doctrine confined itself to one World, and stopped this side that undiscovered country, to him a *grand peut-être*, from whose bourne no traveller returns. Like Burns in a variety of particulars, he was especially like him in the spirit of that *carpe diem* strain, which glorified pleasure as life's magic-wand :

The magic-wand then let us wield ;
For, ance that five-an-forty's speel'd,
See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
Wi' creepin pace.
When ance life's day draws near the gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin ;
And fareweel chearfur' tankards foamin,
An' social noise ;
An' fareweel, dear deludin woman,
The joy of joys !

Such indeed of Béranger's songs as were of a licentious cast, are chiefly confined to the first collection—though Morgan Rattler has declared that there is more harm in one piece of amorous tom-tittery in Little's poems, or a page of the *New Heloise*, or a modern she-novel, or a devotional tract such as Mr. Shandy recommended for the perusal of the Widow Wadman, than in all the loose songs Béranger ever wrote, or were ever fathered upon him. This last instalment, however, of the old chansonnier's verses, is in keeping with its predecessors in the view it takes of life, as a thing to be enjoyed to the utmost, while joys are within reach. *Aimons vite, pensons vite, tout invite à vivre vite : aimons vite, pensons vite,—au galop, monde folot !*

Au galop toujours, toujours,
Du fouet le Temps nous presse,
Sans respect pour la Sagesse,
Sans pitié pour les amours.
A cheval sur nos chimères.
Courant jusqu'au débotté,
Faisons, pauvres éphémères,
D'un jour une éternité.

The very quintessence of this philosophy inspires a subsequent stanza of the same chanson :

Votre amour me ferait dieu ;
M'aimez-vous, mademoiselle ?
Soupirez un mois, dit-elle.
Un mois ! c'est la mort. Adieu !
Viens, me crie une friponne,
Qui du temps sait mieux user ;
Chaque baiser qu'on se donne
Peut être un dernier baiser.

In another lay, "*Le Postillon*," composed on his sixty-third birthday, Time is personified *en vieux postillon*, who takes no heed of the cry, *arrête, arrête, arrête !* of the old passenger he hurries along, and who would fain pull up by the roadside, and drink a stirrup-cup. But the churl can't hear, or won't :

Il est sourd, ne fait nulle pause ;
Sangle tout de son fouet puissant ;
Se rit des effrois qu'il nous cause,
Et n'y met fin qu'en nous versant.

What to do, then, but to cherish as many gay *souvenirs* as possible, and muse on *les regrets* as little regretfully as a full heart will allow ? Blithe are Béranger's recollections of days when Time wore another shape, and rode, or seemed to ride, at another pace :

Que de soupers ! Que d'amourettes !
Que de vrais amis à vingt ans !
C'est là le temps des chansonnettes.
Oh ! le bon temps ! oh ! le bon temps !

Thus he reminds one friend, Brazier, of their early pleasures. Another old friend, Antier, is told in "*Mon Carnaval*," how the poet, as he sits between his lamp and his cat, conjures up the pleasant past :

Seul, entre ma lampe et ma chatte,
Vieux rêveur, je vois sous mes yeux
Des temps d'où notre amitié date
Passer le fantôme joyeux.

A jours pareils, notre jeunesse,
S'affublant d'habits les plus fous,
S'écriait : Joie, amour, ivresse,
Nous ont faits dieux ; imitez-nous.

And anon he reminds his crony of the sparkling champagne on credit, and the rent garments, and the uproarious laughter, and the rollicking songs, of those long-ago *soirées* ; and far from regretting as time mis-spent the hours thus devoted to social frolic, he accounts every such souvenir a joy for ever, and thus concludes his lay :

Cher ami, loin que je me gronde
D'avoir tant chanté le plaisir,
Quand je finirai pour ce monde,
Je n'y laisserai qu'un désir :
C'est qu'à la saison printanière,
D'heureux enfants, au teint vermeil,
Viennent, où dormira ma bière
Sur les fleurs danser au soleil.

The Napoleon ballads in this volume are numerous and spirited, but mainly refer to St. Helena and fallen greatness. In a dialogue between two Corsicans, headed "Le Baptême," the birth of the future hero, and his marvellous destiny, are the stirring theme. In "L'Égyptienne," the ambitious boy has his fortune told by an eloquent and far-seeing sibyl. "Le Cheval Arabe" relates to an anecdote related of Napoleon and his family in their days of poverty. "L'Aigle et l'Etoile," to the return from Elba, the eagle's last flight and disastrous fall. "Sainte-Hélène" is one of those pieces of fantasy, with angels and demons for actors and interlocutors, to which Béranger was occasionally addicted, and in which he was sometimes, and only sometimes, successful. "La Leçon d'Histoire" introduces the imperial exile discoursing on history to General Bertrand's boy—and mourning for the absence of his own. "Il n'est pas mort" is, perhaps, the gem of this Napoleon series—the idea being one that long found a welcome in the provinces of France, where the popular superstition that the Emperor was not dead was tenaciously fostered, and possibly, in some districts, is so still. Strong as simple is the pathos of each stanza's closing line,

N'est-il pas vrai, mon Dieu, qu'il n'est pas mort ?

Then again we have "Madame Mère," also full of feeling and generous sympathy; and "Le Matelot Breton," narrating a stolen interview with Sir Hudson's pining prisoner; and "Saint Napoléon," a declamatory decree of canonisation, pervaded with that ironical vein which finds free course in so much of Béranger's composition. Bits of downright satire are not lacking in these pages—of pungent quality enough, as in the *couplet* entitled "Chacun son Goût," and the "Histoire d'une Idée." Of the entirely serious contributions, the most noteworthy is "L'Apôtre," addressed to Lamennais—a piece of unusual earnestness, on a theme out of the writer's province. The "De Profundis" celebrates, in pensive

mood, a birthday spent at Fontainebleau, where he supposes himself already dead and buried, and speaking to his friends from the silence of the tomb :

Pourtant, lorsqu'ici je m'enterre,
 Ne me croyez pas devenu
 Fou misanthrope ou sage austère,
 Contre son siècle prévenu.
 Avec le temps si mon esprit plus sombre
 Voyait en noir, sous un ciel azuré,
 Soyez, amis, indulgents pour mon ombre.
De profundis! car je suis enterré.

Of his more exclusively gay effusions, "Je suis Ménétrier" is one of the airiest, with its arch refrain,

Allons, gai! dansez, fillettes!
 Laissez causer vos mamans;—

while "La Nourrice" revives old measures and memories with its lithesome *tra, la, tralala, la, la*; and "La Prédiction" bids Lisette, once again, fill the singer's glass, and calls on his friends to join hands, and *rire et danser à sa voir*, not yet a childish treble, or cracked beyond hope of repair.

As examples of his peculiar grace, in fabular fiction, or imaginative dialogue, and similar modes of composition, we may refer admirers to "La Tourterelle et le Papillon," to "L'Oiseau fantôme," to "La Paquerette et l'Etoile," and "Le premier Papillon;" or again to the Arabian tale of "Les Gages," the home-story of "L'Officier," the fantastic legend of "Le Fille du Diable," and the history of "La dernière Fée." Love of retirement grows with years, and Béranger's increasing regard for the calm and independence of a secluded life, and his increasing distaste for the turmoil of political excitement, are emphatically recorded, and with becoming frequency, in these songs of his old age—in his verses at Fontainebleau, his Adieu to Paris, his praise of the woodlands which

— offrent un dernier gîte
 Au vicillard, las de son fardeau,

and in the confession of his fears, "Mes Craintes," addressed to his Academical friend, Lebrun. There is plenty of variety, therefore, the allusions we have already made will show, in this posthumous volume. To further indicate the nature of that variety let us glance at some of the remaining pieces. In "Notre Globe," he speculates on the future of this planet—when and how it will come to an end. In "Le Jongleur," he portrays the dying minstrel—lonely and indigent—who in other days has gladdened prince and prelate with his joyous strains. In "L'Olympe Ressuscité," he shows how tenacious of life are the old gods of Greece, whatever Schiller may have said or sung to the contrary, and how the phrases and fancies of ancient mythology linger lovingly amongst us: the academical orator, for instance, predicting the doom of Phaeton for a rival school—the clergyman inviting you to dine on his Parnassus, or hill-side which Flora has blessed—while at his table you are safe to meet Momus, and a black-browed Jupiter Tonans, and Phœbus incarnate in some gluttonous author, and to see Neptune hob-a-nob with Mercury,

and Bacchus in full grin beside Pluto. In "Le Savant," he satirises that mechanical materialism, of the earth earthy, which omits or denies a dynamical divinity, of the heavens heavenly. In "La Colombe et le Corbeau du Déluge," he sets in contrast the faith that worketh by love and the unbelief that blights endeavour—the earnestness of innocent hope and the cynicism of the sneering sceptic—the dove that bears the olive-branch, and the raven, *l'oiseau noir*, that only and for ever *se prend à rire*. In "Ma Canne," he sings the praise of his old walking-stick, and the confidences that have existed between them since that "auld lang syne" when they were "first acquent." In "Les Tambours," he deprecates the diu and distraction, never-ending still-beginning, of those noisy instruments—

Terreur des nuits, trouble des jours,
Tambours, tambours, tambours, tambours,
M'étourdirez-vous donc toujours,
Tambours, tambours, maudits tambours—

whose "esprit domine . . . en France," where, the veteran bard complains,

Tout charlatan se tambourine,
Tout marmot veut tambouriner.

In a very characteristic fragment, entitled "Enfer et Diable"—and Béranger, by-the-by, is as diabolically disposed (by poetical licence) as Southey himself—he teaches the important if not orthodox lesson, that every human being is his own devil, and is the maker of his own hell—

Sachez que chacun est son Diable ;
Que chacun se fait son Enfer.

In "Le Corps et l'Âme," he illustrates the dependence of the soul on the body, and its obligations thereto, and the sufferings a poor neglected body may have to endure from its "haught insulting" tenant. "Mes Fleurs" is a charming expression of gentle sadness; "L'Or," an energetic protest against the worship of the Golden Calf; "La Maitresse du Roi," a too true reading of a too shallow heart. And at last we light on the old poet's "Adieu," the impassioned farewell of a Frenchman still doting upon France :

France, je meurs, je meurs ; tout me l'annonce.
Mère adorée, adieu. Que ton saint nom
Soit le dernier que ma bouche prononce.
Aucun Français t'aima-t-il plus ? Oh ! non.

SEVEN YEARS OF AN INDIAN OFFICER'S LIFE.

VII.

THE AFFAIR OF KOREIGAUM—CAPTAIN DAWDLETON.

THE rage of Bajee Rao at the splendid repulse of his host was unbounded, and he expended his fury by ravaging the district, and murdering all stragglers, men or women, whom he caught. His weak mind, from the highest confidence, sank to complete despair. He began to act as if all hope were gone. He had fallen back, after the battle of Kirkee, beyond the Moota-Moola, and we continued to watch him till the 12th, when General Smith came up from Seroor. On the 16th it was determined to pass the river, and I was ordered to ford it with a hundred pioneers, to make it more practicable for the artillery to cross. When we got down to the river a heavy fire of matchlocks was opened upon us, at a hundred and seventy yards' distance, by three hundred Arabs, who had concealed themselves in the ravines on the opposite bank. After about an hour of this work, and having lost nearly twenty of my men, I was obliged to retreat. But by four o'clock our men had fallen in and moved down to the ford. By five they had commenced crossing; and by six I was over. The enemy made a most vigorous opposition, and their artillery was well served, but our troops overcame every obstacle, and got into the position designed for us, where we were to stay till morning. The foe made two or three charges during the night, but at dawn the tents were found standing and the camp empty. As they had given leg bail, the city of Poonah was summoned, and immediately surrendered. I gained plenty of praise and a little promotion from this affair, as may be seen by those who have a mind to examine the *Gazettes* of the time.

After this we had a most exciting chase after the fugitive army. Starting from near Chandore by Ahmednuggur to Poonah, we fought, and then passed by Sattarah to Pundapoor, back to Seroor, and then to Poonah. Thence to the strong hill fort of Sattarah, throwing a few shells into it, and then hoisting the Rajah's flag. But the Peishwa had the youngster in the camp with him, and his highness and the Mahratta horse ran too fast for us. In fact, to judge by actions, these gentry held the doctrine—said to have been uttered by Marshal Saxe—that a battle is only the work of a bungler who has got into a scrape. During this fox-hunting gallop, Trimbookjee Dainglia joined the Peishwa with reinforcements. In Bajee Rao's last rush towards Poonah occurred the splendid affair of Korigaum, which, although not personally engaged in it, I cannot refrain from trying to lay before the reader.

On the advance of Bajee Rao, Captain Staunton had been sent to reinforce Colonel Burr, who commanded at Poonah with only a weak force. At Korigaum he came, unexpectedly, on the whole of the Peishwa's army, twenty-eight thousand strong, whilst he only led two battalions of Bombay Native Infantry. The plain was open, with not the least cover for his men—and it was impossible to retreat. He, therefore, pushed forward to the village to shelter his men among the walls and houses,

but it was entered almost at the same time by the Mahrattas, who had seen, and wished to prevent, his movement. His two guns were placed to command two of the main inlets, and, in spite of the heavy fire on the gunners from some houses and walls which the enemy held, the brave fellows stood to their work, and materially aided in gaining the victory. From ten in the morning till sunset they were charged without intermission—each time by fresh troops—but without success. The men had neither food nor drink all this day; they had no reasonable hope of winning, and their communication was cut off—yet the heroic courage of neither men nor officers failed for a moment. The Arabs charged like demons; murdered the wounded, plundered the dead, and at last took one of the guns. But Lieutenant Pattison, who had fallen, shot through the body, no sooner heard of this, than, as if rising from the dead, he lifted himself up, his strength returning as though by a miracle, and rushing heroically forward with his grenadiers, retook the cannon; the bodies of its Arab captors lying piled around it in heaps, like sheaves on a thrashing-floor.

One of those little pieces of tact, so much needed in a commander, was there shown by Captain Staunton, who, pointing to the headless trunk of Lieutenant Chisholm which lay beside the gun, told the Sepoys that all who fell into the hands of the Mahrattas would undergo the same treatment. The men, although nearly mad for thirst, swore all to die rather, and urged to fury by the shrieks of the wounded, whose agony was increased a thousandfold by the want of water, they fought more desperately than before, and, as night came on, the enemy withdrew from the village.

During the action, the Peishwa sat on a rising ground at some distance from the village, watching it—as Xerxes is said to have done at Salamis; and hardly with less despair and rage did he see the failure of all his attacks—led in turn by his greatest generals, Gokla, Appa Des-saye, and Trimbookjee Dainglia—demanding, in the anguish of his soul, what had become of their boasts of driving the English from Hindostan, when they could not, with all his forces, overcome a single battalion? All in vain—he was compelled to fly on hearing of the approach of General Smith, his pursuer; when Captain Staunton retreated, with his wounded and baggage, to the place whence he set out. This occurred in the first days of 1818. Yet it is almost forgotten, except by a few Oriental historians.

When we heard of this splendid action, most of us would have given ten years of life to have been present at it. The good points of a soldier's character are only brought out by war, and all his faults are exaggerated during peace. Idleness brings on vices; he becomes effeminate, overbearing, and is shunned by the cautious citizen. But if war comes, the same man seems to change his nature. The dandy, who must have boots as easy as a lady's slipper, now discovers that he can march for miles without a sole to his shoe, live hardly, bear hunger and thirst, show constancy, and display some of the highest qualities of our nature.

Captain Dawdleton was an instance of what I mean. In barracks he was roused out of a luxurious bed by his servant, and then sat while he was shaved, had his hair brushed, his boots pulled on, stock fastened,

and waistcoat buttoned, all without the slightest exertion on his own part. Then, as if by a desperate effort of exhausted nature, he would pull on his gloves, languidly lipping, as he fell back in his easy-chair, with half-shut eyes, as if his system were giving way under his efforts, "it was *doothed* hard on a poor fellow, in such a climate, that they could not invent gloves to go on of themselves." And with his lips apart, as from fatigue, just enough to show his exquisite teeth, he lolled till his charger was brought to the verandah, to enable him to proceed to parade. There, by some secret of nature, his system was miraculously restored, and his riding was the envy of his regiment. But no sooner was the duty over, and he had dismounted, than such a decay of strength succeeded, that he could only reach the sofa by the aid of a Hindoo servant, who stood ready to receive him as his foot left the stirrup. Then, flinging himself down with a sigh of relief that "the wretched bore" was over, a hookah was inserted between his lips by an attendant, and, in a dreamy state of contentment, he passively allowed his boots and gloves, with the *et ceteras*, to be drawn off, and lay thus till mess-hour. At mess he would hint, in an off-hand lisp, of intrigues among the harem of some Nawab or Rajah, declaring the ladies *doothed* witty, considering the confounded climate, which took every bit of spirit from one, "and handsome besides, you know," he used to add, with a look and innocent little laugh that sent all the ensigns and lieutenants into a despair of ever equalling the easy conquests of that confoundedly idle fellow Dawdleton. This was his garrison life. But in war, to the surprise of every one, he was the most active and hard-living of any. He declared baggage a nuisance, and that the kit of a light dragoon was quite enough for any man who was not a milksop. So he set the example in his own person. Work, by night or day, seemed to have no effect on him, except to raise his spirits to a state of boisterous enjoyment. His usual bed was the ground, where he lay under his horse, wrapped in his cloak, with the saddle for a pillow. All his peace habits were gone except excessive smoking, but he enjoyed it now sitting by the camp-fire, and amusing his brethren with a succession of rough jokes, at which it was impossible for the most tired man not to laugh.

If any job wanted desperate daring, watchfulness, and a quick eye to see the right time for a dash, Dawdleton was the man chosen. Indeed, he was often a week together without more than one hour's sleep out of every twenty-four. These new-formed qualities recommended him for promotion, and he was given by Lord Hastings—who had shortly before introduced them into our service—the command of a regiment of irregular cavalry. His first act was to cultivate a magnificent beard, wear a turban, and arm himself with Persian pistols and a scimitar. He was the idol of his men, who swore by his beard, and were, if he had wished it, ready to ride over a mine the train of which was burning. However, there was not much to wonder at in this, when we reflect that, although not by birth or descent, yet by temperament, he was a true Asiatic, who, when there is nothing important to do, or the passions are unexcited, seems, to your desultory Frenchman or bustling Englishman, capable of nothing but to lounge, smoking, or at the most show some little interest in women. But, should the same man happen to be appointed to the government of a province a thousand miles distant,

he will mount without a moment's preparation, and ride night and day until he has reached his destination, never quitting the saddle for more than an hour at a time during the whole distance. In short, Captain Dawdleton was just the man to verify Wellington's assertion, that a feather-bed dandy makes the best officer. Those, on the other hand, who had been all strut in peace, and seemed to think the duty of a thorough soldier consisted in swearing at every third word, bullying his men, and kicking the natives, for the most part turned out badly. It was a common trick for this set to sham sickness on the approach of any dangerous service. When this had happened two or three times, a change of air and a cessation from active employments for a while were recommended by the surgeon, on which they were sent to the barracks and their commands given to better men. Indeed, it was understood by the authorities what was the nature of these gentlemen's disease, and the only regret on their departure from the camp was, that they could not at once be dismissed from the service. Yet, what is most astonishing, some of this class have risen to high ranks! More than one general could be named whose only piece of service known to the army was putting a *damp*er (as the soldiers idiomatically expressed it) on the ardour of the poor fellows who were unfortunate enough to be under their command.

VIII.

CAPTURE OF WUTSOA.

WHILST the unfortunate Peishwa was being chased like a flying deer through the Deccan, where, after much reverse, his followers fell from him like withered leaves in a November gale, we were hammering away in the most successful manner at mud and hill forts. In some places the men rushed, bayonet in hand, to the very gates, in spite of shots which rattled around them like hail, and blew a passage open by bags of gunpowder carried on their backs. They streamed over the smoking ruins like boys following their leader into an orchard of ripe apples, transfixed every one resisting, and planted with a cheer the glorious Union Jack to wave over hills before unknown, even by name, to Europeans. There is not anything more extraordinary in history than the ardour with which the English sought India, and the seemingly insuperable difficulties they overcame in first reaching it. From the time when Alfred sent his indefatigable ambassador to the Christians of Malabar, there seems to have been in the national mind an insatiate longing for a connexion with Hindostan. Perhaps the wonderful account of the incense and precious silks brought home by the Saxon monk, and read of from age to age in connexion with that greatest and best of men who ever wore a crown, — I say the accounts of the presents brought back by the old monk have had not a little to do with our conquests in the East. They inspired Sir Thomas Row in his journey across the wildest countries of Europe and Asia, from the Arctic White Sea to the tropical Delhi, in the hope of opening a way for trade with the land of Brahma, and were lying at the bottom of Sir Hugh Willoughby's mind when he went to seek a channel along the frozen shores of Siberia. When we consider all this, and the endeavours which were made, for a long time without suc-

cess, towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, to reach India both by the north-west passage and the Cape,—and further, that England, the most remote of all the nations, has become the conqueror of India, we cannot but believe in the *predestination of nations*, whatever we may hold concerning that of individuals.

I shall not speak of the successes of Generals Smith, Monro, and others, who pursued the flying Mahrattas and their allies like a flock of pigeons driven by a hawk, and beat them signally whenever they could be brought to a battle, as I was not personally engaged in these affairs. Our successes were equally rapid, and of more permanent use in subjugating the country, than the dashing cavalry actions in the field. We took Wutsoa, one of their strongest places, after a few days' bombardment, and there found two unfortunate English officers, who had been seized and imprisoned by the Peishwa at the commencement of hostilities, and shut in the dungeons of the fortress, in utter ignorance of outward events; so that at the time we began to bombard the place, they were ignorant of the enemy attacking. The joy they expressed on their liberation was unbounded, as a conviction possessed them that their sufferings would have terminated by secret poison mixed in their food, in the usual way in which despots, whether Asiatic or European, rid themselves of prisoners whom it is dangerous to destroy openly. The desire of avenging these injuries made these two men heroes; they would lead our fellows anywhere, and creep over the smoking muzzles of the guns to storm a fort without the slow process of breaching. Such a mode of warfare would have horrified a commander wholly educated in Europe. But in India *dash* is the order of the day, and the more impossible a thing seemed, the greater has always been its success. What European general would, like Clive, have crossed the Ganges in the face of upwards of sixty thousand men flushed by a late victory, when he himself had only about the force of two full regiments, and they composed of men who had fled, like a flock of sheep, before Oudowlah a few months before? But the only idea of an Indian soldier is, to use Nelson's theory of naval war as a simile, to get alongside the enemy.

We, however, at the same time, made a more important capture, in the shape of some members of the Rajah of Sattara's family, who had been imprisoned for life there. Their case was added to the other accusations made against Bajee Rao by the Company as unfitting him to reign, and published as a justification of our proceedings.

IX.

CLOSE OF MAHRATTA WAR.

THE Peishwa, after being defeated at Soanee, fled to Asseerghur, where he opened communications with Sir John Malcolm, who secured to him a pension of 100,000*l.* a year, on the renunciation of all authority over the Mahrattas. He chose Bithoor as his place of retreat, and set out for it with an attendance of eight thousand men. But the unfortunate prince, who had a few months before contemplated the extirpation of the English and the restoration of an empire which should embrace the whole of Central India and the great seaports on its western coast, now felt the deepest bitterness of misfortune—the discovery that those whom he had trusted and heaped with benefits in his prosperity now turned against him

with an ingratitude proportioned to their previous servility. Insulted and cursed by his former slaves, he travelled under an English escort towards his future abode; but by the time he had reached it his train had dwindled from eight thousand to less than as many hundred men, who were too faithful or too helpless to seek another master.

One noble piece of generosity was shown by this prince in his greatest distress. He refused in any way to aid or consent to the capture or delivery of his former friend and minister, Trimbookjee Dainglia. Every means was used to shake his resolution, but in vain; he declared he should prefer to break off negotiations, and turn again to the desperate chances of war, or perish beneath the ruins of Asseerghur, rather than to betray his friend. Consequently, the point was no further pressed. After the capitulation of his master, Trimbookjee offered submission, which was not received. In complete desperation he fled, under cover of the guns of Asseerghur, to seek subsistence as captain of a band of robbers.

