

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

MEMOIR OF SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, BART.

WITH A PORTRAIT,

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY RICHARD J. LANE.

IN spite of a fiercely-contested reputation, there is no name which would more spontaneously present itself as that of the most eminent of our living authors than the name of Bulwer. If you were speaking to a foreigner on the subject of English literature, Bulwer's would be the first name which both of you would pronounce. Wordsworth or Tennyson would suggest themselves if you were speaking of poets; Sheridan Knowles, if you were speaking of dramatists; Grote or Hallam, if you were speaking of historians; Carlyle or John Mill if you were speaking of thinkers; Macaulay, if you were speaking of reviewers; Dickens, if you were speaking of comic genius or popularity; but, we repeat, if the subject were English literature in general, the name that would inevitably come first would be Bulwer. Twenty years of success have widened and legitimized his claims to that preeminence; twenty years of various labour have exhibited his versatile power. If he has lost something, *in intonso*, he has surely gained more than he has lost *in extenso*. He has given us the flippant novel, the slang novel, the historical novel, the philosophical novel, and the metaphysical novel; he has written tragedies, plays, and a comedy; he has written Grecian history and Edinburgh Review articles; poems and pamphlets; satires and essays. What living writer has shown such versatility? What living writer has better deserved success? Criticise each of these productions as severely as you will—they are open to it,—but do not forget that each work is but a section of a large circle. A guinea may be a more valuable coin than a crown; but he is a richer man who has fifty crowns, than he who has but one guinea.

The time has not yet arrived when an estimate can be made of Bulwer's true worth. He is still a young man, and his intellect is obviously mellowing into richer ripeness with every succeeding year. He has gone on so steadily improving, and so healthily developing his mind, that we yet await new manifestations of his power. Though precocious in success, his may turn out a late mind. Burke and Dryden are glorious examples of what we mean. Be that as it may, we feel that no judgment can as yet be definitely pronounced upon him; he has not yet given us the measure of his stature.

Far more agreeable will it be to trace the broad outlines of his successful career. The interest attached to the author will cast its reflex light upon the simplest details.

Let us begin with his genealogy. On the maternal side it is traceable as far back as Sir Robert de Lytton, of Lytton, in Derby,
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comptroller of the household to Henry IV. The Knebworth estates have been in the family possession ever since Henry VII. On the paternal side Burke will tell you how Tyrus, or Turoid de Dalling enfeoffed of the lordships of Wood Dalling and Bynham, by Peter de Valoins, who held those lands from William the Conqueror, founded the house of Bulwer. Those curious in such matters have only to turn to Burke's *Commoners of England*, and there will find pages of information. From the foregoing details it will be seen that the author of "Pelham" has reason to pride himself upon his birth; and no one who calmly contemplates the influence of *race*, will sneer at such a source of satisfaction. It may provoke the ire of sturdy radicals who "sprang from nothing," and are ostentatiously "not ashamed to own it," to observe some perfectly stupid scion of an ancient house, smoothing his straw-coloured moustache, and talking of the "superiority of rank and family,"—it may gall the "aristocracy of nature" to notice noodles relying solely on their parchments for esteem; but when a man has other titles to our admiration, no one will grudge him a reasonable pride in his descent.

This remark is made to deprecate misconstruction when we say that Bulwer has created no small amount of not undeserved ill-will by a certain Walpole-foppery of wishing to be considered rather as a gentleman than as an author. It is a foppery which sits very ungracefully upon him. There are few authors of any station who have worked harder or reaped more substantial pudding and praise from their labours. Why, then, this otiose assumption of superiority—this impatience of Grub Street? It was surely ill-judged in him to exchange his celebrated name of Bulwer for the perfectly insignificant name of Lytton, however superior the latter may be in the pages of Burke, or in the annals of Hertfordshire.* Macaulay admirably says that posterity has refused to degrade the name of Bacon into that of Lord Verulam; in the same way Bulwer's contemporaries studiously refuse to call him Lytton. At Knebworth, or in Parliament, the name may be given to him; but no one talks of him except as Bulwer.

To return. He comes from a learned as well as a gentle stock. His maternal grandfather, Richard Warburton Lytton, was a remarkable scholar, and apparently a prodigious pedant, for he wrote a Hebrew play, and was astonished at not being able to find actors for it. Parr (him we mean of the dirt, dogmatism, and Greek, not him of the "Life Pills,") thought this Richard Lytton unsurpassed as a Latinist; and we suppose *that* is an authority not to be disputed. This Hebrew dramatist married the sister of Sir Richard Paul Jodrell, also a dramatist of an Oriental turn, though he wrote in ponderous English. Well do we remember, in our school days, sitting under a primitive tent, (constructed of cricket-bats and silk-handkerchiefs!) in company with Sir Richard's descendant, reading, *ore rotundo*, those amazing tragedies which his ancestor had published, and thinking them superb—they had such long words!

"Immured in Susa's adamantine tombs," was a line of frequent recurrence, and it has graven itself upon our memories. That word "adamantine" was so majestic, and so grandly incomprehensible to us.

* A doubt arises in our mind as to whether, perhaps, this change of name was a condition of his inheriting the Knebworth property. Should this be so, the above objection will go for nothing.

Sir Richard Jodrell, though he wrote such adamantine tragedies, was a remarkable man, a great Greek scholar, member of the Grecian Club, and worth a passing remembrance as the host of Rousseau. Peace be to his manes! He achieved at least something in dramatic literature; he had one admirer out of his family! Could his spirit but have looked into that silken tent, and seen amidst indiscriminate pastry the reclining form of his intense admirer—could he but have heard his quarto tragedy, and *very* quarto iambs, spouted into the sultry summer air, his “last infirmity,” his “sacred lust of praise,” would have been satisfied.

The two striking events in Bulwer's earliest life—at least that he remembers—where first, the recitation to him of Pope's Homer and the Percy Ballads, by his mother, together with some tales in verse of her own composition. To his mother he owes much; and in one of his dedications, we forget which, he affectionately mentions his obligations. Mrs. Lytton was a remarkable woman; a strange combination of business, talent, and natural literary taste and ability.

The second event was the death of his grandfather, which brought all the old gentleman's books into the house; a perfect deluge of literature! The whole house, from parlours to attics, was crowded with them; they were even strewn upon the floors. Bulwer, then having just begun to read, was allowed to range unrestrictedly amidst their solemn solitudes,—to shake from them the dust and cobwebs as he pleased, and to extract from them what nutriment he could. He formed an extraordinary passion for them; and read with equal avidity what he could, and what he could not understand. Who shall calculate the effect of such reading upon the young and eager mind?

He went to various schools, and speaks of Dr. Hooker's, Rotten-dean, as the best. The doctor grounded and prepared well. From thence he went to two private tutors, the first of whom, Wallington of Ealing, published for him some poems and translations, written between the ages of thirteen and fifteen. The second tutor, Dr. Thomson of St. Lawrence, near Ramsgate, lived in a house which formerly belonged to Bulwer's grandfather, and was therefore not without interest for him. Dr. Thomson prepared him for Cambridge as well as he could, but his pupil's bent was not scholastic. It was here that he first read Rousseau, who produced a powerful impression,—an impression very traceable in Falkland, which was written between sixteen and seventeen, and more or less traceable throughout his writings. In the mixture of the ideal with the sensual, and of the rhetorical with the logical, we see in Bulwer the influence of Rousseau; the presence of other faculties, however, prevents our calling him a disciple.

History also became a passion with him; and before going to Cambridge he had carefully gone through most of the original authorities for the History of England. He made a complete abridgment of it down to the reign of George III. for his own use. He went up to Cambridge unusually young; first to Trinity, and then as a fellow commoner to Trinity Hall.

The ambition of distinguishing himself naturally made him at first determine to read for honours. He says he was led away from this by two counter attractions, to which, before specifying them, we venture to add a third, viz. a naturally discursive energy which

could not be restrained within the limits of "reading up" for honours; and the imperious demand of other faculties, which such reading could not call into play. The two causes he specifies are these:—

1. The love for metaphysics and old English literature. He belonged to a club set up for the purchase of old English books, of which Whewell, then an eminent fellow, and now Master of Trinity, and Professor Malden, were the heads. Metaphysics were somewhat fashionable amongst the young thinking men, and the usual appendage of political economy was not neglected. 2. The Union Debating Society, which was then at the height of its fame. A brilliant little club it was, and has turned out considerable men, to wit, Thomas Babington Macaulay; the present Earl Grey; Kennedy, the head master of Shrewsbury; Ord, who died a lord of the Treasury; Praed, the wit, and thought to be the best speaker; Cockburn, Charles Buller, and Charles Villiers. About ten or twelve years ago there was published a little book called "Conversations at Cambridge," which pleasantly reflected the spirit of that debating club, and in which Bulwer occupied a conspicuous place. At the Union he was considered a fair speaker, but not first-rate; pretty much what is to be said of his parliamentary career. He threw more information into his speeches than most of the others, and was held to be a sort of authority on English History. He was subsequently made president of the society. To give the reader some higher notion of this society than that of an ordinary debating club, we may mention, that Macaulay, even after having taken his degree, came up from London to speak there.

The biographer who will one day treat of this subject in full, will have a pleasant picture to paint of these college days, this club, its members, and its influence upon Bulwer. No such task is ours; so we pass on.

During his last year he tried for the University prize poem. The subject was Sculpture. He gained the prize, and doubtless congratulated himself upon being a poet. Let it be a matter of consolation to future mediocrity! Let not henceforth the successful prize poet look upon himself as irretrievably lost. He can name Bulwer, and say, *He* too gained a prize, and yet, in spite of that, you see he has turned out a considerable man.

Bulwer took his degree, and went abroad. We ought to have mentioned, that during the long vacation he travelled on foot over Scotland, and some parts of England, with knapsack on his back, and a heart in his bosom eager for adventure. In these rambles he picked up materials which were subsequently used in his novels. No better school for experience and reflection than that.

Among his adventures should be placed the time he lived with the gypsies, where he fell in with a celebrated hero of the lawless kind, a gentleman who rose against the "conventions" of society, and had several differences of opinion with the Government. From him Bulwer picked up some of the knowledge of that sort of life pictured in "Paul Clifford," and the slang used in "Pelham," and other works.

The mention of this recalls a delicious story told of Pierce Egan, who, on some one speaking of Bulwer, said, "Yes, yes, Bulwer's a very clever fellow, I dare say;" then adding, with exquisite self-

reference and pity, "but, sir, his *knowledge of flash is very superficial!*"

While at Paris, before he came of age, he wrote the greater part of "Pelham." The idea of this, he says, was taken from a hint in Madame de Stael, that a character both gay and sentimental is always popular; and a little also from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Humorous Lieutenant." Bulwer has always been accused of having drawn "Pelham" from himself; but, although there does appear some shew of justice in this prevalent notion, we believe that it admits of another explanation. "Pelham" really was modelled after an intimate friend, now living, a curious compound of learning and frivolity, of daring courage, and dandyism. He had travelled nearly all over the world, had seen and reflected upon life; and he exercised considerable influence upon his younger friend and admirer. Bulwer was his second in two duels, and had every opportunity for studying his character and consequently for drawing it.

But there must have been some strong sympathy between them; in the young admirer there must have been something of that union of frivolity and learning which characterised his hero. Without, therefore, supposing "Pelham" to have been drawn from himself, we may assume that Bulwer recognised in himself the elements he has there combined.

The publication of "Pelham" in 1828, marks the first step in his brilliant career. It was not successful at first, and "moved slowly," to use the technical phrase; but in this clever world of ours, cleverness is sure to be appreciated in a little while, and "Pelham" made a "sensation." Bulwer "found himself famous." His book was read by everybody, was largely imitated, and through successive editions has continued to be read, up to the present time. How many novels are there which have withstood twenty years of criticism?

Before the publication of "Pelham," however, we have to place his leaving Paris, and travelling alone on horseback through a great part of France.

On returning to England he published "Falkland,"—his first serious appearance in print. That "Marriage with the Muse" was followed by his marriage in real earnest; about which no more need here be said. Shutting himself up in Woodcote in Oxfordshire,—a lonely place, surrounded by beechwoods—he studied hard. Metaphysics principally occupied him. After long floundering in its bewildered and bewildering swamps, he finally withdrew himself from all further search, in the conviction that nothing satisfactory was to be found therein; at least, that he could find no solid ground on which to rest his foot, and was weary of splashing up mud and water about him.

In that year he published "Pelham," as mentioned, and the "Disowned" in 1829. "Devereux" followed. In 1830 appeared "Paul Clifford."

He had then removed to town, and had taken his seat in Parliament for a close borough, St. Ives in Cornwall, swept away by the Reform Bill. There was a great deal of curiosity as to what sort of figure the popular novelist would make amongst senators. A brilliant display he did not make; but neither did he fail. His name seldom occurs in Hansard, but when it does it will always be found on the

side of liberal and enlarged views. An orator he is not, but his speeches are worth attention. He brought forward the motions for a repeal of the taxes on knowledge, and the committee on the state of the drama, which finally resulted in his excellent bill for the protection of dramatic copyright. The first motion, after long debating, ended in the reduction of advertisement and stamp duties on newspapers. In some speeches on that question, he threw out hints for a penny postage, and the conveyance of books by post—both of which have been subsequently carried out.

To finish what has here to be said on his parliamentary career, let us add, that after the Reform Bill he came in for Lincoln, for which he sat till the Parliament before the present. His best speeches are those on taxes on knowledge—Municipal Corporations—the Irish Church,—and one on the immediate emancipation of slaves. The last-named was printed by the Society for the Emancipation, and was looked upon as his most effective speech. It produced a considerable sensation at the time.

What might have been the result of a longer parliamentary career, we know not, for he had just made way in the House, and secured a hearing, when he left it. Now, seeing that he has generally failed in his first efforts, and succeeded only after failure, one is tempted to assume that had he persevered he would have achieved a reputation as a speaker. His first novel was a failure, his first satire was a failure, his first drama was a failure, his first poems were failures—so were his first speeches, but he outlived the failure and was rising into success when he stopped short.

In 1832, he published "Eugene Aram," one of his most powerful and popular romances. He then undertook the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," which flourished under his care as a Magazine, but did not flourish so well as a commercial speculation. The best of his contributions were subsequently collected under the title of "The Student." He wrote also some capital articles in the "Edinburgh Review," among which the most striking and memorable was one on the "Life and Works of Sir Thomas Brown." While on the subject of articles, let us mention his contributions to the "London," and "London and Westminster Reviews," when under the editorship of John Mill: those on the "Philosophy of Fiction," on "Gray," and on the "Court of Queen Anne," are worth reprinting.

"Eugene Aram" was followed by "Godolphin; or, The Oath," published anonymously in 1833; and in the same year by "England and the English," and "Pilgrims of the Rhine."

After two years' active editorship, the "New Monthly" was given up. He had endeavoured to turn its pleasant pages into a critical and political organ of a more serious nature, and the attempt was not successful in a commercial point of view. He dreaded also the effect of constant periodical writing upon his own style and thoughts. It should not be forgotten that, as editor and critic, he was above all petty feelings of rivalry, and was solicitous that his contemporaries should be favourably reviewed in his pages—in fact, he reviewed most of them himself. He did all he could to shew the latent power in D'Israeli, and the great promise in Tennyson; and was the first who drew notice to Elliot, whose "Corn Law Rhymes" were published in London on the strength of that review (they had before appeared roughly at Sheffield); and was the first to review Monckton

Milnes. An elaborate review of Sheridan Knowles, and constant defence of Scott's beauties may also be read there.

With the "New Monthly" off his hands, he determined on going to Italy. The effect of Italy upon his whole culture is very striking: it marks a new era in his intellectual development, as plainly as it did in that of Göthe. Like Göthe, he too was deeply influenced by the atmosphere of art, so to speak, which he breathed there, and which enters very largely into all his works written after that visit. Rienzi was inspired by Rome. Moving amidst the lingering shadows of that antique world he could not resist the impulse to recreate the figures which had made the ground so sacred. At Naples he wrote the greater part of the "The Last Days of Pompeii." It was in Italy that he was first led to think of the drama, and wrote the tragedy of "Cromwell"—whether suggested by Victor Hugo's famous "drama"—or whether Rienzi called up the figure of that far greater tribune of the people, we cannot say. "Cromwell" was never published, but Fox gave an eulogistic review of it in the "London and Westminster," in spite of which Bulwer destroyed it, as not adapted for the stage.

The "Last Days of Pompeii" was published in 1834, and the town was delighted with its gorgeous pictures. Why has not some ingenious writer thought of turning it into a ballet? The "scenic effects" in which ballets indulge are here given profusely.

In 1835, Rienzi appeared; and somewhere about this time, we believe, "Leila; or, the Siege of Granada." He then wrote the "Duchess de la Valière," which struggled through nine nights of bad acting, and was finally withdrawn as an admitted failure. It is said to be his favourite play, being more poetical in structure and diction than the others.

If he failed with his "Duchess," he took ample revenge with his "Lady of Lyons"—written in ten days—the most attractive play of modern times; his "Richelieu," also a good play; and his amusing comedy of "Money," written at the baths of Aix la Chapelle, and sent to England in letters. The "Sea Captain," though it was played often, must be reckoned as a failure. In 1837, the first two volumes of "Athens: its Rise and Fall," appeared. It had been slowly growing, and bears evidence of careful composition; but the simultaneous appearance of Thirlwall, and the information that Grote was occupied on the same subject, made him relinquish the design of completing it. On this point we may quote the comment of a recent reviewer of Grote's History. "If it be true," he says, "that Bulwer shrinks from the completion of his brilliant book on 'Athens,' because he fancies that the ground is already occupied, we beg leave to assure him that such a supposition is perfectly erroneous; that there is abundant need of his and of other men's works; that such a supposition would have infinitely more plausibility with regard to the earlier portions of the history than to those more stirring times which he has undertaken to depict. His work is written for the general reader, not the scholar; this alone gives it a distinctive position. True it is that his reputation in the lighter fields of literature has damaged the reputation of his history; because, while his reputation as a novelist is against him with scholars, the nature of his work is against him with the majority of his old readers. Nevertheless, there seems to be but one opinion respecting

its merit by those who have read it, which we have done three times. It should not be left a fragment."*

For the reviewer's comfort it may be added that half of the concluding portion of this work has been long written, and perhaps his word may influence the author to finish it.

After the publication of "Athens," Bulwer undertook, in company with Dr. Lardner and Sir David Brewster, to edit the "Monthly Chronicle." The first number was promising, and contained three papers by Bulwer, one of them the beginning of "Zicci, a tale," subsequently re-written as "Zanoni." But the second number was a choke-pear. Never was there such a block of dulness tumbled forth upon the public: the crash frightened away subscribers, and at the end of the year Bulwer gave up the hopeless concern.

In 1837 "Maltravers" appeared, and again the cry was raised that Bulwer had pourtrayed himself; the critics not troubling themselves to reconcile the contradiction of his being at one and the same time Pelham and Maltravers!

In 1838, "Alice; or, the Mysteries," concluded "Maltravers." It was held by him to be the most matured of all his works; whether he would say so *now* may be a question.

He had enjoyed himself by another expedition on foot, travelling over a great part of Ireland and some parts of England which he had not seen before: so that the readers of his novels will be able to account for the roving propensities of his heroes, and will see from whence he has derived his love of scenery, and the out-of-door freshness which he contrives to throw over so many descriptions.

In 1841 appeared "Night and Morning;" in 1842, "Zanoni," and "Eva, and other Poems;" in 1843, the "Last of the Barons." Then came the "Translation of the Poems of Schiller," with its well-written memoir, and the "Life of Laman Blanchard," somewhat querulous and unhealthy in its tone. The pamphlet on the "Water Cure" and—if we are to call it his—the "New Timon" followed.

In 1846 came "Lucretia," the work which displays, perhaps, the greatest power of all, though the impression it leaves is disagreeable. In 1848 we have to register "King Arthur," on the *assumption* that it is his; the "Caxtons, a family picture," now publishing in "Blackwood,"—also an assumption, but very confidently assumed by those who profess sagacity in such matters; and, finally, "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings," which he avows, and which he may be proud to avow.

We may conclude this catalogue of his works by one or two traits interesting to literary aspirants. The first is that he has *worked* his way to eminence,—worked it through failure, through ridicule. His facility is only the result of practice and study. He wrote at first very slowly and with great difficulty; but he resolved to master the stubborn instrument of thought, and mastered it. He has practised writing as an art, and has re-written some of his essays (unpublished) nine or ten times over.

Another habit will show the advantage of continuous application. He only works about three hours a day,—from ten in the morning till one,—seldom later. The evenings, when alone, are devoted to reading, scarcely ever to writing. Yet what an amount of good hard

* West. Rev. vol. XLVI. p. 361.

labour has resulted from these three hours! He writes very rapidly, averaging twenty pages a day of novel print.

Courage, industry, and perseverance are qualities which he has brought to bear upon high aims and distinguished abilities. The results have been adequate. His career is honourable to himself, and a lesson to men of letters.

One remark must be made before concluding, and that is upon the true conception of the literary man's position with regard to letters, as illustrated in Bulwer's career. He has avoided an error which is all the more common because the public encourages it. The man who has succeeded in any one department is always looked on with suspicion if he attempt another. People are reluctant in giving credit to various accomplishments. They will admit your superiority on one point—it does not affect their self-love; they flatter themselves that they are superior to you on others: but if you attempt to prove your superiority on other points, you invade their domain and irritate their complacency. "Why doesn't he stick to his novels?" says the historian; "Why does he attempt the drama?" says the dramatist; "How absurd to fancy himself a politician!" exclaims the M.P. It is thought to be no answer to say that the man is versatile, has many faculties, and employs them: the public like a man to confine himself to one special topic. Division of labour is the grand thing: if you have made pins' heads, content yourself with that, and do not venture upon points.

Accordingly we see men always working the mine where they once discovered gold, and afraid to dig elsewhere. They repeat themselves. All their works are but changes of name and costume. Like sculptors who having once carved from marble a statue which has been admired, they continue taking *casts* from that statue in different, and often indifferent, material.

Not thus has Bulwer worked. When once he has done a thing, he has done with it; new blocks of marble lie before him, new creations are wrought from them. Having once written a "Pelham," he writes no more dandy novels; having once written a "Rienzi," he writes no more "Tribune" novels. "Athens" follows the "Duchess de la Vallière," and "Maltravers" follows "Athens." He gives no repetition of the "Lady of Lyons," though urged by actors, managers, and public. He writes just as the impulse urges him, not as a clamorous, foolish public wishes. Into various spheres of activity he throws his active mind, and always with new result. A resolute diver, he plunges into the dark ocean, struggles amidst the waves, and rises each time with a new pearl. The amount of wealth he has thus accumulated should always be estimated when his career is spoken of. He has, we say, obeyed his own impulse: the *οἰστρος* has been within, not without. Although he has been, perhaps, more than anxious about pleasing the public and writing for effect, he has only done so in the matter of form. He has *chosen*, to please himself; he has *written*, to please the many.

This double tendency may, perhaps, be attributed to the remarkable mixture in him of the real and the ideal. Two conflicting tendencies are observable in his mind: one towards the vague, the grand, and ideal; the other towards the concrete, the palpable, and real. He is half an enthusiast, half a man of fashion; to the pretensions of the recluse student he adds the habits and tendencies of a

man-about-town. The mixture is more remarkable than harmonious. His soul springs aspiringly to the skies, but is clogged with too much earth, and falls down again after an ineffectual effort. It may be said, indeed, that his ideal tendencies give a refinement and elevation to his works, which would otherwise be too worldly, too slang, and too sarcastic; but there can be no doubt, we think, that his works would gain in force, distinctness, and harmony, if he had been more decidedly ideal or more decidedly real in his tendencies.

He is now in the prime of life and maturity of his faculties; long as the list of his works now is, few will assert that he has given his *dernier mot*, and we may yet have to welcome a series of more perfect works than any he has hitherto produced. May he have all health to write them! Courage he does not want; for however sensitive he may be to obloquy, he never suffers it to divert him from his path; and as for the carpings of critics he can console himself with the grave words of Tacitus, "scitis enim magnam illam et duraturam eloquentiæ famam non minus in diversis subselliis parari quam suis;" or, in the apt illustration of Johnson, "Fame, sir, is a shuttlecock; unless it be struck at both ends of the room, it will fall to the ground."

THE OFFER AND REFUSAL.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

He.—THE sun streams down, so brightly tinging
 Leaves and flowers with golden hue,
 And turns with lavish light to diamonds
 Every trembling drop of dew.
 Soft evening comes, and starry flowers,
 Close their eyes and turn away,
 All drooping at your lovely presence,
 Beauteous creature, well they may!
 For all their sweetness, all their brightness,
 Combined in thee alone I see;
 And I, like them, thus bend me lowly,
 As slave to your divinity.
 Ah! on your lips, so sweetly tempting,
 Plays a smile that lights your eyes;
 Sweet conqueror, then, prithee, let me
 Seize it, taste it, ere it dies.

She.—Come, pray be off, and just be quiet,
 You've said that stuff before, I know,
 And would to every girl that listen'd,
 But I'm not to be treated so.
 'T is from some book, not from your heart, sir,
 For true love has the least to say,
 So don't kneel there among the thistles,
 But let me go past on my way;
 Besides, you know, you've eaten onions
 In your porridge, luckless wight,
 Therefore, I have good strong reasons
 Against your sighs of love to-night;
 So pray don't bother, keep your distance,
 For sure it is not well behaved
 To spout such stuff, and promise kisses
 When you know you've not been shaved.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN SINCE THE FEBRUARY REVOLUTION.

THE part which the press has played in the revolution of the 24th of February is too curious to be overlooked. The share which it had in bringing it about is sufficiently well known; but it might have been thought that when not words but deeds were required, pen and ink would have to give way to other weapons. But no. In the very heat of the conflict, while as yet none could tell what would be its issue—a band of combatants seized upon a printing-press, a compositor of course was easily found among the insurgents, he placed himself “at case,” and forthwith composed, while others pulled off a placard of “Vive la République,” to be stuck upon the barricades.

As the *émeute* went on there was a demand for brief striking addresses; and when the popular cause had gained the victory, the majority of the people as yet knew nothing of the new government, the prize which their hard fighting had won. Proclamations therefore were wanted, and these written on the press itself, were instantly composed and printed at railway speed. During the revolution of '89, a man, said to be a lawyer, was seen every day running about Paris, buying up all the placards, proclamations, journals, pamphlets, engravings, caricatures, in short all the multitudinous utterances of the voice of the people, that could be obtained. Should any one have been similarly occupied during the days of February, he may have obtained perhaps a still more curious collection; for many varying gusts of popular feeling, which then passed away in mere noisy breath, were this time “fixed and frozen to permanence” in printer’s ink; and many rapidly changing aspects of events, which then swept for a moment across the surface of the agitated waters, are now daguerreotyped and preserved for the future historian of the epoch.

The productions of the first day of the revolution, while the press worked amid the din of battle, present of course curious specimens of typography; there could be no attempt at correction, but the sheets were tumbled into the world with all their imperfections on their heads. On the second day the presses were already invaded by enterprising individuals, desirous of commencing forthwith the publication of new journals, for there were no longer stamps to be bought, or securities to be given, every one was free to play at editing a paper as soon as he liked; and this may explain the prodigious quantity of journals which have since made their appearance at the price of one half-penny, but which, nevertheless, like worthy King Stephen with his breeches, we cannot but pronounce “all too dear.” We cannot think of giving even their names, as they amount to nearly a hundred. Some of them have lived only through two or three numbers, some have enjoyed an ephemeral existence of a single day, and others have perished in the embryo prospectus state. One is stated to have been rejected even of the newsvenders, and to have been sold in the *café* by its editor! One, the “Petit Homme Rouge,” announces that it will appear *sometimes*; another, the “Haute Vérité,” states, with

exemplary frankness, that it will come out as often as the subscribers furnish the means. Verily great must be the faith of the simple-minded proprietors in the attractions of "La Haute Verité," if they think they can venture on such a statement—may they in no wise lose their reward. The writers of these papers have been divided into serious journalists, that is to say, those who have for a long time followed the newspaper press as a profession, old politicians who had retired from the world, but in whom the revolution has rekindled some sparks of their wonted fire, a host of young authors, mostly of romances, who now cry "It's all over with novel writing! *Vive la politique!*" and others who have never yet written a word, but who believe that the revolution has gifted them with a sort of plenary inspiration. Much of real talent is nevertheless also pouring itself out in this impetuous torrent, now sweeping on at a rate that makes a close examination of its contents impossible. Of what we can properly call books, scarcely any have made their appearance for months, but pamphlets have come thick as autumnal leaves. There is one however which has claims to attention, The "Solution du Probleme Social," by M. Proudhon. It is said to exhibit very great talents; to be written with earnestness of purpose, and an iron severity of logic. Here and there too, like a "sunbeam that has lost its way," in these stormy times, we meet a quaint piece of literary dandyism, wearing the fashion of twenty years ago, such as the "Souvenir of a visit to M. Chateaubriand during which he permitted me to read to him my tragedy of Veltega, of which the subject is drawn from the *Martyrs*" in *verse*. Just imagine, reader, in the midst of this whirlwind, a long account of a visit in *verse*! Of the pamphlets an immense number have been of course compositions on the theme of Louis Philippe, with variations. We have "Maria Stella, or the criminal exchange of a young Lady of the highest rank for a Boy of low degree." We find also one entitled, "Mysterious and apocryphal birth of Louis Philippe," "The Amours of Louis Philippe," "The Correspondence of Louis Philippe and Abd-el-Kader," a comic squib that you hear recited on the bridges and in the streets; the "Crimes of Louis Philippe," "The Truth concerning Louis Philippe, his treacheries, his baseness, &c. from his birth to his flight."

In the pamphlets as well as in the songs and caricatures, M. Guizot follows his royal master as closely as the confidante "mad in white linen" her mistress Tilburina. Few established names appear among those of the authors of the pamphlets, which with the periodicals constitute almost the sole literature of France at the present moment, and the "Lettres au Peuple" of Madame Sand, do not appear to have created any sensation. One literary man, who has lately made his appearance, is certainly too remarkable to be passed over. This is a poetical news-vender, who does not know how either to read or write, but stands by the printing press, and dictates his effusion to a compositor, who has at least a tincture of "humane letters." A very amusing illustration of the condition of literature, and literary men is afforded by M. Mery in his "Paris Républicain." One morning, he says, chance led him towards that part of the Boulevard which runs along the *Parc des Monceaux*. The fine trees threw a pleasant shade over a crowd of the national *workmen* (*lucus a non lucendo*) who are, or are supposed to be employed there. The soft green sward formed a

delightful couch for a slumbering inspector, a party of the *travailleurs* was busily engaged at a game of quoits, and others assisting (in the French sense), that is looking on. Here at least labour seemed to be very satisfactorily organised. One man, however, clad in a blouse of coarse ticking, was actually at work, and with an energy worthy of a better object, was levelling and scraping the ground at the side of a ditch that might just as well have remained in *statu quo*. But perhaps there is some mystery in this matter which common minds cannot penetrate.

"I stopped," says M. Mery, "to meditate upon it. The workman smiled, stopped his work, and leaning upon his spade in the way stage gardeners and labourers are accustomed to do, said,

"You are trying to find out what I am doing? If you are not more busy than I am, citizen, we may as well have a gossip for an hour or two."

"With all my heart," was the reply; "I am a workman as well as yourself; a workman *in prose*, and I and my brethren are waiting to see whether some economist will not have the goodness to organise our labour."

The National workman put away his spade forthwith, seated himself on the turf, his visitor offered him a cigar, and the conversation began. Each party, before fairly launching into it, naturally wished, in these revolutionary times, to know something of his companion's political tendencies, whether he considered himself a Legitimist, an Orleanist, a Fourieriste, a Humanitary, a Saint Simonian, a Barbesian, a Socialist, a Federative, a Communist, a Jesuit, a Gallican, an Absolutist, or a Republican, and if a Republican, whether of '89, '92, '93, on the 9th of Thermidor; a tolerable variety of opinion to choose amongst.

"You wish to know my political opinions," said M. Mery. "Well then, I am a partisan of the existing government."

"And what is the existing government?" asked the workman.

At this question M. Mery perceived that he had to do with a man who was not to be put off with a mere sounding phrase, and was preparing to explain, when the workman answered himself.

"The world," said he, "has been governed in many different ways. Before man existed by the Ichthyosauri and other extinct dynasties, the duration of whose reign is somewhat uncertain; then by the nomadic royalty of shepherd kings, by the settled royalty of the first city, by the floating royalty of Noah, by priests in Chaldea, by women in Assyria, by prophets in Judea, by warriors in Persia. Rome has counted among her sovereigns one shepherd, one demi-god, seven kings, decemviri, tribunes, consuls, dictators, triumviri, emperors, prætorian guards, and sovereign pontiffs. The ablest people the world has yet seen, began its search for the best kind of government thirteen centuries before Christ, and perished shamefully under the name of the Lower Empire in 1448. In France, which is the land of imitation, we have made trial of all ancient governments, as if they had been good ones; the Romans gave but two hundred and eighty-six years to their royalty experiment; we gave it fourteen centuries, and after that we had a republic, a directory, a triumvirate, a consulate, an empire, and a few constitutional monarchies. These, it is true, have been all failures, but we never lacked excellent reasons

to prove, after every overturn, that France had now adopted the best possible form."

By this time M. Mery began to look with great curiosity at his learned workman, and to consider whether he might not be the great organiser of labour himself, working in disguise, like the Czar Peter, in the dockyard of Saardam. But he now proceeded to show that, after so many vain attempts, France had come to the conclusion that the best government is none at all; that, for the last three months France had been governed by the absence of a government, by a nonentity. Any government that had existed would have been overturned on the 17th of March and the 15th of May, but it was impossible to overturn what was not. The prætorian guards of order, namely, two hundred thousand Parisians, with common sense and muskets in sufficient quantities, are ready to be called together at any moment by beating a drum, and at last the disturbers themselves will grow tired of the everlasting *rappel*. Either France has no government, or that government is no other than the national guard of Paris; and it has its abode not at the Hôtel de Ville, but in a palace of fifteen leagues in circumference.

And who after all was this wonderful workman? No other than a private Professor of History, who, before the 24th of February, had a circle of pupils, and was able to get a living. "But now, when the living history of the present is every day passing under our windows, furnishing us with amusement every evening and rousing us from our sleep every night, who will devote himself to the study of the past? Motives of economy too have induced parents to withdraw their children, so that the career of wandering professors like myself has been entirely broken up. Here among the national workmen are thirty men of letters like myself, and here we gain our daily bread without expending much of the 'sweat of the brow.' The only thing that afflicts me is to see so many millions expended on such useless and barren works, and here is another proof that we have no government. At Rome, twelve thousand Hebrews built the Coliseum in two years. In the middle of the third century Volusian, the son of the Emperor Gallienus, passing by Arles, found soldiers and labourers wanting employment, and he made them build the amphitheatre. An architect of Agrippa, travelling in Gaul, rewarded the good conduct of some soldiers and colonists by ordering them to build the bridge of Gard, and the amphitheatre of Nismes. We are paid four times as much as the workmen of Gallus and Agrippa, and this," said the workman, looking round him, "is what we are doing."

"But why," said M. Mery, "do you not write, and get some one to publish a good work on history?"

At this question the workman burst into a shout of laughter that, for the moment, put to silence the *cavatinas* of the nightingales in the surrounding trees. "Citizen," he replied, "ask me at this moment to find you a griffin, a sphinx, a hippogrif, a minotaur, a winged dragon, and I will not despair of being able to comply with your demand. But a being so wildly fabulous as a publisher, who would in this present month of June, 1848, undertake to publish in Paris an historical work! So preposterously fantastic a creature as that, I cannot undertake to look for."

ROBERT EMMETT AND ARTHUR AYLMEY;

OR, DUBLIN IN 1803.

BY W. H. MAXWELL,

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," ETC.

NEVER was a more inauspicious day chosen for an important ceremony than the 24th of June, 1803. As evening drew on, the arrivals at the castle presented to the ambushed conspirator a singular and anomalous appearance, for, at the interval of a few minutes, courtly equipages and small parties of horse in turn arrived. If the Irish government had been apathetic before, their present activity now offered a curious contrast. While the plot smouldered, none could guess its extent; but the executive powers lay dormant. When explosion proved impotency to an extent beyond contempt, then every organ they could command appeared to be called into action. The *vis inertia* of the royalists required now and then a little terrorism to rouse it. Blood-money was still liberally dispensed. Sirr and his myrmidons drove a roaring trade. With Emmett's mad plot for weeks they had been perfectly acquainted, and they, as in interest bound, looked on, fostered, and matured it. That the leading members of the last night's outbreak had headed to the Wicklow hills, was readily discovered; and, in scattered bands, yeomanry and regulars were hunted on in close pursuit. A hot day and hard riding had brought the most active troopers to a stand; and party after party, ranging from half a dozen to a troop, sought a place where they knew that they would be warmly welcomed, and picketed their horses in front of Aylmer Castle.

Every arrival—every occurrence, was noticed from his concealment by the fugitive. He saw the horse he rode last night led in by a serjeant's party of dragoons. A singularly-coloured roan—the animal was remarkable,—and from the attention with which she was examined by the precursors of the party, Aylmer fancied that with the horse himself was perfectly identified. His conjecture was correct; he had been already denounced by an informer as the last night's rider, and, consequently, his hiding-place, as it was conjectured, could not be very distant from the spot where the horse he rode, saddled and bridled, had been found.

Strange—the name had not escaped; and the description of the rider's dress and person was both contradictory and confused. He was a gentleman; on that point all agreed; and he exercised an authority over the young leader that was never disputed, while from all the rest of the conspirators he kept aloof, and haughtily rejected every attempt that might lead to association. A mystery was connected with him, and among the wretched rabble already taken or denounced, all broken tradesmen or drunken artificers, the rider of the roan horse to all the royalist rebel-hunters seemed a stag of the first head, and one whom it would be equally honourable and profitable to run into. Who was he? and where was he? The first inquiry none could answer; but to the second, circumstances went far to prove that he must be in the immediate neighbourhood of those who were so deeply interested in his apprehension.

Irish hospitality was not what it has become, the name of a thing non-existent, and that fact half a dozen horsemen were evidencing right pleasantly, as, seated on the sward, a liveried attendant supplied them with abundance of cold provisions, a huge black jack of ale, and a flask of whiskey to pack all. Their horses were picketed behind their riders, and the roan steed, with whom an important secret was associated, grazed sociably with his loyalist companions, albeit he had so recently borne the weight of some rebel Antony, as yet unknown. The party, thus regaling *al fresco*, were a fair sample of the times, and would prove that if misfortune introduces strange bed-fellows to each other, the highway will now and then lead to as singular acquaintanceships.

The Dublin road ran straight in front of the grand entrance of Castle Aylmer, and at that point a *lancing** leading to the mountains joined it. An hour before, two horsemen spurred hastily from the metropolis; they were dragoons, with an express from town for Mr. Aylmer. Three armed riders, in uniform, advanced at the same time, and to the same point, but from the opposite direction; these were yeomen-cavalry, while a sixth mounted man, leading the roan horse, issued at the same moment from the loneing, and the half dozen riders entered the grand gate together.

The solitary horseman was nondescript. He was dressed in coloured clothes of good materials, but vulgar make. His horse was a stout weight-carrier, in fair condition, and at his side a cavalry sword hung, and at the pommel there were holsters. His appointments and appearance were more akin to those of a highwayman than a trooper, and from his muscular proportions and most sinister facial expression, the traveller would indeed have been a sturdy one, who hesitated to *deliver* when he cried *stand!*

Tim Doolan was the sole surviving representative of "the major's janissaries, and the regular *ullimus Romanorum*. Of that respected body a majority had died of the Irish endemic, called "whiskey fever;" a couple were shot in their vocation; poor Jemmy O'Brien—*nomen venerabile!*—was hanged; and Tim Doolan might have sung with Scott's minstrel,

"Alas! a-day, old times are fled,
His faithful brethren all were dead."

Matters generally had altered for the worse, and a man now would not be scragged on the unsupported evidence of a common informer. Tim Doolan felt the change. In a plain, unvarnished tale, in which he had deposed to a felonious conspiracy the year before, to fire the castle and the court,—blow up the magazine,—and, horror of horrors! assassinate Major Sirr! through a slight informality the delinquent was acquitted; he, the conspirator, proving himself to have been domiciled in Kent, when Tim swore positively that he was resident in Kildare. The counsel for the defence availed himself of an established rule, "that no man can be in two places at the same time—barring he's a bird," and on this, the authority of Sir Boyle Roach—the traitor was acquitted, while, worse still, the blood-money was lost.

"What will the world come to?" said Mr. Doolan, as he jogged quietly along with a led horse. "Ah! God be with the old times!

* *Anglicè*—a by-road.

There was some comfort in a drum-head court-martial. Over in ten minutes, sentence pronounced, and the man hanged, while his friends were consulting about getting him a *habeas corpus*. That was what I call asserting the majesty of the law. How dull trade is! I have been these three days on a dodge of the major's, but it's no go after all. It's so gallows hard to get matters into shape now. If you what they call *prevaricate*, the case breaks down *teetotally*. In that blessed year of ninety-eight, ye hanged your man, and afterwards made inquiries. Now, here I am, three days and nights upon the batter, and all I'm the better for it is catching a stray horse, and if I parted with him to a customer, saddle and bridle as he stands, twelve wagabones would very likely call it robbery. Fakes! I might have come to want, but that Ned Galvin* slipt his wind in good time, and the major got me the situation. It's mighty dishartning, however, to step into Ned's shoes without a little practice. Lord! how he *did* hang his men. No bungling, but off they went, clane as a whistle. I would have liked to open with country bisness afore I made my first appearance at Kilmainham. One would n't like, ye know, to make any mistake before a large and fashionable audience. But what! two dragoons from the Dublin side,—and see! three yeomen from the country! By jogstay! maybe there's something to give trade a turn, and so I'll jog on and meet them."

Thus soliloquized the last of the major's satellites, as he quickened his pace and joined the strange horsemen. Tim was a public character of too great notoriety for a moment to maintain an incognito, and one of the yeomen, at a glance, recognized the most celebrated *employé* of the Irish Vidocq.

"Why, Mr. Doolan, ye're early out of town, I see.—You have had a beautiful *rookawn* last night in Dublin, I hear."

"Eh, what?" exclaimed the thief-taker, eagerly; "I am from the country, and slept last night at the nineteen-mile-house."

"Then you have not heard of Emmett's insurrection?" said the yeoman.

"Blessed Anthony!" exclaimed Mr. Doolan, with undissembled astonishment; "and *has* the thing come off? Why, the major did not expect it for another fortnight."

"It has come off with a vengeance," returned the yeoman; and he gave the newly-appointed finisher of the law a hurried account of the last evening's *émeute*.

Othello's military revelations to his gentle listener, were never half so interesting to Mademoiselle Desdemona, as the details of the recent outbreak were to the ex-thief-catcher and present hangman, and, as the yeoman proceeded, Mr. Doolan made a running commentary on the circumstances attending this strange affair, accompanied by a rough calculation touching the results which might be realized in the way of business.

"They murdered the chief justice," said the yeoman.

"Oh, by the Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Doolan, and he rubbed his hands, "twenty at laste will strap up for that!" then, dropping into a *sotto voce*, "five pound a-head. They can't offer less. Five times twenty,—that's a hundred, and no mistake."

"They piked Colonel Brown of the 21st, one of the best officers in the service."

* A celebrated Dublin executioner.

"That 'ill be ten more,—same price,—fifty," said the successor of Mr. Galvin.

"Mr. Woolf, a clergyman of most respected character, was slaughtered at the same time by the savages," continued the royalist.

"Troth!" returned Mr. Doolan, "they can't do less than throttle five for a clergyman of respectable character. Five times five are twenty-five."

"An eminent solicitor also lost his life," quoth the yeoman.

"We won't book against him any but the chap that did it. They won't choke more than one for him," observed the finisher of the law, "and if the divil could only change the *venue* to Galway, they would acquit him at once, and find it 'justifiable homicide,' because the dead man was an attorney."

This conversation brought the horsemen to the lawn in front of Castle Aylmer, and following the example of the loyalists who had preceded them, they, too, picketed their horses and required and received supplies.

Evening came—the sun gilded a pinnacle of the mountain-range behind which in another hour he would retire—carriage after carriage arrived—and while within the mansion the noblest in the land had formed a joyful re-union, the lawn was crowded with dismounted horsemen waiting until, in the cool of twilight, they should resume the routes which noonday heat had obliged them to postpone. Hidden by the foliage, and stretched listlessly on the rustic bench which from morning he had rested on, Aylmer, in indolent repose, seemed dreaming the evening away: but this quiescent apathy was delusory, and the attitude of the person was painfully contrasted with the frenzied action of the mind. A brain on fire—a throbbing heart—a smothered sigh—all bespoke the desperate circumstances of one beyond a hope. Now and again, when the roll of carriage-wheels were heard, he looked abroad. With the colours and liveries of every equipage that arrived the discarded youth was perfectly familiar; and but a year or two before, that same assemblage, in the ordinary course of things, might have witnessed the nuptial festivities of himself, the heir, who were now collected to celebrate a baptismal rite that consummated his disinheritance.