Our business was not, however, ended by the deposition and captivity of the Peishwa. His allies, and the hordes of Arab and other mercenaries, who had no trade but war, and no other desire but for the licence of a camp, collected themselves under Appah Sahib, and continued to ravage the land with all the fury of predatory war and all the rage of desperation. At length Appah Sahib and Chetoo, a late Pindaree leader, were driven to the jungles and rugged dells of the Mahadeo hills, but by caution and vigilance eluded all attempts made to take them, and escaped at last by cutting their way through the troops surrounding them, with the loss of five hundred men who tried to follow, and then fled towards Asseerghur with the rapidity of an eagle escaping from a snare. Chetoo was reported by our spies to be hidden in the jungles surrounding that town, but all means were unavailing to discover him. At last, one morning, a sentinel saw his horse grazing, saddled, but without his master. A column of men was immediately dispersed through the jungle, and after some search the skull, a few broken bones, as if from the remains of a tiger's feast, and the palms of the hands, with the garment of Chetoo torn and saturated in blood, were found,—all that remained of that formidable chief who had once been the terror of his enemies and the idol of his followers in success! His horse was caught by our men not far from his torn relics. I think there were few who did not return from this scene with saddened and thoughtful minds.

As I have said, when Appah Sahib burst through our investment of the heart of the Mahadeo hills, he was reported to have found an asylum in Asseerghur. The governor of that fortress was summoned to surrender him, but returned a decided refusal. Consequently, siege was laid to the place on the 19th of March, 1819, and carried on with the greatest vigour. In vain the enemy made sorties with the most heroic valour. The conduct of the Arab mercenaries in particular equalled the fables of romance. They seemed to feel the truth of the prophecy which, in the infancy of Ishmael, destined them for a race of active warriors and daring philosophical speculators, while every man's hand has been against them. Yet it was unavailing, for our men, encouraged and led by the chivalric Malcolm, drove them at last to surrender. On the 9th of April, the defenders of Asseerghur laid down their arms in the ditch. The Arabs expressed their rage by all the passionate gestures and poetic fury which the fine languages of the East are so well able to express; and with them came

into the hands of Britain the last stronghold of these freebooting states, who had been a terror for generations to the lands below the ghauts.

So ended the Mahratta war—a war great, rapid, and complete in its success as Cæsar's with the ancient Gauls.

I have only attempted to give a slight outline of the events in which I was personally engaged, and not a history of this era, some of the finest, most brilliant, and most important affairs in which I have not even hinted at. In its tragical course, kings and the great of the earth were swept down, like the stately oak by the blast of the monsoon. Bajee Rao, whose ambition it was to expel the pale warrior-merchants who came from the ends of the earth, and to rule India alone, owed his bread to the bounty of those he once despised. Trimbookjee Dainglia, the once humble spy, whose genius had raised him to the highest offices of his country, and had inspired him with the high design which he had breathed into his master, and the dread of whose greatness had made the proud English turn pale before his plans, was reduced to wander a beggar and a vagabond among the deserts, trusting for them to protect him from the foes who would give no promise of life, nor receive him when a suppliant for captivity! Chetoo, the daring mountaineer, was in the desert devoured by wild beasts; and the haughty Appah Sahib, whose friendship a few months before had been sought by rival empires, disappeared from the sight of men, and left not the slightest trace behind. Such was the tempest in which my military life was passed; and on looking back, it seems to have all the wildness and fantastic impossibility of a dream.

A few words must complete the history of my Seven Years of Indian Life, in which I had accomplished all I wished—redeemed the home of my childhood, relieved my mother from dependence, and portioned my two sisters so as to enable them to fulfil the end of a woman's ambition—marriage—and become the rulers of households; for in England we reverse the Eastern method—they *buy wives* and we *purchase husbands*, ours, of course, being the most civilised and delicate plan! Besides, I had obtained for some of my kindred appointments in the service I had entered, and, by the blessing of God, preserved my morals and constitution from those vices which almost universally overpower Englishmen in India.

The present prospect for the Indian soldier is not so much, as in my time, to extend our conquests as to preserve and consolidate what we possess. The most certain way to do so will be to abstain from outraging the feelings of the natives by drunkenness and riot, and to cease the endeavours which have for a long time been made to break those bonds placed on the intercourse of the sexes by all Asiatic creeds.

I now enjoy amid my native hills a pleasant old age, gained by a temperate youth, and see all around me happy and smiling as the Towey, which flows past in the gleaming sun before my window. And if there is a dash of vinegar in my disposition, I trust it only gives it a pleasant zest, like the acid and sugar of a Persian pillaw. May such be the age of all those ardent youths who have flown to the East to preserve our glorious empire there!

F. F.

EDMOND ABOUT.

IN the present condition of French literature, when every writer strives to excite the passions and emotions of his readers by startling revelations of family secrets, or by depicting the impure life and concomitant remorse of Traviatas, one class of books has been, of necessity, greatly neglected. We allude to those novels which mothers of families need not blush to allow their children to read, in the fear that they may prematurely taste of the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge. Madame Guizot and Emile Souvestre did their best in their day to fill up this gap, and the success of their exertions was shown in the hearty welcome their novels obtained even in our own most moral circles. M. About has since followed in their track, and may be regarded as their worthy successor, and we will, therefore, proceed to analyse some of his more important works, in the hope that we may thus induce our readers to peruse them in their entirety, and judge for themselves of their merits.

M. About first made his appearance on the literary stage with his "Grèce Contemporaine," a collection of very agreeable surface-pictures relating to Greek society of the day. We do not find in this book any very profound appreciation of the causes which have brought that country into its present unexampled condition; but, on the other hand, it is the very satisfactory result of acute observation, and supplies us with a considerable stock of knowledge as to the manners and customs of the descendants of Alcibiades. In the present fast age, when a globule of information has to be administered in a gallon of amusing twaddle, this book fulfilled its mission. Encouraged by his success, but not yet venturing to walk alone in the meandering paths of literature, M. About took up an Italian book, called "Vittoria Savorelli," out of which he wove a novel, which instantly obtained a frenzied success—why, we have not yet been able to discover. "Tolla" is probably well known to our readers in its English form, so we need not delay long over it. We may merely state that it is an account of the loves of a high-born Italian maiden and a still higher-born Italian youth; it passes through the various stages of extreme love, family intrigues, neglect on the part of the youth, death on the part of the lady, and ends by the reader gladly reaching the last page, wondering what it was all about. In truth, it is a fine living example of Canning's Knife-grinder, with his "Story! Lord bless you, I have none to tell, sir!" and, had it not been for the very vivid and apparently truthful sketches of Italian inner life, so rigidly guarded from a stranger's observation, we fear that, despite its puritanic morality, it would have hardly reached a second edition. As the author very justly observes, "The public forgave" (on the first appearance of "Tolla" in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*) "long dissertations, unpardonable in a writer, but excusable in a man who is learning to write. No one was severe with me, and allowances were made for my youth and inexperience." A controversy was raised as to the originality of the book, which was diligently kept up, and we need not be surprised, therefore, that "Tolla" was in great demand. As a specimen of a writer's

first essay, we are bound to allow much room for commendation, while allowing still more for improvement.

M. About, feeling that there were some incredulous persons to convince, and that the paternity of "Tolla" could only be assured when he had produced an original novel, soon set to work again, and "Les Mariages de Paris" was the result. The contrast this book furnishes with "Tolla" would, in our view, render persons still more incredulous, for it is a decided falling-off, and, by its publication, About gave fair grounds for allowing his original powers to be impeached. It consists of a series of short stories on the hackneyed subject of marriages of affection and those of interest, and is the very fairest possible specimen of light reading. In fact, it is just the book to read—when you have nothing better. We will analyse one story, the best, because it is the shortest, in support of our judgment.

Gorgeon had gained the second tragic prize at the Conservatory once upon a time, and made his *début* at the Odéon. He was hissed by the students, not at all to his friends' surprise, for it is extremely difficult to succeed in tragedy when your name is Gorgeon. In despair he took to farce, and earned a legitimate success at the Palais Royal. Finding, however, that the more money he earned the more he sank in the slough of debt, he determined on marrying, that he might have money. His choice fell on Pauline Rivière, an actress of seventeen, whose talent and beauty had served as a parachute for countless vaudevilles. But Gorgeon, though a very estimable man, was horridly jealous: he did not like seeing straw-coloured kid gloves at all hours in his *salon*, or the knowledge that they were there during his absence at rehearsals. Unfortunately, his companions soon found out his weak side, and christened him Gorgeon Dandin. The witticisms that buzzed round his ears annoyed him, and domestic felicity was soon wrecked. He quarrelled with his wife, and she, firm in her innocence, would not give way. She said she would not be tyrannised, while Gorgeon replied that he would not be a laughing-stock. At last Gorgeon disappeared, and nothing was heard of him for four months, when it was discovered that he was "starring" at St. Petersburg. His wife became a *de facto* widow, but was a pattern of propriety. She was still undecided whether she would go to St. Petersburg and join her truant, and whether, when she got there, she should embrace him, or scratch out his eyes, when a visitor appeared in her humble fourth floor—a very ugly little man, wrapped up in a fox-skin pelisse.

The widow insisted on his leaving, but he appeased her by assuring her that he was not in love with her, and she consented to listen to the tempter. He was a Prince Vasilikoff, with a million revenue, but only of the fourteenth class of nobility. Gorgeon had ridiculed him on the stage, and he had sworn most horrible revenge, which he proposed to effect as thus: Pauline was to go to St. Petersburg, where she would find a magnificent hotel as a present, and carriages to any amount, while two or three hundred thousand francs would be deposited with a notary in France on her account. The *quid pro quo* was that she would consent to appear at the theatre with the prince eight times in a front box. In an unhappy hour Pauline consented to become the instrument of the prince's revenge: but she soon found that the part assigned to her was

more difficult to act than any she had undertaken in Paris. In vain she wrote to her husband: he was inexorable. The prince's revenge was so complete—for he brought all the laughers on his side—that he made Pauline a present of four nights. Her punishment was just terminating, when the following incident prevented it:

A very pleasant vaudeville, called "The Wrath of Achilles," was to be acted two evenings in succession. It was almost a *pièce de circonstance*. *Achille Pangolin* is a modern *Sganarelle*, who believes he finds on all sides proofs of his imaginary disgrace. Everything appears suspicious to him, from the mewing of his cat to the chattering of his parrot. If he finds a walking-stick in his house, he believes it has been forgotten by a rival, and he breaks it in pieces before recognising it as his own. He forgets his hat in his wife's room: he returns, finds it, and tears it in pieces; he looks in every nook for the owner of this unlucky hat. In the excess of his despair, he determines to end his life, and loads a pistol to blow out his brains. But a scruple arrests him at the decisive moment. He wishes to destroy himself, but does not wish to hurt himself; death attracts him, and the pain repels him. To reconcile his horror of life and his tenderness for himself, he places himself before a mirror, and commits suicide in effigy. The "Wrath of Achilles" was a decided success. Every *mot* went home. Two hours before the representation Gorgeon had refused to see his wife. He performed to perfection. Unfortunately, the stage-pistol hung fire. A gentleman in the stalls cried in bad French, "No such luck!"

After the performance, when the property-man was making excuses, Gorgeon said, "It is no matter; I have a pistol at home, which I will bring to-morrow." The next night he brought a double-barrelled pistol, which he showed the property-man, with the remark, "If the first barrel fails, I have a second." He played with unexampled energy. In the last scene, instead of aiming at the glass, he turned the barrel towards his wife, and killed her. He then blew out his own brains. This adventure caused a great noise at St. Petersburg; Prince Vasilikoff told it to me. "Could you imagine," he said at the end, "that fellow Gorgeon and Pauline married for love? Such is the way with you Paris people."

In the "King of the Mountains," the next book published by About, he appears to have drawn on his own experiences in Greece for the purposes of a novel. This story shows that the author has still much to learn in the constructive art, for it is disfigured by the exploded scheme of the story being narrated to the author by a Mr. Herman Schultz, a German naturalist, who falls *à nubibus* to tell the tale, and then disappears again. Otherwise it is very amusing, and gives a capital idea of the Greek brigands, who are popularly supposed to represent the genius and bravery of their ancestors. We are glad to find M. About showing them up as what they are—a set of bloodthirsty, cowardly miscreants, a standing disgrace to a government which was juggled into existence by France and England, and has ended by becoming the greatest impediment in the regeneration of the East.

At the time when M. Schultz was botanising in Greece, Hadji Stavros, the king of the mountains, was the hero of Athens but the scourge of Attica. He was certainly an extraordinary man. The son of a Greek priest, he had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem when twenty years of age, and thus secured the title of Hadji. On his return home he was taken prisoner by a pirate, and took to that profession himself. The Greek insurrection furnished him the opportunity for fishing in troubled waters. He never knew exactly whether he was a brigand or an insurgent, a commander of thieves or partisans. His hatred for the Turks did not

blind him so that he declined to plunder Greek villages. Such wise impartiality rapidly augmented his fortune. The peasants flocked to his banner; Lord Byron dedicated an ode to him; the poets and orators of Paria compared him to Epaminondas, and even to Aristides. Flags were embroidered for him in the Faubourg St. Germain; subsidies were sent him. He received money from England, from France, from Russia; probably, too, from Turkey, for he was a true Pallikar. At the close of the war he was besieged in the Acropolis of Athens with several other chiefs, each keeping his treasure by the side of his bed. Suddenly the roof fell in, and killed every one except Hadji Stavros, who was puffing his nargilleh in the open air. He succeeded to the property of his companions, and all thought he deserved it. An unfortunate event, however, destroyed Stavros's calculations: peace was made, and the powers that had liberated Greece tried to convert it into a kingdom. Ill-sounding words, such as government, army, public order, buzzed round the ears of the Pallikar. He laughed loudly when told that his estates were comprised in a *sous-préfecture*, but became serious when a collector called for the taxes. He put him out of the door quietly, after casing him of what he had already collected. The government picked a quarrel with Hadj, and he took to the mountains once more. He summoned a band around him, and then married a rich heiress of one of the best families in Laconia, thus becoming allied to the highest personages in the realm. His wife died after giving birth to a daughter, and Hadj travelled in the pursuit of knowledge, and to amass a royal dower for his daughter. He formed an association of brigandage (limited liability); he travelled in England, and was present at an election in Yorkshire, which inspired him with profound reflections upon the blessings of a constitutional government. On his return home he put his new knowledge to good profit: he burnt a great number of villages in the service of the Opposition; he destroyed others for the Conservative interest. When it was considered advisable to overthrow a ministry, it was sufficient to apply to Hadj; he proved by incontestable arguments that security could only be obtained by a change of cabinet. As was natural, so great a man was courted by all parties, and was offered a place in government, and the rank of brigadier-general. His country had to deplore his refusal of such offers; he was too old for service, and through the mere force of habit feared that if he had to command troops the sight of the uniform would compel him to fire at them. This great man was falsely accused of cruelty to his prisoners, but that was very unjust. When a ransom was unpaid, he cut off the heads of prisoners as a purely commercial transaction; that was his way of protesting a bill. It is true that he murdered in cold blood two girls of fourteen because their mother did not pay their ransom in time; but then he killed them as a warning, and the proof is, that ransoms have been regularly paid ever since. Is it surprising, we ask, that the modern Greeks should regard Hadji Stavros as one of the greatest heroes of their country?

M. Schultz was destined to form a closer acquaintance with the king of the mountains than he could obtain by hearsay reports in Athens. The Athens *Siccle* announced officially that the king had suffered a severe defeat, and had been chased by the troops into the marshes of Marathon. This news caused great joy among the visitors to Athens, as they could

now make excursions in the vicinity with safety. Among others who went out besides M. Schultz, were Mrs. Simons, an English lady, and her daughter. Need we add that, for the purposes of our story, they fell into the hands of Hadji Stavros, whose defeat was a scheme to procure prisoners, just as Rembrandt killed himself to augment the value of his pictures. The following sketch is picturesque :

Hadji Stavros was seated, tailor fashion, on a square carpet, in the shade of a willow ; four secretaries and two servants were grouped around him ; a lad of some sixteen years was incessantly occupied in filling, lighting, and cleaning his master's chibuks. He bore at his girdle a tobacco-pouch, embroidered with gold and fine pearls ; and a pair of silver pincers to take up a coal. Another servant spent the day in preparing cups of coffee, glasses of water, and confectionary, to refresh the royal mouth. The secretaries, seated on a rock, wrote on their knees with cut reeds. Each of them had within reach a copper box containing reeds, knife, and writing materials. Some tin cylinders, like those in which our soldiers keep their furlough, served as dépôts for the archives. The paper was not of native manufacture, for a good reason—each sheet bore the word *BATH* in large letters. The king was a handsome old man, in a marvellous state of preservation, upright, thin, supple as a watch-spring, clean, and shining as a new sabre. His long white moustaches hung down beneath his chin like two marble stalactites. The rest of his face was scrupulously shaved, and the head bare as far as the crown, where a large tress of white hair rolled round his cap. The expression of his features appeared to me calm and thoughtful. A pair of small light blue eyes, and a squarely cut chin, announced an inflexible will. His face was long, and the set of the wrinkles rendered it still longer. He wore the dress of the natives of the Archipelago. His red cap formed a large crease at its base, round his forehead. His attire consisted of a vest of black cloth, bound with black silk, huge trousers absorbing more than twenty yards of blue cotton, and long Russia leather boots, supple and solid. The only rich part of his costume was a waist-belt embroidered in gold and stones, worth about one hundred pounds. It contained in its folds a purse of embroidered cashmere, a kandjar of Damascus in a silver sheath, a long pistol mounted in gold and rubies, and the ramrod belonging to it. Hadji Stavros stood motionless among his servants, only moving the extremity of his fingers and his lips ; the latter to dictate his correspondence, the former to count the beads of his rosary. It was one of those handsome rosaries made of clouded amber, which are not used to keep account of prayers, but to amuse the solemn indolence of the Turks.

The correspondence on which the king was engaged, and which M. Schultz was compelled to listen to, was certainly a strange medley. The first letter was to Messrs. Barley and Son, of London, bankers, relating to the management of 25,000*l.* he had entrusted to them ; among other items, he ordered the sale of his shares in the Royal British Bank, which he thought was going wrong. The next was to his daughter, then at school in Athens, announcing the arrival of Sir Walter Scott's works, and the steel machine to make her dress stick out ; closing with an injunction on her to learn foreign languages sedulously, for, the king adds, "you are not born to live in this small, absurd country, and I would sooner see you dead than married to a Greek. The daughter of a king can only marry a prince. I do not mean a contraband prince, like all our Fanariotes, who boast their descent from the emperors of the East, and whom I would not have for my servants, but a reigning and crowned prince. Some very suitable ones can be found in Germany, and my fortune will allow me to select one for you. If the Germans have been able to come and reign among us, I do not see why you should not go and reign among them." The last document was a "Report of the Operations

of the National Company of the King of the Mountains." It was addressed to the shareholders, and, after alluding to the unpleasant interference of foreign troops, which checked the expansion of domestic industry, it showed a dividend of eighty-two per cent. The concluding paragraph is a gem: "Such, gentlemen, are the results of our last campaign. You can now judge of the future reserved for us on the day when a foreign occupation ceases to weigh heavily on our country and our occupations."

The king then found time to attend to his prisoners, and fixed the ransom of the ladies at 4000*l*. Fortunately, they were related to the house of Messrs. Barley, and paid their ransom out of the monarch's own funds. We may dismiss them, and turn our attention exclusively to M. Schultz, who had no chance but evasion. He tried many experiments, and ended by drowning his watchman, Vasili, whom the monarch deplored like a son. His funeral requiem is magnificent:

Do you know that he was the boldest of my companions? I will not detract from the personal merit of those who hear me, but Vasili displayed a blind devotion, intrepid obedience, and a zeal which was adapted for all circumstances. No labour was too rude for his courage, no execution was repugnant to his fidelity. He would have strangled the whole kingdom if I had bidden him do so. He would have gouged his best friend at a sign of my finger. And he is lost to me! poor Vasili! When I have a village to burn, a curmudgeon to put on the gridiron, a woman to cut in pieces, a child to flay alive, who will take his place? For four generations all his ancestors have been hanged or decapitated: not one died in his bed. Scarce six years ago his own brother perished in Epirus by the brutal tyranny of the law: he had assassinated a Mussulman. Devotion and courage were hereditary in that family. Nor did Vasili ever fail in his religious duties. He gave to the churches, he gave to the poor. On Easter day he offered a wax candle larger than all the others. He would have died sooner than violate the law of fasting, or eat meat on a day of abstinence. He was saving up enough money to retire to a monastery on Mount Athos. And, alas! he is lost to me for ever!

But the manes of the victim must be appeased, and the king refrained from offering up the assassin on the tomb, merely because he knew that the dead man would have been one of the first to protest against such a lamentable sacrifice of a ransom. He, however, selected a mode of punishment which amply answered the end, and had the additional charm of not costing a penny to any one. After the funeral obsequies had been performed with great splendour and dignity, the turn came for M. Schultz to play his part, by receiving a punishment which would spare the brigands the trouble of watching him for some time. The king determined to give him the *bastinado*, which he knew, from personal experiences, did not kill, though it was particularly unpleasant. M. About describes the sensations experienced so minutely, that we are led to believe that, like the chaplain in "Never too Late to Mend," he has allowed the experiment to be tried on himself, to judge what others suffer from it:

I did not faint, as you are aware it is not in my nature, so I lost nothing. I felt every blow of the stick in succession. The first was so furious that I thought there would be no occasion for the rest. It caught me exactly in the centre of the foot; but my foot did not pain me. I fancied that the bones in my poor legs were breaking to pieces. The second blow hit me lower, just below the heels; it gave me a violent shock, which shook my spine, and filled my palpitating brain with fearful confusion. The third caught me on the toes,

and produced an acute and piercing sensation, which caused the whole of my body to shudder, and made me believe for a moment that the point of the stick had struck the end of my nose. The blood burst forth for the first time, I believe. The blows succeeded in the same order, and on the same spots, at equal intervals. I had sufficient courage to keep silence at the two first; I cried at the third, howled at the fourth, and groaned afterwards. At the tenth, my flesh had not the strength left to complain: I was silent. . . . The last blow of the twenty fell on a bleeding but insensible mass of flesh. Pain had almost paralysed me.

Maddened with pain and rage, M. Schultz poured forth every execration mind could conceive or tongue utter; he insulted the king's mother, his wife, and his daughter; but it was all to no effect. At last, he plucked a pistol from the belt of one of the brigands, and fired it point-blank at the Hadj. Even this had no power to move him; but at last he succeeded; he told him of the skilful way in which the ladies had swindled him out of the ransom by his advice, and the king's fury knew no bounds. He determined on the most awful revenge; but so great was his rage, that he could not hit on any mode sufficiently exemplary. He asked advice of his followers, and they made suggestions terrible enough in their atrocity for any moderate man. Thus, one proposed to pull out some of his teeth, put a bit in his mouth, and make him run till he dropped from fatigue. Another wished to break boiling eggs under his armpits. He had tried it on a woman in Megara, and it had afforded considerable fun. The third suggested that a rock, weighing 5 cwt., should be put on his chest, which would make him put out his tongue and spit blood. But none of these availed; nor would the king be satisfied when it was further proposed to pour vinegar in his nostrils and drive thorns under his nails; or feed him with salt meat without allowing him to drink; or to suffer him to die of hunger. None of these schemes satisfied the vengeance of the king; he was determined that poor Schultz, for robbing him of 4000*l.*, should shed drop by drop of blood, like a bad debtor paying penny instalments. The king retired to revolve his plans of revenge, while M. Schultz was left to the mercy of the gang. One wounded brigand hit on a brilliant scheme of torture: the prisoner's hands being tied behind his back, he was laid down by the side of the patient's bed, who began plucking out one hair after the other. At first the pain was slight, but it soon grew maddening. The punishment only ceased to assume a new shape. M. Schultz was laid before a burning fire, and semi-roasted. In his despair he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a blessed parcel of arsenic, with which he seasoned the king's lamb's fry, hoping that he would thus rid the world of an intolerable nuisance.

But his sufferings were destined to end sooner than he had anticipated. An American friend of his had carried off the king's daughter, and only consented to give her up in return for M. Schultz. We need not dwell any longer on the story, but refer those who are desirous to know the *dénouement* to the book itself, which we heartily recommend them, as giving a very truthful account of the state of Greece. One scene of fraternisation between the brigands and gendarmes is admirable, and we regret we cannot find space for it. In conclusion, M. About, while allowing that the story of the "King of the Mountains" is only a fiction, justly

adds, "My kind Athenian friends, the truest histories are not always those which have really taken place."

"Germaine" is the last, and by far the best, of M. About's books. The author, encouraged by his success, has grown bolder, and no longer hesitates to launch some of those *petits mots* which make the fortune of French literary men. The story, though not very natural, and slightly exaggerated, is, for all that, very interesting; and M. About, while venturing on the slippery ground of illicit love, has managed very cleverly to steer clear of any rock of offence. But this will be best seen by giving a slight sketch of the story.