Twilight grey came on—dragoon and yeoman were saddling for their night-march—every window in the old mansion was lighted up—and the state drawing-room, which, amid the manifold alterations considered necessary to adapt an ancient manor-house to modern purposes, had been regarded as sacred and permitted, to retain its Elizabethan character, shewed more brilliantly than the numerous reception-rooms around. The wanderer guessed the cause. In that venerated chamber the high solemnities of his family for nearly three centuries had been celebrated. There his mother had been married—there the first ritual of Christianity had been bestowed upon himself—and there the infant heir of a line coeval with the Conquest was about to receive the name of a parent who, in fancy, regarded that evening as the happiest of a life. How blind are mortal calculations! Ere midnight struck, it was decreed that the scene of revelry should change to the house of mourning.

Even an Irish banquet in "auld lang syne" would find a termination, and the fairer portion of the company had left the dinner-table

for the gay saloon, where the ceremony which had caused the festive meeting to assemble was shortly to be solemnized. The last of the dragoons was in the saddle, and, save the half-dozen riders whose accidental junction at the park-gate we have already noticed, the evening bivouac upon the lawn had broken up and the horsemen were departed. This pleasant group, however, fancied that a summer evening was too short for a carouse *al fresco*, and determined to await "the sweet hour of the night," regardless of the smiling invitation of a moon nearly at the full, who, as poor Burns wrote, would have "wiled them hame," had they not previously resolved that she should "wait a wee."

"Pass the bottle round," said Tim Doolan to a country yeoman. "Hark! That cheer within is either for his honour's health or the 'glorious memory.' Well, either toast is worthy of a bumper. But—in the devil's name—who have we here?" and, springing on his feet from the grass, the newly-appointed finisher of the law confronted a stranger, who, under cover of an immense beech-tree, had stolen unnoticed on their symposium.

"Stand! who are you?" roared Mr. Doolan.

"The wreck of what was once a man," returned a hoarse and broken voice.

"What brings you here?" inquired a yeoman. "Your business, friend?"

"I am no friend of yours," returned the stranger, coolly; "and my errand hither is to try and preserve the spark of life that otherwise would be extinct before morning."

"Come—quick—your name—your name and business?" cried another of the royalists.

"Let me eat—give me drink—I am starving, wounded, half-dead. Let me refresh myself for five minutes, and I'll warrant that my news will repay my entertainment,"—and without waiting further invitation, he threw himself upon the sward and ravenously attacked the remnant of the yeomen's supper.

"Upon my sowl!" said Mr. Doolan, "I never saw a gentleman rowl in upon a private party with less ceremony than yerself; and, feaks! from a short sketch of your performance as a trencher-man, I would rather grub ye for the week than by the fortnight. Give him a drop of *Costigan*,—no doubt the devil has a cobweb in his thrapple."

Greeditly the self-invited guest drank the whiskey off. "Ay!" he exclaimed; "There's life in that."

"Well, what's the news ye promised?" returned Mr. Doolan.

"Five minutes more, and ye shall hear it," said the stranger. "Six-and-thirty hours have passed since I breakfasted yesterday. I travelled twenty miles to be in Dublin for the row, and was hunted here—sixteen long ones—in addition to the twenty. I have a bayonet-wound in my ribs—and a bullet through my arm—lay fifteen hours in yonder glen—and—"

"Came here to confess and be hanged," exclaimed a royalist.

"No." said the outlaw. "To sup with an old acquaintance first, and then renew our intimacy. Do you recollect me, Doolan?"

"Sometimes," returned the hangman, "I think I can remimber yer voice; but y'er face and figure I cannot exactly bring to mind."

"You have been anxious for a personal introduction to me these four years past, for all that."

"'Pon my conscience, then, I can't tell for what," returned the ex-thieftaker ; "ye're not to say the exact sort of man one would borrow money to spend upon. Divil a worse-fitted gentleman I have lately met with, for a decent scarecrow wouldn't exchange clothes with ye."

"Never mind that, Tim ; in a day or two your friend, the major himself, would be proud to walk with me. Have you forgot Dan Hacket ?"

Mr. Doolan seemed electrified.

"By the holy, it's the man !" he exclaimed, in a voice triumphant ; "fifty pounds upon his head, dead or alive, and—"

"Interest four years, if they'll only reckon fair with you. But, Tim, jewel, the divil a penny of the same ye'll get ; there has been fifty on my head since '98—what's upon Emmett's ?"

"Five hundred !" exclaimed the party with one voice.

"And what shall I have ?—life and pardon is safe, I know," returned the stranger—if I get him for you in a week ?"

"A fair share," was the response.

"In a day ?" inquired the outlaw.

"A double share."

"In an hour ?"

"A full half."

"Gentlemen, a bargain ; but a deed requires to be witnessed."

"Honour bright !" ejaculated the hangman.

"A soldier's word !" exclaimed a yeoman, who was also parish-clerk.

"All binding, doubtless ; but, to make things surer, Captain Hacket will wait upon Mr. Aylmer. Come along ; another cheer heralds a new toast, and we shall be in good time to find the gentlemen in the dining-room."

A stranger scene, a more singular contrast than the grand saloon and dining-room at Castle Aylmer presented, could scarcely be imagined. The one, in brilliant light, shewed beauty such as even a land renowned for loveliness might have been searched in vain to rival, while a proud churchman, a baby richly dressed, a young mother, smiling in all the womanly pride which attends a first maternity, silently announced that the baptismal ceremony was now at hand. In the other room lofty lineage, wealth, and worldly position were grouped with wretchedness and crime ; for there, surrounded by his high-born guests, Reginald Aylmer gave audience to the pleasant party who had spent the evening on the lawn, and one of the yeomen acted as spokesman to the party.

"Be brief, sir," said the lord of the mansion ; "you must be well aware that my presence is elsewhere wanted ;" and he pointed to a servant, who had just announced that the attendance of the gentlemen was required in the saloon.

"I came," said the royalist in reply, "to notify the caption of a traitor."

"Which of these two scoundrels is the man ?"

For, by a natural instinct, the finisher of the law had stuck himself close beside the felon, and Mr. Aylmer had been puzzled to

choose between the pair, the outer man of one indicating a highwayman in good circumstances, while the wretchedness of the other betrayed, "in faded eye and hollow cheek," all the misery and privations attendant on an outlaw's life.

Great was the surprise on the part of Mr. Doolan that his personal appearance had not sufficiently guaranteed his respectability; but, to be mistaken for a rebel, seemed to him the unkindest cut of all; and he was proceeding to detail his attachment to church and state, and his utility as a citizen, when Hacket interrupted him.

"Nay," said the outlaw, with a bitter smile, "you wrong this worthy gentleman by the question. He has ever been a loyal subject; and I have no doubt, with a little practice, will make an excellent hangman. I am the traitor!"

"Thou!" exclaimed the lord of Castle Aylmer; "poor wretch! And was it for one like you that I have lost five minutes of a joyous evening? Off with him to the next guard-house; but, hold! hunger is written on his face, and let the starved villain have his supper first."

"Arrah, then, upon my conscience!" exclaimed the finisher of the law, "on that head ye'r honour may make yourself quite asy. If ye had only seen his performance on the lawn, ye would have supposed that, in the provision way, he would not have wanted anything for another fortnight."

"Reginald Aylmer,"—and the outlaw's eye kindled like the flickering of an expiring lamp,— "was I always, think ye, the fangless lion that I am? How often was Dan Hacket hunted, over bog and mountain, like a beast of prey?—who burned his cabin?—whose myrmidons savagely abused his wife?—who, when the grave closed upon her shame, turned her homeless orphans on the world? I look him in the face—thou art the man!"

"Remove the ruffian!" exclaimed the owner of the mansion, as the flush of rage coloured his pale face.

"Not for a minute; listen calmly, I won't delay you long. Guess ye what is the happiest hour in human life?—it is to recall past injuries to mind, when the long-delayed means of vengeance at last are within the wronged one's reach. Did my burning passion for revenge ever cool?—never, Reginald Aylmer! Mind ye St. Stephen's day?"

"Ay, faith!" returned the old gentleman; "and with good reason too. As I waited beside the fox-cover, to see the red rascal break it, a musket-bullet grazed my hunting-cap."

"This eye," said the outlaw, "glanced along the barrel whence it came, and this finger pressed the trigger when the mark was covered. But I came not to bandy past grievances; will you promise me present protection and a future provision?"

"Well," observed the hangman, as he elevated his eyes to the ceiling, expressive of profound astonishment, "the villanous impudence of some people bates Banagher. Why, ye thief of the world! is it for taking a curl off his honour's wig that ye expect provision and protection? Arrah! the curse of Cromwell attend ye night and day! I suppose, if ye drove an ounce of lead through the squire's skull, you would have expected to have been made a person of trust like me, or, at laste, a captain in the milishay."

"Mr. Aylmer," continued the outcast, "time presses; you are anxious to see your baby heir obtain his father's name, and, though

it may seem weakness, I feel rather queer with the hangman at my elbow. Who was the last night's leader?"

"Emmett!" responded a dozen voices.

"There was another; ay, and one more formidable than the wild young man you mention."

"Yes," returned one of the company, "we know that well; and, strange enough, who that arch-traitor is, remains to this moment a mystery."

"What would you give to know him—see him,—have him in your power,—ay, in this very room?" said the outlaw, carelessly.

"Are you the man?" exclaimed several voices.

"Oh, no; Heaven help me, I was born a peasant, educated for a priest, and had not grace enough to take to the profession. He is a gentleman; and while I was a wanderer among the mountains, he flaunted it with the proudest in the land."

"It is marvellous!" returned the old host. "Well, should I agree to your terms, how long will you require to produce this most mysterious rebel?"

"Ten minutes—or merely a trifle longer."

"Agreed. We'll wait your return here."

"I won't delay you long. Come, Tim, I'll introduce ye to your first customer, and with the assistance of our friends here,"—he pointed to the yeomen, "five of ye will feel little trouble in securing a tired man."

He said. His companions gladly assented to undertake a profitable job. Mr. Doolan was delighted to find that his opening essay would be tried upon a gentleman. Reginald Aylmer gloried in the thought, that, through his agency, one dreaded by the executive, and wrapped in impenetrable mystery, should be brought to justice.

Five minutes passed: every eye was turned on the clock upon the mantel-piece; and five more were added to the number. Five minutes more elapsed; a shuffling of feet was heard; the doors of the dinner-hall flew open; six men had left it, and seven re-entered. The seventh was the expected prisoner.

Mr. Aylmer measured the captive with his eye from head to foot. "Were you present at the last night's outbreak?"

"I was."

"Are you an accomplice—a fellow-conspirator,—a friend of Emmett?"

"I am."

"Traitor! your name—speak?"

"Probably you will save me that trouble, and announce it to this good company?"

He tore his closed collar open, threw his hat carelessly on the floor, and heedless of the recent addition to Tim Doolan's dignity, he pushed the finisher of the law aside with scanty ceremony.

"Am I known, or must I introduce myself?"

Upon the guests the recognition of the disinherited youth appeared astounding; and a loud and painful exclamation broke from every lip; but upon the old gentleman the effect was fatal. He muttered his nephew's name, staggered two paces backwards, and sank upon the floor. The guests sprang forward to raise their fainting host, but life had fled. Reginald Aylmer was a dead man!

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT IN NAPLES, IN 1847.

THE heat, and dust, and exhaustion of the day was over, and a brilliant moon, lighting up the beautiful gulf, tempted us out to the refreshment of its cool translucent waves. On the gigantic masses of lava that protect the light-house at the head of the Mole—hundreds of people of all classes, from the naked fisher-boy, with the image of his patron saint attached to a string round his neck, to the elegant and *blasé* primate or marchese,—are loitering or lying about to enjoy the fresh breeze. There was a boatman bathing his pretty little frightened girl with his own hand—there a troop of frolicsome boys—swimming about and playing all sorts of tricks, surrounding the boats, and popping up their black dripping heads, blowing out water, like dolphins or youthful tritons—sometimes getting a stroke with an oar, and then taking revenge by splashing the water in abundance over the ladies and gentlemen that fill them, or giving loud shrill whistles to show their contempt of the rowers.

Behind us lies the castle of St. Elmo, the high grey walls of the fortress clearly defined against the evening sky glowing in gold and crimson, which tinges also the white walls of the convent of St. Martino, and the olive groves, and the city, rising in terraces above the deep blue sea.

We rowed round the mighty dam, which, when complete, is to form so secure an anchoring ground, and for which, enormous blocks of lava are brought from the quarries at Portici, and sunk in the sea; a heavy and fatiguing kind of work that is performed by galley-slaves. Towards the gay shore of St. Lucca are rowing-boats, full of women, to take a sea-bath, and carriages are driving along the quays towards the same point, with company hastening to drink the mineral waters.

Now, from churches far and near, sounds the Ave Maria, followed by drums and fifes, from the numerous barracks of the city. We leave the Castel dell Ovo, with its bustling defences, and its terrible dungeons beneath the sea, in which despots, like Charles of Anjou, have confined innocent children and feeble old men, and passing under a bridge, and by the gardens and palaces where Lucullus and his friends once revelled, enter the Paradise which lies in the semi-circle, formed by the rocky reefs of Pizzo-Falcone, and the school of Virgil on the extreme point of the promontory of Pausilippo, and which is never so enchanting as at sun-rise or sun-set.

Where, on the wide earth's surface, could be found another such enchanting combination of rock and foliage and grotto, of air and earth and sea? And now this voluptuous magnificence of vegetation, this overflowing abundance of flowers and leaves and fruits, such waving lines of beauty as those in which Pausilippo, clothed in eternal loveliness and freshness, sinks down gradually to bathe itself and all that it bears in the "happy brimmed sea." And how solemnly rises above, as if to protect it from intrusion, the Cumaldoli mountain, with its stately groups of trees, its convent church and silent monks—until at last the veil of twilight softly sinks down upon it, and the wide bay and the far-stretching hills and villas and palaces, which rise in long terraces, from the Riviera di Chiaja to the commanding castle.

But scarcely has the evening glow faded from the sky, before countless lamps glitter along the shore, and among the green boughs

of trees, and the tangled draperies and wreaths of the vines that clothe the hills to their summit; the palaces and villas are again visible by their long lines of illuminated windows; coloured lamps gleam out to mark the site of little solitary churches and chapels—and the portals of others are encircled with garlands of light. From time to time, from various points, fire-balloons and rockets ascend into the air, to the inexpressible delight of “Young Naples,” and our boat floats softly towards one of the Pausilippo grottos, from which come sounds of mingling voices, and the tones of the guitar; and our oars seem to drop showers of golden sparks, as it enters the long line of light sent across the water by the glorious moon.

These Pausilippo grottos are a favourite resort for Neapolitans of the middle class, and a sort of cyclopean kitchen has been formed in them for the preparation of fish, *frutti di mare*, as they are called, amongst which, oysters, mussels, and medusæ, play a principal part.

We found here parties of twenty and thirty people, the women and girls very gaily attired, sitting round a well-supplied supper table, while the peaceful waters played almost to their feet; at another was a party of Swiss officers tossing—at another priests, talking politics, and cards and the tarantella, and the sounds of song and guitar, made up a festive confusion of noises to which the cry of the boatmen round the landing-place, and the professional moan of beggars, whom nobody thought of driving away, and the dash of the waves and oars, served as an accompaniment.

We sat till past midnight, enjoying the delicious air, to say nothing of the pure unadulterated wine, and the “fruits of the sea,”—and rowed back beneath the starry sky, singing joyous or plaintive songs, which were honoured, I beg to observe, with more than one “Bravo” and “Bene” from fair lips. The apartments of the palace were still brilliantly illuminated, and from far and near resounded in a plaintive minor key, the parting salutation of “*felicesima notte*” of one homeless lazzaroni to another—a “most happy night” which is to be passed, as all their nights are, upon the soft couch of a flag-stone.

ENGLAND'S FAME.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

YES! I will speak of England's fame,
 Sweet spot of freedom on the earth;
 The light of whose untarnished name
 Sheds glory round the humblest birth.
 Within her strong expansive arms
 Fair Science rears a golden shrine;
 And where 's the foreign maid whose charms
 Can vie, dear soil, with those of thine?

YES! I will speak of England's fame,
 Blest spot of valour and renown!
 And laud each gallant one whose name
 To us has brought her glory down.
 No dearer boon my heart would crave,
 When death shall pillow this my head,
 Than on thy shore to find a grave,
 And slumber with thy honoured dead.

THE TUILERIES,

ITS HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC ASSOCIATIONS.

THE Tuileries! How many historical associations are connected with this palace! What a variety of character, incident, and scene, rushes into the mind at the bare mention of its name! There the great drama of life has been played with admirable stage-effect; sometimes dazzling the mind with its superb grandeur, at others debasing it by its grovelling meanness. The drama commenced with cruelty, and ended with cowardice. The first scene of Catherine de Medicis was afflicting from its atrocity—the last of Louis Philippe was pitiable from its pusillanimity. But, in all these exhibitions, where there is little to admire, much to condemn, and more, perhaps, that we really ought to despise, we may observe the reflex of the character and intelligence of the times in which they respectively took place. Each and all have their peculiar impress.

Place yourself for a few moments on the Place du Carrousel, and let your eye range along the *façade* of the Tuileries, which fronts you. Never mind its exterior—its architectural beauty—that is worthy in every respect of a separate study; but, just awaken your memory, and let it range through the interior of that noble pile, which has witnessed so much beauty and grandeur, so much spirit and heroism, and, we must say, so much meanness and duplicity, as its temporary occupants; and, if your imagination is not excessively dull, you will have ranged before your mind's eye a sort of historical *tableau*, which you may study with pleasure and advantage, as your will or fancy may direct you.

But, first, of the spot on which you stand—the Place du Carrousel. Its name implies its origin. It was here that Louis XIV., that pompous poodle, who played his part in the parade and pageantry of his times to perfection,—gave a grand feast to his court, in commemoration of some victory or other gained by his army, which cost, according to Dulaure, fifty thousand pounds of our money. This *carrousel* was characteristic of the wasteful extravagance, and the hollow splendour, of the *grande monarchie*. It was like driving a nail, if we may be allowed the expression, into the coffin of the monarchy.

We may, perhaps, be pardoned for mentioning that the Tuileries is not an old palace, when compared with many others in Europe; its foundation does not stretch farther back than 1564. But there was an Hôtel des Tuileries,* built by one Nicolas de Neuville, of whom Francis I. purchased it for his mother, Louisa of Savoy, who left the Palais de Tournelles (the Place Royale) to reside there. She was the first royal personage who lived on that spot. The foundation of the Tuileries was laid in the time of Catherine de Medicis,

* Part of the ground on which the palace of the Tuileries now stands, was, in the fourteenth century, called *La Sablonnière*, or the *sandpits*, as appears by documents of that age. There was a tile-work established there, from which it derived its name. The first time it is called the Tuileries is in an ordonnance of Charles VI., issued in 1416, in which it is commanded that all the slaughter-houses of Paris be removed out of the city, to the neighbourhood of the *Tuileries-Saint-Honoré*, on the banks of the Seine, beyond the ditches of the Louvre.

and a great portion of it built under her immediate superintendence. She resided there the greater portion of her time. Now commence those scenes of cruelty and tyranny at which the mind shudders; not so much at the principal perpetrators — for they did but reflect the age—as at the dark and deadly promptings of the mind, at that period. Poor gloomy bigots! they thought that they did the Almighty a service by savagely mutilating his works. Catherine played a prominent part in that dreadful drama — the *St. Bartholomew battue*. Her hands were stained with blood. How that bold, bad woman pushed her son on to the perpetration of the massacre! It was from the palace-windows of the Tuileries that Charles fired his carbine upon his unoffending subjects; a dreadful example, which was immediately followed, and led to the most frightful slaughter of unarmed and defenceless citizens, that history records. That weak prince was *morally* murdered by his mother, to suit her own subtle and selfish ambition. She artfully perverted the little goodness he had in his nature; and used every effort to corrupt and enfeeble his mind. He was the victim of her heartless cruelty. Guise, Cardinal Lorraine, and Tavannes,—

“ Fellows by the hand of nature mark’d,
Quoted, and sign’d, to do a deed of shame,
_____ fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable, to be employ’d in danger,”

were the fitting instruments for such hands as those of the dark and deadly Catherine, and her cowardly son, to work with, in such a revolting emergency.

Henry IV. appears upon the scene with a kind of halo about him, from the contrast of his character and conduct with that of his gloomy predecessors. The French admire him, and designate him as the *good king*; but his goodness only appears in relation to extreme badness, for his treatment of Sully, his faithful adviser and steady counsellor, and his vacillating opinions, are not among the qualities which we should call *good*. It was policy and compulsion that caused him to exhibit himself a shade better in conduct than his contemporaries. But the assassin’s dagger cut short his career at its turning point; or history, if it would but paint truly, must have coloured him in a different shade. Henry commenced the Louvre, now the finest gallery in Europe; and his wife, Mary de Medicis, resided with her son, Louis XIII., in the apartments which he had constructed. Mary, with true Italian policy, consigned her son to the tutelage of two favourites, whose aim it was to stunt his intellect, and dwarf his mind. Louis was a singular compound of contradictory qualities; he was cunning, and cruel, and when the passion seized him, courageous. The amusement of the boy-king took a singular turn; it consisted in wheeling loads of sand, with which he constructed fortresses, and in training jackdaws to kill the small birds in the gardens of the Tuileries. He is said to have been passionately fond of music, and to have delighted in mechanical pursuits. The Queen-mother desired nothing better; it suited her ambitious views, and her love of power. It is strange how frequently the *Salic law* has been indirectly superseded by women in France; and, in every instance, the unfortunate prince who chanced to stand in the way, has been treated more with the view of converting him into an idiot or an imbecile, than a wise and prudent ruler. Charles IX.,

Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., are examples in point, where the Queen-mothers have studiously and systematically misdirected the minds of their children, to gratify their own selfish and ambitious aims.

Louis XIV. greatly improved the Tuileries, and resided there until the palace of Versailles was completed in 1702. Up to his time the garden was separated from the palace by a street; and the ground was strangely disfigured by the grotesque remains of the preceding age. The celebrated Lenôte was the gardener—*le jardinier des rois*, as he was called in the inflated language of the times,—and to his taste and decorative genius are we indebted for the beautiful walks and terraces,—the orange-trees, fountains, and flowers,—the shady groves, where statuary, antique and modern, are at every step,—in short, the whole artificial scene which the eye meets at every turn, and which renders it one of the most enchanting promenades in Europe. Lenôte was a genius in his way. He imitated his master in the dignified and grand, and was purely as artificial; he was also among the few whom Louis allowed to put off the conventional formalities in their intercourse. “I care not how soon I die!” exclaimed the “great” gardener, when he took leave of the Pope on a visit to Rome, “I have beheld the two greatest men on earth, your holiness and the King, my master.” Louis bore the freedoms of Lenôte with good humour, and to the last treated him with kindness. On one occasion, detailing to the *grand monarque** the plan for the formation of the gardens at Versailles, Louis, struck with the taste of his gardener, exclaimed, “Lenôte, I give you for that twenty thousand francs.” When this munificence, however, was repeated for the fourth time, Lenôte stopped the King, saying, “Sire, your majesty shall hear no more,—I should ruin you were I to go on.”

There is little to record of Louis XV. in relation to the Tuileries; except that his reign of extravagance and debauchery precipitated that great event which shook Europe to its centre, and whose vibrations are still felt with painful solicitude. On the memorable 6th of October, 1789, Louis XVI. left his sumptuous abode at Versailles, never to return to it. That ill-fated prince took up his residence in the Tuileries with his queen and family, and only left it for a prison and the scaffold. The terrific scenes in the palace during that stormy period, when order, rule, and right were unceremoniously thrust aside by the rude multitude, have left a dark impression on the historic page; and however stoic and stern may be our moral sentiments,—however rigid our notions of justice,—we cannot but sympathise with the unhappy victims who paid the penalties of a preceding age as well as their own. We pass over the attempted escape from the palace and the return of Louis; but we cannot forget the *sans-culottes*' irruption into the Tuileries,—the fright of the poor queen,—the terror of Louis himself when a ruffian butcher clapped a red cap on his head, the ugly emblem of liberty, as the latter is miscalled,—the massacre of the guards, and the fiendish fury of the assailants, who, when red-hot with the blood of their

* Miss Pardoe, in her “Louis the Fourteenth and the Court of France,” has drawn an admirable portrait of the stately king, his court, and the celebrated beauties and wits which adorned it; indeed, we have no book at the present day that presents so interesting an epitome of one of the most interesting epochs of history, or combines so much in so short a space.

victims, spared neither age, sex, nor decency in their destructive course.

The Convention also held its preliminary sittings in the Tuileries, for the verification of their powers. It was here also that they abolished royalty, and introduced the system of absolute equality. Poor Louis and the Queen were at that time guarded in their palace by the well-remembered Hebert and Destournelles; and when the trumpets brayed out the event, the two latter rudely stared the king and queen in the face, who, although perceiving it, kept on reading the books they held in their hands without suffering their countenances to change.

Napoleon appears next on the scene. The brilliant soldier has connected his name with the Tuileries by his triumphal arch, his proclamations, and his decrees. From the apartments of that palace he gave away kingdoms, thrones, and principalities, and staggered the world with the audacity of his deeds; and his son, too, the young king of Rome, whose birth was announced to Europe by a whole park of artillery, is still numbered among the celebrities of the Tuileries, from the startling contrast between the commencement and the close of his somewhat melancholy career.

When the military meteor had shot down the horizon, and the glare of his success and disasters had died away, peace and tranquillity was once more restored to the Tuileries. But for a short time, as the minds of men seldom recede. Louis XVIII. wished to forget the past, as though it could be erased from the memory while so many monuments around him attested its existence. The interior of the palace, during his brief reign, presented a singular contrast to his predecessor's time: in lieu of booted marshals and belted generals, there were antiquated dowagers, sleek priests, stately ladies, and polite but prejudiced gentlemen. These friends of the restored monarch wished to roll back the tide of time, but they made a grievous mistake.

There was little change during the time of his successor, Charles X., until the termination of his political career, when the throne was shattered and the dynasty of the Bourbons virtually destroyed. It was a painful and a pitiable sight to see the old monarch driven out to exile, after buffeting the waves of public opinion so bravely; and had he not listened to his priestly advisers and lent himself to their bigot apprehensions, he might, in all probability, have obtained repose in his native land. We should then, also, have been spared the hybrid reign of his successor and, in some measure, his *supplanter*. Of all the changes which the Tuileries has yet experienced, certainly its present is by far the most remarkable, but it is perfectly in unison with the nature of things at the present moment. Everything is turned topsy-turvy in France for a time; how long it will endure is a subject of speculation in which almost every thinking mind is indulging, and in which no one can safely and satisfactorily succeed. Revolutions must have their round; and when this disturbing influence is keenly felt by the community who indulge in them,—when their industry is shattered, their prosperity paralysed, and their peace perpetually disturbed,—they will be glad to return to the common-sense ways of the world, which is seldom deviated from by the mass of the people but at a great loss and a severe sacrifice.

HORRIBLE DELUSIONS.

BY SYDNEY BYWATER.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.

EVERYONE who has visited Brighton must know Trumper Terrace. It is one of the most quiet localities in the town, and is easily recognised by the green verandahs over the dining-room windows, and by the brilliant brass knobs which ornament the centre of the modest green doors. The small gardens in front are astronomically laid out in full-moons, half-moons, and stars, with neat gravelly ways between them. During the season the houses are let out to emigrants from the metropolis, at proportionably moderate rents, considering that each proprietor keeps a full-buttoned page for the use of the lodgers, who are always persons of the highest respectability, and without "incumbrances" as children are appropriately designated.

If you have half an hour to spare, let me introduce you to Mrs. Abbott, of 48, Trumper Terrace. This is Mrs. Abbott, and a lady of the Gamp school of oratory, full-blown as a peony and nearly as red. Fifty-two, are you not Mrs. Abbott? No—only forty-seven, but parish registers are invariably wrong. I believe you are a widow, and have kept a lodging-house two and twenty years? You have done pretty well at the business? Pretty well. I thought so. You would rather not say how you realized your profits? Very well we have no particular object in inquiring. You have a daughter? Married? Recently I believe? Would you oblige us with the history of her courtship, or at least so much as relates to Mr. Bosberry, your son-in-law's horrible delusions? I knew you would. We *do* wish it, upon my honour. I don't mind sitting in a draught, and would rather not take a glass of ginger-wine before dinner. Hem!

"It's two years ago come Tuesday, that I was sitting where you may be now, turning a brown holland sofy cover, for which they charge sixteen pence to wash, whereas only one side was dirty, and I thought I would have the benefit of the one which was not, when Bloomfield, our page as was then, but who is now grown in to Lord Lobsky's family, and wears a sky blue livery, and his hair in powder, perhaps you know 'em? Hem! I thought you might. Well, as I was saying, Bloomfield announces, 'A gentleman to look at the apartments.' I rolled up the sofa cover, and telling him to show the gentleman into the next room, put it into the *chiffonière*, the very one at your back, sir, and went to the person so announced, and found a very mild gentlemanly young man attired in deep mourning, about three-and-twenty, with a small riding-whip in his hand, and light auburn hair rather inclined to be carroty."

"Mrs. Abbott,' says he.

"Yes, sir,' says I.

"You've apartments to let?"

"Yes, sir,' says I. 'Two pun' ten a-week, washing extra, including boot-cleaning and attendance, without firing, and the use of the piano.'

"My name is Mr. Bosberry,' says he, 'and I take your apartments

on those terms, having just lost a distant relation, and shall take possession to-morrow, having received a legacy of considerable amount, and when my man brings my luggage, be kind enough to let a fire be lighted in both rooms."

"'Sir, it shall be done,' says I, 'but without a reference or a deposit, I shouldn't like, as it is usual—'

"'I beg pardon,' said he, 'for forgetting it. There's a five-pound note with my name and address on that card, which though it's a country note is as good as the bank of England, and any body knows me in Coleman-street, London.'

And Mr. Bosberry took your apartments, I believe, Mrs. Abbott, and continued to occupy them for many months, during which time he formed an attachment for your daughter Julia, proposed for her, was accepted, and had arranged everything for the joyful occasion, when the circumstances occurred which you will now relate to us. You were about to say that Mr. Bosberry was of rather a jealous temperament, and that on the 12th day preceding the wedding he called you into the room and said—pray go on, Mrs. Abbott.

"'Mrs. Abbott,' says he, 'I shall be married in London.'

"'In London!' I shrieks, and down I set on that ottoman where Mary has left the dust-pan and a bundle of firewood which you will excuse.

"'Yes, Ma'am,' says Mr. Bosberry, 'for Miss Abbott seems lately, Ma'am, to be holding a daily levee and drawing room of all the male population of Brighton.'

"'Sir,' says I, of course feeling naturally all my maternal dignity rising in my throat, and choking my utterance, so that I could not speak without coughing, "Julia is above suspicion, and has received from her cradle, as well as five years' board and tuition under Mrs. Roscommon's finishing academy, an education above the ordinary, and which would render her incapable of such conduct as you attribute to that unoffending girl,' who that instant entered the room, and took a seat accordingly. But I fear I'm boring your friend, Mr. Bywater, and as the washerwoman has just drove up to the door in her cart, and I've not made out the book, perhaps you'll tell him the rest and allow me to wish you good morning."

"Good morning, Mrs. Abbott."

"So if you'll stroll with me to the pier I will continue this disjointed narrative."

Bosberry was resolute, he vowed they should leave Brighton on the morrow or he would do something desperate. The ladies were fain to succumb, and Mrs. Abbott, with an eye to business, stuck up in the window a bill of 'Apartments to let,' within an hour of the foregoing conversation.

"Bloomfield," exclaimed Bosberry, "say Miss Abbott is out, say I am out to every body that calls to-day."

Rat-tat-tat, went the knocker instantly, as though to test the page's fidelity.

"Out, sir, all on 'em out, sir," said Bloomfield in a very loud voice.

"Indeed! Tell Mr. Bosberry that Mr. Jackson called," said the visitor, and bang went the door.

"Jackson! I lent him ten pounds yesterday, and he's called to pay me. Here! Hi! Jackson, old boy," cried Bosberry from the

verandah: "At home to you, of course. Here, come in at the window; give me your hand; up you are!" and Mr. Jackson was handed in accordingly.

"He had called to discharge his obligation; there was the note. Bosberry went into an inner room to place the money in his desk, and judge of his horror, when, reflected in the mirror he saw Jackson whispering to Julia, Julia smiling on Jackson, and both affectionately pressing the hands of each other. In a state of mind 'more easily imagined than described' he returned into the front room, and, with a smile as ghastly as a gorgon's, requested Jackson to take some wine.

"'No wine, thank you,' said Jackson, 'but if my dear young friend would favour me with a cup of coffee, I should be greatly obliged.'

"'Viper!' thought Bosberry; 'but I won't be done; he shall not stop here. Jackson,' said he, *sotto voce*, 'I have a most particular appointment with Captain Hamstringer, and Julia detests him so much, that I know not how to get away. It is already five minutes past the hour. Can you take me out?'

"'I'll do it,' said Jackson, winking violently at Bosberry. 'By the bye, I have just parted from old Bonus, our director; he told me he wished to see you immediately; I quite forgot to name it before. You'll find him at 'The Ship.' Now make no stranger of me,' continued Jackson, in answer to Bosberry's negative gesticulations; 'go, I insist upon it,' and half by force, half by persuasion, the unhappy man was compelled to leave the house in possession of the enemy.

"Jackson remained in earnest conversation with Julia for something more than an hour, when again pressing her hand to his lips he took his departure. How happy that conversation had made Julia!

"Jackson had just left the house, when a *sort* of a gentleman applied to see the apartments. The applicant was very showily dressed, and might have served as the embodiment of one of those poetical advertisements (the tailor very properly invoking the nine) of Schneider art which daily tempt the unwary. A naval cap anchored and laced, was placed jauntily on one side of his head, and contrasted somewhat oddly with the brass spurs which adorned the heels of his boots. Bloomfield, who always acted as groom of the chamber (until the appearance of a nibble, when his mistress was ordered to be summoned), was delighted with him. He thought him 'a perfect gent,' and as such looked forward to much fun and many stray sixpences. The stranger seemed particularly pleased with all the arrangements, especially admiring the weight of the forks and spoons, which Bloomfield assured him 'was real silver, and none of your 'lectrifying, which took all the steam out of a boy to make 'em look decent.' Mr. Bosberry's gold watch on the mantel-piece was also honoured with the stranger's warmest commendations; and Bloomfield had the interest of the establishment too much at heart to inform the gentleman that the watch did not go with the lodgings.

"'Let me see your missis,' said the stranger; 'if we can hagree about terms, I think the haptments will do.' Bloomfield rushed from the room delighted. The stranger was evidently a genius, for the moment the boy had gone he performed three rapid acts of eccentricity. He twisted the bolt from the French window; he drained Mr. Bosberry's decanter which stood upon the table, and appropriated that gentleman's best hat, which by chance was on the

sideboard! He also looked wistfully at the watch, the spoons, and the forks, and shrugging his shoulders muttered, 'No, not now;—them lodging-house keepers have heyes like 'awks.'

Mrs. Abbott requested the stranger's presence in the parlour, where all matters of business must have been speedily arranged, as very shortly after the eccentric gentleman was seen to borrow the contents of an old gentleman's pocket,—the said old gentleman being at the time up to his eyes in the parliamentary debate on the corn laws.

But where was Bosberry? Flitting round and about Trumper Terrace like a perturbed spirit. He had watched Jackson leave the house; he had noted every minute of his stay; he had seen "the eccentric" enter the once happy No. 48; had seen him in the parlour, had of course placed him to the account of the faithless Julia. But he had not seen pretty little Julia Johnson (Mrs. Abbott's cousin and namesake) at the door, and heard her give the faintest rat-a-tat imaginable.

"Oh, Julia!" exclaimed Julia number two, as she rushed into the arms of J. number one, "Jackson has told you all; I have just received his note—here it is; and he tells me his father has consented to our being married in a month, and that John would meet me here at 9 o'clock,—and there he is,—I'm sure that's his knock."

It was Jackson sure enough. Bosberry saw him! One hour ten minutes and thirty-nine seconds did Bosberry watch for his departure, but in vain. At the fortieth second he—but we must not anticipate events.

"We can never thank you enough, dear Julia," said Jackson, again pressing Miss Abbott's hands to his lips; 'but for you how few would have been our meetings; but now all will be well; in a month she will be mine, never to be separated from me but by death! Oh, Julia!—&c. &c. &c.'

"There, see him to the door, do," said Miss Abbott; "of course you have something to say to each other; but, dearest, wrap my shawl over your head, there's a dreadful draught in our passage,—Mr. Bosberry nearly caught his death there before we were quite engaged." And the considerate girl bounded up to the second floor like a—like a—bird.

Miss Abbott was right, Jackson and his Julia had much to say on their way to the street door; and it was during their "happy converse" that Bosberry's patience exhausted itself.

"By j—o! I will know the worst!" he exclaimed; "she's a flirt—a coquette; I will listen at the keyhole—anything to bring detection home to her. Ah! the balcony!" And stealthily as a cat he clambered into the dining-room.

All was still: the last streak of sunlight was fading in the horizon. Bosberry could not discern the objects in the room; he lighted a taper. The first thing which struck him was the exhausted decanter. "Well, that's—"but utterance was denied him. The next object which caught his attention was the eccentric gentleman's abandoned cap. Bosberry shook with rage and agony. 'Another admirer! Oh, Ju—' and the word stuck as fast in his throat as a fish-bone; for at that moment he heard voices at the street door. What was that?—a kiss! he crept to the window, and





Il grande Colosso

there he saw the perfidious Jackson again attempt to embrace a figure enveloped in a shawl. Ah! he knew that shawl too well—the gaslight showed him the pattern; a pale blue pine-apple on a white ground! He gave it to Julia on her last birth-day. He staggered almost insensible from the window, and buried his face in the sofa pillow.

“Bloomfield!”

“Hark! that’s her voice!”

“Take this letter to the Bedford Hotel, and if the gentleman is within wait for an answer.”

“What gentleman *ought* she to know at the Bedford?” mentally ejaculated the distracted Bosberry. “What’s this? My writing case! Yes, and here, on the blotting paper, is” (and he held the tell-tale sheet before the candle) “T-h-o-s. B-l-a-c-k, E-s-q.—B-e-d-f—,” and he read no more.

“Some one must be sacrificed,” he exclaimed, hastily producing a brace of pistols, and proceeding to load them, “there must be a wretch in the house now—if he’s—not too big I will immolate him on the altar of—Zounds! I’ve rammed a nut into the pistol instead of a bullet—no matter—and now there’s the taper gone out—but revenge is sweet. Why did I love her—why?” and throwing himself on the sofa, he continued, for upwards of an hour, to upbraid himself vainly and incoherently.

“What’s that? a man in the balcony?”

Yes, it was the eccentric gentleman returned no doubt (as he assured Bosberry) with a bull’s eye lantern to look for the cap he had so strangely left behind him.

Bosberry’s calmness was getting awful.

“Sir,” said he, “this subterfuge shall not save you—this sort of thing is getting unbearable—I must take some decisive steps—your card, sir.”

The eccentric gentleman seemed puzzled by this request, but after a moment’s hesitation, produced a card-case, and handed the required pasteboard to Bosberry, who read aloud firmly and distinctly the name of “THOMAS BLACK.”

“Enough,” said Bosberry, “I understand the purport of your visit—take your choice, sir, (and he pointed to the pistols on the table,) for I am desperate.”

“What do you mean, I haint agoing to fight,” exclaimed the stranger, “Call the perlice if you like, but no fire-harms—I don’t resist.”

“Coward,” said Bosberry, with more dignity than he had before exhibited, “I demand SATISFACTION!”

“Satisfaction! the man’s a hass,” replied the stranger, seizing a pistol, “Come, let me go, Mister—I haint a going to be shot at neither.”

“Never, I shall—” cried Bosberry, but recollecting that one of the pistols only was loaded with ball, he altered the proposed form of the sentence into—“shall it be said that I took a mean advantage of an enemy. You may go, sir—to-morrow you shall hear from me—but I’ll trouble you for that pistol, as I do not wish to spoil the pair.”

“Don’t you,” said the eccentric stranger, making a retrograde

movement to the windows, "but ye're not agoing to pop at me when my back's turned—so here's off."

Bosberry instantly rushed upon him, and a fearful struggle ensued, during which the pistol, either by accident or design, was discharged, and the pier glass 48-in. by 56-in. was shivered into a thousand pieces.

The noise brought all the family into the room! There lay Bosberry in the centre of the room, covered with the fragments of the dessert, and rendered helpless by the weight of the inverted table, placed thus by the eccentric gentleman, who had retreated as he had entered, by the window.

"And now, having told you all I think and feel," said Bosberry, after the necessary screaming and fainting had subsided, "I beg to remark that this is the work of your friend, Ma'am,—of *your* friend, ma'am," and he looked at Julia.

"Of m-y-y friend," sobbed out Miss Abbott.

"Yes—your friend—Mr. Thomas Bl—."

"Mr. Thomas Black," announced Bloomfield.

"Why he's never dared to come back," cried Bosberry, as a very respectable elderly gentleman was ushered into the room. It was the same that the eccentric gentleman had "eased" of pocket-handkerchief and card-case in the morning.

"Uncle!" cried Julia.

"Brother!"—cried Mrs. Abbott—"Welcome, home from India!"

Very true, Mr. Thomas Black, after a long sojourn in the East, had come down to Brighton to seek out his relatives, the Abbots. His name announced in the 'Arrivals' had informed Mrs. Abbott of his whereabouts, and Julia had written accordingly. Bosberry was bothered.

"But Jackson—the shawl—"

"Was worn by me," said Miss Johnson, "Mr. Jackson is my—"

"Affianced husband," exclaimed Mrs. Abbotts—"and if it had n't been for some people it had *never* been, now foully suspected and sought to be injured in name and fame."

Bosberry was more bothered—more so, when a police officer (introduced by Bloomfield) requested his attendance in the morning to give what evidence he could against "the eccentric gentleman," who was then at the Station House, labouring under something more than a suspicion of theft.

Bosberry fell on his knees like the modest painter of Greece, let us draw a curtain before the picture.

If you refer to the Supplement of the *Times*, September, 31, 1847, and look for "Marriages," you will read as follows:—

"On the 29th, at St. Bilberry's, Brighton, Augustus Brown Bosberry, Esq. to Julia, only daughter of Mrs. Rackstraw Abbott of Trumper Terrace."

"On the same day, at the same place, John Jackson, Esq. to Julia, ninth daughter of Peter Johnson, Esq. of the Dyke, Brighton."

MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA.

A GLANCE AT THE ITALIAN OPERA.

WHAT manner of notice, biographical and personal, should be offered of a lady at this moment on the London stage, is a thing naturally enough to be decided by the nature of the lady—and of her portrait. At best, contemporary biography is a delicate business. We shall never cease to be amused by an ingenious solution of the dilemma put forth by a contemporary, when compelled to illustrate the very tasteful likeness of — by —. The Beauty painted had published books:— but, well-a-day! they were not Books of Beauty: only weary novels, such as George Robins himself or the poets of Moses (of Aldgate) would have been puzzled to recommend in print. What, then, did the biographer? He recollected that Lady Eglantine had, “once upon a time,” been worth a younger sister; from whose taste, accomplishments, and genius, every thing had been expected. True, Mistress Briar-Rose had died early, and “made no sign.” So much the more interesting! And, to make a long story short, the memoir of Lady Eglantine amounted to neither more nor less than a panegyric of what Mistress Briar-Rose never became. This is one way of managing.

There is another way; which, though commoner, is, we apprehend, as little to be approved of by any person of taste or refinement,—a ransacking of private virtues, a turning-up of all “the mossy stones” (to use the Poet’s figure) in the shady places of life, by way of advertising the number and sweetness of the violets which lie under them,

“Half hidden from the eye.”

To see private worth, modesty, grace, gentlewomanly feeling, *paved* in print, is at best a painful sight. The heroine of such praises is, by her very apotheosis, placed in a miserably false position. She has, thenceforth, to act up to a part: to make market of her simplicity; to see that her million *confidantes* and friends are not disappointed of one single blush, smile, or tear, which they have been invited to expect. They have been bidden to *encore* the beatings of her heart, and it must beat (as the bear of Goldsmith’s showman danced) “to genteel tunes.” This is said in no cynicism, but in a manly (which is a tender) respect for womanhood, and out of a deep and unchanging regard for the privacy of Genius, as well as for its public crowns, and honours, and triumphs. The raptures of the Boy Jones led to his being *transported* in a different fashion; and a like sentence should (with our good will) be passed on all who obtrude the heart-sorrows, the secret charities, the pretty tastes, or the capricious personal fancies of the living Artist, upon public notice; until at least they are brought before a court of law.