The first scene introduces us to the Duchess de la Tour d'Emblée, in the last stage of distress, even selling her wedding-ring to procure a breakfast for M. le Duc, who must not go without. There may be beggar duchesses in France, but not having the honour to move in that society, we cannot decide such a moot point. However, the fact we are concerned with is, that the ducal family had sunk from bad to worse, and were now starving, or very nearly so. How that had been brought about will be best seen from the following extract:

Duke Cæsar de la Tour d'Emblense, son of an *émigré* most faithful to his king and most hostile to his country, was rewarded magnificently for his father's services. In 1827, Charles X. appointed him governor-general of our possessions in Western Africa. He was hardly forty years of age. During twenty-eight months' residence in the colony he held his ground against the Moors and the yellow fever: then he demanded leave to return to Paris and marry. He was rich, thanks to the indemnity of a milliard, and he doubled his fortune by marrying the fair Marguerite de Bisson, who had sixty thousand francs a year. The king signed the contract on the same day as the ordonnances, and the duke found himself married and shelved at one stroke. The new government would gladly have enrolled him in the list of *transfuges*; and it was even asserted that Casimir Perrier made him some advances. He disdained employment of any nature, through pride in the first place, and secondly, through an invincible sloth. Whether he had expended in these years all his stock of energy, or that the easy life in Paris held him by an irresistible attraction, his only labour during ten years had been to show his horses in the Bois, and his yellow kid gloves in the Opera stalls. All seemed good to him; the enjoyments of the table, the satisfaction of vanity, the emotions of play, and even the austere joys of domesticity. He displayed at home the eager attentions of a young husband, and in the world the impetuosity of an emancipated heir. His wife was the happiest woman in France; but she was not the only one to whom he ensured felicity. He wept with joy on the birth of his daughter in the summer of 1835, and in the excess of his happiness he purchased a country villa for an Opera dancer, with whom he was madly in love. His dinners at home were unrivalled, except by the suppers he gave at his mistress's house. The world, which is always indulgent to men, pardoned him for thus squandering his life and fortune. It was allowed that he acted like a gentleman, for his pleasures abroad never caused a painful echo at home. How could he be justly reproached for expending on all sides the superabundance of his purse and heart? No woman pitied the duchess; and, in fact, there was no reason to pity her. He sedulously avoided compromising himself; he never appeared in public but with his wife, and he would have sooner missed a rendezvous than allow her to go to a ball alone. This double mode of life, and the caution with which a gentleman knows how to conceal his pleasures, soon attacked his capital. Nothing is dearer at Paris than shade and discretion. The duke was too great a gentleman to bargain with anybody. He could never refuse anything to his own wife, or to another person's. You must not believe he was ignorant of the enormous breaches made in his fortune, but he calculated on play to repair

them. Men to whom fortune has come when asleep are accustomed to place unlimited confidence in destiny. When 1845 arrived he was hopelessly ruined.

For eight years the duke, Micawber-wise, waited for something to turn up, in a little set of rooms over the stables at the Hôtel de Sangle. Many opportunities of making money were offered him, but he refused them through fear of lowering himself. "I am willing to sell my house," he would say, "but I cannot lend my name." Thus he slowly descended the social ladder, abusing the name he did not wish to compromise; and thus it was that on the 1st of January, 1853, his wife sold her wedding-ring. It is unfortunate that you cannot live in Paris without money, although credit is the mainstay of commerce. You can procure many things without paying for them when you can throw on the tradesman's counter a great name. You can furnish your house and stock your cellar for nothing, but there are a thousand daily expenses which can only be satisfied with ready money. It is often more easy to buy a watch than a cabbage. This was the case with the duchess: and her friends had left her one after the other. The friendship of women is certainly more chivalrous than that of men, but neither sex has an enduring affection for others than their equals. A delicate pleasure is felt in climbing two or three times up a precipitous staircase and sitting down full dressed by a poor bed, but there are few persons so heroic as to live familiarly with friends who are down in the world. To add to her sorrows, her daughter Germaine was attacked with consumption, and the medical man had given up all hope. At this crisis in the ducal fortunes, a *deus ex machinâ* appeared in the shape of the family doctor. But the circumstances will require explanation.

In 1838, a worthy naval captain, M. de Chermidy, had laid his heart and epaulette at the feet of Honorine Lavinage, who kept a tobacconist's shop at Toulon. Although thousands of worshippers had tried to turn her head, she had vowed to be virtuous till she had found a husband, and she kept her word. The officers had given her the name of "Cracker," on account of her hardness of heart; the bourgeois christened her "Ulloa," because she was besieged by the whole of the French navy. M. de Chermidy was preferred to his rivals because of his delicious candour, and his dreams of happiness were only dispelled by an excellent naval appointment, which kept him abroad almost continuously. His wife lived discreetly for ten years, the only events which signalled her reign being the failure of a charcoal contractor and the dismissal of two paymasters. She then found it advisable to migrate to Paris, where she arrived with her savings in the shape of 15,000*l.*, and lived magnificently, although her fair fame was not tarnished. In 1850, her husband was weak enough to pay her a visit, but on seeing his dear Honorine dressed in a manner which represented at least three years' pay, he made a tack, and never returned. The truth was, that Madame de Chermidy had fixed her affections during his absence on the Count de Villanera, who soon grew madly in love with her, and committed all those extravagances of which a young man can be guilty. She gave birth to a son by him, whom the count insisted on recognising as his own, but unfortunately the lady's husband was in the way, and had visited Paris just in time to save appearances. In this plight Madame de Chermidy hit on a brilliant idea: the Count de Villanera was to marry some young lady of high

rank in such a state of health that her death might be sure: her son would thus be recognised, and she could recal her count when the lady had departed from this vale of tears. The duke's daughter was the very victim required, and the doctor made the proposition with the alluring bait of two thousand *per annum* settled on the parents.

We need not add that the bargain was concluded: M. de Villanera married Germaine when, apparently, in the last stage of consumption, and the happy party set off for Italy, leaving Madame de Chermidy anxiously to count the hours till her rival's death. In the mean while, she drew over the old duke to her side, who soon grew madly in love with her, and thus she obtained all requisite information as to how matters were going on in Corfu. But time slipped away, and still the countess would not die; on the contrary, she was growing stronger, and Madame de Chermidy determined on helping her along the road. For this purpose, she selected a ticket-of-leave man, to be sent as a servant to the family, and hinted to him that fifty pounds a year would be his on the death of his lady. This worthy commenced operations by exhibiting minim doses of arsenic, which, however, had the counter effect, for the lady grew rapidly better. The awakening love between Germaine and her husband is admirably described by M. About, and he allows us to foresee many happy years for them; when the crisis arrives: Germaine kills herself apparently, from taking an overdose of iodine, in her joy at her husband's love and hopes of recovering speedily. The news of her hopeless condition reaches Paris simultaneously with that of M. de Chermidy's death in China, and the widow is triumphant. She determines on setting out for Corfu at once, to claim her rights, while the old duke, who is almost maddened by frustrated hopes, gives his wife the slip, and follows her.

But Madame de Chermidy had reckoned without her host; the news of Germaine's death was premature, and she arrives in Corfu to find her rival in a fair way of recovery. The scene which occurred between the two ladies is very powerfully described:

Madame de Chermidy recognised at the first glance the woman she had only seen once, and whom she never expected to see again in this world. Although naturally so cool, she recoiled like a soldier who sees the bridge blown up over which he is just going to pass. She was not the woman to nurse herself with hopes; she judged her position, and leaped to a conclusion at once. She saw her rival cured, her lover confiscated, her son in the hands of another woman, and her future lost. The fall was the ruder, because she fell from such a height. When the Titans had piled up mountain on mountain, they did not feel the less severely the lightning which levelled them. The hatred she had felt for the young countess, since the day she had begun to fear her, suddenly attained colossal proportions, like those theatrical trees which the stage machinist sends up from the boards to the drops. The first idea that crossed her mind was criminal. She asked herself why she should not read with her hands the paltry obstacle which separated her from happiness. She was for an instant one of those Thyades who tore in pieces tigers and lions. She repented having forgotten at the hotel a Corsican poniard, which was always her companion. Her thoughts reverted to that familiar weapon; she seized it in her mind, she caressed it in imagination. She then thought of the sea, which bathed the end of the garden. Nothing was easier or more tempting than to carry off Germaine, lay her in three feet of water, stifle her cries beneath the tide, and compress her efforts till a final convulsion made room for another Countess of Villanera. Fortunately, the distance be-

tween thought and action is longer than between arm and head. Besides, the little Gomez was there, and his presence probably saved Germaine's life. More than once the limpid glance of a child has paralysed a criminal hand. The most perverted beings experience an involuntary respect before this sacred age, which is more august than senility. Old age is like tranquil water in which all the impurities of life have sunk to the bottom; infaney is a torrent rushing from the mountain, which may be stirred up without fear of troubling the waters, because they are perfectly pure. Old people have the knowledge of good and evil; the ignorance of childhood is like the spotless snow of the Jungfrau, which no human footstep has sullied.

Madame de Chermidy's attempts to recover her truant lover are in vain: he is enjoying, for the first time, the pure joys of wedded love, and the voice of his old charmer is innocuous. In vain she threatens to commit suicide, after making a will in favour of her son; and, as a last resource, she summons the ticket-of-leave man to a nocturnal meeting, when she offers him one hundred thousand francs to remove her detested rival. But the forçat is a man of talent: after hearing all that Madame de Chermidy had to offer, he consented to commit a murder, but the victim was altered. He saw that he had better chances of safety in putting Madame de Chermidy out of the world, and he proceeded to carry it into effect, with the celebrated poniard of which mention has already been made. But a new actor suddenly appears on the scene in the shape of the old duke, who, in his fatuity, had determined on seeking his beloved Honorine. The scene descriptive of his research is one of the most powerful in the book:

A profound darkness reigned both within and without the house, but the old madman fancied he could see Madame de Chermidy kneeling at the foot of the bed, with her head bowed between her hands, and opening her sweet rosy lips in prayer. In order to attract her attention, he tapped gently at the window; but no one replied. He then fancied he saw her sleeping: for the most contradictory hallucinations followed each other in his mind. He reflected for a long time on means to reach her without startling or frightening her. To gain his object he felt capable of anything, even to dig a hole in the wall with no other tools than his fingers. While tapping the windows, he felt that the panes were set in a framework of lead. He attempted to remove a pane by means of his nails. He set to work with such energy that he eventually succeeded in his task. His nails were repeatedly bent back on the lead, or broken off on the glass; his fingers, cut in twenty places, were bleeding all at once; he took no heed of this, or if he stopped from time to time, it was to lick off the blood, and listen to sounds within in the assurance that Honorine was still sleeping. When the square had been thus slightly loosened, he took it gently by the extremity, and gradually pulled it towards him, stopping each time that the glass cracked, or a too violent pressure shook the whole of the window. At last his patience was rewarded. The glass remained in his hands. He laid it down noiselessly on the sand in the allée, made a bound, while laying a finger on his lips, and returned to inhale the air from the room by the opening he had made. His chest expanded from the voluptuous sensation; he breathed again the first time during ten days.

He thrust his hand into the room, felt the interior of the window, found the bolt, and seized it firmly. The squares of glass being small, lacerated his arm and impeded his movements; but at last the window yielded with a creaking noise. The duke was startled at the sound, and thought that all was lost. He then fled to the end of the garden, and sealed a tree, his eyes being fixed on the house, his ear opened to every sound. He listened for a long time, and heard nothing save the gentle and melancholy croak of the frogs by the roadside. He

came down from his post of observation, and moved on hands and feet to the window, at one moment lowering his head, not to be seen, at another raising it to see and hear. He returned to the spot whence fear had driven him, and assured himself that Honorine was still sleeping. The window was wide open; the night air entered the house without awaking the fair sleeper. The duke stepped in and glided along the room. Joy and fear made him tremble like a tree shaken by the wind. He tottered, yet did not dare hold on by the furniture. The chamber was encumbered with objects of every description, boxes open and shut, and even furniture overthrown. He guided himself through this disorder with infinite precaution. He moved on tiptoe, grazing each object without touching it, and extending his bleeding fingers in the darkness. At each step he took he muttered in a low voice, "Honorine, are you there? Do you hear me? It is your old friend—the most unfortunate, the most devoted of your friends! Do not be alarmed; fear nothing—not even that I will reproach you. I was mad at Paris, but the journey has changed me. It is a father who has come to console you. Do not kill yourself. I should die of the blow!" He stopped, and listened attentively. He could only hear the beating of his own heart. Fear assailed him: he sat down for a moment on the ground, to calm his emotion and check the bounding current in his veins. "Honorine," he cried, as he rose again, "are you dead?" It was Death in person that replied to him. He stumbled against an article of furniture, and his hands were bathed in a sea of blood. He fell on his knees, rested his arm on the bed, and remained till day in the same posture. He did not ask himself how this misfortune could have happened. He felt no surprise or regret; the blood rushed to his head, and all was over. His head was only an open cage from which reason had fled. He spent the remaining hours of the night bending over a corpse, which gradually chilled till morning.

On the discovery of the awful deed, the duke was at first suspected of being the assassin; but a livery button and lock of hair led to a discovery. The duke, however, remained hopelessly insane, and death put a speedy end to an ill-spent life. As for Germaine, her happiness was only just commencing with the recovery of her health, and we have no reason to believe that the Count of Villanera followed the example of other married men in Paris, or ever became satiated with the connubial felicity which always awaited him at home.

This slight sketch of a deeply interesting story will prove to our readers that M. About has at length hit on the right path: he possesses a considerable degree of talent, and can employ it most worthily in the description of social life. We have, of course, been unable to follow the story of Germaine's wedded griefs and joys closely, but we can recommend our readers to judge for themselves; the story is well worthy of perusal, as we trust we have shown. Very great delicacy is displayed in the description of the nascent affection which Germaine feels for her husband, and the transition from horror to interest, and thence to love, is very artistically treated. But, above all, we must speak in terms of the highest praise of the healthy tone of morality which pervades the whole of the book, rendering it thus a worthy counterpart to the celebrated story of "La Robe de Nessus," in which the tempter gains the victory. We again repeat, that if our lady readers desire to form a true appreciation of a French novel, without entertaining any apprehension of having their feelings of delicacy outraged, they cannot do better than choose a guide, philosopher, and friend, in the person of the subject of our present sketch.

AN OLD INDIAN OFFICER ON THE CAUSES OF THE INDIAN REVOLT.

IN defence of all we are doing, or intend to do, to the Indian insurgents—when they are vanquished—it is asserted they had no cause for revolt. Had they not, say those who were in the government employ, their rice and salt assured to them? Yes. But since man has faculties and feelings above those of a hog, rice and salt are but one ingredient in his real or imagined happiness. His bosom, in all climes alike, burns with the pride of national independence, patriotism, and religion. He soon finds, or imagines he finds, that the *worst* native government is more tolerable than the *best* foreign rule. For even in the vices of a native despotism there is something in which he can glory, and he is free from the sense of being subject to strangers, and regarded by them as being both mentally and physically inferior, from the very fact of his subjugation. And then a government of conquering strangers cannot—let it even endeavour to do so—rule according to the prejudices, national traditions, and constitutional forms of the vanquished. All other governments, under whatever form or name, are despotisms, and those despotisms touch the mind of the people, not their bodies. But when the conquerors are of another faith, the evils are augmented. They cannot wholly be obliterated by even a change of religion in the vanquished, and although the victors should, as in the instance of the Tartars in China, take the religion and manners of those they have overcome, it cannot, as we there see, fill up the mighty gulf between the two. We however, have done none of these things in India, but have tried, against all the obstacles of climate and immemorial institutions, to turn Hindoos into Englishmen.

But is not our rule incomparably better than any the native rulers of the East ever gave, or were capable of giving? This boast of the superiority of rule is not quite so indisputable as most seem to think. At the time that our conquests were going on, when our armies entered a native-ruled territory, the circumstances that struck the officers with the greatest astonishment were the happy look of the people and the flourishing condition of the lands, as compared with the wretched appearance of both in our possession. Under the rule of Tippoo Sahib, of Mysore, whom we are in the habit of regarding, and with propriety, as the worst of Indian despots, this was peculiarly the case. The explanation of the prosperous condition of the masses and the capricious tyranny of the rulers existing together is this: the cruelties of the Sultan only reached his courtiers and nobles, who were a breakwater on which his rage exhausted itself before it reached the people; but under the routine of a European absolute government, where noble and serf are regarded as the same, all feel its effect. This is the state of our rule in India, and the application of European systems to the East. The government has hitherto been unchecked by the fear of insurrection. It was a common reply to the complaints of the natives, when bewailing the unlimited power of the rulers in the states under our protection, to say, "We cannot defend ourselves from the tax-gatherers by arms, as heretofore. If we do, the Com-

pany's soldiers come in, and things are worse than ever. It is no use to fight against them!"

The tenure of "good behaviour," on which the successful soldiers who directed the affairs of the temporary kingdoms which arose in Hindostan between the fall of the Mogul power and the complete rise of ours, was a most powerful incentive to pay attention to the happiness of the many. Thus, in the case of Hyder Ali, the father of Tippoo Sultan, he punished, with what Englishmen regard as most atrocious cruelty, any oppression by the great, or his ministers, on the lower orders. He perceived that it was by their will that he held not only his throne, but his life. From this he is regarded by both Mahomedans (to whose faith he belonged) and Hindoos as a saint, and is one of the traditional heroes whose justice and equity are sung in the nursery. It may astonish some to learn that Warren Hastings, whose education from early youth in the East had made him more of a Hindoo in principles of government than a European, and who adopted a plan strongly resembling that of Hyder Ali, is commemorated in the same manner! This honour no other of our Indian governors have obtained, except, perhaps, Sir J. Malcolm.

Again, our taxation is exceedingly heavy. The necessity for a large standing army to keep down the conquered is the cause of this, and the tax-payer has no consolation of the acquisition of national glory to lessen the weight of his burden, which is a kind of balm in such cases to a conquering race like ourselves. Nay, every farthing is doubled to him by the thought that he pays it for riveting his chains.

But there is another thing, which, perhaps, more than all the foregoing considerations, may account for this revolt, as it touches a class to whom all the power belonged before our conquest—the *exclusion of the natives from all the higher offices, both civil and military*: the former, on the foolish notion that the natives are too corrupt to be admitted to them; the latter, on the more rational supposition that, had natives high military commands, we should soon be excluded from them, if not driven from the country. But there need be no fear of this; the natural partiality for our countrymen would always keep them in the majority. The hatred of disappointed ambition in the natives, when excluded, is much more to be feared, as the present juncture shows, than honourable emulation.

In the last renewal of the East India Company's charter, a petition was presented to parliament from the natives of the Bengal Presidency, praying that the competitions might be made as free to them as to Englishmen. Without a debate this request was rejected; and a cabinet minister said things must continue on their former footing. As this, at the time, made no noise in parliament or the press, it has most likely been forgotten by those who then noticed it, and is unknown to the mass, but it has doubtless kept a firm hold of the memory of the Bengalese; and how many may its recollection have urged to wait for and rush into the first attempt to overturn our power, determined that if their ambition could not find a concession of an honourable field for exercise, to seize one by force.

But, so far from any concession of greater employment being given to the Oriental subjects of this empire, it is said that even the little they now enjoy will, when the rising is quelled, be taken from them, and

that they can no more be trusted even in the ranks of the army. But we may be sure that such a course would fail of keeping them in passive obedience even more signally than the one we have hitherto pursued. Of course, if not soldiers in our pay, they could not mutiny against their English officers. But they would take the more dangerous plan of acting as gangs of freebooters, not as the cowardly Thugs, assassinating defenceless travellers, but with the numbers and discipline of armies, lodging in the central hills and jungles, and thence descending at set seasons to ravage the lowland districts, or plunder the convoys of government money. Such were once the Pindarees, and such would become the proud and excluded nobles and military class, if we do, as is now said, for the future, instead of extending the sphere of honourable employment under our government to them, cut off even the little they now enjoy.

This is the only safe course we can follow if we intend to hold our Eastern possessions. It was the course the Mahomedans followed, whose supposed bigotry we are so fond of abusing. Under their sway, Mogul, Persian, and Hindoo were equally employed, on the sole ground of merit. Further, they never tried to enforce their own system of law on the Hindoos, but the court had double judges—one for the Moslem, and the other for Hindoo jurisprudence. It was reserved for the English to subject the followers of Brahma to the laws of the Prophet, and to administer them by means of a European who had never studied their codes till he received his appointment of judge, even if he did then. All the foregoing causes of discontent, of which, probably, the exclusion from important offices is the most active, are sufficient to extinguish the cry "that the Hindoos have rebelled nobody can tell wherefore."

There has, however, been a great outcry that the Indian government did not discover the conspiracy, which, it is alleged, had been brooding for some time before this outbreak. This assertion is utterly without foundation. The insurrection is only one of those simultaneous outbursts of dislike with a foreign, or even sometimes a native, rule, of which history is full. The revolt of the Spaniards against the French is an illustration in point. Had there been a conspiracy, we should certainly have had no open revolt. It would have been discovered, and nipped in the bud. It can be asserted as a general rule, applicable to all lands, that where a political movement begins and is carried on by a party of plotters, it is no concern of the nation, but only the matter of a faction. It is not far wrong to say that none of the great insurrections of history were so begun; they have been the explosion of long-brooding discontent, fired by some seemingly accidental and trifling circumstance. Such was the beginning of the Bengal rebellion from the mutiny at Meerut. From the report of our spy, it is certain it was not concocted, as once supposed, by Nana Sahib. This monster only joined it after its completion, and stamped eternal infamy on his name by his too exact imitation of Western revolutionary leaders.

F. F.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

It is known, we apprehend, to all classes of the reading community, that a commission—partly composed of civilians and partly of military men—has been sitting upon a much-vexed question, namely, that of "Promotion by Purchase." The report of this committee has been promulgated, and we unhesitatingly declare that the "decision" arrived at is decidedly BAD, and the verdict "*non proven*." The *Times*, with the aid of one of its most active correspondents who formed one of the commission, may give a slight though evanescent turning of the minds of the thoughtful towards its verdict, but we venture to assert that before a few years have passed, this report will be remembered no more. Old club fogies will pooh-pooh it, young Wragenjohanishers will anathematise it, and society laugh at it, as we do now at Bloomers, aerial machines, and the *Northern Bee*.

It is not even the unanimous report of a commission. Each member of the committee has given his own individual ideas on the evil of the system of Promotion by Purchase, and each produces a little "bantling" for a reform; but amongst all the suggestions for remedying that which the *Times* styles "our present greatest evil," no practical military man, divested of partiality, favour, or affection, can point out a single grain of common sense amongst all this chaff of crotchets. Each member has taken his seat at the table with a fixed idea in his mind, which no evidence heard can by any human means root out. Each committee-man drew up his report. Each report differed from each other as much as the usages, manners, and customs of the antipodes do to our own!

Fortunately, the *ex parte* advice so gratuitously offered by this military commission will benefit few except some learned antiquarians, who, while turning over the musty pages of Blue-books, will read and learn the instincts, ideas, and astuteness of the British senators of the nineteenth century.

Civilians utterly ignorant of the wheel that works within wheel in so huge and complicated a piece of machinery as the British army, naïvely propose as a remedy to lay the axe to the root of the most essential ingredient—mark, the most essential ingredient—in the whole formation of a regiment—*esprit de corps*.

Many an old campaigner of the Peninsula or Waterloo, who turns over these pages in his cozy arm-chair in the reading-room of his club, will assuredly attest to the incontrovertible truth of the essential ingredient of *esprit de corps* in every regiment in the service. Each regiment has its individual merit in the eye of the gallant aspirant for glory. Son followed father in the same path, wore the same coloured coat, or waved on high the same old "rag," with the same old number that had carried so often death, fear, and destruction into the enemy's ranks, and such honour and reward into their own! Fathers had served with fathers, rich with poor, sons with sons, officers with privates. "The ould so-and-so bees my regiment—dad served in that!" says the clod-hopper, as a recruiting sergeant of another regiment tries to lure him

with the shilling. Again, certain corps have popularity in certain districts. The Highland Brigade is dear to Scotchmen, the 18th and 88th to Roman Catholic, and the 27th to Protestant Irishmen, the 11th Hussars are most sought after by Londoners, the Scots Greys, of course, by Scotchmen, the 4th Dragoon Guards by the "boys of Cork," the 3rd Dragoon Guards by Yorkshiremen, the Queen's Bays by Ayrshiremen, the 17th Lancers by the brave lads of Dublin, and the gallant Inniskilleners by the men of Erin's north. If here we digress a little, it will be only to return to our subject immediately, and impress upon the reader the paramount importance of attention to these points in *recruiting*. If our authorities do not fail in so doing, we apprehend no "cry" will be raised of a lack of good *matériel*. But if we send a Scotchman to raise recruits in Tipperary, and "Paddy from Cork" to Aberdeen, "arraah," do not let us be surprised at our want of success in filling the ranks of our army, but at the simplest rudiments of common sense of our authorities.