A word, too, as to the manner of lecturing upon the portrait. This is often done with such bare-faced disregard of the eyes, nose, and mouth, really existing, as the poor Actor must needs assume when the necessities of the scene compel him to apostrophize some matron as a

“Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet!”

or to deliver, with hands ecstatically clasped, a rhapsody in praise of the dazzling beauty of a heroine, who, when she appears in *propria*

persona, proves to be simply a dazzling ugliness! One might think that panegyrics like these could only be endured by idiots, did one not encounter the folly so often as to presume that it must have some success and virtue,—a certain cosmetic influence, so to say, charming the world into fancying uncouth features regular, and metamorphosing cheeks of clay or chalk, into lilies and roses. The world is ruled,—the play-going world especially,—by what Mr. Carlyle calls “sham;” nevertheless, while on the subject of beauty and plays, let us digress to an instance or two, the import and “moral” of which are totally different.

Madame Pisoni, that grandest of *contralto* singers (if we are to trust gossip Fame, and acquit her of flattering the past at the expense of the present), is said never to have accepted a theatrical engagement in a place where she was unknown, without previously sending her portrait by way of warning:—with the honest admission that it was a likeness rather favourable than otherwise. The hardihood of the experiment is of itself a warrant for the genius of her who risked it. She knew that she could surprise the public, were it not already too preoccupied by another surprise, to have no leisure and attention for considering her real claims on its admiration. But Pisoni’s was a case of abundant, redundant, fearful ugliness. Her voice, too, was in some of its notes harsh, strange, and produced with pain. Yet tradition has decided that on the stage she was even more impressive than Pasta’s self.

Madame Pisoni’s, however, was an extreme case. Let us take another, that of Mademoiselle Rachel, whose irregularity of features have not even sublimity to recommend them; meagre, mournful, mean looking, with eyes having no speculation in them, the same being small and inexpressive. Who can recollect all or any one of these defects when he crouches before the tremendous curse of her *Camilla*, or shrinks from the scorching passion of a *Roxana*?

Or who,—to close our prelude with an instance no less eminent,—that has seen and heard Ronconi in “*Maria de Rohan*,” or “*I due Foscari*,” ever adverted to the utter want of distinction in his face or figure?—to his small, grating, tuneless voice? There are those who conquer and triumph because Nature has so willed it; there are, again, those who take success by force, in spite of Nature. The latter are, assuredly, the greatest.

Thus much by way of prelude. Now, a prelude, as every musician knows, should bear some relation to the piece which is to follow, and yet not be a strict or mechanical prophecy. The description of Artist that we are about to characterize in Madame Viardot Garcia, is indicated in the foregoing paragraphs, though the illustrations they contain are extreme—not literal. Her fame is *not* lost in the renown of her deceased sister. Her presence is *not* repulsive, like Pisoni’s. But she is an artist of a gifted family: an artist in right of individual genius, and in defiance of certain incompletenesses and drawbacks; and it would be ridiculous, were it possible, for the writer to approach her with those common-place flatteries, in which there is as much degradation as falsity.

The Garcias will henceforth make as special a figure in the chronicles of singing, as the Bachs in the story of German instrumental music, or the Kembles in the annals of our English stage. And not the less in-

teresting is this, from their being the solitary contribution made to Art by Spain, that rich yet ravaged land, which of late years has shewn such sparing signs of imaginative life. Emanuel Garcia, the father, was one of those fervid (one might say, without caricature, *furious*) geniuses, who form for themselves a school, a career, a success: and who are ready to break in pieces all under their control who cannot do as much. A Sevillian by birth, and only (his biographers tell us) instructed in church music—there being no theatre then in Seville—he made himself a stage-composer and an opera-singer, Heaven knows how! but, as regards the latter character, without a paragon. After having raised his reputation as high in his own country as a singer's reputation could be there raised, he chose to make his way over the Pyrenees, came to Paris, and, to quote M. Fétis, "though he had never sung in Italian, though he had never, indeed, thoroughly learned to sing, appeared on the 11th of February, 1808, in the 'Griselda' of Paër with a success which excused his rashness." It will be rated as no light testimony to his excellence, by all familiar with the unreal and conceited pretensions of Parisian connoisseurship, that he could wring from the coxcombical Garat, the tenor singer, and idol of France, this recorded praise,*—"*J'aime la fureur Andalouse de cet homme: elle anime tout.*" Then Garcia composed operas with a wondrous facility, though his compositions, like those of other singers, (Mr. Balfe's music making, perhaps, the exception, which proves the rule,) are worth little. A story is told of his *improvising* his own part on the first night of some other *maestro's* new opera, which he had not taken the pains to get by heart; but whose chords and modulations—in all probability common-place enough—he had learned at rehearsal. The feat, however, is not more wondrous than those performed as habitual concert-exhibitions by the boy Mozart, or than the noble and regular fugues which a Mendelssohn or a Schneider can make when he sits down to think on the organ. There is something pleasantly fitting in the idea that Garcia should have been the original *Almaviva* in Rossini's "Barbieri." Moreover, he was the "Otello;" and, as that is the most magnificent part in the tenor-singer's repertory, his supremacy assigns him something like the highest place among the highest. How, when his own vocal powers failed him, he betook to cultivating those of his daughter; how he undertook the hazardous speculation of trying to establish an Italian Opera in America, to the last hour of his life an angry, indomitable sort of man are matters told—lame enough it must be confessed—in Madame Merlin's remembrances of herself and Malibran.

We have principally alluded to Garcia to explain the peculiarities of his school of singing, by the "fureur Andalouse" of the man, and the strange nomadic sort of way in which he had picked up his education. The phrase of "cultivation," when applied to Garcia's manner of breaking in the voice of his daughter Maria, has always reminded us of some of those colonial experiments where the settler ploughs the soil armed to the teeth, and sows his seed with an ammunition-bag at his side. Whereas the older singing masters gently aided and enriched Nature, drawing forth the powers which existed to the fullest perfection. Garcia's plan seems to have been to assume that will can do everything; and, in serious earnest, to propose to the student what the mamma of John Parry's *Accomplished Young Lady* is made to do when the damsel complains that her voice is tired,—“Well, then, sing it an octave

* Fétis. Biographie des Musiciens.

higher!" Such notes as the pupil's organ did not originally possess were to be manufactured by main force; the singer wanting B or C in *alt* was to get them:—and *did*. Those, by the way, who have never troubled themselves with the mysteries of music, have small idea how many of the voices heard of late years have been concocted on a similar plan. To go no further, we may mention those of Pasta, Miss Kemble, Lind, Duprez. Long ago, some artifice must have been used, as Dr. Burney records, to get up the *altissimo* notes such as La Bastardella, or Madame Lebrun, or Madame Lange exhibited, now fallen into disuse. But the flageolet tones thus produced were only called out in warbling passages of execution; whereas modern opera ordains that the hard work of the passion should be done on the extreme notes thus reclaimed. Hence a total difference in the training process, and hence a consequence to which the old unimpassioned singers seem not to have been liable—the rapid deterioration of the natural voice, and the early wearing-out of the organ thus factitiously constructed. Among all the ladies mentioned, the octave from F to F, which is the natural basis of every *soprano* voice, has been weak, or toneless, or uncertain. The art which Malibran employed to conceal this, by passing in her ornamental passages from her highest to her lowest notes, aided by the resources of her powerful fancy, enabled her to win a characteristic out of an inherent defect. More or less, some such expedient must be resorted to by every vocalist thus trained: hence a certain family likeness in all the songstresses of the Garcia school who have survived the course of study. Where the frame has been physically feeble, many a voice has entered into the Spanish academy, to come out no more.

Madame Viardot, to whom we come at last, possesses another family peculiarity which we do not remember to have seen dwelt upon in print. Her voice is Spanish, having that touch of *bitter orange* (some will understand the phantasy) analogous to that characteristic beauty, partly sullen, partly piquant, which distinguishes the women of Murillo from those of Titian:—a rich, guttural tone, entirely distinct from the *timbre* of Italy or those of Germany, France, or England. This we have never failed to recognise in all the Peninsular singers we have heard. It was to be detected in that unformed lady Madame del Carmen Montenegro; who shrieked her three nights on the opera stage last season (1847); it is audible in prettiest perfection in the young Made-moiselle de Mendi—Madame Viardot's cousin. It gives a not unwelcome peculiarity to the utterances of the very confident lady, who announces herself from time to time as "the renowned Madame de Lozano." As a means of effect, it may be made almost analogous to the *discord* which so deliciously by contrast enhances harmony; but it is originally one difficulty the more. And the natural charm of an even, flowing, luscious Italian voice—such as those of Grisi, Tadolini, Alboui, Mario—will always carry a large portion of public suffrage.

There is something, however, beyond, independent of, and above all these gifts, of which Pauline Garcia early proved herself possessed in the largest measure,—to wit, genius. Born in 1821, we are told, that when she was four years of age she spoke as many languages; that three years later she had mastered the piano-forte sufficiently to be employed by her father (no gentle task-master) as the accompanist of his singing-classes,—that she shewed so much technical and musical aptitude, as to be destined for the career of an instrumentalist; being for that purpose placed under the tutelage of Liszt. There was, however, within

her that inspiration for the stage which never fails to drive thither those possessing it. The voice comes the readiest as the means of expressing passion and giving utterance to musical fancies. It was from this universal impulse, rather than any very special endowments, we suspect, that Mademoiselle Pauline Garcia found herself, when she was eighteen, consummately trained as a musician, commanding three octaves of notes, which she, even then, could use with a brilliancy and a hardihood surpassing the mature accomplishments of most of the sisterhood, — and, in short, singing upon our opera stage, on a certain Thursday evening in May 1839, as *Desdemona*, by way of a first appearance! Whatever might be then thought of her natural qualifications, it was known and felt, that in all which concerns knowledge and feeling for her art, she began where most end. Her action was redundant, not to say awkward. She was teased, we well recollect, with her stage dress:—and those who look upon the stage as merely a flower-garden of pretty faces, pronounced over her the oracular verdict of the “Edinburgh Review” over Wordsworth’s poetry, “This will never do!” The writer was among those who were less final; not merely recollecting how Mrs. Siddons had been written down on her first appearance as “the handsome, awkward woman in pink,”—not merely calling to mind the contemptuous sneer of the wardrobe woman, “Anything good enough for Pasta!”—but for a much more common-place and less prophetic reason:—because Mademoiselle Garcia *succeeded*; succeeded, too, on a stage where Grisi was in the full blaze and freshness of her beauty; and where the admirable art of Persiani had not lost its power to astonish by familiarity. The Willow song, in “*Otello*,” is still in our ears, and the daring *cadenza* on the words “*Io moriro*,” in *Desdemona’s* grand *aria* in the second act;—also, a wondrous ornament at the close of the slow movement to the *bravura* in “*La Cenerentola*.” Those who have heard much are justified in relying on the depth of impression made by such displays, as a warrant for their excellence. A Frezzolini (the idol of Italy) can come to London, and no one turns his head, nor inclines his ear. A Löwe (the beloved of Berlin) can arrive, with every possible engine for popularity called into action in her favour: yet, in spite of her bright eyes, and stately stage-presence, and great available readiness and cleverness, she departs, and who recollects a note or a look of the Löwe? There has been this great singer, and the other great singer since—*not* forgetting the Lind, who has, with a vengeance, “swept the board,” and enjoyed the lion’s—no, the nightingale’s—share of European popularity:—but none of these appearances have been able to efface the impression of extraordinary gifts, made by that thin, pale, earnest girl, during her two seasons in London, or to stifle artistic interest in her subsequent career. Private curiosity was early satisfied or silenced, by the fact of her marriage with an accomplished French gentleman, honourably known in the world of art and letters. She became Madame Viardot in the month of April 1840.

From that time her life, like her sister’s, has lain out of the tract of usual *prima donnas*. Able to take any part in any repertory, sufficiently of a severe musician to do honour to the classical grandeur of Gluck, vocalist enough to interpret Rossini,—next to the Lind, Meyerbeer’s *prima donna* of predilection in his own most trying operas; either a *Donna Anna* or a *Zerlina* in “*Don Giovanni*,” incomparable among her compeers as a *Romeo*; giving a dramatic interest to *Rachel*

in "La Juive" of Halevy, which is described as almost fearful—Madame Viardot has not been confined to the somewhat insipid routine-work of any Italian theatre; where the peculiarities (let us be honest, and say the defects) of her voice might have been more of a hindrance in the way of success, than her wondrous dramatic versatility and musical science would be aids and helps. She has sung successively in Spain, Austria,—Russia, till warned thence by the climate:—and most lately, ere returning here, at Berlin. There she had to master a new language, of all others, perhaps, the one most unapproachable by southern organs, and accomplished the feat with such success, that the journals (those fickle dispensers of crowns and glories, and nowhere more fickle than in Germany) have been, with a foolish enthusiasm, exalting her, at the expense of their lost Lind. To each her own; the world being wide enough for all. There is in Art no solitary and final sovereignty; over those at least who think and recollect. Rachel is great, though Dumenil and Clairon have been. The spirit of the Spanish songstress, "uttering words that burn," is admirable and fascinating, could the Swedish Nightingale hold her sweet *sostenuto* notes "one hour by Shrewsbury clock!"

The reappearance of Madame Viardot in London has been made under peculiar, not to say difficult, circumstances. May Fair and Belgravia have grown somewhat tired of the rivalry between the two Opera Houses,—and, alas! the night!—are more ready to talk of Republicans abroad and Chartists at home than to listen to any charmer whatsoever. Then, such a galaxy of artists was never before assembled in any given town as now in London. And there is this *clique* and the other *clique*, the French, the German, the Italian, and our own angry "native talent-ers," whose whisperings in corners are busy enough to discompose a less sensitive person, and whose open efforts to set aside and disparage, form one of the most constant and saddening features in theatrical history.

But "Genius gets over the ploughshares." Madame Viardot's *Amina*, her first part, puzzled the gossips, and those used implicitly to believe in Lind; her second, the *Donna Anna*, delighted such as have any musical knowledge; her third, the *Romco*, in Bellini's "I Capuleti," has stamped her for what she is, the greatest operatic actress on the stage. It has proved her to be as intense, but not so extravagant, as her sister; more intent on her art, less on her public display. Though a musician of vast and varied acquirements, she is never seduced, as Malibran was, into unmusical feats, by way of "astonishing the gods." Out of a few skeleton situations and insipid airs, she works up a complete and completer character—gives us the impassioned, tender, ill-fated, southern *Romco*, with a passion and a sorrow distorted by no pain, disfigured by no rant. Her tomb scene is the finest piece of acting to music that we have enjoyed since Pasta retired. What more can be said to honour a genius which has achieved successes which can be thus honestly characterized, and this when ninety-nine out of the hundred are more liberally endowed with charms of voice and person? The skill of Madame Viardot Garcia as a pianist has been already commemorated. Like her sister, too, she holds a high place among female musical composers. Her other accomplishments belong to the Lady's private hours, not the Artist's public triumphs; and on the former it was agreed *in limine* that we were not to intrude.

POCAHONTAS,
THE INDIAN HEROINE.

BY ODARD.

THE history of the North American Indians constitutes one of the most curious and interesting chapters in the volume of mankind. The peculiar qualities of this ill-fated race strikingly distinguished them from other savage tribes. Though in constant collision, they never blended with the materials of organized society: their existence continued to the last precarious and wandering, and served to bring the modern civilization of their land into strong contrast with the impenetrable obscurity that hung over past ages.

Through the vast extent of the North American continent, this people have left no ruins to speak of human thought and action. We are met only by the silence of nature. The mighty forest joins the present and the past. Awful and mute, it represents the gloom that stretches over the moral antiquity of a vanished race.

I speak of them in the past tense, for the aboriginal children of the lake and wood are gone for ever from the shores of the Atlantic. A few miserable remnants wander in the remotest forests, whither they have been gradually chased by the superior knowledge and power of the merciless usurper; and even these, daily deteriorating in character, and thinning in numbers and physical strength by the insidious supply of ardent spirits, will, in the course of a few generations, utterly disappear from the face of the earth.

Till the early part of the present century, we had a very imperfect, and by no means favourable acquaintance, with the peculiarities of Indian customs and character. Our knowledge of them had unfortunately been in general derived from the accounts of well-meaning, but simple and illiterate missionaries; from the reports of persons wholly uneducated, who had lived among them awhile in captivity, or from choice; or of traders, usually the most ignorant, depraved, and dishonest part of the transatlantic white population. The campaigns of 1812 and 1813, however, brought our troops into intimate and constant association with the Indians on the western frontier of the Canadas, who, collecting in great numbers, descended from the immense forests and prairies about the shores of the Lakes Superior, Huron, and Michigan, and bordering on the heads of the Mississippi and its tributary streams, to join their British father against the hated Longknives, as they termed the Americans. Opportunities were thus afforded for gaining a more accurate insight into the character and modes of life of our "red brethren." The map of Indian existence was opened to the friendly English gaze. Their encampments of wigwams or tents of deerskin differed in no respect from their villages or ordinary habitations: their warriors hunted through the forest, as usual, in the intervals of hostility; and the desultory expeditions which they shared with the English troops resembled exactly their usual warfare.

The encampment of this large body of warriors, with their squaws and children, presented a wild and imposing spectacle, and produced impressions upon those who witnessed it not easily forgotten. The effect at night was particularly striking. Swarthy

figures grouped indolently, or danced with shout and war-song about the blazing watchfire, while at intervals the plaintive cadence of the Indian flute, or the hollow tone of the Indian drum, gained upon the ear. The forest drew its dusk and heavy aspect round the scene—the dark foliage slumbering in the calm brilliance of a Canadian night.

Equally lasting, and of a far more interesting character, were the impressions left by the qualities these untutored children of the wild exhibited. The proud and heroic spirit of the warrior, his insuperable constancy, his superhuman endurance and contempt of pain; the affectionate nature of the Indian woman—her persuasive gentleness of mien—her winning delicacy—her beauty of face—her symmetry of form—her bewitching and almost universal sweetness of voice; the simple manners of both sexes—the purity of their religious belief—their justice, generosity, hospitality, and general habits of kindness and courtesy;—these were characteristics that could not fail to awaken a high interest and command a sincere regard.

The foregoing observations upon the character and mode of life presented by the Indians, though referring especially to those tribes with whom the English became allied on the Canadian frontiers, are applicable equally to all the aborigines of the North American continent; and therefore I request the reader to come a little southward with me to the immediate scene of my story. Though he will diminish his latitude and alter the surrounding objects:—prairies sunned by fiercer rays—forests swayed by more fervid gales—mellower days, and deeper nights,—yet still he will find a people identical in features with those I have described, presenting the same attractive characteristics.

But they are gone for ever—those children of the wild. Disturbed in their pleasant places by the ruthless step of the usurper, tribe after tribe has disappeared before the impatient advance of republican civilization. The repudiating Yankee now treads the hunting-grounds where the honest, faithful Indian roamed of yore, and the breeze that fanned his free bosom is heavy and polluted with the breath of slavery.

It will easily be conceived that the pictures of these races, drawn by such visitors as those I have above alluded to, possessed no great degree of attraction. Such persons were entirely incapable of appreciating the simple worth of the people they undertook to report upon, or of detecting and exhibiting the poetry that lurked in their natures, and often marked their lives. Nevertheless, their accounts present here and there outlines of characters which, though exhibiting the exaggerations and coarseness of the ignorance or prejudice by which they were drawn, yet, when reduced to just proportions by candour and the aid of a more intimate knowledge, offer *studies* of the highest biographical interest. Their attraction is enhanced, too, by accessories belonging to the climate and country, and a romantic contrast to the modes of civilized society, whence the existence of wild excitement and adventure, whose fascination often proved so irresistible as to lure the cultivated European to exchange the amenities and advantages of a social life, for the wandering lonely freedom of an Indian career.

The following story is a brief sketch of one of the aborigines of Virginia, an Indian girl, named Pocahontas. She was the daughter

of Powhatan, the king or chief of one of the three great confederacies who, at the date of the first permanent settlement effected within the limits of Virginia, occupied the country from the sea-coast to the Alleghany, and from the most southern waters of James river to the river Patuxent. These communities were called the Mannahoacs, the Monacans, and the Powhatans. The two former were the highland Indians. They resided upon the banks of the various small streams that water the hilly country between the falls of the Atlantic rivers and the Alleghany ridge, the Mannahoacs occupying what are now the Stafford and Spotsylvania countries, while the Monacans were distributed upon James river, above the falls.

The Powhatans inhabited the lowland tract, extending laterally from the falls of the rivers to the coast, and from Carolina on the south to the Patuxent on the north, a district comprehending above eight thousand square miles. They were the most numerous and warlike confederacy on the continent; and though the hilly and difficult country occupied by the two other tribes proved a considerable safeguard from the power of the lowland Indians, yet the only adequate security of the former was to be found in a strict union of all their tribes.

The Powhatan life was the *beau ideal* of savage happiness. Theirs was a beautiful country. Every charm of forest, hill, and river were blended under a genial sky. The streams abounded with the most delicious fish; the woods furnished inexhaustible supplies of game, deer, turkeys, and all kinds of wild fowl, together with quantities of fruit, Virginian pease, pumpions, and the exquisite putchamin. Vast quantities of the finest corn, too, was thrown out each year by the vigour of the all but virgin soil, to repay the simple agriculture of the Indians. The Powhatans lived free and happy, hunted, feasted, fought now and then, feasted again, and thanked the Great Spirit for all their advantages. Their chief, I have said, was called, *par excellence*, Powhatan, or rather the confederacy was called from him. Powhatan himself took his designation from the town so called, the chief seat of his hereditary dominions. The English termed it Nonsuch.

In the winter of the year 1607-8, an adventurous and ambitious gentleman named Smith, one of the settlers at Jamestown, set out on an expedition into the Powhatan country. He took with him a crew sufficient to manage a barge and a smaller boat proper for the navigation of the upper streams, and proceeded up the Chickahominy river as far as it was navigable by the barge. Leaving the barge in a broad bay or cove out of the reach of the savages on the banks, Smith, with two whites and a friendly Indian advanced up the river in the smaller boat. They were marked and followed by two or three hundred Indians in their course. After proceeding for about twenty miles, their further progress was stopped by the marshes at the source of the river. They hauled up their boat, kindled a fire, and Smith, leaving the two English asleep beside it, took his gun and accompanied by the Indian, wandered into the adjoining wood to forage for some game for supper. The ambushed savages sprang out upon the Englishmen who slumbered by the fire, and having cruelly dispatched them, set out in search of Smith. Before long they came up with him, but a bullet from the Englishman's rifle

stretched one of the party on the ground and checked the rest. However, they speedily rallied and pressed forward. During their momentary halt, Smith edged towards an oozy creek which lay in direction of the boat. Flanked by this he tied the young Indian to his arm with his garter, to serve for a target, and awaited the onset. It began by a volley of arrows, one or two of which wounded him in the thigh, and many stuck in his clothes. Smith answered by a second discharge, and another Indian fell. He fired a third time with the same success, and the enemy retired to a respectful distance. He now moved along the creek towards the boat, still having his eyes fixed upon the Indians. He made a false step, and plunged up to his neck in the swamp. Still none of the enemy dared to approach, till at length finding himself half dead from the cold of the water, he threw away his arms and surrendered. The Indians then drew him out, and having carried him to the fire, chafed his limbs until the numbness passed away and the circulation returned.

Smith was in a very unpleasant predicament. He looked in his captors' eyes, and saw that the presence of a captive was producing its usual effect upon the savages. He marked the dilating eye and the grim smile of satisfaction, and read more legibly each moment ferocious yearnings for torture and blood. However, he affected great coolness, and calling for their chief, he produced from his pocket a double compass-dial, with whose mechanism he amused the savages for a considerable time. He then proceeded to deliver a lecture upon cosmography, astronomy, &c., informing them how "the sunne did chase the night round about the world continually, the greatnesse of the land and sea, the diversitie of nations, varietie of complexions, and how we were to them antipodes, and many other such like matters."

By these means he managed to mystify his auditors and keep them quiet for a short time. Presently, however, the savage instincts rose again, and they resolved to kill him. He was tied to a tree and the Indians drew round in a circle to shoot him. A hundred arrows trembled on the strings, when the chief held up the compass, a signal of temporary mercy, and the bows were thrown by. Smith was unbound, and conducted in great triumph to Orapelles, a hunting residence of Powhatan's, some little distance from the scene of the capture. Here the warriors executed sundry war-dances round him, and he was then conducted to a wigwam, where he was presently served with as much bread and venison as would have feasted twenty men under circumstances better calculated to give a good appetite. In the morning there was a fresh supply of venison and bread. This continued for several days, poor Smith under a very strong impression that they were fattening him for the slaughter. At the end of that period they set out again with the intention of leading their captive in triumph through the country. Having made the tour of the whole district, they brought him finally to the chief's residence, at a place called Pamunkey. Here they "conjured" him in order to ascertain whether he was friendly towards them or not. This process occupied three days, and at last they carried him to the King Powhatan's own residence, called by the quaint polysyllabic Werowocomoco.

Smith's introduction to the royal presence did not take place immediately, for the illustrious captive was to be received in great

state, and the preparation occupied a considerable time. At last they were completed, and the Englishman walked in, the multitude hailing him with a tremendous shout. Powhatan a majestic, finely formed savage, with a marked countenance, and haughty air, sat beside a fire on a low couch, clothed in an ample robe of racoon skin. Along each wall of the house two rows of squaws with a similar number of warriors, the women in the rear, were seated, grave and silent. They were all ornamented in some way or other. One wore a necklace of large beads, another's hair was decked with white down of birds. The head and shoulders of all were painted red, a circumstance imparting a great air of ferocity to the assembly. Immediately on Smith's entrance, a female of rank was directed to bring him water to wash his hands, and this delicate attention was seconded by another lady who carried a towel for his service in the shape of a bunch of feathers. They then spread before him a ridiculous quantity of venison, and gathered in a circle to consult solemnly upon his doom.

During the awful deliberations of the fierce-looking conclave, Smith, entirely unappreciative of the savoury preparations before him, was engaged in surveying the scene, and though his attention was naturally drawn to the circle of warriors who were agitating his destiny, it was divided with a young girl about sixteen years of age, who sat beside Powhatan. There was something in her form and face, in the expression of the one and the gesture of the other, that even in that hour of dread challenged and riveted his gaze. The lowness of the couch caused her attitude to be more of a reclining than a sitting posture, and to the exquisite symmetry of her shape was thus added the grace of ease. One knee was slightly upraised, and round it her tiny hands were clasped in support of the body which bent forward in eager anxiety. Her coal-black tresses parted on either side a brow singularly open and intelligent, rolled along the dusk satin of her cheek, and down in ebon waves over her rounded bosom and the shoulder's sweep. Every feature at the moment shewed some great struggle was going on. Within her young heart pity, apprehension, modesty, and some great resolve struggled for the mastery. This was the king's daughter, his well-beloved Pocahontas. But the debate is ended. The savages retire to their seats, and take up their former positions in silent and portentous gravity. It is evident the decision has been unfavourable, and the Englishman must die. A huge stone was rolled into the midst of the space, and arranged as a kind of altar. Two savages lead Smith forward, and place his head upon the stone. Two others approach and raise their clubs, waiting the signal to dash out his brains.

Powhatan was about to raise his hand, when Pocahontas sprang from her seat, and throwing herself at the feet of her father, embraced his knees, and pleaded in the name of the Great Spirit for the white man's life. In vain. The royal savage rejected her request, and endeavoured to raise the arm to which his daughter clung to prevent the fatal signal. At length, Pocahontas, finding tears and entreaties vain, released her hold. She flew to the altar: there upon the prostrate head of the Englishman, the swart and glowing beauty laid her own, and glancing at the brandished clubs, called upon the savages to strike.* This act of heroism met with the suc-

* Capellano, an Italian pupil of Canova, has executed a beautiful piece of sculp-

cess it merited. Powhatan's stern heart melted within him, and he declared the decree reversed, but apprehensive of any jealousy on the part of his councillors, and lest the pardon should be thought to proceed from emotions which he conceived unworthy of a warrior, he explained to the assembly that the prisoner was spared for the purpose of making hatchets for himself and beads for his daughter.

Subsequent circumstances, however, did not bear out the reasons thus assigned for his clemency. At the end of two days he acquainted Smith that he was free, and at liberty to return to his friends. Powhatan then provided him with twelve guides to accompany him to Jamestown; which place they reached the next morning. Smith took care to entertain his savage escort handsomely: at the same time to impress them with a sense of his power, he ordered several culverins to be discharged among the branches of the trees, the effect of which filled the Indians with astonishment and terror. He then sent them back, no less grateful for his hospitality than sensible of his power.

Powhatan's messengers returning with an account of the great advantage the English weapons possessed over those in use among the Indians, the King became exceedingly anxious to possess some of them, in order, as he alleged, to secure his mastery over the rival tribes of red-men. With this view, he sent a present of twenty turkeys to a gentleman leaving the colony for England, requesting in return the favour of as many swords. His demand was inconsiderately complied with. Encouraged by his success, he tried the same experiment with his friend Smith, who, however, with less courtesy, though with greater prudence, kept the turkeys, omitting the consideration of the swords. Powhatan was highly offended, and ordered his people to obtain the desired weapons by stratagem or by force. Smith, however, put a stop to this proceeding in his usual summary manner, by executing several of the Indians detected in stealing arms, and threatened the Powhatans with the most severe retaliation. Accordingly he made preparations for an attack upon the tribe, rejecting every overture made by the now-penitent Indians.

The expedition was upon the point of starting, when it was announced to Smith that a deputation of Indian women was at hand. Smith was inflexible, and refused to see them; when suddenly the door opened, and Pocahontas appeared. She was attended by six of her maidens, bearing propitiatory presents to the Englishman. Smith's vengeful resolves gave way at the sight of his deliverer. Desiring her maidens to be cared for, he conducted the savage princess herself to a seat, and then acquainted her with the provocations that had given rise to his hostile intentions, and declared that nothing but her intercession could have prevented his carrying them into effect.

"Return," said he, in conclusion, "to Powhatan, and say there shall be peace with the red men, for the sake of Pocahontas."

Not long after this occurrence, the gentleman to whom Powhatan had sent the turkeys returned from England with several presents for the Indian King; the principal of which was a crown sent by King James the First, in one of his whimsical moods, to his royal

ture representing the moment when Pocahontas interposes to save Smith from death. The sculpture is placed over the western door of the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

ally in Virginia. Smith undertook to go to Werowocomoco to invite Powhatan to Jamestown, for the purpose of receiving the presents imported from England; and, accordingly, accompanied by four companions, he set out across the woods to the head-quarters of the Indian King. Powhatan was absent at a hunting excursion about thirty miles off; but Smith was welcomed by Pocahontas, who was at home. She immediately despatched messengers to her father, and in the meantime prepared to do honour to her guest by a very remarkable entertainment.

A fire was made in an open field, before which was spread a mat, whereon Smith and his men were requested to seat themselves. Suddenly the woods around them echoed with the most hideous noises, and the Englishmen, suspecting some treachery, sprung to their arms. Pocahontas, however, instantly made her appearance, and, gently reproaching them for their unjust suspicions, she declared that her only object was to gratify and honour her guests. So the ceremony went on. We must describe it in Smith's own quaint words. "Presently we were presented with this anticke — thirtie young women came, clad in greene leaves, issuing from the wood. Those parts of their bodies that were visible, paynted some of one colour, some of another, but all different. Their leader had a fayre payre of bucks' hornes on her head, and an otta skinne at her girdle, another at her arme, a quiver of arrowes at her backe, a bow and arrowes in her hand. The next had in her hand a sword; another, a club; another, a potsticke, all horned alike. The rest, every one with their severall devices. These fiends, with the most hellish shouts and cryes, rushing from among the trees, caste themselves in a ring about the fire, singing and dancing, with the most excellent ill varietie, oft falling into their infernall passions, and solemnly again to sing and daunce. Having spent neer an hour in this masquerade, they invited me to their lodgings, where these nymphs more tormented me than evur with crowding, peeping, and hanging about me, most tediously crying, 'Love you not me?' This sallutation ended, the feast was set, consisting of all the salvage dainties they could devise, some attending, others singing and dauncing about me. This done, they conducted me with firebrands back to my lodging.

As Smith had no desire to have these honours, which he found somewhat oppressive, repeated, he was rather glad when the following morning brought Powhatan. He hastened to acquaint him of the newly-arrived gifts, and requested his presence at Jamestown, as well to take possession of them as to concert a campaign against the Monacans. To this proposal the crafty and independent savage replied, "If your King has sent me presents, remember also that I am a King. This is my land; and I will stay here eight days to receive them." Smith used every argument to induce Powhatan to accompany him. The King, however, remained inflexible, and, after some further discourse Smith returned to the colony. The presents were then sent round by water. After some little reluctance Powhatan was induced to submit to the ceremony of coronation, and the messengers, after congratulating him upon his good fortune of being the first crowned head in the North American continent, came back to Jamestown.

Smith subsequently paid one or two visits to Powhatan; but each

time they met on less friendly terms. The Indians had conceived a great jealousy for the growing numbers and power of the Europeans, and more than once endeavoured to surprise him and his companions. These attempts were, however, rendered abortive by the friendly vigilance of Pocahontas, who, at the risk of her own life, continued to give them warning in time to provide for their safety.

Truth is stranger than fiction, oftenest for this reason, that its course is so unexpected. It seldom proceeds by the orthodox routine of the romance-writers, and delights in violating the established canons of situation and effect. There is no doubt that the proper thing here would have been for Smith to have fallen violently in love with the Indian princess. Upon this many interesting consequences may be imagined. Insuperable obstacles, parental obduracy, antipathies of race, &c., all ultimately overcome, and, finally, unmixed happiness between the individuals, and lasting peace between the red men and the colonist. Such would have been the course of romance; but, not thus went the reality. For some unaccountable reason Smith seems never to have experienced any feeling but that of gratitude to Pocahontas; nor does it seem that the heroism to which he owed his life, and the courageous interference that so often saved his companions, had any other source beyond the purest feelings of humanity.

Hitherto the influence of Smith had kept the colonists in tolerable order, but his departure for England was the signal for all manner of excesses. The natives were treated with the greatest indignity, and plundered in all directions. The Indians at last were roused to retaliation and revenge; they kept a strict watch on the colonists, and seized upon every straggler who ventured beyond the precincts of the settlement, most of whom they murdered. By these means a population, amounting to upwards of six hundred at Smith's departure, was soon reduced to sixty individuals, including women and children. All intercourse with the Indians being put a stop to, and consequently their supplies of corn interrupted, the remnant of the colonists began to experience the extremities of hunger. Their common food consisted of acorns, berries, and walnuts; starch and the skins of horses were looked upon as great luxuries.

Pocahontas, still friendly to the English, had used every endeavour to mediate between them and the Indians, and on various occasions interposed, though with little success, to plead for the lives of the former who were captured. This generous interference was highly displeasing to Powhatan; he became at last greatly exasperated with his daughter, and the latter, as well to avoid his anger as to shun the sight of cruelties she was unable to stay or mitigate, withdrew to the neighbouring tribe of the Potomacs, with whom the English were still on tolerable terms, and whose chief was their staunch ally.

Shortly after Pocahontas had left her father, two ships arrived at Jamestown from England under the command of Captain Argall with supplies for the colonists. Argall was accompanied by several adventurers, among the rest a gentleman named Rolfe. The supplies from England proving insufficient for the demands of the colonists, Argall and Rolfe were sent up the Potomac to trade with the Indians for corn. In this expedition they formed an acquaintance with Japazaws, the chief sachem of the Potomacs, whom I have be-

fore stated was friendly to the white men. He confided to Argall and Rolfe that the beloved and beautiful daughter of Powhatan was in his territories in a place of concealment, known only to a few trusty friends. It immediately occurred to Argall that this circumstance might be turned to advantage. With Pocahontas in his power he had no doubt that he could effect a peace, and even dictate terms to Powhatan. Accordingly he resolved to obtain possession of her person. To this end he invoked the aid of his friend Japazaws. It required little address to prevail upon the simple-hearted sachem, and Argall crowned the argument and secured his zealous co-operation by the present of a large copper kettle.

Japazaws undertook to induce Pocahontas to go aboard Argall's boat: this was the part assigned to him. He prevailed upon his wife to affect an extreme curiosity to see the English vessel, and the sachem yielded to her entreaties, after much apparent reluctance, on the condition that Pocahontas should accompany her. The princess, unsuspecting any danger, and desirous of gratifying her friend's curiosity, consented to go on board. They were received by the Englishman with due honour and conducted to the cabin, where an entertainment had been prepared for them. After they had partaken of this, Argall led the princess into the gun-room on pretence of shewing her the vessel, but in reality to declare his purpose in the absence of Japazaws, in whose eyes even now the copper kettle had lost somewhat of its attractions, as his kindly heart began to reproach him for the part he had borne in the transaction. Here Argall informed Pocahontas that she must accompany him to the colony. This was a proceeding for which she was wholly unprepared; and, though the intelligence was communicated to her with the utmost kindness of phrase and manner, she was greatly shocked, and, lifting up her voice, she wept bitterly. They were overheard by Japazaws and his wife, who, guessing what was the matter, were terribly afflicted, and actually howled with sorrow.

However, the gentle Pocahontas soon recovered her composure, finding herself treated with the greatest kindness and respect. The prospect of restoring peace filled her benevolent spirit with pleasure, and contributed to restore her cheerfulness, so that she even seemed happy in turning her face towards the English colony; whereupon Japazaws and his wife, relieved from their anxiety and self-accusation, took up the copper kettle, and, with a few toys and trinkets, returned gaily to their wigwam.

The singular beauty of Pocahontas was equalled by the loveliness of her disposition. On the passage to Jamestown, her gentle and affectionate character had secured the regard of all those by whom she was surrounded. Rolfe in particular was completely fascinated. The beauty, the dignity, the sensibility, the intelligence of this savage girl took him entirely by surprise. He had heard of the general attractiveness of the Indian women, but was not prepared to expect without the pale of civilization the refinement and intellectual graces that he found in Pocahontas. The circumstances of her history also served to enhance the interest she had awakened in the heart of Rolfe. She had saved his countryman from a hideous death; she had interposed on several subsequent occasions at the risk of her life and the loss of her father's favour to save the lives of the colonists; and she now, uncomplaining of her situation, unreproaching

for the treachery that led to it, was journeying to a strange place, cheered by the thought that it was for her captor's good.

Rolfe accordingly sought her society on every occasion, and made no secret of his admiration, which, however, was tempered with that respect that the character of the princess naturally inspired. It soon became evident, on the other hand, that his attentions were not thrown away on the princess. A certain similarity of feeling and nature formed a mutual attraction between these two children of opposite hemispheres. Rolfe was a man of refined and intellectual tastes, and had all the courage, sensibility, and truth that distinguished the Indian girl. Each occasion that brought them together, elicited more and more the points of harmony between their characters, and before many days had passed at Jamestown, they became ardently attached.

Shortly after his arrival at the colony, Argall dispatched a message to Powhatan, acquainting him with the situation of his daughter, and desiring that the English prisoners, together with all the swords, tools, &c. which had been taken from the colonists, should be immediately delivered up as her ransom. His daughter's captivity threw Powhatan into great affliction, but he was so incensed at the rudeness of Argall's message, that it remained unnoticed for three months. At the end of that time, at the instance of his council, he liberated seven of his prisoners, and sent them to Jamestown with some guns and swords, and a load of corn. They were instructed to demand the liberation of the princess, on condition of a perpetual peace, and a supply of five hundred bushels of corn. These conditions were at once rejected, and the emperor was informed that he must not expect to see his daughter until all the prisoners and arms in his possession were delivered up.

This ungracious message was met with a still longer silence than the last, and after the lapse of several months, a party of the colonists, amounting to one hundred and fifty, undertook an expedition to Werowocomoco. Pocahontas accompanied them, and I need hardly say Rolfe was of the number. On reaching Powhatan's residence, they found the Indians drawn up to oppose their progress, and an encounter took place, with some loss on both sides. Night coming on, a truce was concluded for forty-eight hours, and the following morning two of the brothers of Pocahontas came to see her.

The brothers having learned from the princess how honourable and kind her treatment had been, went away highly satisfied, and promising to use all their endeavours to bring about a satisfactory arrangement between the parties. They were accompanied by Rolfe and another Englishman, who were desirous of paying their respects to the emperor. Rolfe had his own reasons for this, which I leave the reader to divine.

The Englishmen were somewhat annoyed at not being admitted to the presence of the king. Powhatan was not sufficiently appeased to admit of this, but they were honourably received by his brother Opechancanough, and after some conversation upon general matters, Rolfe took an opportunity of declaring the state of his feelings to their entertainer, and requested him to convey to Powhatan his proposals for the hand of the princess.

Powhatan had been previously apprised of the state of the case by his sons, who had brought very favourable reports of the English, and especially of Rolfe: the deep and honourable affection he entertained for Pocahontas, and the high consideration and respectful treatment she had uniformly experienced from all the colonists during her stay at Jamestown. Powhatan was, therefore, disposed to give a very favourable hearing to the request now proffered from Rolfe through Opechancanough, and the latter returned in a short time to his guests with the king's consent and approval.

The whole party then returned to Jamestown, where the marriage between Rolfe and Pocahontas was shortly after celebrated; the king sending his sons to attend the ceremony, empowered to do, on his behalf, all that was necessary for the confirmation thereof.

This marriage had the happy effect of establishing a profound harmony between the colonists and the Indians: from this time, until the death of the king in 1618, nothing occurred to disturb the peace enjoyed by both parties.

And was Pocahontas happy? Had the *grand peut-être* of a woman's career resulted in her case in weal or woe? Was the simplicity and freedom of her Indian life compensated by the refinement and regularity of an English existence? In the silent watches of the night, when memory renewed the past, did thoughts of the haunts she had abandoned, the habits she had laid aside, the sacred ties of her tribe that she had severed for ever,—did these come back upon her mournfully, and suggest a coming day when those haunts should be deserted of their red proprietors, those habits known only as recollections of barbarism, and those ties, that she had been the first to break, forgotten with the gentle beings they once united?

No such forebodings visited Pocahontas. Now that peace was secured between the Red-man and the English, her trusting, sanguine spirit saw nothing to dread beyond,—no foreshadowings of the sad destiny that awaited her race. For herself, the haven was won, the storms over; her life had found its appointed shelter in the true affections of an English husband. Her days passed pleasantly in acquiring the manners and language of the people she had adopted. The last she mastered in an incredibly short space of time, nor must we omit to record that she was the first Christian native of Virginia. Her pure, free spirit was an apt recipient of those divine doctrines, whose influence she saw so admirably exhibited in the daily life of the excellent man to whom she had joined her fate.

Her new acquaintances called her the *Lady Rebecca*.

In 1616 she and her husband accompanied the governor, Sir Thomas Dale, to England. On her arrival, Smith hastened to see her. The extreme sensibility of her nature is shewn by her emotions at the interview. She was completely overwhelmed by her feelings: a tide of powerful associations rushed upon her mind,—she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. For a long time she remained unable to speak. When at last she found words, it was to express her gratitude to Smith for all the kindness she had experienced at the hands of his countrymen.

Smith used every means in his power to obtain for Pocahontas a flattering reception in London. He addressed a letter to the queen, containing a history of her life, and detailing all the occasions on

which she had saved the lives of his Majesty's subjects, his own among the rest, and requesting the queen to take some notice of a person to whom the English colonists owed so many obligations. Queen Anne had some difficulty in complying with the exigence of this letter, for her whimsical husband had taken offence with Rolfe for presuming to marry the daughter of a king, and he was at first inclined to forbid his presence and that of his wife at Court; however, through the negotiation of the queen, the affair passed off with some little murmuring, and the princess was received at the palace, where she was treated by the queen, and even by the king, with the most marked attention. This example was followed by most of the nobility, and Pocahontas found herself *set* and lionized to an immense and, indeed, rather disagreeable extent. She was, however, duly grateful for the universal kindness bestowed upon her, and, on the other hand, her entertainers were unanimously fain to acknowledge that the brightest of their circles could not shew one more refined, more dignified, more attractive than Rolfe's Virginian bride.

Pocahontas had now been a year in England, but though tolerably acclimated, and entirely reconciled to English manners and habits, she yearned to revisit her native land. A profound presentiment, also, arose within her at this time, which she imparted to her husband. She felt she had not long to live,—she heard the still, small summons of the Great Spirit; and that desire, so strong among the Indians, “to lay their bones with those of their people,” urged Pocahontas to cross the Atlantic without delay.

Argall was just at this time preparing to return to Virginia, and the treasurer and council of the colony ordered suitable accommodation to be provided for Rolfe and the princess on board the admiral's ship. All was prepared, and Pocahontas, having taken leave of her kind friends, repaired to Greenwich previous to embarkation. But not on Atlantic waters is her voyage to be, nor may she again behold the “Evening Land” with him she loves by her side, Alone,—alone she must cross the dark waves of death, to that “undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.”

In a chamber at Greenwich, whose window looked towards the west, Pocahontas closed her brief career of two-and-twenty summers, by a death in which Indian fortitude was beautifully blended with Christian resignation. The sun was setting over the land of her fathers; its last beams flung a golden line along the Thames, fell athwart the casement, and rested on her bed. A heavenly smile came over the failing eyes of Pocahontas as she carried them along that path of rays, that seemed to connect her with the declining orb. 'T was but a moment, and the sun was gone. In that moment her gentle spirit passed away!

PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

You ask me, my dear M—, to let you know, from time to time, what we are doing in Art in England,—what advances we make as a distinct school laying claim to other merits than mere colour,—what additions we obtain for our National Gallery,—what great sales take place at Christie's and at Phillips's,—what progress is made in a knowledge of the resources of fresco-painting,—what new prints of merit have appeared since you left us, now some five years ago, to pursue your favourite art in that Paradise for painters the Sistine Chapel,—and what new books upon art have been published likely to remain authorities upon the subject. You have set me a task,—not an unpleasant one, indeed, but one that will require rather a long letter to contain all the gossip I should like to give you upon the subject. I will, however, write as fully as I can to you, and shall expect in return that you will let me know from Naples, where you now are, (amid all their bloodshed and disturbances,) how reviving art advances in Italy; and whether you see any prospect of another artist arising likely to rival Correggio, whose two fine works in the Museum at Naples (“La Zingarella” and “The Marriage of St. Catherine”) you tell me you have copied with as much fidelity and spirit as you are master of.

The first art exhibition of the London season is, as you will perhaps remember, invariably the collection of modern masters at the British Institution. I have a very distinct recollection of what the exhibition was like. It was only an average collection at the best. Except a large and, in some respects, a clever picture by Sir George Hayter, of “Joseph interpreting the Dream of the Chief-Baker,” there was little or nothing attempted in the higher style. The large body of the collection was painted for chance purchasers, or the certain resources of the Art Union. Many of the old exhibitors were absent,—Etty and Edwin Landseer for instance,—and the collection was chiefly supported by the pencils of a younger race, some already known, and others deserving to be known. Stanfield exhibited a “Saw Mill at Saardam,” very unlike his usual manner, and though certainly effective, somewhat wooden in its treatment. Lance had some gorgeous fruit-pieces, worthy of Van Huysum, or Van Os, or of Mrs. Margetts; Sidney Cooper (*Cow-Cooper*, as he is called, to distinguish him from Abraham, who is known as *Horse-Cooper*) contributed a Cnyp-like cow piece, warmer in colour than you will recollect his manner to have been; F. Goodall (your old friend the engraver's son) sent a clever interior entitled “The Irish Piper,” painted in the sharp, pearly manner of Teniers and of Wilkie's first style,—a manner I prefer to the Ostade or the Mieris school; and the best landscape in the exhibition (since bought by Sir Robert Peel) was a view of Snowdon from near Tremadoc, the work of young Mr. Danby. I cannot tell you how fine I thought it at the time, (only perhaps a little too yellow,) and how vividly the whole scene (so suggestively treated) remains, as it were, unmistakably before me. It is the art of investing a landscape with poetry that makes the very great artist, and exalts him above all your careful copyists of the mere scene before them. Claude was unequalled in poetical landscape. Richard Wilson was another great master in this way. Stanfield, and Roberts,

and Lee, and Creswick have very little of it. The two Danbys have become great proficient in this really great style. Linnell is attempting the same method, and evidently paying earnest attention, as the two Danbys have done, to Martin's "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still," a picture I know you admire; not as Martin himself does, (so I am led to understand,) for the skilful combination of the figures, but for the sacred character of the landscape, and the glorious effect of sky,—fully equal to the greatness of the occasion. Linnell has made immense advances since you went away; and E. W. Cooke, after a season or two of deep-blue Italian skies, (too deep for nature,) has returned, you will be glad to hear, to English waters and English skies, which he paints with so much skill and feeling.

The next exhibition in point of time was the exhibition in Suffolk Street; the second the society has made since it received its royal charter of incorporation, and the first since a school was opened within its walls for the study of the antique as well as the living model. The exhibition consisted of 800 works of art by 338 different exhibitors, and yet for the life of me I cannot call to mind any picture of undoubted merit but Mr. Pyne's "Lago Maggiore," a companion in every way to his view of "The Neckar at Heidelberg" in the exhibition of the previous year. Mr. Pyne is a great master of perspective, with a fine feeling for what is near and what is distant, a light, careful pencil, and great good taste in the selection of his points. He has also the rare merit of keeping clear of imitating, even without servility, the peculiar excellences of established painters. He is not like Turner, or Stanfield, or Martin, or Danby, or Lee, or Creswick, or Linnell, or Bright, but is a painter after his own kind, who places his canvas before a lovely scene, and without necessarily rendering tree for tree, and gable-end for gable-end, unless when they serve his purpose, gives you the full result and poetry of the scene he seeks to copy. He is sometimes untrue to climate, but he is always a master in spaces and aerial perspective. I wish I could have added, while on the subject of the Suffolk Street Exhibition, that Mr. Allen was equal to himself this year; he is an artist whose works we have often admired together, but he hardly gives himself time, and is too often cold and raw in his execution. Mr. Anthony's yellow atrocities cannot be too strongly condemned.

The third exhibition of our London season was the fourteenth annual exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours; and it is with pleasure I can state, notwithstanding the desertion of Messrs. Topham, Duncan, Dodgson, and Jenkins to the old society at the other end of the street, that this year's exhibition is fully equal, and in some respects superior to any the society has as yet put forth. The exhibition consists of 413 works of art, contributed by fifty-two exhibitors, eight of whom are ladies. The president, Mr. Warren, (who taught us both when we were boys,—you recollect how fond he was of windmills and green lanes,) has a large camel picture entitled "The Return of the Pilgrims from Mecca." W. thoroughly understands an Egyptian sky, though he has never seen one, so successfully has little Bonomi brought Ptolemy's heaven to our old master's house in Little Chelsea. The aforesaid W. has also distinguished himself by a clever composition (Stothard-like) entitled "The Seven Ages of Women," though he has allowed Owen Jones to disfigure it by a Birmingham tea-tray border worthy of Whitechapel or the Minorities. Haghe is as great as ever.

His largest work is entitled "Capuchin Monks at Matins in their Convent at Bruges," and represents a group of monks (some thirteen in number) at a reading-desk, lighted by a large lantern with a side shade. The effect of light thrown full upon the heads of the monks is quite a Rembrandt triumph in water-colour art. A lucky prizewinner and, what is rare, a man of taste, in the London Art-Union has bought it for 157*l.* 10*s.* If you knew the picture, you would envy him as I do; it is almost the only Art-Union selection I was ever covetous of. You know what taste the majority of prizewinners must necessarily exhibit, and how very little judgment it is right to expect from the Bow Road, Balls Pond, St. Mary Axe, or Ratcliffe Highway. Haghe has other works of consequence and merit, but I must pass them by to let you know what others are accomplishing in the same line. Mr. Wehnert sustains the expectations of his friends in a large picture representing Sebastian Gomez (the slave of Murillo) discovered by his master at work. Murillo has just entered his studio, and startled at seeing his slave seated at his easel, painting in the ear of a child, in a picture of some pretensions, puts his hand out to keep the students in his train from disturbing the patient exertions of the youthful artist. The scene is well imagined: the slave is intent on what he is about, and the master equally surprised and pleased, while the studio of an artist has allowed the introduction of numerous accessories, which assist in relieving and enriching the general grouping and effect. It is altogether a fine work. The ladies occupy, as they deserve to do, a distinguished place in the exhibition,—Mrs. Margetts continuing to excel in grouping and portraying carved ivory cups, rich purple grapes, and fine full trusses of scarlet geranium. You will be glad to hear that Miss Sarah Setchell, after a long illness, has returned to her favourite art, and in a touching picture from the well-known song, (unfortunately by an unknown author,)

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,"

maintains successfully the reputation she obtained from her engraved picture from Crabbe—"The Poacher; or, the Momentous Question." Her present performance (her only contribution to the exhibition) consists of two figures, a mother offering a rich silk dress to a young and pretty girl to consent to be the bride of another, "nor think of Donald mair." The mother is somewhat bulky, and the attitude of the girl too like the girl in Wilkie's "Duncan Gray" to be original; but there is a charm about the whole picture, and in parts (the accessories particularly) a skill and care in colouring which lifts it up into real excellence. The drawing is forcible, and some of the tones almost oil-like.

The fourth exhibition of the season is a real novelty. You are aware that there has long been a set of artists discontented, and not without reason, with the conduct of the Royal Academy; the members, it is said, engross the whole of the best places upon the walls of a government institution, and in this way virtually exclude their less fortunate brother artists from their proper share in benefits to which they are, as they think, fully entitled. The Academicians reply, that the Royal Academy is not a government or even a public institution; that it is a private body holding apartments in a public gallery; that apartments were assigned to them in Somerset House, then a royal palace, and entirely at the disposal of George III.; that those apartments were exchanged with the government for the present rooms in the National

Gallery; and that government has no more right to interfere with the Royal Academy than it has with the Society of Arts in the Adelphi or the Graphic Society at the Thatched-House Tavern. The Academicians continue, therefore, to exercise all the privileges they formerly enjoyed, and the discontented have been driven first to the British Institution, where they still flourish, afterwards to Suffolk Street, where they still exist, and now to the Chinese Exhibition at Hyde Park Corner, where a society calling itself "The *Free Society of Modern Artists*" has opened an exhibition of its own, and appealed for support to the excellence of what it shews. The chief exhibitors are the two Lauders, Mr. J. C. Bentley, Mr. Edward Corbould, Mr. and Mrs. M'lan, Mr. Kidd, Mr. Buss, and Mr. M'ulloch of Edinburgh. The number of works exhibited is five hundred and eight, and each exhibitor purchases so many feet of wall where he has his own hanging. The prices are attached to the names of the pictures in the printed catalogue, and there is a "refreshment room;" so that, without other novelties, the exhibition has a good deal to recommend it to a larger class of people than mere holiday visitors. It is quite up to the mark of the recent Suffolk Street exhibitions. I could, however, find nothing better than a clever picture by Mr. C. Dukes, entitled "A Scene from 'The Gentle Shepherd.'" If this was a rejected work from the Royal Academy, it says little for the "Hanging Committee" by whom it was condemned. The exhibition, you will readily conceive, has an odd, strange appearance. It is, however, a fair and honest way of shewing works; no one can complain who has the choice of his own way of *hanging*.

You have lost very little in not seeing the old Water-Colour Exhibition of the present year. It is very like former years. An Arabian sleeper might rise from his trance, or Sir George Beaumont from his grave, and be unable to detect many points of difference. It is true that Crisall, and Barrett, and Wright are dead, that Frank Stone and Harding have withdrawn from the Society (seeking for further honours in the resources of oil-painting), and that Topham, and Dodgson, and Jenkins, and one or two more are new introductions to the gallery. The appearance of a room, small in itself, can, however, be but very little varied from former years which includes forty-four prominent contributions from so well-known an exhibitor as Copley Fielding, twenty-eight by W. Hunt, fifteen by Prout, sixteen by De Wint, fourteen by David Cox, and six by George Cattermole. Landscapes compose the leading feature of the collection. De Wint delights in long Lincolnshire scenery, varied with hay-carts and cows, and Cox in the rich broad results of a long and attentive examination of the beauties of English landscape; Prout still triumphs in transferring continental buildings to sheets of paper; Cattermole in peopling Norman interiors with Glastonbury monks and Templar knights; Hunt in painting fruit to which Dr. Lindley might adjudge a Banksian medal, or in portraying over-fed boys or hungry country bumpkins. If you were here, with all your practice and long experience, and severe Italian taste, you would find nothing better in the whole exhibition than an interior by Cattermole—"The Refectory—Grace." The figures are put in with the dash of a great master. It is Leslie who remarks, in one of his lectures at the Academy which I had the good fortune to hear this winter, that details may be omitted by Velasquez or introduced by Terburgh, and the effect be equally satisfactory, because, whatever the one gives or the other

leaves out, is given or omitted under the guidance of an exquisite taste. Do you not feel the truth of this? I am sure I do.

You will remember, when last in this country, the pleasant visits we made together to the Royal Academy exhibition—how invariably we went on the first day, and how eagerly we waited till the cloek of St. Mary le Strand and afterwards of St. Martin's in the Fields (at the last removal) had struck the opening hour of twelve on the first Monday in May. How often have we observed to one another that we never liked to miss the first day of the Royal Academy exhibition! I still continue the fancy, which you first taught me, of watching the faces of the half-hanged and the unchanged, and find infinite pleasure in contrasting the happy faces of the few well placed with the rueful countenances displayed by their less fortunate brethren. You will recollect the Irishman who stood sturdily out for the superiority of Maclise over every living artist; the American who regretted West and Copley, and the Scot, who exclaimed to his brother Scot, "Hout, tout; there's been nae exhibition worth the seeing since Sir David's death!" Then the stray criticisms we picked up were both amusing and important; for on the first day (as I still continue to observe) critics will communicate what they think, and artists will let out their secret opinions of the merit of the works before them. I was not absent on the first day on the last occasion; and, though I went necessarily at first rather hurriedly through, a third visit has not induced me to make any particular alteration in the judgment I had arrived at after my first visit. This year's exhibition is, after all, only an average exhibition; the great artists whom you recollect rather support than add to their previous reputations, and the younger ones (of the same standing as yourself), and who are rising into notice, have made very little advance on former years. Secretly (tell it not in Gath) I am glad that Turner is away, for his latter works are as mad as Blake's intended eccentricities. Eastlake is almost as insipid as Greuze, and Etty too careless in drawing and too dirty in colour to give real satisfaction to the critic acquainted with established excellence. I am somewhat tired, too, I confess with pictures in which dogs are invested—as Edwin Landseer invests them—with the instincts of human beings (Mr. Jesse may like such pictures, I do not), and still more tired of seeing gentlemen's favourite haeks painted with a dexterity and taste worthy of finding employment on efforts of a higher character.

But to turn from faults to excellences. Mulready has a picture called "The Butt," painted for that true patron of English art, Mr. John Sheepshanks. A butcher boy with an empty tray, and a boy with a basket of clean clothes, have stopped a couple of girls with a basket of cherries. Some kind of compact about the mode of sale has evidently taken place, and the butcher boy's mouth is made "The Butt" at which the boy with the basket of clothes shoots from his finger and thumb, with all the intentness of one interested in knowing that it will be his turn next. He has, however, made numerous bad shots, all of which are recorded by the juicy marks of the cherries that have hit and missed. The cherry girls are enjoying what is going on with a true relish for the scene. The colouring is warm and careful, and the sturdy coolness of the butcher's dog, who takes up a similar position by his master's side, is an amusing incident in assisting the story and completing the balance of the picture. I really hope that you have not been so long in Italy that you have become entirely wedded to the great mas-

ters of the Italian school. That you can still see and admire infinite beauties in the Dutch school of art, and that after wondering your soul away over the glorious works of Raphael and Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, you can still turn, as formerly, and find infinite art in a Terburgh or a Teniers.

The great picture of the exhibition, to my taste, is contributed by Mr. Herbert, who is now an R.A., as I daresay you have heard. It is entitled, "St. John reproving Herod,"—"For John said to Herod, it is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife." The whole composition is in the severe style of Pietro Perugino, and the early Italian school, and the story is told,—as all the early painters told their stories,—unmistakably. St. John is full of earnest dignity (a standing figure—I was going to say equal to the "St. Paul preaching"); Herod is thoughtful, and all but persuaded, and "the brother's wife" (somewhat too square in the face) indignant and disdainful. After Mr. Herbert, I should perhaps mention Mr. Cope, who contributes a large picture, the dying "Wolsey received at the Abbey of Lcicester" by the abbot and his monks. I wish I could tell you that it is a work conceived and executed in a great spirit; but really it is not so good (by a very long way) as the efforts of President West and old Northcote in the same line. The fact that it was painted for Prince Albert, seems to have blinded some of Mr. Cope's Kensington admirers; but I, who am not overawed by the patronage of royalty, can only look upon it as a picture attempting a great deal, and failing to succeed in that attempt. I confess that it is a very great subject, and that failure in such an undertaking is almost to be looked for. Let us remember that there are not above five-and-twenty really first-rate Italian pictures in the world, and that it would be easy to produce at least one hundred Dutch. We have more good tragedies than epic poems, more good comedies than didactic poems. But what I complain of the most in Mr. Cope is, an entire absence of mental vigour in the heads. They all appertain to soft, sleek, well-fed, conventual dignitaries, interested in something else than what is going on. There is no moral upon the canvas (Hogarth would have hit this); nothing like what Shakspeare has said of Wolsey in his Henry VIII., and Johnson in his "Vanity of Human Wishes."

The work in the exhibition which attracts the most admirers, and which is talked about the most at dinner-tables, is a picture by *Do-the-Boys* Webster, as he is called, entitled "The Rubber," and representing a card party of country bumpkins at an inn. The expressions, I can assure you, are admirable, though the painting is somewhat of the hardest. Bets have actually been laid who are to become the winners,—some taking one side and some the other. Sunday papers are appealed to, and it is even said that Webster himself has been troubled with applications on the subject. The picture has nearly all the merits, without any of the vulgarity, of the best of the Dutch school. Do not be surprised at the admiration this picture has occasioned. I can fancy your look on hearing this for the first time, while intently ruminating in the Stanze or the Loggie, in the Palazzo Borghese, the Palazzo Farnese, or the Picture Gallery of the Vatican. The admiration is English over. We pretend to admire Italian art, but we understand Dutch. Murillo is about the height of our taste for the spiritual in art; Teniers and Ostade we purchase and comprehend.

I wish it were in my power to tell you that Herbert has many fol-

lowers in the here untrodden field of scriptural art. The public taste is set in a different direction, and those that live to please, must please to live. We must cease to wonder, therefore, how little has been accomplished in high art. The times are by

“ When praise
Was to the poet, money, wine, and bays ;”

and so it is with the painter. Our dignitaries of the church,—our Bishop Bloomfields and our Reverend Mr. Bennetts,—are not imbued with the least particle of taste for adorning their churches with incensives to religion. Their principles, perhaps, are against the admission of holy pictures into holy edifices. If this is the case, I commend their sincerity, while I regret their determination. I am afraid we shall never be awakened into a sense of the high and beautiful in art. Our Westminster Hall exhibitions are little understood. Curiosity and Prince Albert (human nature and a love of royalty) have taken more people to see our attempts in fresco, than you will readily believe with all your knowledge of the English people. Not but what the Westminster Hall exhibitions have already accomplished a good,—they have set people thinking, and thousands who never heard before of a fresco or cartoon, talk about art as if they understood the principles of painting.

There are artists in this country who have improved immensely since you went away. I would instance young Ward, who has an admirable Terburg-like picture in this year's exhibition. The story is from Evelyn, — Charles II. talking to Nell Gwynn, who is standing on a terrace, leaning over her garden-wall, in St. James's Park. He has had, I am told, four applications for its purchase from four different individuals. Lord Lansdowne was one, but his lordship was too late. The picture was unfortunately sold to some one else. Another still improving artist is Frith, who contributes more than one work of varied excellence to the Academy Exhibition. Egg also is advancing, and bids fair for election into the Academy on the first vacancy. His “ Queen Elizabeth discovering that she is no longer young,” is in Hogarth's best style, and yet historical. Did I tell you that Egg is one of the amateur actors for the Shakspeare endowment fund. I saw him as “ Simple,” in the “ Merry Wives,” and thought his dress, look, and bye-play, indeed, all that he did, quite Shakspearian.

The loss that portraiture sustained by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence is likely to be made up by two Scottish artists, Mr. John Watson Gordon, A.R.A., and Mr. Frank Grant, A.R.A. Gordon excels in painting men, Grant in painting ladies. Gordon works in Raeburn's manner, Grant in a style something between Lawrence and Gainsborough. There is a three-quarter portrait in the Academy of a “ Scottish Doctor,” by Watson Gordon, which Reynolds would have admired; and Grant's “ Mrs. Charles Lamb,” would have induced Gainsborough to have admitted him into company with Vandyck and himself. I cannot add, while on portrait painting, that either Ross or Thorburn are better than they were. Ross is still too feeble in the *pose* of his figures, and Thorburn just as much too broad.

In the sculpture-room at the Academy there is little to admire but Gibson's marble statue of “ Aurora ” which, if I remember rightly, I think you saw at Rome before its departure for our London exhibition. I wish when you see Gibson again that you will remember me most

heartily to him, and add how sincerely I appreciate his statue—the finest poetic figure, to my taste, executed in this country since the death of Flaxman. There are lines in Ben Jonson which suit it admirably. Gibson has represented Aurora stepping on the earth scattering dew; and old Ben has introduced his Sad Shepherd to our notice by the following exquisite reference to the shepherdess of his tale:—

“ Here she was wont to go ! and here ! and here !
 Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow :
 The world may find the spring by following her,
 For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
 Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
 Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk !
 But like the soft west-wind she shot along.
 And where she went, the flowers took thickest root
 As she had sow'd them with her odorous foot.”

The introduction of colour into the skirts of the figure I think in great good taste. The busts are all poor; and Gibson's "Queen" one of the worst in the whole exhibition.

The Directors of the British Institution have opened their usual annual exhibition of the works of the old masters, or by English artists recently deceased. This, you will recollect, was always one of the best exhibitions of the London season, and there is a novelty on the present occasion, viz., a series of pictures from the times of Giotto and Van Eyck, which makes it especially interesting to the student in art. It is true that the Giotto specimen is not very important, being only a fragment of a fresco in the church of the Carmelites at Florence executed about 1295, and destroyed when the church was repaired after a fire in 1769. The fragment (the property of Mr. Rogers the poet), represents St. John and St. Paul, and is remarkable as, perhaps, the only specimen of Giotto in this country. The profound truth of sentiment, and the reverential expression in these old heads, is very striking. The Van Eyck (also the property of Mr. Rogers), represents "A Virgin and Child" seated in an elaborate Gothic recess. It is a very small but most marvellous picture, full of truth, beauty, devotion, and the best art. What fine thoughtful, honest, sincerely-believing, and sincerely-painting men, those early masters were! Whenever I visit Italy again I shall devote nearly my whole time to the study of the earliest examples of art. I think you would do well to give more time to them than English artists usually devote; for though they are apt to lead you into bad drawing, they will inoculate you with a love for expression and inward sentiment far superior to the more mechanical excellences common to the worst masters of the Bolognese school.

There is a very marvellous picture in the Gallery—the celebrated Wilton diptych—representing Richard II. and his three patron saints praying to the Virgin and infant Saviour. It has evidently been a triptych; and very glorious the centre compartment must have been if it was at all like the two side wings that remain. Hollar engraved this picture when in the possession of Charles I.; and Walpole has described it at great length in his well-known Anecdotes. It is painted in distemper on a gesso ground, though Walpole thought it was in oil, and is evidently the work of an able Italian painter of Richard's own time. The finishing is, as Waagen observes, as delicate as a miniature, and the heads, and partially opened eyes, are in the manner of Giotto. The angels' blue dresses are actually powdered with the white hart, the

favourite cognizance of the king! The gold-diapered ground throughout is marvellous in its way. I wish you could see this picture, for I do not remember, in any of our conversations, that I have heard you refer to Wilton as one of the places you have seen. Another good picture is the head of a female, painted in profile, and without any artist's name attached to it in the catalogue. It is distinguished by an impressive simplicity of manner, and is much in the style of Sandro Botticelli, a scholar of Fra Filippo, whose best work "a Madonna crowned by Angels," is in the gallery of the Uffizj at Florence. This excellent head is the property of Henry Seymour, Esq., and should certainly be added to our national collection.