Esprit de corps is the first principle to be instilled into every soldier; without it your army becomes a mere herd of mercenaries. Do you think the famous charge of Balaklava will ever be forgot by the regiments who so gallantly rode to death and destruction when bid? No, as recruit enlists, old soldier will tell, and as cornet joins, captain will relate, the imperishable deeds of valour the "ould" 8th or dashing 17th performed on that ever-memorable occasion. Will the deeds of the gallant Brigadier Scarlett, too, perish, as writing in the sand? Who, that "has served" remembers not, when the Crimean war broke out, and the 5th Dragoon Guards were far under their strength, how Colonel Scarlett (since Major-General) asked the reserve corps for volunteers, and how a hundred brave spirits stepped to the front and, with a loud cheer, joined the good old chief of the "Green horse?"

Look to the Indian butcheries, where black demons in the forms of Sepoy soldiers have committed unparalleled enormities, yet amongst all their crimes and cruelties we now and then discover a bright speck where *esprit de corps* has shone forth, and one or two have been faithful amongst the faithless. The chief cause of the Indian mutiny has been want of *esprit de corps*.

The commission advises Promotion by Purchase to extend to the rank of major—happily it does, otherwise the country must be prepared to be saddled with five or six millions extra national debt—after which rank competitive examinations are to ensue, and a colonel is never to sell his commission! You say to a gentleman, "Sir, you must enter my service and serve your country well. You must buy up all your promotion; you must spill a certain amount of your bill; leave an arm, say, in the Crimea, and a leg at Delhi; you must suffer cholera, and ague, and fever: you must do all this for no wages, for your pay is only bare remuneration for your investments, and if you are a cavalry colonel you must give fourteen thousand pounds for your command. All this, my dear sir, boots nothing; you have walked into the trap, you are as safe as the mouse is—we won't let you out! Ha! ha! ha! We will sequester your money. Hurrah! We have you. Are you not ours? You may have led a forlorn hope, you may have frozen in Canada, or frizzled in India, or perspired on the barren rock of Gib, or coughed in the

swampy marshes of Ceylon—certes, you have spilt your blood, you, bah! have ruined your health, you have passed a good examination, and have proved yourself a first-rate officer, but, my dear colonel, are you not a colonel, eh? You have a wife and children, and your money is as much theirs as yours. Now come, did we compel you to marry? Did we wish you to have children? Have we not built our barracks on the most antagonistic principles to domestic comfort, and done everything in our power to support the glorious millennium of bachelorism? Bah! I see you are attempting to lay to our charge matters we have no more to do with than ‘the man in the street!’ I see you are cantankerous, sir! You are an ass, sir! You put us quite in a rage! Go, and be a master cotton-spinner, if you want filthy lucre. Turn your sword into a pen, and don’t come plaguing us. For shame, my dear colonel. Good morning!”

We will undertake to assert, that if the suffrages of the British army were taken—especially amongst the privates and non-commissioned officers of a corps—no such an unpopular step would ever have been decided upon as making the rank of colonel the prize of “competitive examination.” Let us bear in mind whence we draw our soldiers—from the pits of theatres, the bars of gin-palaces, the purlieus of St. Giles’s, or the low haunts of Manchester or Leeds. Remember what ideas they come to us imbued with; and then look upon the British soldier and say if you can, where you can pick out a finer specimen of manly obedience, loyalty, and bravery in the whole class of human nature! Yet how has this reformation been effected? Some witchery must have been practised. Zealous clergymen have exhausted all their powers of rhetoric, denouncing terror to some, or offering consolations to others, and yet all their efforts have been in vain. The proselyte has soon fallen back into his evil ways. Such is never the case, except in very few instances, with the British soldier! Why? Because there is a set in every regiment called the “old soldiers;” men who perhaps have been very wild and mutinous, or drunkards, when young, but who, having “sown their wild oats,” settle down into worthy members of the army. They give a tone to a regiment, insist on discipline being upheld and reverence paid to authority, and support in every way the officers and non-commissioned officers. They look on their “ould” corps as a home, and love it as much as a captain does his ship! No one is more revered by these men than the Colonel. They have known him since they were lads. They were at drill together, both wild, no doubt, but each has seen the other settle down into a quiet, respectable man, a credit to the honourable service he belongs to. They have fought many a hard battle together, and have slept side by side on the bloody plain; they have shared hunger and thirst and pain, and have reaped honour and glory and fame in the same action. Yet with this sympathy between soldier and commanding officer, you would shelve the latter, and throw open his place to the highest bidder; passing some young stay-at-home exquisite, who may have studied Vauban, over the heads of a corps of veterans who have nobly fought for their country in every quarter of the globe! If such a system were to be introduced into our army, the consequences would be fatal! You may laugh and jeer now as you did when the great Sir Charles Napier foretold the consequences of your conduct to the

Bengal army. He warned, but you, like the deaf adder, shut your ears to his warning. It will be the same with our own army, if you allow ignorant men to attempt its reform. The Duke of Wellington said that the English mob was not less brave than a foreign mob. This was uttered in 1848, when all Europe, save England and Russia, was in the hands of mobs. The Duke might have added that the British army is to be always depended upon, and is therefore feared by the mob. This arises from the aristocratic element infused into it by the officers being men of property; men who will fight for their own as much as for their country.

To obtain a lieutenant-colonelcy, majors are to volunteer for a competitive examination. Now, supposing Colonel A. of the Plungers is shelved, and Major B. of that corps is a first-rate officer, a fine dashing manœuvrer, a first-rate drill, and a Murat of elegance; but Major C. of the Lights, a weak, puny, sickly creature, who has vegetated at home all his life, and cannot stand a tropical climate, passes a better examination in Vauban than Major B.:—C. consequently must have A.'s vacancy in preference to B., though B. is the better officer of the two. This savours much of the blundering system characteristic of the Circumlocution Office. Remember our schoolboys. We all respected the "sap" who headed the sixth form and won the Newcastle scholarship, but he was not the lad we selected as stroke-oar of the "eight," or captain of the "eleven!" As boys, we had too much common sense to commit such an act of folly. Why not, as men, follow the wisdom of our boyhood? No one would object to educate British officers; but we maintain, as a general rule, they are well educated, far better than those of the continental armies. A loud cry was raised before the Crimean war about the superior education of the French officer. When fighting side by side our officers had a good opportunity of knowing if these statements were true, and found they were incorrect. As a proof, we would refer to the evidence of the general officers before this very commission. We are now told, what we *know* the French are not, that the German officers are much better instructed than our own. As both Prussia and Austria studiously avoided "breaking the peace" in 1854, we shall take the assertion for what it is worth, and form our own conclusions when we see them in the battle-field.

A great deal has been said for and against Promotion by Purchase. It is a capital cry to bawl "promote by merit" in time of war, somewhat like the "vote by ballot" shouted out during the late general elections. But how are you to promote by merit in time of peace? It must perforce degenerate into seniority or interest. Many point to the navy, and so will we, and to the grievances, and heartburnings, and disappointments, too, that hundreds feel at this very moment at not receiving their justly-earned reward, all through, they assert, the favour shown to some scion of a noble house. Take care of Dowb. Beware of him, my good readers, and be not deceived. A man has no interest and no money, but he has a martial spirit, and is on excellent terms with himself. He says, "Do away with purchase, and I shall then find myself in my proper position." Purchase is done away with, but in its place up rises interest, and our poor friend finds this new bugbear is worse than the former. Interest and Dowbs are rampant just now

in the British army, but they are chiefly counteracted by wealth, and many sons of wealthy merchants and manufacturers can now purchase their positions in the army, whilst, if you were to sweep away such a system, rub it from the slate, you would find, as the army became thereby so much more remunerative, so it would also be so much the more esteemed as a comfortable provision for the younger cadets of great houses. Be assured Interest would only take the place of Purchase.

Let the authorities act as they will, they will never prevent money from being used in obtaining promotion, even if purchase were done away with to-morrow. It is in full force in the Company's service; it is in full force in our artillery; nay, even descends to our ranks, and a sergeant gives a quartermaster or an adjutant a certain bonus before he will retire in his favour. We allow it is a bad system—a very bad system: but we apprehend there is no remedy for it. To such a pitch was it carried before the Crimean war, that in a crack cavalry corps a regiment was sold for fifteen thousand pounds, a majority for nine thousand five hundred, a troop for six thousand guineas, and so on in proportion; although such trafficking was punishable, not only by court-martial, but by civil law.

The present examinations for promotion are a farce. They are worse than useless. A board of officers sits on judgment on a candidate. If he is popular, the whole affair is slurred over. If he should not enjoy that enviable position, the chances are that the victim is "spun." We should therefore compel each commanding officer to certify that a lieutenant is fit to purchase his troop or company, and at the same time make the lieutenant produce a certificate stating he has passed an examination before boards of gentlemen appointed especially for that purpose, who should sit in our three capitals, London, Edinburgh, and Dublin.

It was the fashion to sneer at our army before the Crimean war, and during and after that event to vilify it. We trust such defamation is at an end, and shall therefore conclude our remarks with the blunt advice of Smollett in "Roderick Random:"—"Sir, sir, I have often heard it said she is a villanous bird that befouls her own nest. As for what those people who are foreigners say, I do not mind it: they know no better; but you who were bred and born, and have got your bread under the English government, should have more regard to gratitude, as well as truth, in censuring your native country."

GARDEN RHYMES FOR MY PICCANINNIES.

By WALTER THORNBURY.

HOW THE BLACKBIRD, GLAD AND MERRY, FEEDS UPON THE BLACKHEART
CHERRY.

BLACKBIRD sings upon the cherry,
 Merry very, merry very,
 Very merry, merry very;
 Every time he stoops to peck, how he jerks his glossy neck,
 Preying on the crimson cherry.

Golden bill loves well the cherry,
 Merry very, merry very,
 Very merry, merry very;
 After every juicy bite, proud he looks from left to right,
 Singing to the falling cherry.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD.

Bigaroon, bigaroon,
 Why, the very name's a tune,
 Come and sing
 In a ring
 Of the joys of golden June.

Bigaroon, bigaroon,
 Cherries fall in burning June,
 Come and sing
 In a ring
 While the blackbirds sing in tune.

THE WREN AND HER NINE CHILDREN.

The wren sat on the apple bough
 With plain unpainted wing,
 And in a line her brood of nine
 Were learning all to sing.

Yes, first the crown bird of the nest
 Began to clear his throat,
 And then the youngest bird of nine
 Took up the little note.

And so at last the nine at once
 Sang at the self-same time,
 And I thought it was the sweetest sound
 That ever came in rhyme.

THE BEE IN THE CLOVER.

The bee is on the clover flower,
 Swinging, rocking, rocking, swinging,
 While the swallow, flying crescent,
 Over pool and field is winging.

The bee is on the spreading thistle
 (Swinging cradle, cradle swinging),
 While the lark is with the angels,
 To the inner heaven winging.

LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

MY WIFE AND FAMILY.

My wife was my own : my family my father-in-law's.

My own father died intestate, and his affairs got into Chancery. My father-in-law lived speculatively, and his affairs got into embarrassment : so the paternal intentions he would otherwise have liberally fulfilled towards me were added to "the paving stones" which are proverbially said to floor that basement story ycleped "the regions below." The money "settled," in some uncertain fashion, upon his first wife, was not, as proposed, forthcoming to her only surviving child—my spouse ; and as I married the latter for "the riches of herself alone," I remained careless about any explanation of the matter. The little she obtained from her grandmother was never looked for, and therefore came as a "godsend." When the leavings of my father-proper were brought, in due course of law, into the form of available cash, the necessities of his successor in wedlock compelled him to advantage himself by what the law allowed. He therefore first took the third of the amount, as due to his wife, my father's widow ; secondly, paid himself the cost of my schooling and professional education ; and handed over to me the small remainder. Thus, by my own means and efforts, I was just enabled to keep my head above water, till my professional barque got afloat to receive me, and ready to bear me on, as, God be thanked, it afterwards continued to do.

The crew of the ship, however, included none of my own begetting ; but as I came into the inheritance of little, and did not look to have anything to bequeath, I was well content to find myself childless. "The joys of parents," says Bacon, "are secret." They were secrets to *me* at all events. "Secret," too, says the same high authority, are the parents' "griefs and fears ;" but of these I had something of a second-hand taste, since a loved brother was left me, whose father I was old enough to be, and in whose boyhood's progress and subsequent well-being I felt a father's interest. Otherwise, I had my Lord Bacon's consolation in the dictum he lays down, when he says : "Certainly, the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from childless men." A still more comforting authority, however, was found in my friend Tom, the philosopher of Bodmin Lunatic Asylum, who, seeing a parcel of ragged urchins in the street, exclaimed, "Poor little devils ! What'll become of 'em ? 'Tis said, 'Happy is the man as has his quiver full on 'em : but sometimes 'tis a different thing altogether !'" But my wife was all that could be, short of becoming a mother, and perhaps she was more of the rest, lacking that ; certainly none the less in her companionship ; in her devotion as a friend and nurse ; in her housewifery and creditable lady-isms ; a fair musician and picture copyist ; and "so delicate with her needle," that the embroidered cloth and worsted coverings of her sofas, chairs, and ottomans, rendered her drawing-room a small marvel to behold. Add to this my own "studio," radiant at least with the gilded frames of my Italian drawings, and a showy supply of the nicknackeries of *virtù*, and "our house at home" presented a somewhat more general aspect of small art finery than would have been the case had our quiver

been full of those random flying arrows which are said to make man happy.

But, alas! ere long, my wife's health began to fail, and she was ultimately so to weaken into helplessness, as to become herself little other than a child, demanding all the care she might otherwise have had to give to her own. So much for the *wife*.

For the *family*—I may apply that term to the children of my professional tutorship; a parcel of promising boys, of from sixteen to one-and-twenty years old; in personal elevation, from five to six feet two inches: and of varying "persuasions," Romanist, Church, and Dissenting. Of these no less than nine were regularly articulated to me; and these of course were my especial sons, claiming my full architectural paternity.

As it was, in my own case, as a pupil,—and as it is still, I believe, in the London offices,—the young aspirant pays his premium for the privilege of learning what he may, by observing and assisting in the ordinary run of the office business. In short, he pays for the opportunity of *teaching himself*; and as this simple means had been sufficient to qualify the men who were then in high professional authority, there seemed to be no absolutely compulsory reason for my doing more than had been done by them and myself. But with a modest, or at least honest, consideration, that the office of a provincial architect might not afford such opportunities as would be expected to present themselves in the offices of the metropolitan professors, I conceived it a duty to take on myself something more of the schoolmaster than of the great *laissez faire* principal. I therefore, in the first instance, personally instructed my pupils in the art of drawing; lectured them on the principles of design and construction, both in the office and on the scaffold; and endeavoured fully to put them in the way of assisting themselves before I called upon them to assist me. Their attendance upon my public lectures, and their co-operation in preparing the illustrations of those lectures, were also supposed to be beneficial; while the copyings they made of my specifications and working drawings were ever accompanied by oral explanations of their meaning, and examinations as to whether they were understood. Finally, I adopted an assistant course of instruction, which some architects, since made acquainted with it, have been pleased to approve highly. This was to employ the young men, after a building had been completed, in making an entire set of detailed fair drawings from the working plans, as finally carried out, after use and correction during the building's progress. By this means, all the results of modifying taste or practical thought, occasioned by new perceptions or necessities arising with the structure, were impressed on their minds; and the fruits, to me, of this proceeding are several volumes, fully illustrating all the works of any importance constructed by me during a practice of near five-and-twenty years. That I had, at least, made competent *draughtsmen* of the majority of my pupils is sufficiently attested by these folios. The more important result, however, was that affecting the *practical knowledge* of young men, who had been compelled, by a process interesting to themselves, to go minutely over every material component part of the buildings erected during their pupilage.

With only two or three exceptions, however (one more especially), I ever found it difficult to interest and materially advance my "boys" in the mechanical and mathematical of their intended profession; and, as to the

arithmetical, that, with the exceptions aforesaid, was met with a repugnance which seemed almost insurmountable. Copying a specification was simply a "bore;" cross multiplication was an active vexation; and moneying all the items of an estimate was a cruelty. The conscientious youth, who, by the mere force of a desperate resolve, should drive himself through this triple trial, was obliged afterwards to take a three weeks' holiday to restore his shattered nerves, the *burden* of the task having been solely occasioned by his regarding the endurance of it as a labour of duty to his master, instead of valuing the opportunity it afforded as an important means of instruction to himself. The master, however, in the reminiscence of *his* student days, could find his scholars some excuse; and his hopes in their future well-doing were, perhaps, founded on the consideration of his own tardy submission to the drudgery of the multiplication table, when it had a more immediate reference to his own sole interests.

The truth is, a youth, desiring to become an architect, thinks only of the ART of his calling; and the transition from a classical school and playground to the office and desk of an "*Un-ready Reckoner*," is too sudden. The parent should know, and his son be taught to know, that the last year or two of his schooling should be largely employed in studies appertaining to so much of his intended profession as the schoolmaster can teach. But no; the Rev. Dr. — thinks only of cramming his departing pupil for his last public "examination day." The young gentleman is marvellously well up in his "*pars grammaticæ quæ quantitatem syllabarum docet*," but he knows as little of the quantities of an artificer's bill as a carpenter does of "*Cæsar's Commentaries*."

The assumption of *magistral* authority and discipline was ever wholly foreign to my nature. A certain sense of lacking the personal bulk and ballasted gravity of ordinary manhood subdued me from the first, and, even at the age of fifty-five, subdues me still. If the *boy-feeling* remains with me now, still more did it incline me, when a young man, to practise with my pupils the fashion, rather of sober companionship, than of that "*austere regard of control*" which Malvolio aspired to. To win my young *fellows* to their studies and myself, by more courtesy and less authority than a father might be expected to show, was my aim; and, upon the whole, in spite of their still thinking that I sometimes pressed them too much (while, by the way, their fathers would hint that I did not teach them enough), it is my hope their reflections upon me have not continued to be unfavourable.

The particular mention of my brother, as one of my pupils, cannot in this account of my life—and especially in this chapter on my wife and family—be omitted; though of course I may say no more of him than what refers to our joint family history. After being with me some time, he went to London, and became much advantaged by employment in the office of one of our most renowned civil engineers; leaving me to suppose he would soon establish himself on a sounder footing and in a more important position than I could afford him, for he gave indications of being far my superior in many points of practical proficiency and energetic business-habits.

To another of my pupils I felt a particular obligation, because by my advice, and almost at my request as a friend of his father, he had been placed with me. Feeling this, I became, as the period of his articles was terminating, so anxiously nervous for his success, that I distrusted the

chance he might have in the fulfilment of my early intimation of a mere partnership. I was, in truth, beginning to feel the effects of general competition and local rivalry; and I judged that he, having excellent connexion and much favourable regard in the large town wherein his father resided, would soon find his own whole better than a proportion of mine. Before his articles were quite concluded, I therefore placed him in his own office, and had the infinite satisfaction of seeing him very shortly in the sure way to that success, the rapidity of which formed a strong contrast to the toilsome tardiness and almost hopeless symptoms of my own earlier movements.

A third pupil was also soon "doing well," as the phrase is, in his native town. A fourth and fifth (as I have since learned) are thriving in America. A sixth suddenly left architecture for farming; and, on my regretting he should have expended so much time and money on a resigned profession, he answered, "Oh, not at all. I have agreeably added to my general acquirements, and I can now at least be my own architect in the construction of my farm buildings and piggeries."

The seventh, eighth, and ninth (all of them capable and admirably conducted young men) are, "at this present writing," moving onward to participate in the professional success, which is now, however, in these days of many architects, as many pretenders, and the rule of general competition, much more difficult of attainment than formerly.

To complete this family chapter; my father-in-law was soon compelled, by pecuniary losses, to leave his pleasant retreat in Devon, and resume business in London. A better-hearted and more liberally-minded man never lived; but he could never recover the penalties he had formerly paid, for acting too *spiritedly* on the fallacious policy of *show* being necessary to *credit*. He had now certainly abandoned all "show;" but fortune was cruelly against him. His renewed labours, with their attendant anxieties, were probably too much for his strength; and, after a few years' residence in the metropolis, he died, leaving my mother again a widow, poorly provided for, with several daughters, and the son, who, in fact and affection, stands me in the stead of one.

I AM EXCOMMUNICATED.

THE papers before alluded to, as having appeared in Mr. Weale's "Quarterly" on Gothic architecture, did not advance my interests with the High Church party; and it is needless to say how that party predominated in the diocese of Exeter before it became so general as it now is. My obstinate adherence to the principle of a peculiar (*i. e.* unexceptionably suitable) form for the *auditorium* of a Protestant church, and to the necessity for modifying old Gothic design so as to adapt it to modern purposes, lost me all *prestige* with my kind clerical employers; and I was sometimes opposed with a virulence not quite becoming the *Christian* spirit of orthodoxy. Others were soon in the places which had very likely remained mine had I consented to be the mere draughtsman of the Diocesan Architectural Society; and from this time I declined as a leading practitioner in the south-western counties.

The Bishop had been my friend, and a good one; but it was not to be expected that his lordship would hold me in further care after I had carelessly lost or resigned the favourable opinion of those who enjoyed

his especial favour and support. I do not say that any of my old clerical friends withdrew their mere personal regard from me; but they looked upon me, architecturally, as more fitted to design a "conventicle" than a church; admitting that I *could*, once, have done well—or at least well enough—had I not been bitten by some rabid "evangelical," who had left me rampant in a hopeless state of *ecclesio-phobia*. My reformatory essays had so far failed to work their hoped-for operations in advancing a really *catholic* appreciation of Gothic art; and the glossarial manuals of Rickman, Pugin, and Parker, were the only architectural books that found their way into the parsonage study or the lady's boudoir. Then appeared the first symptoms of that mediæval mania which was to develop itself in the devotion of even the female mind to black-letter embroidery and infinite fluency in prattle about the "Early English," and the "Decorated," and the "Perpendicular" of *church* architecture; for the young ladies have no idea that the word "church" refers to anything more than the Church of England, as re-established by Dr. Pusey, or that the great building known as St. Paul's is other than a pagan abomination, perpetrated by one Christopher Wren in a time of ignorance.*

To complete my downfall, I took some little part in a public meeting then held by the anti-Puseyites of Plymouth, who mustered there in great force under the banner of John Hatchard, the vicar of St. Andrew's; my conduct being alluded to, by my lamenting clerical friends, with that sort of pitying censure which sensible admonition would bestow upon silly delinquency. Anti-Puseyism, as hostile to the "Tracts," was of a piece with anti-Puginism, as opposed to Gothic "sedilia," "credence tables," stone altars, chancel screens, or "rood lofts," crucifixes, candlesticks, flower-pots, and all the other minor signs and symbols of that *low* appreciation of Christian simplicity which is called "High Church" orthodoxy; than which, in fact, there is nothing lower—spiritually speaking—except the unimaginative, unsusceptible, vain, and vulgar declension from Christian BEAUTY, shown by the other extreme. Dr. Hook's definition of the "*Low Churchman*" may be true enough; but we must look to a less questionable authority than his for the "*High Churchman's*" creed. (See Hook's "Church Dictionary.")

About this time I received two anonymous letters, which, curiously enough, showed the corresponding *animus* of two opposed, but strongly resembling, parties, viz. those of Pusey and the Pope. The one, from a "Church-woman," begging me to abjure the "nickname" of "High Church," and attach myself to it as *the* Church; and the other from "A Lady," imploring me to leave the conflicting ranks of a poor distracted *national establishment*, having neither outward power nor inward vitality, and to join with the converted Pugin in the path of truth!

Having two Roman Catholic pupils in my office, I could well account for the latter appeal, which I answered so far as to do the best I could in giving them the particular instructions necessary to the full development of Romanist Gothic design; but these young gentlemen, with baffling perversity, would still inquire of me, why the grandest temple of all Christendom (*St. Peter's*) was to be ignored? Why the basilical gran-

* That this is no exaggeration, may be proved by the fact that I once heard a clergyman declare, nothing would be more gratifying to him than to put a torch to the gunpowder train which might blow Wren's cathedral to atoms!

deur of *St. Paul* (on the Ostian Way) was to be disregarded, it being the very type of the earliest Christian church in Europe? And why the modified classic character of *Santa Maria Maggiore* was to be held heterodox? Be it as it may, however, I endeavoured industriously in favour of the Gothic style, because, as pre-eminently the architecture of stone, and as that most susceptible of solemn effect, I deemed the Gothic, on the whole, the most suitable to church design. The submission of the Græco-Roman design for my exemplar of a Protestant cathedral, in "The Palace of Architecture," was only a piece of special pleading, antagonistic to the bigoted antipathy which affected to look down—or rather *up*, with futile contempt—on such churches as those of *St. Peter's* at Rome, *St. Paul's* in London, and *Sainte-Geneviève* at Paris. Retaining the same *style*, it was meant to be corrective of the *plan* of *St. Paul's*, which is that of a Romanist church—this fashion having been forced upon its architect by those who were either wedded to the old habitual form of cathedral, or who had in view the restoration of Romanist worship.

My opinions, then—not as to the unsuitability of Gothic detail, but only to the unfitness of the old Gothic general form, in its application to the Protestant church—were allowed to operate most inimically against me. Assuming myself to be right in principle, I had unfortunately no adequate opportunity, or, it should perhaps rather be said, I had neither the genius, the power, nor the influence to make good my position. Separating, with rash arrogance, from the ranks in which I had held some command, I then singly turned back to attack the well-manned forces I had abandoned; nor need it be added that an unprofitable notoriety was my only gain.

The worst, however, remains. Having lost my old High Church friends, I made no new ones. The Low Church party cared much less about architecture than their more polished opponents. The latter insisted, not only on churches, but on churches of old precedent-warranted form; while the "Evangelicals" only required church *room*, and cared not a whit in what form it might be afforded. Even *they* were necessarily subject to the assistance, and therefore to the approval, of the diocesan architectural boards, which were all more or less be-Fugined; and, with a vapid expression of sorrow at their inability to avail themselves of my further services, they let me go, to "shut myself up in measureless *dis-content*." Only one of my church designs ever passed the *full* approval of my diocesan judges; and this (though the contract was taken, and all the working drawings were made) was never built.*

Thus, the church, the parsonage-house, the school, and schoolmaster's house, the clerk's cottage, and the sexton's hut were all irrevocably gone! I stood, excommunicated.

A GRAVE CHAPTER.

"ASK for me to-morrow," says the dying *Mercutio*, "and you'll find me a *grave* man." Death's records are the sad parentheses in Time's ever continuous history; and such non-interruptive interruptions would have appeared in this narrative, had it been carried on with any regard

* A church for Lamerton, in Devonshire.

for chronology or dates. Excepting as regards the mere sequent order of my professional "Moves," no regularity has been observed, beyond a distinct classification of subjects under separate heads.

During my residence at Plymouth, several "to-morrows" came, which found the breathing friends of "yesterday" awaiting their consignment to the bed of "dusty death;" and, among them the two, who have been mentioned as the "bright particular stars" of the Plymouth Athenæum—the Reverends John Herricke Macaulay and Dr. Thomas Byrth; both prematurely deceased and abundantly lamented. The former and younger died first; his rising progress suddenly stopped, like the arrested frustum of a Greek column, whose crowning capital was destined, through time, to remain undetached from the eternal quarry which had yielded the admired shaft. An old simile this, but not always so applicable as to the abridged years and fame of the Master of Repton School. He died in 1840; and is commemorated both at Repton and Plymouth by sculptured marble and laudatory epitaph, not more than worthy of his ministerial eloquence in the pulpit, his scholastic acquirements, his Christian worth, and his social genialities.

The reader may remember the circumstances of my first meeting with Dr. Byrth in the arena of the Plymouth Athenæum, when the aspect of things did not seem very favourable to the cordial feeling which was subsequently to exist between the doctor and myself.* After that "misunderstanding" we did not meet for years; but on his revisiting Plymouth, I instantly called upon him. No reference was made to the cause of York Minster and Shakspeare *versus* the Parthenon and Æschylus; but, far more than a merely ceremonious courtesy was manifested; and an earnest expression of desire that I might visit him at his living of Wallasey, near Liverpool, was most flattering to me. An opportunity soon offered. The secretary of the Liverpool Collegiate Institution wrote me to deliver a course of lectures there, a request which was affirmatively replied to, the more for the learned doctor's sake—or rather for my own in regard to him. Immediately the printed advertisements announced my coming, a letter arrived from my friend insisting on my making his house my home; and, on reaching Liverpool, I was visited by him to learn when my arrangements would allow of my joining his family on the other side of the river Mersey. It was "a raw and gusty day," most unfit for one of such delicate health as himself to cross the water; but he affected to make light of the effort, replying to my remarks on his apparent fragility, by saying that he was well, saving only in reference to the malady which all men of studious habits must be liable to—dyspepsia. This was on the Friday. I had resolved on going to York the next morning, to return to Liverpool on the following Monday, and to be with him the day following. It was curious that *York Minster*, which I was now going to see for the first time, should still be the theme between us; though nothing was said in reference to the matter it must have awakened in both our minds: but how different from the manner of our first encounter in the Plymouth Athenæum was the gentle cordiality with which we now met, and parted with the pleasing prospect of maturing an intimacy which I had indeed reason to regard as most valuable.

* See p. 200 of this volume.

Well, York Minster is *not* a Parthenon—even in its own way; for the latter is a perfection of unity and entirely congruous simplicity; while the former is a superb combination of associating, but not harmonising, varieties; like all the rest of our cathedrals, saving only Salisbury—it is a chronological history, in stone, of the progress of Gothic art from its Norman beginning onward.

I returned to Liverpool on the Monday. The waiter of the hotel asked me if I had heard the news? “Nothing in particular,” was my reply. “Nothing, sir, about the gentleman who called upon you on Saturday?” “Nothing.” “Dr. Byrth, sir, is dead!”

“Oh, God,” thought I, “that he were back again to expose my ignorance and lash my presumption! ‘What should such fellows as I do, crawling between heaven and earth;’ when such ‘fine eagle spirits’ as he, can but flap their clipped wings, and die ‘or e’er they sicken!’”

Thus, as is said by the Rev. G. R. Moncreiff, in his *Memoirs* of this lamented man, I “enjoy the melancholy distinction of having been the last of his Plymouth friends to see his face on earth.”

I avail myself of Mr. Moncreiff’s record of his last hours. It will be remembered he parted from me on the Friday. On the following Sunday (28th October, 1849) “he preached two sermons, which those who heard them will never forget. . . . His texts (Jude iii. ; Job xlii. 5), though suggested by the services of the day, seemed chosen as words of farewell; and nothing, I suppose, in the whole course of his preaching, ever equalled the fervour and impressiveness of those dying discourses. Many retired from the church with a vague feeling they could hardly understand, till—almost before they reached their homes—the rumour spread through the parish that the preacher was gone to his rest. Immediately on his return from the afternoon service, while one or two of his children were about him, he was seized with what appeared to be one of his usual spasmodic attacks. Mrs. Byrth was instantly called; but, though still conscious, he was unable to speak. In two or three minutes—within a quarter of an hour from the time of his leaving the pulpit—the spirit had returned to God who gave it!”

On the Tuesday I crossed over to the rectory at Wallasey—not to intrude myself within the house of mourning—but merely to inquire concerning Mrs. Byrth, and learn the circumstances of the sad event: but the bereft lady insisted on seeing me; and instead of the ordinary abandonment to woe, which too usually in such cases contradicts the assertions of a faith in Heaven’s mercy, it was her part to show, as well as to speak of, the spiritual strength she had obtained from the teachings of her departed husband. On the succeeding Saturday she accompanied a considerable body of the clergy to the grave, where I witnessed the last dues to the body of this remarkable man, who died, aged fifty-six.

Still, as I am penning this page, many of the more important of the Plymouth elders are living; but Henry Woolcombe—the Athenæum president, with the Reverends R. Lampen and S. Rowe, J. Norman, the two brothers Eastlake, and John Collier, the first member of parliament for the borough under the Reform Act—these live no more, save in the memories of the many who deeply regarded them:

“OUR EIGHT-OAR.”

YES, I can call it confidently “Our Eight-Oar,” inasmuch as I was formerly one of its crew, and, as I (and some others also, for I am not ambitious of playing a trumpet solo) imagined, not the least worthy; and although I am now no longer a member, at least a rowing member, of the Lazy Barquette Boat Club, yet I feel that I may well be excused—by all those readers certainly who have grown old at the end of an oar as I have—if I describe some of my feelings on being again brought accidentally into contact with some of those who were still the living ornaments of that successful department of the great public school of rowing.

This was how it happened. Sitting one morning at breakfast in my little curate’s parlour at Z——, I received a letter soliciting a small subscription to defray the expenses of an eight-oar of the Lazy Barquette Boat Club, to go to the great regatta at Thamesley, “as it devolved,” said the secretary, “upon her to extend her triumphs over a wider extent of water than that which was bounded by the reedy banks of her own classic stream.” Well, I had almost forgotten that there existed such a place as Thamesley, and yet I had no business to forget; I had been often to Thamesley, as an envious spectator, as a patronising admirer, as a successful and as a disappointed competitor; I knew that lovely reach which was bounded at one end by the stone bridge of the little town, and at the other by a wooded eyot, crowned with a ghastly white wedding-cake-ornament sort of structure, which always seemed to follow you as you rowed away from it, as if you were towing it after you, and which was inhabited by one lonely female (as a punishment for what breach of criminal law I know not), whose existence was spent in feeding chickens (mayhap in eating them also), and in counting bottles of ginger-beer, which she always had on sale, but only sold, to my knowledge, on one occasion, when R. and I tried how many of them two little boys could empty. Again, how could I ever forget the wooded hills which surrounded the prospect from the windows of the Cherub Inn? Ay, and that one particular hill, up which the high road went so boldly and directly—none of your compromising zigzags—that it makes my legs ache even now to think of how we used to run up it before breakfast. All these scenes, as well as others more in the background of the picture, were brought vividly before my mind by the receipt of that letter, and I determined to comply with its modestly proffered request.

Was it not still “Our Eight-Oar?” Could I not speak of it as such to my cousin parsons, the children of the sister university? and if fortune favoured it, triumph over them as if they and I were still, as of yore, competing with one another in establishing the superiority of our respective aquatic reputations, and say, “Our eight-oar has beaten yours at Thamesley?” And did I not, moreover, feel a pride in thinking that I was still remembered there? that any wearisome days or weeks I might have spent in training with an inferior crew, any discouragement given by men who would not go to bed, by men who would not get out of bed, men who *would* drink a clandestine pint of beer after rowing, men who felt themselves physically qualified for more indulgences than the rest, who tried to overthrow the old conventional systems founded on long

years of experience, by their own abnormal notions—that all these trials were remembered by those who were left, and who were now undergoing the same ordeal of bearing office in the dear old club that I had undergone, and had thus appealed to me to contribute once again to the probability of their success?

So I did contribute; and I received in return a letter of warm thanks, accompanied by an offer of a dinner on the evening of the regatta, if my duties would permit me the liberty of coming to see it. "Well," thought I, "why should I not go?" And the end of it was that I *did* go, and found everything exactly the same as it used to be in my time; the whole place wearing a kind of imitation, or (if I may be allowed the expression) diluted, Derby-day aspect—the same obstruction at the end of the bridge of crowds practising at knock-'em-downs—the same concourse of ragged, shoeless men and boys, begging one with their hoarse voices to "Take a *caarrd*, my noble sportsman—captain, take a *caarrd*!"—the same rich picturesque colours of gipsies' shawls and handkerchiefs dotted about the bright green fields, giving a warmth and tone to the colder summer muslins of the ladies and the grey dust-coats of the gentlemen, among whom they were threading their way—the same fresh breeze, which I always remembered at Thamesley, stirring the bright flags, and breaking up their reflected hues upon the sparkling ripple of the river, and whispering in the tall poplars, whose leaves quivered in the sunlight—the same bustle and hum of active life along the bank, where sisters and mothers were eagerly waiting, with feelings of pride, to see the race in which brothers or sons were to distinguish themselves, with their new bonnets trimmed with the red or blue that would flutter in the bows of the boat they came to see—the same groups of carriages on the bridge, with their fair occupants adjusting their race-glasses, or making preparations for the consumption of the lobster-salad and champagne which was to support them through the heat and fatigue of the day—with the bells pealing from the old church tower, and the military band playing the last new set of quadrilles. Everything was glowing with life, animation, excitement. Thamesley was as it always has been on those occasions, and as I hope it may ever be.

I am roused from my contemplation of the beautiful scene by the banging of a gun, which gives notice for the boats engaged in the first race to drop down and take up their stations. I buy a card, and see that my old friends are competitors in this race with Keep-it-Long College, Oxbridge, for the Grand Challenge Cup; and my heart throbs with excitement as I see what to me is the prettiest sight of all, the object of my visit. Yes, there they go! amidst the confused Babel of sounds; the gipsies, minstrels, wandering Jews and Ethiopians, tumblers, jugglers, card-sharpers, flute-players, harp-players, sackbut-players, all-kinds-of-music-players, all turn to have one look at them. There they go! there is the swing of those eight red jerseys, and the sweep of those eight black oars, as steady and regular as if accomplished by a machine that had no sense of hearing, and could not be distracted from its uniformity of motion by any external object. Whilst they get to their stations, I look in the card to see who are the competitors in the other races. Perhaps some of "Our Eight-Oar" are engaged in one or more contests. For the Emerald Sculls there is the name of Cashranger, I remember, and Littlerite is entered against him—the latter is one of the

Lazy Barquette B.C. I inquire about him from a red-rossette wearer standing by me, who says he is rowing stroke of "Our Eight-Oar"—"a tall man, without whiskers—won the Cockatoo Sculls last autumn—but," says my informant, "Cashranger always wins; he is sure to *nobble* it somehow." I feel sorry for this, although not quite certain of the meaning of the word "*nobble*," and continue my inspection of the card.

The Huguenots, of London, seem to be still in great force: the names of Playton and Ditford are familiar to me. But the increased bustle on the bank warns me that I am losing sight of the race. They are coming. "Our Eight-Oar" is taking the Keep-it-Long's water round the point. Hark to the shouts of the red-rossette wearers! Look at the eagerness with which the umpire, steering his crew of picked watermen, watches for the chance of his decision being called for, as one boat dashes across the bows of the other; and how all his crew look round to see the exciting struggle! Surely I know the umpire's face! Yes, I thought so. It is Tom Selgan, in the same old pea-jacket and glazed hat, his constant and unvaried costume. What a host of recollections the sight of his face calls up within me, when I remember how many different opinions there used to be about him, and about that peculiar sharp look he would put on when he said anything which he did not mean his hearers to know whether to believe or not, or when he uttered any of those peculiar sentences which he used to call jokes! There were many who believed implicitly in all that he said; who would value no one's opinion, not even their own convictions, so highly as his "Don't you think so-and-so would be better?" If he pointed out a fault which he desiered in a boat, the builder of that boat was forthwith denounced in the eyes of the Selganists as a scoundrel and a cheat. If he said such and such oars were too long or too short in-board or out-board, or too thick or too thin in the loom, or too narrow or too broad in the blade, firewood was too good a fate for them, and so the second crew were permitted to have the use of them. But what a different opinion was that of the anti-Selganists! They declared that his reputation for correctness of judgment and general infallibility had only been established by a false interpretation of the air of mystery with which he seemed to avoid delivering a decided opinion; and that this mysterious behaviour was not assumed on account of the pleasure he took in holding his devotees in suspense by assimilating himself to the enigmatic oracles of antiquity, but merely as a plausible eloak beneath which his real ignorance might remain unobserved. Both parties, however, agreed in one thing—that if a crew chose to give themselves up entirely and unconditionally to him, he did take great pains with, and make the most of, them. And surely this was what was required to further their ultimate object.

Well, I have been led to say somewhat too much about Tom Selgan. But I was carried away by the recollections of youthful arguments, and was thinking of all these uninteresting matters some time after "Our Eight-Oar" had glided, like a swallow, under the bridge, the crew waving their red-ribboned hats, and cheering their vanquished opponents. I went round to the garden where I knew the boats were kept, and made myself known to the crew, and congratulated them on their success. How glad they were to see me! They pointed to the Grand

Stand across the river to show me the cup that they had won, glistening in the sunshine among the other gorgeous prizes there arranged, amongst which I saw the silver claret-jug which I had some years ago carried home in triumph. But how much brighter it was now than when I last saw it, on my table at college, surrounded with broken glasses and pipes, and admired with maudlin enthusiasm by the latest guests at the Lazy Barquelette boat-supper. Happy souls! they told me about the race; and what a slashing stroke Littlerite *did* row! And how well young Blackman picked it up behind him. And how well the freshman in the bows had answered the expectations formed of him. And what a bull at the end of an oar young Phillips was! All, it seemed from their account, had done more than their duty, from Carsteyrn the bow to Corphimill the coxswain; and though Judas ap Hughes had used his eyes more out of the boat than was either necessary or desirable, yet he had made it up by using his legs more in the boat at his stretcher. And the next subject of their pleasure was how jolly it was to be out of training. How nice a pipe would be. And as to Beer, the very idea of that was too much for them, as the reality also proved before night.

I went back next morning to my parish, and I by no means regretted my visit to Thamesley. Apart from the actual pleasure it afforded me, as it affords everybody, to see so many people enjoying the loveliness of the weather and the beauties of the place, I was glad to find that the scene had roused within me many serious reflections. It struck me, who had only looked on rowing before in the light of a recreation, that it must be a noble thing for young men to inure themselves to such a manly exercise—an exercise, too, which requires self-denial in no ordinary degree from lads of that class and age. And their only notoriety is amongst themselves. No one, who is not an oarsman, can know what are the hardships, what the trials, of mind as well as of body—trials, the cause and bearing of which would be unintelligible and even incredible to any one else. Most people would think that the casual meeting together of sixteen men, and their consenting to embark on two boats to try their skill, was quite sufficient to constitute a boat-race. They would know nothing of the discouragement or the frantic joy arising from rowing the practising distance in a few seconds over or under the average time: they would only suppose that it must be "very fatiguing" to row so hard; and the endurance of that eight or nine minutes' fatigue would probably be the only credit gained by men who had given their whole physical and mental energies to the result of that race for three weeks or more previously. Then, in a still more serious train of thought, I began to compare my former with my present life—to look upon myself as still the captain of a crew who had to fit themselves by hardships and by self-denial for the race in which they, and I, and all of us have to contend against the Great Adversary—a race in which, though the course thereof be but a span long, many and hardly surmountable are the obstacles which that Adversary, whose skill is eminent, whose resources are inexhaustible, and whose energies are unflagging, will put in our way to make us turn aside. If I had formerly held myself responsible for victory or defeat, for how much more was I responsible now in the case of this antitype of "Our Eight-Oar," in the race where the reward of victory was an incorruptible crown of glory, a prize which was to be held for ever?

THE CALCUTTA PETITION.

IN the bad old times of Louis Philippe and the aërial telegraph, there was a pet phrase, "interrompu par le brouillard," employed by the French government whenever ill news arrived from Algeria, and it was considered advisable to take precautionary measures before the information reached public knowledge. Our ministers seem to have hit upon a different plan; in their desire for popularity, they make known the best news first, trusting that the excitement thus caused will prove a palliative for succeeding evil tidings. The nation throbbed at the news that Lucknow was relieved, and that the gallant band of defenders had at length been released from their awful position; even the loss entailed by the march was almost overlooked, and though we felt that the death of General Neill was a heavy blow, under any circumstances, still the consciousness of success took off much of the bitterness. How soon was the nation undeceived, and subjected to a prostration, which was only the natural consequence of the previous over-excitement. An uncomfortable foreboding of evil has been produced, for we know not what dependence can henceforth be placed in the Indian telegrams, and even the most brilliant news would now only be accepted under protest, and as awaiting further confirmation. Much may be learned from the telegrams, although they bear the semblance of being garbled; and so much is certain, that General Outram has fallen back on Cawnpore, leaving the garrison to endure the horrors of a fresh siege, the more terrible, as safety had appeared within their grasp. We are bidden to hope for the best: that Outram, before retiring, had doubtlessly taken all precautions to ensure the defence of the fort; and some writers even go so far as to assert that the condition of Lucknow is precisely similar to that of Agra, or other forts in which our countrymen are blocked, where their lives are perfectly secure, and all they have to endure is trifling inconvenience and annoyance at their detention. But apart from the uncertainty about the period when Outram can obtain the reinforcements, he considers absolutely necessary, before the Lucknow garrison can be finally relieved, it must be borne in mind that Oude is the focus of the insurrection. Here we find the whole population up in arms to overthrow the hateful dominion of the Christians, and the events which have already occurred serve to show that all the efforts of the rebels will be concentrated in that kingdom. The very fact that they have forced a British corps to retire once again will multiply our foes, and confirm those of our enemies who are at present wavering, or have entertained a dubious belief in the necessity of our eventual reconquest of India.

The rest of the Indian news is of a strangely chequered description: repeated victories have been gained over detached bands of rebels, and yet the insurrectionary feeling is spreading further and further. The unfortunate delay in sending out troops is beginning to bear its fruit, and if Lucknow be fated to fall ere reinforcements can be sent up, one general cry of execration should be raised at that selfish and apathetic policy which made monetary considerations the pretext for wasting hundreds of lives. The last brilliant, though unfortunate passage of arms, ought not

to have been necessary, for in the interval between the first news of the insurrection, and the time when the necessity of reconquering India was recognised, every available means should have been employed in furthering the troops *via* Suez, and thus crushing the rebellion by an unexpected display of strength, which would have had a startling effect upon the natives. But, strange to say, the government, instead of humbly confessing their fault, take every opportunity to plume themselves on the energy they have displayed, and their unexampled efforts in sending off some twenty thousand men in four months. When we reflect that these men were ready to hand, and that the government had merely to put them on board ship, we may be excused for not joining in the popular cry. In fact, the energy about which so much has been said, would have so little satisfied any London mercantile house, that a clerk would have run a risk of dismissal for taking so long a time in doing the most simple matter. It was only fortunate, under the circumstances, that the government was not forced into the necessity of creating that army, or the chances of relief to India would have dwindled to a *minimum*. Even now, when the supreme effort has been made, when England has been stripped of every available soldier, we find a strange lack of energy in keeping up that strength. Day by day we are told of the extraordinary success in recruiting which the government has met with; but having had some experience of recruits procured under pressure, as in the last Crimean war, we should be very sorry to expose our Indian Empire to the chance of recapture by such troops. Not that we would assert for a moment that the British soldier is not equal to himself in any emergency; but his value on recruitment is almost nothing; he has the pluck and willingness, but he must go through a severe course of training before he can be exposed to such vicissitudes of climate and temptations as await him in India.

The capture of Delhi is only a further and hardly needed testimony of the enduring pluck and indomitable self-reliance of the Anglo-Saxon; and though we regret to notice one blood-stained line in the despatches, which must have seared the telegraphic wires as it flashed along them, and proves that our soldiers have only too fully obeyed the bloodthirsty mandates of many of our contemporaries, we feel deep thankfulness at the result. Before long, we presume that the old King of Delhi will be removed from the scene of past horrors, and then let us trust that the predictions of the ministerial party will be fulfilled: the natives will thus have their last hope of success and chiefest rallying-point destroyed. The concentration of the rebels in Oude will play into our hands as bringing them nearer to the army of retribution, and we are told to comfort ourselves with the assurance that their final subjugation will only be a work of time. Many difficulties will have to be encountered, owing to the nature of the country and the delay in moving a large body of men; but we are ready to assume, that with the fall of Delhi the "neck of the insurrection has been broken," to employ a favourite expression of Lord Palmerston's adherents.

Thus much granted, we can hardly be called unpatriotic or imbecile, according to the last new doctrine about popular interference in governmental affairs, if we venture to make some allusions to the possible future of India. Lord Palmerston, in his after-dinner speech at the Mansion House, was kind enough to tell us so much, that he had no intention of

altering the present government of India—in other words, he was inclined to let well alone. So much, at least, may be disentangled from a mingled medley of rodomontade and conceit, which quite throws poor Sir Robert Peel and his after-dinner allusions into the shade. There is one passage, relating to foreign powers, which no minister in his sober senses could have uttered, and which places Lord Palmerston in a most unpleasant dilemma: either there is reason to fear the interference of foreigners, and then neither the place nor the auditory was the best adapted for such delicate revelations, or Lord Palmerston was guilty of a gross breach of good taste and the employment of threats, pardonable, mayhap, in a recruiting-sergeant, but hardly to be expected from a minister, popularly supposed to represent the British nation. No wonder the continental powers dislike us, and are so ready to regard our disasters as their opportunity, when they find the prime minister of the nation degenerating to the most clap-trap arguments and bombastic utterances, because he has hitherto found them effectual in deluding the nation into the belief that he is a great statesman. In truth, none of the cabinet have shone in their public orations: witness that dreary speech of Lord Granville's, in which praise was sown broadcast, and the weak, washy flood was only checked by the impossibility of finding any one else who had proved himself worthy the occasion.

The ministerial oracle having spoken, and it being the opinion of our leaders that Lord Canning is the right man in the right place, we are now justified in making some commentaries on that noble governor's course of action. Hitherto we have been silent, for we felt for his position, and thought that he had an excellent opportunity of gaining very necessary experience; but when we find that his gravest faults have been chosen as opportunity for the most exaggerated panegyric, and he has been identified with the party for the present governing the nation as one by whom they are prepared to stand and fall, we cannot refrain from inquiring into what he has done to meet such praise. Fortunately, we have an excellent opportunity for analysis in the published proceedings of a great meeting held at Calcutta, in which Englishmen assembled to protest against the most un-English treatment to which they have been subjected.

We find, then, that Lord Canning was selected for the important post he holds according to the old bad system. Possessing the necessary amount of interest, and certain claims which it would be inconvenient to overlook, he is offered the viceroyalty of India, which, however, he did not accept "till after the most mature deliberation." We should be curious to know in what that deliberation consisted. Whether Lord Canning reflected that he was about to govern one hundred millions of his fellow-beings, while possessing no further qualification than the usual English education, and the slight knowledge of India he could pick up during the overland route, or whether this deliberation was restricted to the dignity and revenue attaching to such an exalted position? So much is certain, however: Lord Canning accepted the situation, and threw himself headlong into the routine he found on his arrival at Calcutta. No doubt, according to the system obtaining there, he would have gone through his tenure of office no better and no worse than his predecessors. There would have been the usual amount of official squabbling necessary to give

a pleasant fillip to the viceregal blood, and he would have returned home to take his seat in the House as an eminent authority on Indian matters, and a steady upholder of the present state of things. But when the great crisis came—when India was in a flame from one extremity to the other—when decision was the only chance of saving thousands of our countrymen—can we say that Lord Canning was equal to the emergency, or that the English government was justified in supporting him through thick and thin as the exponent of their views, and “as worthy of receiving that confidence on the part of the people of this country, without which it is impossible for a man in his high position to discharge the duties which have fallen upon him?” Let us see.

It is not generally the custom of Englishmen to act unfairly to those in authority over them, or to hamper them in any way, when they believe that such authority is being properly exercised. But when the pressure becomes intolerable, they protest in the manner which we trust will always be maintained. They appeal to publicity, leaving the nation to decide which party is in the wrong. And we feel sure that it must have been intensified pressure which compelled the Englishmen residing in Calcutta to call a public meeting and institute a great league, by which they could bring their present position before the bar of public opinion in this country. We all know at home how difficult it has been to obtain a hearing, when trying to suggest that the punishment of the rebels and the rehabilitation of India might be rendered simultaneous. How much more must this have been the case in Calcutta, when rebellion was knocking at the gates, and any man who dared to misdoubt the governor-general's ability was looked on in the light of a traitor?

The objects, then, which this league proposes are, “the improvement of the political condition and government of India in connexion with British interests, and to encourage British enterprise and the employment of British capital in this country.” The means proposed to obtain this end are simply the establishment in India of the direct government of the crown and an open legislative council of Englishmen. We are as yet but little acquainted with the arbitrary acts to which Englishmen have been subjected in India by the civil authorities. The government was based on such insecure foundations that all independent feeling must be crushed to prevent its collapse. The rebellion of the natives, and the policy which was selected by Lord Canning to keep the Europeans under still severer restrictions, have bent the bow until it broke beneath the pressure, and we find all the representatives of British commerce forced into a defensive league, entailing an offensive display against the Company's government.

The leading men of this association complain, with great appearance of truth, that, in the Indian government, neither the conquerors nor conquered are represented. Any Englishman, no matter his wealth or social position, who does not hold office under the Company, has no more voice in the management of affairs than the Mussulman or Hindoo. It may be objected that what they ask is only applicable to a colony, which India is not; but they point in reply to Ceylon, where the British population does not exceed that in India. In that island, with its legislative council of Europeans, public works are going on, British capital is introduced, and while the government of India is compelled to open one loan after

the other, the government of Ceylon has large funds at its command. From one of the speeches we may be permitted to select the following passages, which seem to sum up the demands of the English in Calcutta:

If we as a race are conquerors, is there any reason why we should not be legislators as well? To the conquering race we must look for the development of the vast resources of the country. The natives themselves have neither done, nor will ever do, anything towards its development. Unless this country is to be a permanent burden on Great Britain, the means of meeting governmental expenses must come from the trade of the adventurer. Never did the savage who cut down the tree to get at the fruit commit greater blunders than are committed by our government, under which, instead of having a legislative council, thrown open to the British population at large, we have them selected from a particular class, which is the smallest in the community in its numbers, the smallest in knowledge. . . . Had you the independent element in the legislative council, would you have the town of Calcutta, highly taxed as it is, without a single quay or other convenience for loading and unloading its vast import and export trade? Would you have the astounding anomaly that land, which is the best security in every other part of the world, is worthless here? Because the laws are such that no man's title is safe from day to day. . . . Then, what has government done for the facilitation of transit? For years it positively opposed any progress in that direction. What was the course which government took with regard to railways? It fought against them as long as it could, and when it saw that it could no longer maintain the struggle, it took care to yield in such a way, so encumbered with stops, that its aid has verbally been that of the "iron pot to the earthen pot."

Turning from a consideration of Indian misrule to the conduct of Lord Canning, we find it one long succession of vacillation and narrow-minded tyranny. Among numerous instances we may be permitted to quote two, either of which is sufficient to stamp the utter incompetency of Lord Canning to govern India in a period of public disaster. By sending back the Ghoorkas, who had nearly reached Lucknow about the end of May, Oude was afforded the opportunity to rise *en masse*; and, secondly, Lord Canning refused to disarm the three native regiments at Dinapore, when it was urged upon him by a deputation of British merchants; these regiments mutinied, and the result was the mutiny of Behar and the almost total destruction of a detachment of Queen's troops. In the petition sent home from Calcutta, urging the recall of Lord Canning, the following strong language is used, which can only be justified by its truth:

The governor-general, by pertinaciously refusing at first to acknowledge the existence of mutiny—by the subsequent feebleness and vacillation of his measures when it could be no longer denied—by pursuing an ill-timed and hopeless policy of conciliation towards the rebels and mutineers—and by his wanton attacks on the most valued rights of your Majesty's British and Christian subjects in this country, has, as your Majesty's petitioners believe, been a principal cause of the great calamities which have desolated this land, has strengthened the hauds of the enemy, weakened or destroyed the respect before entertained for the name of Englishmen, imperilled British rule, exposed the capital of British India to massacre and pillage, excited the contempt of all parties, estranged from the government of India a large and loyal body of Christians, and in every way proved himself unfit to be further continued in his high trust.

If we consider, in the next place, the manner in which Lord Canning has discharged his duties, as connected with the mother country, we regret to say the same evident marks of incompetence will be found. It

is just four months since the first reinforcements left our shores, and assuredly Lord Canning cannot complain that he has been taken un-awares, or that time has not been allowed him for preparing accommodation for the soldiers. By the latest accounts from India, we find that Lord Canning has not made the slightest effort to provide them with shelter. They are left on board ship, and it only seems as if the greater the number that arrive, the greater the confusion will be. Had the governor-general served an apprenticeship at Balaklava, he could not display greater incapacity in organising and administering. It would, probably, be too much to expect that Lord Canning would have made arrangements for sending the troops up country, to the relief of the beleaguered of Lucknow; and the calm manner in which he has neglected his most obvious duties, is pretty sufficient proof that he who, in Indian matters, expects little, runs the least risk of being disappointed. At any rate, Lord Canning has not acted in such a manner that an honest government would be justified in staking their existence upon his capacity. It is, however, a curious fact that for such conduct as Lord Canning's has been, the present government arrogate our applause; and it only leads to the melancholy conclusion, that men who cannot merely tolerate but justify such gross neglect, are themselves but very slightly affected by the present awful aspect of affairs in India.

But what evil tidings from the East could not effect has been brought about by pressure at home, and Lord Palmerston has been forced, most reluctantly we believe, to summon parliament for the 3rd of December. He goes to meet the representatives of the nation, and to give an account of his stewardship during the months of his dictatorship. Events have pressed on him; the ready quip and jest will avail him but little when he is asked whether he has been a good and faithful servant, and whether he has taken advantage of the opportunities at his command for relieving us from the most awful complication to which we have ever yet been exposed. Regarding matters honestly, and leaving out of the question those unseen influences which exert so powerful an effect when managed by an unscrupulous government, we believe that the voice of the House of Commons must be against him. He has not fulfilled his duties; he has neglected the talents entrusted to him; he has displayed an apathy and want of consideration unparalleled in British history—and he will probably defy to the last every charge alleged against his government. Full of resources, a ready and fluent speaker, having at his command a body of votes which he can bring to bear at any moment, he will, probably, gain a temporary victory as before over an "unprincipled opposition." But the triumph will not be enduring. A flood of light is being thrown on our Indian government and its iniquities, and it will be impossible for any ministry to stand which insists on matters remaining in their present condition. The British nation is slow to anger, but, when once roused, it cannot be easily appeased. It has frequently been unjust in the first outburst of its wrath, and has swept away a ministry for errors of judgment, but when it sits in trial on Lord Palmerston and his policy, we believe that it will do ample justice.

It is very probable, then, that Lord Palmerston, the most careful watcher of the horizon, and that practised observer of the direction of the *aera popularis*, may yet tergiversate, and be prepared to sacrifice

Lord Canning with as much *insouciance* as he now defends him, if he find that his place is dependent on such a step. But we cannot agree to any such compromise; we believe that Lord Palmerston has been guilty of *lèse majesté* towards the nation, insomuch that he has selfishly neglected the opportunities afforded him to hasten to the relief of our countrymen in India. We have already shown that the neglect of the overland route in forwarding reinforcements to India could not be justified, and we find further confirmation in a recently published letter in the *Press*, which states that four months ago Lord Stratford had an interview with the Sultan, and obtained his approval of the proposal to despatch British troops to India through Egypt. Had this route been selected, troops could have been landed at Bombay in thirty-five days, at Calcutta in from forty-two to fifty, and we need not now stop to discuss the moral effect which such a sudden display of strength would have had on the natives.

While allowing the talent Lord Palmerston has always at his command, and the readiness with which he can turn the laugh against a troublesome opponent, we are still at a loss as to the arguments he can use to satisfy us that he has employed that diligence which is demanded from the high post he holds. We can imagine, if reinforcements had arrived in time for the siege of Delhi, how he would have crowed, and shouted, "Me, me, adsum qui feci!" but, unfortunately for his argument, all that has been done in India has been without assistance from home. When we read of those gallant men who sat so patiently before Delhi for four weary months, still having faith in the home government, and, though decimated by illness and the enemy's fire, yet so generously believing in Lord Palmerston and his readiness to help them, and when we remember that reinforcements so much needed could have reached them two months ago, and saved the lives of hundreds, we must be pardoned if we appear to write too strongly on the subject. What a catalogue of horrors might have been spared! how many of our relatives and friends might still have been alive if due precautions had been taken!

On the prorogation of parliament (we have it on the authority of the ministerial papers) a high official went up to the Speaker and congratulated him on his happy release. The House had been sitting a few days beyond its appointed time, and the grouse were beginning to get wild. What a practical commentary is this on the conduct of government! No matter what unexampled horrors were taking place in India—no matter that thousands were exposed to peril of life and limb, which could only be averted by sending out reinforcements by the quickest route—the object was to get parliament out of the way; and Lord Palmerston no doubt cordially believed in the happy release, which had, apparently, every prospect of granting him eight months of untroubled repose and amateur dictatorship.

It is evident that the present government believe they have a strong hold on popular affection, from the speeches with which they favoured us during the recess. Lord Palmerston, at the Lord Mayor's dinner, to which we have already alluded, tells us "that the government may justly pride itself upon not having been wanting to the magnitude of the occasion." We affirm that they have been most sadly wanting; and in their pride of place, they neglected the only opportunity which was afforded them of sending relief to India. And they cannot attempt to deny that

the Suez route was strongly recommended to them. At a very early stage of the insurrection the Earl of Hardwicke, and other members of both Houses, urged upon them the advisability of sending reinforcements *viâ* Suez; and they arrogantly neglected the opportunity until too late. As if in utter contempt of the sense of the nation, Sir Charles Wood, on the 18th of July, asserted that it was quite a mistake to suppose that steamers were preferable to sailing vessels. They, therefore, practically condemned the magnificent fleet, built at such vast expense, and leave us lost in amazement as to the value of steam, and the other marvellous appliances on which our age has hitherto so justly prided itself.

But there is a second point, to which the early attention of parliament will have to be turned: we allude to the necessity of providing funds to defray the expenses of the Indian war. The Company is, practically, bankrupt, while possessing a country so fertile that, "when tickled with a spade, it would laugh with a harvest." So gross has been the neglect, that the Indian exchequer, which should have been overflowing, is now empty, and the rottenness of the system hitherto pursued exposed by the first hour of difficulty and danger. There appears but little doubt that England will have to take this heavy burden on her shoulders, and, in return, we have a right to claim a strict investigation into the system which has been so long pursued, and has exhausted a country which, by proper management, should have been a source of wealth to the parent state. Fortunately, the monetary question is one on which the nation is peculiarly sensitive just at the present moment, and their representatives will be forced into a very careful inquiry, and a demand for solid guarantees, before they venture to vote away the millions which the neglect and incapacity of the India House will have cost us.

In the face of the Indian crisis and difficulties of the money market, it is rather amusing to notice how utterly the reform business has been shelved by the government. Mr. Massey, proceeding to Salford to have an interview with his constituents, has his utterance suddenly stopped by a pertinent remark, that they had read "all that in t' peapers," and wished to know "sommat aboot reform." But the oracle was dumb: that was a question entirely between Lord Palmerston and his conscience: no member of the government was as yet acquainted with the intentions of the great man. The meeting was considerably disgusted, and we doubt not that the lesson will be repeated elsewhere. Lord Palmerston having selected reform as his platform, is bound by all principles of political honesty to carry out his promise, and the condition of the people is not as it was at the last election. Soured by want of work, and with a stomach nipped by hunger, the artisan is ever disposed to regard increased suffrage and popular interference in the government as the only mode to remove the evils under which he is suffering. Such a process may not be exactly logical; for ourselves, we do not see the necessary connexion between a leg of mutton and a vote, except from a barter point of view: but if liberal governments will strain every effort to court popularity, and make promises of electoral reform, they must be bound by their pledges; and if they meet with the fate of Frankenstein, the consequences are on their own shoulders. And they are very serious. Chartism is again uplifting its head, and demagogues will take advantage of the popular discontent to arouse hopes which no government can fulfil; and to us

there appears every prospect that Lord Palmerston will be "hoist by his own petard;" and by the non-fulfilment of pledges, which the better portion of the community cannot sanction in the present state of things, he will arouse a storm which must blow his popularity utterly away. It is quite certain that no half measures will avail; the offer of an instalment will be refused, for the working classes have been so pampered and seduced into such an exaggerated idea of their own importance, that, like the fly on the wheel, they fancy themselves quite competent to direct the state chariot, and if they delegate their authority to Lord Palmerston, it is only *durante bene placito*. Unfortunately, the present government have fostered this feeling in every way, and the first attempt to restrict the power of their constituents must lead to a contest which we sincerely trust, for the welfare of the country, will be short, sharp, and decisive.

With such prospects before him, it is not surprising that Lord Palmerston is disposed to stand on the ancient ways, and resist any attempted reform in Indian matters which might lead to unpleasant comparisons. As the embarrassments of the government as regards the people are entirely of their own seeking, they may be left to fight out that battle without assistance; but the question of India is one in which the whole nation is interested. There, no compromise can or ought to be allowed; the time has arrived for the double government to be swept away. The interests of Christianity, of humanity, of commercial progress, are united for this consummation, and the damning evidence of misrule and incompetency, which every mail produces, must eventually check the efforts of that party which, from selfish considerations, holds on by the India House so long as the slightest prospects remain of something being saved from the general wreck.

That the government appear to have some foreboding of their impending fate, is evidenced by the rumours that have been recently current of dissensions in the cabinet. It has been alleged that Lord Canning's real was urged, as a slight sop to Cerberus, by the majority of the cabinet, but Lord Palmerston showed that he perfectly comprehended the nature of his dictatorship. Strong in his fancied hold on the nation, and that it would still allow itself to be dazzled by the pyrotechnic displays he is wont to exhibit in the House, he would not listen to a compromise; and we have no doubt he still has full faith in his star. He will go down to the House with his matchless confidence, ready to browbeat or cajole, as circumstances may demand, but true to himself in the one great principle that place must be held at any cost. A few promises more or less will be of very slight consequence to him; so long as he can tide over matters, he cares not what complications he may leave to his successors in office, or in what position England may be placed as regards the continental powers; for, as a skilful angler for place, he holds firmly to the belief of it being good to fish in troubled waters.

For our own part, we are glad to see parliament called together earlier than was anticipated, for this affords a prospect of speedier relief from the most unpleasant position in which the country is placed. Fortunately, too, there are no purely abstract questions on which a difference of opinion might exist. The members of the opposition, in deference to the expressed views of the government, and in their anxiety to offer no further obstacles to the serious progress of public business, have hitherto been

silent, though not approving, observers of the course of governmental policy. But there are situations in which silence becomes criminal, when it behoves every member of the House to do his duty honestly, even at the risk of being called "unpatriotic." Look at the two parties, and say who have displayed the purest patriotism—those who have allowed matters to take their course in India, and trusted to the chapter of accidents to bring about a successful issue, or those who have tried to quicken the nation's pulse to action, and have suppressed their natural impulse to point out the gross mismanagement from which the nation has been suffering, through a generous fear of adding to the embarrassments of the government? But we are prepared to accept their cry; it is but a trifle added to the weight of obloquy which the government organs have sedulously striven to cast on the Tory party; and we feel that, the issue being left in the hands of the nation, a reversal of these charges must infallibly ensue. But even if this were not the case,—if the nation were still blind enough to accept its political views from the organs of government,—if it be the destiny of the Tory element of the House to be still misunderstood, we are still prepared to accept it, knowing that it cannot be for long. The bubble must burst before any length of time has elapsed, and Lord Palmerston be seen through; and whenever that blessed consummation takes place, the question of purity of motives may very safely be left to the nation to solve.

The duty, then, of the Tory members of the House appears very simple. They must combine their energies for the removal of those evils from which our country is suffering, and, before all, they must consent to no compromise in the Indian question. And if they carry out these views, they will have a daily increasing party to back them up. This is looked for at their hands by the country at large, and we need entertain no fear that they will be untrue to their great mission. At the outset, the struggle will be difficult and oppressive. Every machine at the service of government will be set in motion to hamper their efforts, but we feel sure that if they prove true to themselves in the coming fight, the people will prove true to them. The time has arrived when the Tory party must prepare for decisive action, unless we would see our country humiliated and depressed. The neglect and incompetency which have disgraced the last few months will have to be retrieved, and that speedily, or India will slip from our grasp. Every effort is made to disguise the peril: despatches are tampered with and news kept back, but every mail brings corroboration of the awful state of Indian affairs. The government at Calcutta is powerless for good, although it produces abundant evils. The English residents have been driven to that verge of exasperation which suggests a long course of systematic injustice, and the home government endorses the acts of its representatives. But the Anglo-Saxon element is worthily represented in Calcutta. They will not give in without a sharp struggle, and even now a gentleman is on his route to lay before the English nation the long bede-roll of insult and contumely about which they justly complain. It depends on the efforts of the Opposition whether his visit will be rendered unnecessary.

THE MILLIONAIRE OF MINCING-LANE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

HAUNTED by the apprehension of impending evil, Brunton hurried from Mr. Ashley's house less firm of purpose than he had ever felt before.

The strength of nerve on which he relied had sustained him amongst strangers, but when he came to mingle again with his old associates and heard them speak of his victim—when he looked to be told of his crime, as the news of the day, by the first person he might chance to meet—when the fear came across him, as come it would, that his secret was known somewhere, soon to be spread everywhere—his natural resolution gave way, and he hesitated on his course of action.

It would be folly to fly before he was suspected, yet how dangerous to remain if suspicion pointed at him. To yield to the dread that was on his mind and seek safety in immediate flight, would overthrow all his long-cherished schemes, while to stay till the blow fell would equally involve him in ruin.

Thus debating, he resolved to compromise between these extremes: while closely watchful of everything that bore on the subject of his fear, he would unremittently labour to bring his financial operations to a close, and, this task accomplished, he would at once withdraw from the scene—suddenly, and he hoped securely.

To baffle pursuit, his first object was to obtain passports for different parts of the Continent, one under his real name and all the rest fictitious. The agency system made such an arrangement easy; and when he had put this matter *en train*, he proceeded to his place of business to complete the *coup* on which he had agreed with the Hebrew Dealer, denying himself, in general terms, to all except that individual.

The day wore on, and his occupation made rapid progress. If he could get through his work before night he need not care for the newspaper accounts of the following day: it was not likely that they could give more than a general statement of what had occurred near Broadstone—and, according to the complexion of that statement, he should be guided.

In the course of the morning he received a visit from Mr. Ashley, who, greatly to Brunton's relief, said nothing about Lord Harry, but confined himself entirely to the work on which Brunton was engaged. The truth is, he had learnt no more at the police-office than Cutts had already told him, the telegraphic message being so obscurely worded as to raise some doubt about the real nature of the fact alleged. Everything, there-

fore, passed quite amicably on the occasion; so amicably, indeed, that, to enable Brunton to complete an operation which he said was of immediate necessity, the Hebrew Dealer lent his confederate a somewhat heavy cheque, to be returned on the following day when squaring their mutual accounts. It is needless to say that Brunton cashed this cheque the moment Mr. Ashley's back was turned. It was a safeguard in the event of accident, and one which the actual condition of his own affairs prevented Brunton from obtaining so readily.

The day wore on, and Brunton's occupation drew towards a close. He thought of his rejection by Alice, and a gleam of gratified vengeance lit up his features, as he surveyed the pile of bills on which he had forged the acceptances of Temple Travers—bills which, through the connexion he had formed by their means, would soon be in circulation amongst the foreign correspondents of the Broad-street house. It could not fail to be a heavy embarrassment to them—it might lead to a stoppage, it must at least shake their credit, and shaken credit is like a woman slandered: the blot is ineffaceable!

But was Brunton about to relinquish the position he had with so much toil achieved, solely to gratify his revenge? Well,—if the truth must be told, which has indeed been already hinted at, his position was no longer tenable. His speculations had been so daring, his failures so extensive, and the means to which he had had recourse to cover those failures so hazardous, that instantaneous bankruptcy was almost inevitable;—it was at any rate certain—and in becoming bankrupt himself he determined to strike hard enough to cause others to share his fate.

It may be asked if the astute Mr. Ashley was ignorant of this state of things? To the full extent of that which Brunton knew he certainly was. His friend, he was aware, cultivated a vineyard on the slope of a volcano; he expected that the eruption would come some day and overwhelm the diligent labourer; but Mr. Ashley felt satisfied that he had made himself safe, and did not think the danger quite so near. He knew the rottenness of one-half of the great commercial reputations which were vaunted so loudly every day: those, too, must tumble, but it was no business of his, unless his interest moved him that way, to accelerate their fall. On the contrary, he held this creed in common with the great firm of Sanctimony, Profit, and Co., that even delinquency may be supported so long as it tends to your own advantage. This was the principle of Mr. Ashley's relations with Richard Brunton. Even Sanctimony, Profit, and Co. have sometimes burnt their fingers, and why not Mr. Ashley?

Meantime, while Brunton was weaving his net for the house of Temple Travers, the managing representative of that firm had not been wholly unoccupied with the concerns of the Millionaire of Mincing-lane.

From herself, Mr. Velters would never have heard of Brunton's proposal to Alice, but we have seen that Mr. Velters had a wife who, though learned, was worldly, though steeped in science, was accessible to the instinct of self-protection; Mrs. Velters, in her turn, had a son, about whose prospects in life she was not unsolicitous; and this son—our friend, Mr. Albert, the owner of the runaway chesnut—had with his own ears and eyes been a witness to the scene in the ruins of Saint Cuthbert.

To stop his mother's mouth when she began, on their return home, to scold him for his folly in not keeping close to Miss Travers—to be able to dissipate her fears and turn her anger into commendation, Mr. Albert Velters left nothing untold of what he had heard and seen. Mrs. Velters rejoiced exceedingly when the story was related, but she did not limit herself to simple rejoicing: her bosom, like those rivers whose beds are dry for half the year, had, like them, its periods of overflow, and in the present instance it took the shape of womanly sympathy. It was womanly sympathy, then, which enabled her to obtain from Alice a confirmation of all that Brunton had dared to do.

"The insolence of this person must be crushed at once!" exclaimed Mrs. Velters, haughtily—and, perhaps, a little vindictively; "your father, my dear Miss Travers, must not remain in ignorance of the designs of so unprincipled a man!"

Alice, who still burnt with resentment, replied that her first care should be that which Mrs. Velters recommended, and the stimulus to its adoption was added on the following morning by the receipt of a letter from Margaret Nalders.

This letter spoke of her astonishment at finding her uncle in perfect health on reaching her journey's end: he had authorised no such despatch as that which had reached his niece, though delighted, under any circumstances, to fold her to his breast; and the mystery of the summons was still unexplained. On the other hand, the expansion of feeling to which her sudden visit had given rise, had led Margaret to speak to her uncle on a subject which, till that hour, she had kept a secret from her darling Alice. She could not even now reveal it altogether, for a conditional promise bound her still to secrecy; but she betrayed no promise, if she withheld the name of him who had exacted it, in acknowledging that her affections were engaged, that she had accepted an offer of marriage from one who in every respect was worthy of her choice, one whom to love was the duty as well as the happiness of a kind and grateful heart.

There was need of much closer reticence if Margaret really sought to hide the knowledge of who it was she loved, and at another moment Alice would have smiled at the transparent deception; but when Brunton's recent declaration gave her the assurance that villainy, the basest—falsehood, the meanest—heartlessness, the most corrupt—were added to his unparalleled audacity, her indignation reached its climax.

But in the height of her anger there arose also the desire to save her friend.

To save her from what? Disappointment and a broken heart? Disappointment more certain in fruition, a heart more completely broken if its desire were granted, would be the lot of Margaret in becoming the wife of Richard Brunton. He who had proved so deep a traitor was the last person on earth to wed with one whom Alice loved like a sister. Margaret must be saved from herself.

To answer her letter was Alice's first difficulty. She decided on a hasty form of reply—pleaded the occurrence of something unusually important, which left her with barely a moment's leisure—alluded vaguely to the half-revelation which Margaret had made—and earnestly urged her—for the first time in her life—not to return too soon, but stay for

the present with her uncle, to whom Alice, if he could receive her, would shortly pay a visit. Miss Travers thus avoided the necessity of a direct explanation—and it gave her time to think of what might best be done.

The first result of the conversation between Alice and Mrs. Velters was their departure from Broadstone, in company with Mr. Velters; its second consequence was an interview between Mr. Travers and his daughter in Belgrave-square; its third and final issue, for that day, was a measure for which Brunton was in a great degree prepared—the severance of all connexion with the great house of Temple Travers.

Jove's messenger on this occasion—that is to say, the emissary whom Mr. Velters selected as the bearer of his behests—was the trustworthy Mr. Browser.

With the foam of Stout upon his lips, Mr. Browser had been summoned from his "Dining Rooms;" with the fragrant odour in his breath which Stout and Stilton impart at noonday, Mr. Browser had penetrated the *sanctum* of the Managing Partner; but Mr. Velters was a man impervious to the sense of smell, and the post-prandial condition of the confidential clerk went by unheeded.

"Close the account of Brunton and Co., of Mincing-lane. Withdraw from them all papers authorising transactions on the recommendation of Temple Travers. Intimate the same by letter. Carry that letter yourself."

It was well for Mr. Browser that nature had endowed him with a rapid digestion, or something like suffocation would have ensued on the sudden promulgation of this startling decree. He gasped for utterance; but as he was not expected to speak, *that* made no difference to Mr. Velters.

What! the model of commercial enterprise—the envy of the mercantile community—the Millionaire of Mincing-lane, cut off from all communion with the house of Temple Travers! Mr. Browser, awake; awake, Mr. Browser! Has your noontide meal begotten dreams? Are you standing, sitting, seeing, hearing? Is Mr. Velters in his senses, or have you lost yours?

Thoughts like these, surging up to confuse and bewilder him, made the balance-striking Mr. Browser rather longer over the process of closing the account of Brunton and Co., and writing the necessary letter, than if he had been dealing with Bullion, Brothers,—Hackblock and Towser,—Clink and Peppercastor, or any other euphonious firm with which the house in Broad-street had business relations. But it was done at last, and with a countenance solemn as a City toast-master, but silent as a mute, until "the funeral's done," Mr. Browser put on his hat and set out for Mincing-lane.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when he got there. All the usual signs of business were manifest, nothing indicated a screw loose anywhere, and Mr. Browser wondered more and more what could be the cause of the errand on which he had been sent. Being a deep diplomatist, he made no announcement of the fell purpose of his house, but entered cheerfully into the ordinary topics of City conversation,—the prices of hides, tallow, bristles, and the like,—while a pipe-message communicated his arrival to the head of the firm.

"Show Mr. Browser in," was the almost immediate answer; and leaving

molasses unquoted, Mr. Browser entered the private office. He found Brunton seated at a large writing-table, with a great number of papers before him. He had a pen in his hand as if on the point of addressing a sealed envelope, but put it down when Mr. Browser entered, and rose to shake hands.

"Ah, sir," said Mr. Browser, with a heavy sigh, "we may do it here, but there won't be no more of this sort of thing in public. Shaking of hands is over between Temple Travers and Brunton and Co. Please to look at that, sir, and read what's my orders."

Brunton took the letter and went through it, but, except by a tremulous movement of the lower lip, he betrayed no change of countenance. For a few moments he was silent, with his eye fixed on Mr. Browser. He then spoke.

"This," he said, "is rather a sudden—some people would call it a harsh proceeding. It would have ruined many a man, but, thank God, I can weather it! You think it strange, Browser, don't you?"

"I can't make it out," returned honest Mr. Browser.

"No reason assigned—eh?"

"None that I know of. Why, it was but Saturday last you stood A 1 with Mr. V. I heard it from his own lips. And this is only Monday."

"Oh, a good deal may happen between Saturday and Monday," said Brunton, with a sinister smile. "Didn't you hear that I was at Broadstone yesterday?"

"No! were you?"

"Yes! And I'll tell you, Browser, why I went there. To settle the terms on which I was to take a part of the loan your house is going into. We couldn't agree about the matter. I was rather warm—Mr. Velters overbearing, as usual" (Mr. Browser faintly groaned), "and the end of it was—a split. So your visit, you see, was not altogether a surprise."

"I'm sorry for it, any how," replied Mr. Browser. "I hoped the house and you would have gone on for ever. But Mr. V.'s instructions was perempt'ry: I must ask for the papers named in the margin."

"And you shall have them directly," said Brunton, opening a drawer with a kind of nervous alacrity. "They are quite at hand."

He took out a small bundle of papers, glanced at the endorsements, and put them in an envelope.

"You must help me, after all," said Brunton, with affected gaiety; "just light me that taper."

At the moment he was sealing up the papers, the message-pipe spoke:

"A person to see you, sir, on particular business."

What made the man of nerve tremble so violently that he could hardly impress the wax? What made him turn so ghastly pale?

He pushed the envelope away from him, rose from his chair, walked to a door at the further end of the room, put his hand on the key, but did not turn the lock—took down his hat, replaced it—came back—motioned to Mr. Browser to sit still, and then replied through the pipe that the person must wait.

"If it's particular, sir, and our business is done——" suggested Mr. Browser.

"True, true," returned Brunton, "I must not keep you. I have only to put the address."

Seizing the packet, he wrote the superscription.

"There!" he said, "is an end of my obligation to your Mr. Velters. I may require him, though, some day. But, Browser, there's a little matter between you and me. Shall we settle that? Will you have a cheque?"

"Not by no means, Mr. Brunton. We've no private difference. Take your time, sir. Any day. I'm safe with you, I know."

Another shake of the hand, which seemed to give Mr. Browser the greatest pleasure of the two, and Brunton was left to receive the person "on particular business."

"Shall I shoot myself on the spot, or let him arrest me here?" was Brunton's first ejaculation the moment he was alone.

There was a ventilator in the wall, so pierced as to show the whole of the outer office. He jumped up and looked through it.

"What a fool I am!" he exclaimed, "to be startled by every shadow! It is one of Ashley's fellows. He has come for the bills."

With a hand that still trembled he superscribed the packet that remained on the table, and took it himself to the messenger who was waiting outside.

"I shall be here after hours to-day," he said to the principal clerk, "but I don't want anybody to stay. Let those bills of lading for the *James Timperley* and *Ocean Queen* be ready the first thing in the morning."

He then went back to his room, and did not leave it again till some time after the office was closed, going out by a private door into a series of courts which led in different directions.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CHECK AND COUNTERCHECK.

TAKING his way through the by-streets and narrow passages that intersect the main thoroughfares between Mincing-lane and Finsbury-circus, Brunton proceeded to Mr. Ashley's.

He found him at home, but in no better humour than in the morning: indeed, the greeting he received was anything but cordial.

"What do you mean," said Mr. Ashley, "by sending me this heap of trash? I thought you had been busy about our affair?"

"Heap of trash!" replied Brunton. "Well, in one sense, perhaps, you are right, but it's not for us to make the discovery. What on earth more did you want?"

"I didn't want to be told what I knew already, that those people in Broad-street had helped you with their credit. Where are the bills?"

"Where? In the packet I sent you."

"You sent me nothing, I say again, but a parcel of rubbish. I should like to know what's the value of that—and that—and that!"

As he spoke, he tossed several papers across the table, which the other eagerly caught up.

"I can't understand," said Brunton. "Why, these are not——" he

stammered. "Good God! I hope it's not the case! Have you nothing else?"

"No! I tell you," growled the Hebrew Dealer.

"Then," exclaimed Brunton, "by —— we're done!"

He dropped into a chair and buried his head in his hands.

But his reverie was only for an instant.

Rising quickly, he said:

"There is one chance left. I may have put them away when that idiot Browser disturbed me. I must go and see!"

"Stay!" cried Mr. Ashley; "I *must* know what all this means."

Brunton came close to his confederate.

"It means," he whispered, "that you and I have had our labour for our pains: at least I fear so. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, all the bills you expected are now in the hands of Temple Travers."

The Hebrew Dealer swore a fearful oath. His face was livid with rage.

"That won't mend the matter," said Brunton, coolly. "Better know the worst at once. You may swear away then to your heart's content. Come with me and help to look!"

In little more than five minutes they were both in Brunton's inner room, entering by the private way. They searched, they ransacked, they pulled out every paper, they examined every drawer, they opened every book; over and over again they took up the same thing and threw it down again with a curse. At length they stopped from sheer exhaustion, and sat steadfastly gazing at each other.

At last Mr. Ashley spoke.

"And you mean to say that you *did* send a sealed packet by that fellow Browser?"

Brunton had explained so much during their walk.

"There can be no doubt of *that*. It must have been the one I meant for you."

"What shall you do now?" asked Mr. Ashley.

"Cut, of course," was Brunton's laconic reply.

"Ah!" said the Hebrew Dealer, with a long aspiration. "The best thing too. But," he continued, "about that cheque I gave you this morning. I must have it back."

"So you shall," said Brunton, "to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" sneered the Jew; "where will you be to-morrow? No! I must have it now."

"But it's not here," returned Brunton. "They've locked it up in the safe, out there."

"Likely! 'They,' indeed! As if you ever let anything of value out of your own keeping! As if you hadn't the keys. I see where it is. You've cashed the cheque and got the money. But I'll have it from you, by ——!"

As fierce as a tiger the Hebrew Dealer threw himself on Brunton and tried to seize him by the throat. But he had forgotten in his passion the strength and agility of the man he had to deal with. Brunton stepped quickly aside, and then, with a back-handed sweep of his arm, he struck Mr. Ashley behind the ear and felled him to the ground, where he lay senseless.

"It's all up, now," he said, surveying the prostrate man. "With this

devil for my enemy I must make quick work of it. I've half a mind to cut his throat, or trample him to death. But no! Not another victim before a second day is spent. His money will help me away. Give it back, indeed! I thought you knew better, Mr. Ashley. Stay! What's this?" he exclaimed, picking up something that had fallen from Mr. Ashley's pocket. "His bill-book. As well give myself the benefit of its contents: they may be useful hereafter. But I must make you safe, Mr. Ashley, at least for to-night. When you do come to your senses you may shout till you're tired—nobody will hear you. If you never speak again, so much the better!"

These were rather thoughts than words as Brunton hurried to and fro. He made fast the door of communication which closed with a spring—set open that which opened into the court, to give him a ray of light after he had extinguished his lamp—closed it again softly behind him when he stepped outside—noiselessly turned the key twice and put it into his pocket—and then stealthily threaded the alleys that conducted to the open streets.

Brunton lived in handsomely-furnished lodgings at the other end of the town, and there was still plenty of time before the latest train left London in the direction he intended to take. His passports were in his pocket, and an hour at home would be sufficient for him to pack up all he wanted for his journey: some valuables must be left behind—his horses were his chief regret—but a fugitive must make sacrifices; sometimes, even, when he is flying from justice!

Simply to leave England was not, however, Brunton's intention. He had already committed himself too far on Claribel's account to contemplate giving her up without another struggle. Dangerous as the step was, he resolved to return to the place where he had last seen her: the fascination of her presence was greater than his fear.

On his way homeward he was reminded of two things: the first was, that he had eaten nothing all day; the second, that the most convenient place he could select for dining was some house in a neighbourhood where he was not known; and this last thought brought to his memory a person who, under existing circumstances, might probably be useful. That person was Mr. Hinkin.

At the bottom of the Haymarket, therefore, Brunton dismissed the cab which he had hired in the City, and went on foot to the den in Windmill-street, where, Mr. Hinkin had told him, he was always "to be heard of." That gentleman might have added, "to be seen"—except when a difficulty got in the way—for he was the first person who caught Brunton's eye when he swung back the taproom door and looked cautiously in. Mr. Hinkin's eye, which at the moment was curiously blackened—by the hand, very probably, of "brother-man," or, it may be, of "sister-woman"—caught that of Brunton with telegraphic celerity, a rapid wink intimated that all was right, and leaving his liquor unpaid for he followed his new patron into the street, and—still obedient to signals—ascended, after him, to the first floor of the establishment, in which we originally found Mr. Hinkin in the society of Mr. Cutts.

Mr. Hinkin had not "himself" had "anything to speak of" since one o'clock that day, and therefore did not object to "partake" of "a glass of somethin'," while Brunton discussed a hasty meal.

He soon found that he was wanted for more than ordinary occasion, but that was quite agreeable to Mr. Hinkin if the party so requiring was in a condition to pay for his services and willing to requite them. It was nothing less than an abduction—perhaps a violent one—which the patron meditated, and fifty pounds “down,” with fifty more when the job was done, was the price agreed on.

This little matter arranged, as briefly as might be, and Mr. Hinkin having promised to be at the Waterloo station at a given hour, Brunton left him to make his final preparations for flight.

It was a pity that Brunton *did* leave his trustworthy ally, for in that case his fidelity might not have been tempted. As it happened, however, Mr. Hinkin *was* exposed to temptation, and that after a very common fashion, by putting himself in the way of it. Brunton had not been gone more than five minutes, when who should enter the room but Mr. Thomas Cutts. Mutual delight was expressed at the meeting, and a social glass, which meant, of course, one apiece, was the consequence. Over that social glass Mr. Hinkin surrendered his trust.

He had just parted with the swell which it was Mr. C. had interdoosed him to. What he wanted? Why, if his friend arsted him *as* a friend, he didn't mind unbuzzomin'. There was a lady in the case, which the swell wanted to inweagle, somewheres down in the country. It was *to be* a fifty-pun' job, but he hadn't touched a single mag yet. (Lying Mr. Hinkin, the bank-note is in your fob at this moment.) When did it come off? Oh, they was to leave town that night by the Sou'-Western Railway. Had Mr. Hinkin been down to Scotland Yard that day? Well, he never went anigh it—willingly, and didn't mind saying he hadn't. Had he read the evening paper? No: there were reasons for that, too. What did he think of this?

Mr. Cutts here took a fourth edition of the *Sun* from his pocket, and read the following paragraph:

“MYSTERIOUS AND ALARMING OCCURRENCE IN HIGH LIFE.—A report reached town this afternoon, which, we regret to say, we are not yet in a position either to confirm or deny, that a distinguished young nobleman, who formerly held a commission in one of the Cavalry regiments of the Household Brigade, and more recently represented the borough of W—— in Parliament, has lost his life in a murderous attack which was made upon him at a late hour last night, as his lordship was returning home to the family mansion, W—— Castle, situated about four miles from the romantic village of B——, in Hampshire. This distressing event is rendered doubly painful to the relatives and friends of the distinguished young nobleman, from the fact that his lordship's noble father, the Marquis of W——, died only the day before in the arms of his noble son.

“Since the above was written we have received an express from our own correspondent at B——, to say that the report of Lord H—— F——'s death is incorrect; but he has ascertained that his lordship was dangerously wounded by a pistol-ball, which, passing through the right *anti-brachium*, lodged in the obducent cartilages of his lordship's *sternum*. The murderous missile has, fortunately, been extracted, and hopes are entertained by the very skilful practitioner who performed the

operation, that his lordship's life may, after all, be spared. Our correspondent adds, that a rumour prevails at B—— of a most singular discovery having been made only a few days before the decease of the late Marquis of W——, in consequence of which a very large sum of money and a considerable portion of the W—— estates accrue to a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, whose recent *début* at the —— Theatre excited so remarkable a sensation in dramatic circles; and it is whispered that the preliminaries of a matrimonial alliance between Lord H—— F—— and his new-found relative were already on the *tapis* before this melancholy occurrence took place, his lordship having been an admirer of the talented young lady long before the nobility of her extraction was an authenticated fact. Our correspondent further informs us, in a postscript to his letter, that, although the ruffian who fired the shot which lodged in his lordship's *sternum* has not yet been arrested, great hopes are entertained that his capture will take place before many days are over, the county constabulary being on the scent. It is not, however, considered advisable to state the nature of the clue which they have obtained, as its premature publication would have a tendency to defeat the ends of justice. A reward of one hundred pounds has already been offered for the villain's apprehension, and it is considered very probable that a similar or even a larger sum will be added by the government, of which Lord H—— F—— was, in his legislative capacity, so strenuous a supporter."

"There!" said Mr. Cutts, when he had done reading. "What do you think of that?"

"Rayther a long-winded account of a werry small stroke of bisness," replied Mr. Hinkin, coolly. "I see nothin' in it 'cept the parrygraft about the reward."

"Don't you?" said Mr. Cutts. "But I do. The fact is, Hinkin"—he spoke impressively, but lowered his voice, though there was nobody in the room but themselves—"the fact is, *all* those noble parties are noble relatives of mine."

Mr. Hinkin whistled in amazed incredulity, observing, "Why, I never know'd as you had any noble relatives!"

"Nor I, till this morning," returned Mr. Cutts, "but it's as true as Gospel."

"Well, and what then?" asked Mr. Hinkin.

"Don't you see that I am personally interested in discovering the assassin?"

"Oh, that's it. You want to finger the reward."

"No. In my present position I couldn't think of it. I leave that for you."

Mr. Hinkin's sound eye brightened up, but it was only for a second: his countenance fell again directly.

"I ain't a thief-taker, Mr. C.," he said; "and, what's more, I ain't on the lay."

"But if I put you on it," replied Mr. Cutts, "what do you say then?"

"Circumstances alters cases," observed Mr. Hinkin.

"Listen, then!"

Mr. Cutts put his mouth close to Mr. Hinkin's ear and whispered something.

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Mr. Hinkin, drawing a long breath. "What! HIM!"

"I can put two and two together," said Mr. Cutts, with a satisfied air.

"I believe you, Mr. C.," rejoined his friend.

The principle of the colloquy being settled, its practical result was only a matter of detail. Mr. Hinkin consented to lend his support to the law instead of assisting, still further, to outrage it; he also consented to take the larger sum of money and abandon the smaller.

On the other hand, it was agreed that Mr. Cutts, in close disguise, should proceed to Broadstone that night in the same train that conveyed Brunton and Mr. Hinkin, joining it at the Vauxhall station.

On looking at the clock, the upright colleagues found that there was just time for Mr. Hinkin to keep his promised appointment, and for Mr. Cutts to make his own arrangements.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AT CROSS PURPOSES.

It is time to throw a light on the catastrophe at Broadstone.

Brunton had levelled at the wrong man. The groom had fallen, but Lord Harry remained safe and sound. The poor fellow was carried, bleeding, into The Wheatsheaf, where his presence caused the greatest consternation.

It was at first supposed that Lord Harry had been shot as well as his servant, the report of a second pistol having been heard in the direction in which the horse he was driving had turned and galloped off; nor was the anxiety caused by his absence immediately relieved.

Meanwhile, the groom's condition demanded instant attention, and it fortunately happened that the medical man of the Broadstone Union was then in The Wheatsheaf, discussing a quiet glass with the landlord. On examination he found that the wound was serious, but what might be the result he would not undertake to say.

An event like this, occurring close to the inn, naturally disturbed all its inmates, and not the least anxious amongst the group that gathered round the wounded man was Dr. Brocas; but while he shared the general apprehension, he strictly enjoined every one present to make no mention of Lord Harry's name to either Claribel or Mrs. Basset. It was an excellent precaution, but one that, of course, was not attended to—a frantic chambermaid immediately rushing off to tell the ladies.

"Oh, mum! oh, miss!" she exclaimed, bursting into their room, "such drestle news! His lordship and his lordship's groom has both been barbariously murdered by a band of highwomen, and is now a-weltering in their gores and breathing their lasts down stairs!"

This version of the story imparted, the frantic chambermaid vanished as quickly as she came.

Loud were the exclamations of Mrs. Basset on hearing the startling intelligence, but Claribel was dumb with grief. Under any circumstances the shock would have been terrible, but the occurrences of the last few days had enabled her to form a truer appreciation of Lord Harry's cha-

acter than she had ever arrived at before, and she now suddenly found that his claim upon her regard was not that of a friend alone.

Her stupor, however, was only for a moment, and she flew from the room to learn the truth of this fearful but incoherent tale. She was met in the hall by Dr. Brocas.

"Is it true—is it true," she cried, "that—Lord—Harry——" Her utterance failed her, but the question was written on her clay-cold features.

"Be calm, child, be calm," replied the old man—interjectionally devoting the person who had disobeyed his injunctions to all the infernal gods—"we have a wounded man here, that's all: but it's not Lord Harry."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Claribel; "but where is he? Is he not hurt? Tell me what has happened! Who is this wounded man?"

"That is all I can tell you at present," replied Dr. Brocas. "The sufferer is Lord Harry's groom. Not a hundred yards off—almost in front of the house—a pistol was fired, by whom nobody knows, and the consequence is what you hear."

Claribel looked wistfully in Dr. Brocas's face.

"Are you indeed telling me the whole truth? You know nothing more?"

"Nothing. I——" He stopped abruptly.

"For mercy's sake, where is he then? I am sure he is dead!"

"No, no, no! Come here, Mrs. Basset," he called, seeing Claribel's aunt approach; "take this poor child back to her room. I will follow directly."

Claribel suffered herself to be led away, and scarcely had she gone before Lord Harry drove up to the inn door, breathless with exertion, but altogether unhurt. His first inquiry was for his servant, who had been thrown out of the gig when the horse took fright, and greatly to his satisfaction he found him in the surgeon's hands, not dead as he feared, though suffering severely. The next question was concerning the assassin, but of him there were no tidings. For an instant, as the gig lamps flashed on the spot where he had planted himself, Lord Harry had seen a face which reminded him of somebody he had met before, but who the person was he strove in vain to bring to his recollection. Of this, however, he felt certain—that he should know the man if ever he saw him again.

"This is a sad affair," said Dr. Brocas, pressing Lord Harry's hand with affectionate warmth, "but we dreaded something much worse. I must leave you to remove the fears of your friends up-stairs, who have been alarmed by all kinds of sinister reports. But why should you not be the herald of your own return? Come with me."

Lord Harry's first impulse was compliance with his friend's request, but in the same moment he checked his desire.

"Not to-night," he said. "Be kind enough to express my best thanks to my cousin. I will wait on her—on you—in the morning. At present I must stay by this poor fellow: he may be worse than the doctor says. I shall sleep at the inn."

"Well, then, *à demain*," returned Dr. Brocas, as he parted from Lord Harry, and went back to Claribel. He found her walking restlessly to

and fro, impatient of the attempted consolation of Mrs. Basset. As he entered the room she ran towards him. He told her Lord Harry was safe, but she had seen the smile on his lips as he spoke, and before his words were uttered she had fainted.

"He had better have seen her to-night," said Dr. Brocas to himself; "his dreams would have been the brighter." Then aloud: "Poor thing! Take care of her, my Bassettini; she will be better alone with you. Quite well, I'll answer for it, to-morrow."

The morrow came, and with it the promised visit of Lord Harry.

He had a favourable report to give of the state of his wounded servant, but nothing to relate of the cause of the attempted murder. The search of the previous night had been useless, Brunton's *ruse* having led it in the wrong direction, and at length it was given up, the searchers dispersing, and each carrying home a contradictory account of what had happened.

For the first time since she had known him, there was marked embarrassment in the manner of Claribel's reception of her cousin. Dr. Brocas, who was closely observant, noticed this change: he also noticed that Lord Harry, who spoke of his immediate return to Wolverton Castle as absolutely necessary, still lingered without taking leave; and drawing his own inference from these facts, he easily devised an excuse for leaving them together.

There was silence for some moments after Dr. Brocas and Mrs. Basset had left the room. It was broken at length by Claribel.

"You were in great danger last night?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, "the escape was a narrow one; but after all—who knows—perhaps it would have been as well if I had not escaped."

Claribel looked at him reproachfully.

"Yes," he continued; "I have done so little good in this world, that my absence from it would scarcely be missed. What is the difference, indeed, between death and perpetual absence?"

"I do not understand you."

"The case is very simple. Within the last day or two my position has greatly altered. As long as my father lived, I had many reasons for remaining in this country: those reasons exist no longer. As soon as the duties which have devolved upon me by my father's death are performed, I leave England for ever."

Claribel's eyes were cast down; she spoke without raising them.

"Do you think," she said, "that I can much rejoice in the possession of the fortune which, you said, Lord Wolverton had told you was mine, if by acquiring it I lose the only relation I have in the world—at least, the only one I know?"

"Ah!" said Lord Harry, with a sigh, "relations like myself are easily replaced. There are my brothers and sisters, as near to you in blood as I am—to say nothing of a host of far-off cousins."

Claribel sighed in her turn.

"But to all of them I am a perfect stranger. How will this high-placed kindred welcome one whose lot has been cast so differently from theirs?"

"Money, Claribel," said Lord Harry—"money reconciles all: neither can they deny your birth—of that there is ample proof."

"A welcome that way gained," she answered, "is to my thinking of little value. A simple word of unbought kindness is worth a thousand purchased smiles. But this is from the purpose. As one of your near relatives—as an old acquaintance—more—as a friend, I have some right—have I not—to ask you why you are going away?"

Lord Harry's face flushed red as scarlet. He could have given a prompt answer to any one but Claribel. The death of Lord Wolverton had indeed left him a free agent, but it had left him the freedom of a penniless man,—penniless after he had satisfied his creditors. Vast wealth, on the other hand, had accrued to Claribel. His attentions while she was poor and unknown had been unmistakable, though unaccompanied by a declaration of love. Was he to tell her, now that her situation was reversed, when he knew her as nobly born as himself, and ten times richer than ever he hoped to be—that poverty and debt were the cause of the step he meditated? His pride prevented the explanation, and his sense of honour prohibited him, under such circumstances, to speak of love. It was this consideration which kept him tongue-tied on the preceding evening, when Brunton in his jealousy supposed him an accepted suitor; it was this consideration which kept him silent now.

"You do not answer me," said Claribel. "Yet I may be trusted."

There was a tone in Claribel's voice that thrilled through her lover's frame. Could it be that he was not indifferent to her? Did he learn that truth at a moment when honour forbade him to believe it?

"Claribel," he said, taking her hand, "I could trust you with——" he had almost said "my life"—"with anything but the knowledge of what you ask. You would hate me—despise me, if I told you. I dare not stay longer. Adieu." He raised her hand to his lips, detained it there an instant, and then was gone.

"He loves me!" said Claribel. "But that I knew before. And I—I love him too! But will he ever know it? Strange fate that brings us closer together to make our separation the wider."

At the opposite side of the room to that by which Lord Harry disappeared, Dr. Brocas entered.

"Alone!" he exclaimed; "I left you with Lord Harry. I thought to have wished you joy!"

"Dear friend," replied Claribel, sadly, "I need your best advice. I am in trouble. Help me!"

Of the nature of Claribel's appeal something may be guessed; what ensued from it cannot, for the present, be disclosed.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MISTS CLEARING OFF.

As the herd, fitfully lowing, huddle together when the unseen storm hangs in the air, so, on the morning after Brunton's flight from London, were gathered muttering groups of men in the corners of commercial alleys, where brokers and bankers' clerks keep tryst and deal out ominous words of mercantile failure and disgrace.

That something had gone wrong in the City, that a great discovery was pending, none could doubt who noted with what compressed lip and quick glancing eyes the assembled knots listened to the half-whispered communications of those who were eager to tell the little they had heard, yet far from sure that even that little was true. It was enough that the great house of Temple Travers should be spoken of in conjunction with something extraordinary, to set conjecture afloat and give birth to the wildest surmises. Nor was the complexion of the surmises altered when the name of Richard Brunton became mixed up with the transaction, whatever it was, that made people question each other so eagerly.

At first, everything was loose and vague: some said that Temple Travers had met with losses which even their enormous wealth was insufficient to meet—others, that Brunton and Co. had closed their doors and called their creditors together—while others, again, went so far as to say that both the above-named houses had literally gone to smash. And amidst all these sinister reports there mingled something more sinister still, in which fraud and robbery, and even murder, were darkly hinted at.

By degrees, however, daylight broke on the apprehensions of 'Change-alley and Birch-in-lane, and the distortions of rumour subsided to the semblance of truth—the truth which, at last, is always known.

The following facts were then ascertained: that by one of the most fortuitous occurrences that ever came to the assistance of "undoubted respectability," the house of Temple Travers had been accidentally put in possession of forged acceptances of theirs, not yet negotiated, to the amount of nearly a million sterling; that the forger of these bills was no other than the Millionaire of Mincing-lane, who had suddenly absconded, taking with him all the available assets of his firm;—and that Mr. Reuben Ashley, the eminent "Dealer" of Finsbury-circus, had been found dead on the floor of the room at the back of the counting-house of Brunton and Co., with no marks of violence on his body, but closely shut in between doors that were double-locked.

Here was enough for discussion, but there soon came more. It was ascertained that a cheque for two thousand pounds, drawn by Mr. Ashley in favour of Brunton and Co., had been cashed the day before; that as late as six o'clock on the same afternoon, Mr. Ashley had been seen to leave his house in company with Brunton; and that a passport in the name of the latter had been obtained at the Foreign-office and had received the *visa* of the Austrian Embassy; a combination of circumstances which perfectly satisfied the minds of Birch-in-lane and 'Change-alley

that—in their comprehensive phrase—“Brunton and Co. had murdered Mr. Ashley.”

Even all this was not enough to fill the mouth of City gossip. The paragraph in the *Sun*, which has already been brought to our notice, was freely quoted as one of the most refreshing incidents of the day, and coupled with its reproduction in all the morning papers, there came the report of another terrible disaster in the neighbourhood of the locality where the alleged outrage on Lord Harry FitzLupus had been committed, and which acquired additional zest from the fact that a conspicuous place in it was occupied by Richard Brunton.

The disaster referred to was this :

When the conference in Lilliecrap's parlour broke up on the preceding evening, Messrs. Cutts and Hinkin proceeded, as we have seen, in different directions. At the Waterloo station Mr. Hinkin met his principal, and when the train started they occupied a *coupé* to themselves—an arrangement which Brunton ensured the whole way to Broadstone by merely infringing the company's regulations to the extent of leaving half-a-crown in the way of the guard who locked up the carriage. At the Vauxhall station the train was joined by Mr. Cutts, dressed in a full-sleeved paletot and slouched wide-awake, and still further transmogrified by a large pair of blue spectacles, which latter ornament did not, however, prevent him from catching a glimpse of the corner of a red handkerchief hanging from the window of the *coupé*—an assurance that Mr. Hinkin and Brunton were there. Warned off from that compartment, as well by his own inclination as by the conscientious guard, Mr. Cutts slipped into the first place he saw vacant, and the train was again in motion.

Having communicated to his companion as much more of his purpose as he thought necessary, Brunton confined his attention to his own immediate affairs. He had not yet had time to examine the pocket-book which he picked up when it fell from Mr. Ashley, but now he opened it, Mr. Hinkin having gone to repose, or appearing to be in a somnolent condition.

If baffled revenge in respect to the misdirected packet could meet with compensation, Brunton found it in the papers which, one by one, he now unfolded. They constituted the bulk of Mr. Ashley's wealth, and consisted of a number of bills to a very large amount, some of which had reached maturity, while others had still to run. How far this property was available, under existing circumstances, was a question of which Brunton fully understood the difficulty ; but that was what he thought least about, for, consider them how he might, he held in his grasp all the acceptances of Lord Harry FitzLupus which had passed into the hands of Mr. Ashley. They were an instrument of price whether Lord Harry were alive or dead : if dead, they should never return to Mr. Ashley, of whose fate Brunton was wholly ignorant ; if living, Brunton, by their possession, became the arbiter of his rival's destiny.

These were pleasant thoughts on a midnight journey, with villanous wrong for its bourne and a hired ruffian to aid in perpetrating it, sitting by his side ; but such as they were, they proved the last that Brunton had the power to control.

In an instant—no warning given—not a momentary deflection to make Mr. Hinkin raise the handkerchief from his eyes and seem to wake—not a sound in the air to herald the approaching doom—crash came the blow!

Shrieks, groans, curses, prayers, mingled in wild confusion, where, amid splintered fragments and crushed machinery, spattered with blood and seething with scalding steam, lay a heap of mutilated human beings.

The collision had taken place within a mile of the Broadstone station; a cattle train had caused the accident. To the latter no harm had been done; even the stoker and engine-driver had escaped unhurt; but the down-train was an utter wreck, and the amount of injury was fearful. Who amongst the passengers was killed, or who spared, it was at first impossible to say. They were extricated as speedily as assistance could be summoned, and borne to the nearest houses; two of the number were carried to The Wheatsheaf. These two were Brunton and Thomas Cutts; the latter roared terribly—the former scarcely breathed; as for Mr. Hinkin, it was useless to move him so far, he being past all human aid, and so flattened and battered that even the bank-note in his waistcoat-pocket was torn into a thousand shreds.

This was the catastrophe which had given the finishing touch to the excitement in Birchin-lane and 'Change-alley.

Once more the skill of the medical man of the Broadstone Union was appealed to.

He found, after a careful inspection, that Mr. Thomas Cutts had broken both his legs, and so awkwardly that there was every prospect of his becoming a cripple for life. When he examined the injuries which Brunton had sustained, he shook his head, and, pressed by Dr. Brocas, who had risen immediately the house was disturbed, admitted that the case was hopeless: a few hours of unconscious life was all that could be expected.

As the people at The Wheatsheaf were unaware that either Brunton or Cutts were known there, no frantic chambermaid found pleasure in waking up Claribel and her aunt with frightful intelligence, and all they heard was that some sufferers from a railway accident had been brought to the house, which made it desirable that Dr. Brocas and his party should return to town.

But towards Lord Harry FitzLupus, who came over from Wolverton Castle, ostensibly—perhaps really—to see how his servant was getting on, the same reserve was not maintained.

Dr. Brocas, who had additional reasons, since his conversation with Claribel, for seeking the intimacy of Lord Harry, took him aside, as soon as he arrived, to tell him of the strange chance which brought the two sufferers under the same roof with themselves.

The surgeon's prediction had not been strictly verified. Complete consciousness was not restored, but towards the afternoon Brunton had spoken once or twice, and in the words he uttered, the surgeon fancied he detected more than the mere wanderings of a disturbed brain. It might be desirable that others should hear what he said, and he left the room in search of proper witnesses. On the threshold he met Lord Harry and Dr. Brocas, and together they returned with him.

Brunton was lying on the bed, a ghastly spectacle; his head bandaged, his eyes closed, and his features wearing the hue of death; alive, however, for his pale lips moved, and feeble sounds escaped them.

Noiselessly the three drew near the bed.

The first word that fell from Brunton startled Lord Harry as if the dead had spoken.

It was a woman's name.

"Claribel!" he muttered.

Lord Harry put aside the curtain, and, stooping down, gazed eagerly in Brunton's face, on which a ray of light now fell. When he looked up again, it would have been hard to say which was the paler of the two. He grasped Dr. Brocas's arm and whispered in his ear.

"That is the man who shot at me! I remember him now. I have seen him twice before."

Again Brunton spoke:

"Margaret!—Alice!" he said. "All gone! No hope! No life!"

There was a pause.

"Ashley, too! No! I left him alive. Where is Hinkin? That villain! Why don't he come to help me? She resists. I cannot force her away. Come, Claribel, you must—you must! It's of no use struggling! You shall never leave me. I have fortune—thousands—all shall be yours. What is that rushing sound? Over! over! Light! light! Darkness! darkness!—Who calls? Who fired that pistol? He is dead—dead! I saw him fall—I have put him out of the way. No more of Lord Harry!"

Dr. Brocas, the surgeon, and Lord Harry looked at each other in speechless amazement. Brunton's hands were in motion: he seemed to be feeling for something, and clutched the bedclothes convulsively.

"What has become of Ashley's pocket-book? I can't find it. Ah! here it is! One—two—three—four,—his name upon every one. All mine now! What would Lord Harry give to have these bills again? But he never can,—for—I killed him: killed him, for your sake, Claribel! And yet you hate me. O God!"

A throe of pain wrung from him this last exclamation. He opened his eyes and looked about him.

"Where am I? I don't know this place! Who are these people? What has happened?"

Dr. Brocas and Lord Harry drew back, while the surgeon answered:

"You have been hurt, sir," he said. "I am the doctor. You must not speak. You must keep quiet."

"Quiet,—ay,—I shall—soon—be quiet—enough. Who is that behind you?"

"Somebody you know, sir. Dr. Brocas."

"Dr. Brocas! *Her* friend! And the—the—other, there? That tall man?"

The surgeon hesitated to reply.

"I had better relieve his mind," whispered Lord Harry.

He stepped forward and took Brunton's passive hand.

"Look at me, sir," he said.

Brunton fixed his filmy eyes on the speaker. At last there came a gleam of intelligence.

"It is *his* face," he said, and shuddered. "Who has brought him back?"

"Compose yourself, sir," replied Lord Harry. "You did not injure me."

"Is that true—is that true?" exclaimed Brunton, anxiously. "But somebody fell."

"There was little harm done; that person is recovering."

Brunton heaved a deep sigh. "Thank God!" he said. "I am guiltless of shedding blood. Can you forgive the attempt?"

Lord Harry pressed Brunton's hand, but did not speak. His tears were falling fast.

"Ah!" said the dying man, "you weep for one who wronged you."

It cost him a great effort to speak again.

"Come closer," he said; "let no one hear me. I have—a sum of—money—in a pocket-book—in bills—those you gave to—Mr.—Ashley—and more. Tell nobody: destroy your own: they will set you free. Come nearer. Marry—Claribel! She loves you!"

Brunton's head fell back on his pillow.

At that moment a knock was heard at the door, and before any one could stir, it was opened. The surgeon raised his finger, to enjoin silence on the person who entered. He was a square-set, resolute-looking man.

"I must do my duty," he said. "I have a warrant for the apprehension of Richard Brunton."

"Hush!" cried the surgeon.

"Over! over!" murmured Brunton. "Light! light! Darkness!—darkness!—darkness!"

"Your warrant is useless now," said the surgeon, who had been bending over his patient. "Mr. Brunton is dead!"

"Of what was he accused?" asked Dr. Brocas.

"Of the robbery and murder of the late Mr. Reuben Ashley," replied the officer.

"Unhappy man!" said Lord Harry. "I fear the accusation is true, for the robbery was half admitted. He spoke of a pocket-book of Mr. Ashley's: it is most important it should be discovered."

"Here are his clothes," said the surgeon—at least, what remains. Let the officer examine them."

The search was made, and besides some letters, a purse of gold, and a case filled with bank-notes, a pocket-book, marked with the letters R. A., was found.

"Let that be sealed up in the presence of these gentlemen," said Lord Harry. "We have nothing more to do here."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SUNSHINE.

THE London season was on the wane. Its flower-shows and bazaars, its Isthmian games and whitebait dinners, its operas and concerts, its French plays and popular preachers, had by turns exhausted the admiration and emptied the pockets of the fashionable multitude—all its busy idleness was over—and in a few days more Imperial Parliament itself would close its doors after the longest and most profitless session on record.

Pending this last event a few men still lingered in town, not on account of their official connexion with the state, but from the mere force of habit; as withered leaves cling to a stray bough long after the rest of the tree is stripped.

Amongst them were Lord Dangerfield and his set: Coates Taylor—Lord Tiplady—Sir John Peckover—Chichester Fleetwood—Phil Buckinger, and the Vicomte de Vaurien, whose name was a synonyme for the rest.

They were again assembled at dinner at Lord Dangerfield's, as we saw them once before, when the affairs of Lord Harry FitzLupus engaged their attention. Lord Harry's affairs—under a different aspect—occupied them now, but not exclusively.

"Have you heard Chichester's news?" asked Lord Dangerfield, addressing Sir John Peckover.

"No," replied Sir John, "what does he say?"

"He tells us that Fitz is booked at last."

"Who then has booked him? That Jew?" inquired the Vicomte.

"It's no Jew this time," said Chichester Fleetwood. "Harry has fallen into Christian hands."

"Our friend Crooky's, perhaps," bawled Phil Buckinger,—“out of the frying-pan, et cetera.”

"Take care what you're about, Phil," said Mr. Coates Taylor, quietly, "or you may realise the proverb in your own person."

"But what is it?" repeated Sir John Peckover. "How much is he in for?"

"Some people say two hundred thousand," replied Chichester Fleetwood, gravely, "some say three; but the truth, as usual, lies between."

"*Diable!*" exclaimed De Vaurien, "that is what one may call debts! But it is magnificent so to enter a prison. *Ma foi*, he is to be envied!"

"He is, indeed, Adolphe," said Lord Dangerfield, "though you're off the scent entirely. Fitz is not going to quod as you suppose; he's to be married. His wife will be the only detaining creditor."

"So much the worse for him," growled Lord Tiplady; "she'll never let him go."

"Tip is right," observed the Vicomte. "His experience agrees with my philosophy. Marriage and a prison! Yes, they are the same! Is it that rich Miss?"

"You mean Miss Temple Travers? Oh, no—quite t'other, as Phil, there, would say. What do you think of the pretty actress, who turned out to be his own cousin—Wimple's great card, as he fancied?"

"Oh, I thought that was a *canard* of the newspapers."

"So far from being a *canard*, it is a goose with golden eggs."

"Don't deal in driblets," said Sir John Peckover; "tell us all about it, Chichester."

"Well, then," replied the gentleman addressed, "here it is:—Harry's affairs turned out a deuced deal better than he expected. Old Wolverton didn't cut him out as everybody said he would, but left him enough to pay all he owed."

"That was a very miserable conclusion," said De Vaurien.

"But it was not the conclusion. His aunt, Lady Sheepskin, died too, and set him up again."

"Why, then, should he have married?" urged the Vicomte.

"Ah, why indeed?" echoed Lord Tiplady.

"Simply because he was head over ears in love."

"To cure himself of love, truly, no other course could be taken."

"About that other girl," said Phil Buckinger—"the one Harry was after first—Miss What's-her-name?"

"Ah, yes! Speak of her—that rich Miss!"

"I'm afraid neither of you have a chance there," said Lord Dangerfield, laughing. "I happen to know the facts. I had them from Travers himself. It's another tale of true love, quite *selon les règles*; didn't go quite right at first, mightn't have gone right at all, but for what happened. Some bankrupt fellow in the City, staying in the same house with the girl, took and proposed to her, he being under a promise to the girl's governess. She fired up, told her father all about it; the fellow bolted, got killed somehow on a railway, the governess fell sick, a death-bed scene followed, and one way or other it came out that there was a young man in India, a Captain or Major Hastings, that Miss Travers had a liking for; he had distinguished himself greatly out there—much too long a story to tell—and so, at last, the father gave his consent—and that's where it is."

"An odd affair," said Phil Buckinger; "like the sort of thing you read of in a novel."

"Truth is stranger than fiction," observed Sir John Peckover; a sententious and novel remark, which created a laugh at his expense.

"What was the fellow's name that caused the *esclandre*?" asked Chichester Fleetwood.

"Hang me if I remember," replied Lord Dangerfield; "but I dare say Crooky can tell you; he knows all those City men."

"It was Brunton," said Coates Taylor.

"Right," said Sir John Peckover, who prided himself on his criminal statistics, intending some day to take office as home secretary. "That's the man—Brunton—fraudulent bankrupt—robbed and murdered a Jew named Ashley."

"You're wrong there, Peckover. It was proved at the inquest that Ashley died of disease of the heart; sudden emotion did it. Brunton was bad enough in all conscience, but he didn't murder his friend."

"He had something to learn, then, this Brunton," said the Vicomte. "If he had lived in good society, he would not have made a so great mistake."

"And what does Harry mean to do when he is married?" inquired Lord Peckover. "I suppose we shall soon have him here again."

"I think not," said Chichester Fleetwood; "for he told me they were going to Italy, meaning to live there, if not altogether, at all events for some years."

"I'll take eight to one, in ponies, on a double event," cried Lord Tip-lady. "He don't stay away a twelvemonth, and when he comes back it will be without his wife."

There were several takers of this offer, and to the business of making their books we leave Lord Dangerfield and his friends.

These gentlemen knew all that was going on in their own circle, and a little beyond it, but there were one or two things, affecting other persons who have been mentioned in these pages, with which, of course, they could not condescend to be acquainted. We must endeavour to supply their lack of information.

The succession to Mrs. Meggot's property was not determined so speedily as was anticipated: to tell the truth, it is not settled yet. The respective proctors of the Treasurer of St. Trephine's, of Mrs. Hornybeak, and of our good friend, John Basset, are still "at it" in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, bewildering the judge and abusing each other daily, according to the invariable practice of proctors; and the probability is that this sport will not cease so long as the contesting parties are willing to pay for keeping up the game.

But the result is now of no consequence to the little watchmaker, for Claribel's first care, on succeeding to her fortune, was to provide liberally for her relations. To each of her aunts she presented the sum of five thousand pounds. Mr. Basset gave up his business at Brompton and retired with his wife to her native place, where they live very comfortably in the house that was her father's.

Mr. and Mrs. Cutts also relinquished their occupations in May Fair, and, following the bent of their inclinations, transferred themselves to Boulogne-sur-Mer, where they set up a boarding-house, which is likely to be one of the lions of that agreeable watering-place. Mrs. Cutts already makes a sensation at the head of her table, decked like the rainbow, blazing with *rouge*, and shining in French conversation. Mr. Cutts, who is lame—both legs obeying the same curve—is not so brilliant, perhaps, as his helpmate—but he is quite as useful in the establishment. His "grand ordinaire," which, he says, he ships himself from Bordeaux, pays him two or three hundred per cent.—he does quite as well with his "vins de première qualité," and a great deal better with the knowledge he had already acquired, and has now perfected, of the pleasant and profitable game of *écarté*.

Mr. Julius Browser was not, after all, a loser by Brunton's failure; the house—or rather the old Mr. Travers—making good the amount he had lent to the defaulting Millionaire. Mr. Velters is still as much of an oracle, and Mrs. Velters as great a bore as ever.

And what of Dr. Brocas?

Lord Harry FitzLupus owns that he owes everything in the world to the learned civilian, and Claribel, smiling, says the same. The consequence is that Dr. Brocas now lives in a charming villa in the most sheltered part of the beautiful Bay of Spezia, and there he means to end his days. There is only one thing likely to disturb the serenity of his evening of life—he finds it impossible to get into debt!

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C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