The great value of an annual exhibition, like that of the old masters at the British Institution, is its bringing to light, and to the knowledge of artists and connoisseurs, certain pictures of importance either imperfectly known, or not known at all. I consider the discovery of an important work in this country, from the pencil of Botticelli, a matter of congratulation. It gives us also more frequent opportunities than we should otherwise possess of correcting or confirming our previous predilections. For instance, I have been inclined for some time past to depreciate our own Hoppner as a portrait-painter, but here I find a portrait of himself painted in a dashing vigorous style as if he was drunk with admiration of Velasquez and Sir Joshua, and Titian and Van Dyck were altogether forgotten. Here, too, is a head of George Canning by Gainsborough; of course, from the name of the painter, painted when Canning was young. It is a noble portrait! such character and such colour, and justifies the dying belief of the great artist:—"We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company." There are other works to admire, nor would I omit a reference, or a word of praise, in favour of Barker's "Woodman and his Dog," known to thousands and thousands who never heard the artist's name. The original picture possesses all that truthfulness which has justly rendered it so especial a favourite with English cottagers. Had it been a cabinet-picture, and painted with the same fidelity of touch, it would have stood well by the side of a Metzsu or a Gerard Dow.

The Society of Arts in the Adelphi has opened an interesting exhibition of Mr. Mulready's pictures. The charge for admission is a shilling, and the money thus collected will, if sufficient is raised, be given to Mr. Mulready, who has undertaken to paint a picture for the sum. What the Society has in view is, the formation of a National Gallery of British Art,—a most praiseworthy effort, deserving of every encouragement, for it not only advances the reputation of English artists, but will add to our collection of the works of our island school, a somewhat insignificant gathering, till Mr. Vernon's recent gift of his entire gallery, a noble gift indeed, of which I trust all Europe rings from side to side, in spite of the intestine troubles that disturb not the Continent alone, but our own once peaceful shores. I have been to see the Mulready Collection, and was indeed delighted with what I saw. At every turn I either found an old favourite, or a picture entirely new to me. The former favourites retain their old attractions, and some of the new ones have been added to my list of pet pictures. This great artist,—for such he certainly is,—has now been four-and-forty years before the public, and in that long period he has had a variety of styles. It deserves to be mentioned (for example to others), that he actually began well,—

that his first exhibited picture, though with very little matter in it,—“St. Peter’s Well in the Vestry of York Minster,” is conceived and painted on the true principles of art. I confess, however, that I cannot see so much in his works as his admirers profess to observe. That he can be “powerful and large in his drawing” is clear from his Academy studies in red chalk, part of the present exhibition; but what I contend is, that his class of subjects is so limited in its range that he has no opportunity of displaying the resources of his skill in rivalling “the best designers of the best times of Italian art.” Others, again, profess to see that he paints in Correggio’s manner—a comparison which implies an odd kind of knowledge of what Darley so happily called the Corregiescity of Correggio. Do not understand from this, my dear M—, that I wish to underrate Mr. Mulready; he can rely on his own great merits, and needs not to be placed, by the ill-judged kindness of his friends, on tiptoe or on stilts.

In the best Dutch manner of painting, and in a way of telling a story superior to the Dutch school—with more variety and less to disgust one than Teniers or Ostade—Mr. Mulready is second only to Sir David Wilkie. Higher praise would run to flattery; and mislead the young in forming a proper appreciation of a great painter.

My letter, I find, has run to such length (so charming a subject is art to write about), that I must stop for the present in the very middle of Mr. Mulready’s exhibition. By the next packet you may look for another letter in the same vein, for what I have to say about art in England is far from exhausted.

My dear M—, yours very faithfully,

ABRAHAM VANDERDOORT.

THE ENCHANTED DOME.

WHERE resteth Lotus lilies on the deep transparent water,
To a lonely islet came an Eastern sage’s daughter:
A wondrous dome of burnished gold, by her mystic order rose,
’Mid the stately ancient cedars, shadowing forth a deep repose.

The priceless gems they flash’d back the gold and glittering sheen,
But impenetrable mystery profoundly steeped the scene;
For no human force could enter, or explore that dome within,
If the spirit of the seeker had known secret grief or sin.

On the green enchanted isle landed all who sought the way,
Unseen harps divinely strung, and spicy gales urged sweet delay;
Bands of smiling pilgrims came, o’er the deep transparent water,
And with joyous bearing thronged round the Eastern sage’s daughter.

The gifted and the diademed—the youthful and the gay,
The wisest—best—and loveliest—were there in full array;
Nobly she received them all, ever giving smile for smile,
Yet, alas! the hidden entrance surely told of woe and guile.

“Ah! pilgrims,” spake the islet Queen, “mine art hath truly shewn
Earthly visions oft seem fairest with a veil around them throw;
When ye are mouldering ‘dust to dust,’ forgotten in the tomb,
Your children’s children hence will come, nor ope the mystic dome.”

C. A. M. W.

SIGHTS OF CADIZ.

BY HIS SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE LÖWENSTEIN.*

View from the House-tops in Cadiz.—Religious Processions and Ceremonies during Passion Week.—The Inquisition.—Priestly Delinquencies and Punishments.—The Cathedral of Cadiz.—The *Monumento*.—Chiclana.—Spanish Gardening.—Montes, the celebrated Matador.—Climate of the South of Spain.—The Solano, or Wind of the Desert.

ONE morning during my stay in Cadiz I ascended to the roof of our hôtel to survey the prospect from the Belvidere, one of those little towers which are erected on most of the house-tops. From this elevated point the aspect of the city was singularly curious. The streets were not discernible, owing to their narrowness, and the loftiness of the houses. The latter are almost all of one height, (varying from three to four stories,) and their flat roofs, as seen from the Belvidere, presented the appearance of a vast white plain; the uniformity being only broken at intervals by the towers already mentioned, and by the lead here and there substituted for the usual white roof covering. No sound was audible; no rolling of carriages, or hum of busy movement, ascended from the quiet streets; there was altogether something dreary in the surrounding stillness. Here and there a human figure, flitting across one of the house-tops, looked like the last man in a city of the dead. The scene suggested to the imagination the idea of a vast cemetery, and it would have given birth to chilling and unpleasant thoughts, but for the consciousness of the gay and genial life which breathed beneath the seeming desert.

Beyond the confines of the city, in every direction, save at that point where the narrow tongue of land joins the continent, the eye ranges over a boundless expanse of water. On the south is the wide-spreading Atlantic; on the north the Bay of Cadiz.

On going out I met in the street a party of eight sailors, walking in procession, headed by their captain. I learned that these poor men had undertaken a pilgrimage, by way of thanksgiving for their deliverance from a terrible shipwreck. They were carrying a piece of sail-coth, the only fragment of the wreck which they had brought ashore with them. There was something deeply moving in this pious procession, which, as it passed along, was joined by many of the common people.

It was Holy Thursday, and preparations were made for the first grand religious procession of Passion Week. Towards the close of the afternoon a solemn retinue began to move slowly along the narrow street of San Fernando, in which our hôtel was situated. This procession was headed and closed by a long train of men carrying wax-tapers. Two little girls, who figured as angels, were decked out in gay attire; and to their shoulders were fastened large wings made of pasteboard, and covered with satin. Their own hair was concealed beneath wigs, and long curls flowed down their backs, between the wings. Next followed Herod, and a train of priests, in

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full ecclesiastical costume. The several scenes in the passion of the Saviour were represented by groups of wooden figures the size of life, clothed in drapery, and bedecked with tasteless ornaments. These figures, which were carried on moveable stages or platforms, were for the most part very coarse specimens of carving, though some of them possessed a certain degree of artistic merit. The best of the wood-sculptors are natives of Cadiz and Seville, and at the head of them is Montañes, a native of the latter city. His figures are imbued with no inconsiderable share of the natural expression and life-like effect which characterize good marble statues.

At distances of from two to three hundred paces the platform-bearers set down their burthens, and rested themselves. Then the whole procession made a halt, during which a military band played a slow march or hymn, and at intervals was heard a flourish of trumpets most distressingly out of tune. The trumpeters wore on their heads high-pointed caps, shaped like paper-cornets, and slouched over their faces; their figures were enveloped in cloaks or dominos, confined at the waist by leather girdles. The caps and cloaks were white, black, or brown, according to the colour of the habit worn by the brotherhood to which the trumpeters severally belonged. Next followed the brotherhoods, or *hermandades*, as the Spaniards term them. They wore the colours of their respective orders, though they were dressed up in masquerade, some as buffoons, others as penitents, &c. Now came a party of Roman soldiers, with swords and helmets, followed by a train of Jews and Pharisees. These were followed by a living representative of Pontius Pilate; whilst the Virgin Mary, the Saviour, and St. Peter, were portrayed by wooden figures, but all were the size of life. At intervals walked the almoners of the several orders of monks, holding up baskets to receive the pious donations which were ever and anon thrown from the windows of the houses.

My attention was particularly attracted by a gay and martial-like figure, habited in monkish costume. Turning to a Spanish friend, who kindly officiated as my *cicerone* on this occasion, I said, "Pray who is that personage? He has more the air of a soldier than a priest. Methinks a uniform would befit him better than the cowl."

"Even so," replied my friend, "that man served long in the Carlist army. He has seen some hard service in the ranks of the *facciosos*, and he has had his share of fighting in several of their battles. But after the treaty of Begara he determined once more to return to the peacefulness of monastic life; and accordingly here he is. His moral character, like that of many of our clergy, does not stand very high. But since the suppression of the inquisition, the Spanish clergy have sadly degenerated."

"How!" I exclaimed, with no little astonishment, "is it possible that you, or any man in the present age, can regret the downfall of the inquisition. Surely you, as a Spaniard, must well know the mischief wrought by that terrible institution!"

"You misunderstand me," resumed my interlocutor. "I do not regret the loss of the inquisition. That its whole machinery demanded reformation is beyond a doubt. In its blind zeal for upholding absolute monarchy, for disseminating the catholic faith, and preserving in their pristine purity the doctrines of that faith, the

inquisition doubtless proceeded to odious extremes; especially during the latter period of its existence. But let us judge the inquisition as it was on its establishment in 1484. During several years I was engaged in examining the national archives at Simancas, where I had access to many rare and curious documents relating to inquisitorial processes. An attentive perusal of upwards of thirty circumstantial narrations of such cases, has convinced me how usefully and earnestly the efforts of the inquisition were directed to the suppression of immorality among the clergy. Priestly delinquencies form the subjects of not less than nine-tenths of the processes detailed in the archives of Simancas, in which are also recorded the punishments awarded to the offences. The mode of procedure observed by the tribunal was this: when the holy office received information of an offence committed by a priest, the evidence was written down, but the names of the accusing parties were not affixed to it. A single denunciation was not always deemed sufficient to establish ground for an investigation, which, in most cases, was not set on foot until after repeated denunciations. The accused was then cited to appear before the tribunal. He was tried and sentenced without ever being made acquainted with the names of his accusers. All human institutions are subject to corruption and abuse; and so it happened with the inquisition on which history has heaped a great amount of unmerited odium. No," pursued my intelligent friend, "I do not regret the suppression of the inquisition; but I think we may lament that the principles which presided over the birth of the institution, were in the latter years of its existence lost sight of or perverted. It is unfortunate that we have now no tribunal possessing the requisite authority for checking the licence of the priesthood, more especially at the present time when we are not on terms of perfect accordance with the head of the catholic church."

The procession having passed, we turned our steps in the direction of the cathedral, where we were informed we should hear the performance of some fine old church music. The cathedral was illumined by wax tapers fixed in massive tripod candelabra, but the lateral chapels were not lighted up. The pavement of the nave, was overspread with straw matting, and there a devout assemblage was already congregated. According to the Spanish custom, the women, whatever their rank or condition, all sat on the ground, close together; the men being at a little distance from them, some sitting, and others standing. All were listening with deep earnestness to the solemn and awe-inspiring strains of a *Miserere*, which the choir was then singing. It was the composition of an old Spanish master, a native of Cadiz, a city always celebrated for the cultivation of good church music. After the conclusion of the *Miserere*, a sermon was preached. I could understand but little of what fell from the preacher, who possessed a fine sonorous voice. His delivery was, however, accompanied by much gesticulation, together with that restless movement of the head and hands peculiar to the Italians, which though it may impart animation to a public discourse, certainly detracts from its dignity.

An observance peculiar to the solemnities of Passion Week in Spain is that termed the *Monumento*. In every church there is erected a small wooden temple, within which is deposited the *custodia*, containing the Host. This *Monumento*, as the temple is called

is illuminated from Holy Thursday till Good Friday with a countless number of wax-lights, and it is customary for people to go about from one church to another to see the show. We, of course, followed the custom, and perambulated the town to see the *Monuments*, which everywhere attracted throngs of admirers, who, whilst they gazed at the object of their devotion, muttered an *Ave Maria* or a *Pater Noster*, and then hurried away to the nearest church to see the same sight and perform the same ceremony.

Early on the morning of Good Friday we had another solemn procession, which, however, did not differ in any material point from that which I have already described. I was assured that the archbishop very much disapproved of the processions in Passion Week, and would most willingly prohibit them, were it possible to do so. These mummeries are in many respects exceedingly objectionable; for, instead of inspiring feelings of religious devotion, they are regarded by the populace as mere masquerade buffooneries provided for their diversion. To put them down would be no very easy, and, possibly, no very safe measure. They have taken firm root in the tastes and habits of the people, and have become interwoven with temporal and commercial interests. On the other hand, some plausible arguments are advanced in their favour. In Andalusia, religion partakes of the nature of the climate, and it differs widely from the spirit of Catholic piety in colder climes. In Spain, as in Italy, faith penetrates to the hearts of the people only through the senses; the sacred mysteries work on the imagination through the medium of earthly objects.

Having gratified our curiosity by witnessing some of the principal religious solemnities of the Holy Week, we prepared to quit Cadiz and to pursue our journey. Our plan was to cross over to Africa, and to visit some of the remarkable places on the coast of Morocco, commencing with Tangiers. The best course was to proceed by the steamer from Cadiz to Gibraltar, but to our disappointment we learned that it had departed that very morning. To have waited for the next would have detained us five or six days; we therefore determined to go by land to Gibraltar. Our friends in Cadiz warned us of the bad roads and unpleasant accommodation we should encounter on the journey, but, nevertheless, we resolved to act on our own plan.

We obtained a conveyance to Chiclana, a little town situated at the distance of a few miles from Cadiz. There we parted from one of our travelling companions, M. Eintrat, the French Secretary of Legation, who was on his way to Madrid. In his stead we were joined by Count Munster, who had passed the winter in Cadiz. Our travelling party now consisted of three gentlemen and a servant.

Like all the small towns in the south of Spain, Chiclana has narrow, ill-paved streets, and white, flat-roofed houses. Here many of the inhabitants of Cadiz have country residences, whither they repair on Sundays to enjoy what they are pleased to term the charms of rural life. But as there is not, with the exception of the Alameda, a single shady spot in the surrounding neighbourhood,—as there are no vineyards, no fresh fountains, no public gardens,—it is difficult to discover in what the attractions of the place consist; possibly in dancing with unrestrained mirth to the sound of castagnets, and in promenading on the Alameda of Chiclana instead of the Alameda of Cadiz.

We had letters to an eminent merchant residing in the town, and

we called on him shortly after our arrival. He received us in his garden. Having heard from his friends in Cadiz that he was a great amateur of floriculture, and that his garden was quite celebrated, we requested that he would show us over it. No wish that we could possibly have expressed would have afforded our host so much pleasure to gratify, and he proceeded with an amusing air of complacency to direct our attention to every spot and nook in his garden, and to every plant it contained. To our surprise we found this much vaunted garden unadorned with the beauties of tropical vegetation: we saw absolutely nothing in it to admire, though we politely concealed our disappointment. There were no tall stately palms (which, in this country, grow in the open air), no shady broad-leaved fig trees, no blooming myrtles, no cedars or sycamores. Instead of cool walks, overarched by spreading foliage, and bordered by margins of fragrant shrubs and flowers, we passed through little avenues, edged by dwarf walls, and paved here and there with coloured stones. As to the flowers, most of them were grown in pots, and the place altogether resembled a nursery-ground where plants are reared for sale, rather than a garden laid out by a private gentleman for his own pleasure. The Spaniards, like the Portuguese, seldom shew good taste in their gardens. They adhere more or less to the old French style. Trees cut in fantastic shapes, paths traced out in geometrical lines, here a terrace and there a fountain, and at intervals the unseemly form and grinning face of a grotesque sculptured figure—such are their notions of beauty in the art of gardening.

Having favoured us with a view of his garden, our host led us into the house, where we found a party of gentlemen assembled in the dining-room, and engaged in smoking their *cigaritos*. All were dressed in the ordinary style except one, who wore an Andalusian costume. This proved to be Montes, the celebrated *matador*. He was not dressed in the silken suit which he is accustomed to wear in the bull-ring, but he wore a jacket of brown cloth, (tricked out with ornaments of coloured velvet on the collar and sleeves,) small clothes of brown cloth, and short leather gaiters. Montes is a man of middle height, and his well-formed figure bears evidence of the strength and activity with which he is so peculiarly endowed. He has a gallant soldier-like bearing, and his manner is at once frank and polite. He entertained us by relating many curious particulars of his life. Before he became a *matador* he used to frequent the slaughter-houses, in order to make himself acquainted with the anatomy of the bull, and he studied the character of the animal by living much in the country, among herds and herdsmen. He described to us some of the narrow escapes he had had in the bull-fighting circens, where nothing short of almost miraculous presence of mind and dexterity had saved his life. Occasionally it had been his fate to encounter bulls which, instead of attacking the flag he held in his left hand, would make a fierce onset at the person of the *matador*. These attacks, he informed us, never came quite unawares; it being always possible, by attentively watching the eyes of the bull, to know his intended movements. But Montes declared these movements to be sometimes so rapid and sudden as barely to afford him time to plant his foot firmly between the horns of the bull, and by a vigorous effort to spring forward over his head, at the

very moment when the infuriated animal was about to toss him in the air. It was often supposed that he performed this feat merely for effect; but he assured us he never attempted it except in the last extremity, to save his life. He mentioned, in proof of his hair-breadth 'scapes, that the bull's horns had oftener than once ripped up his silken jacket, and dragged the handkerchief from his pocket. A *matador* rarely dies a natural death.

Montes is rich enough to retire from his dangerous profession; but he is so passionately devoted to it that he cannot be present at a *corrida*, or bull-fight, as a mere spectator, without being irresistibly impelled to take an active part in the sport. We promised to meet him at a *corrida*, which he informed us would take place in Seville about the time when we expected to reach that city.

Evening was now approaching. We took leave of our host and his company, and sauntered to the Alameda, to inhale the fresh atmosphere, which, in this part of Spain, is peculiarly genial and salubrious. I have often wondered that patients suffering from pulmonary complaints are not more frequently sent to the south of Spain. Cadiz is sheltered from the bleak northerly wind of winter, and the heat of summer is tempered by the marine exhalations and refreshing breezes continually wafted from the sea. But, with all its advantages, this paradisiac climate is not without its evils. During summer there are intervals of intolerable sultriness, occasioned by the hot stifling wind, called the *solano*, which comes from the African shore. Wind it cannot correctly be called; it is the burning breath of the desert. During the prevalence of the *solano* a heavy stillness hangs on the atmosphere; and its elasticity seems to be annihilated. The *solano* is identical with that which the Italians term the *sirocco*. It occasions great tension of the nerves, and other unpleasant sensations. Its effect is felt even by animals, who, at its approach, manifest every symptom of uneasiness and fear.

THE OLD MONUMENTAL URN.

I FOUND an old grey urn, on a pale still autumn day,
 In a lonely wood, where shadows threw a sombre lingering ray;
 The yellow leaves in rustling heaps around were softly falling;
 The jay flew screaming overhead unto its mate thus calling;
 All beside was hushed and calm—and where the prostrate tree
 On the greensward lieth low, I mused on destiny.
 Mournful the scene, but sweetly sad, and o'er my soul was cast
 The shade of memory's magic spell, imaginings of the past;
 The old grey urn had graven words upon its mouldering side,
 Which lichens, mould, and damp green moss, in vain essayed to hide;
 As o'er the monumental fane the drooping willow swept,
 Nature's veil aside I drew, I traced them, and I wept.
 The hallow'd record bore the name of one of ancient race,
 Departed in her early youth of loveliness and grace;
 Rear'd by the hand of kindred love, beside a favourite bower,
 Whence summer sweets had passed away, with the fair human flower;
 But oh! it was not words like these which thrill'd the hidden chords;
 It was the mournful meaning of the brief and touching words.
 "She prayed for death, a sweet release from sorrow and from pain,
 And could we win her back to earth, she would not come again."
 The mouldering urn doth consecrate the ancient trees beside
 The tangled covert, where the deer, the stricken deer doth hide;
 And had those ancient trees a tongue, what tale of by-gone years,
 Might not they breathe of her bruised heart, her communings and tears?

C. A. M. W.

THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

BY THE FLÂNEUR IN PARIS.

“ Those fond philosophers, that magnify
 Our human nature
 Conversed but little with the world. They knew not
 The fierce vexation of community.”

So said, long time ago, the dramatist, James Shirley, in his old play of “The Brothers;” and there is a bitterness in his language which seems to show that he knew something personally of that “fierce vexation” which he hangs about the neck of “community,” as a label about a bottle of ardent spirits. “Fierce vexation” may naturally be the characteristic of all agglomerations of men, in which so many different passions, feelings, characters, tempers, views, tendencies, minds, and modifications of education are thrown all at once into one caldron, seething, as in the instance before our eyes, above the crackling and burning faggots of a revolutionary conflagration, and are endeavoured to be cooked up into something like a healthy porridge. Amidst all the first simmering and boiling, it needs almost a superhuman art in political cookery to make “the medley slab and good.” Time alone can stir up the brew into a savoury whole, and cause the first crude materials to amalgamate; time, and a due process of stirring, can alone bring up the scum of the worst feelings to the surface; and then time and habit can alone skim it off. Those who “watch the pot” ought to have some little patience, then, and not expect the potage to be at once of that due and proper savour which it ought to possess. The “fierce vexation” must necessarily, perhaps, rise up in the process of the concoction; and until habit shall have skimmed it away, or it shall have boiled off of its own accord in the working, it must be looked upon as the natural result of the fermentation of “community.” But, at the same time, there are culinary cases when the most patient lookers-on will begin to despair of the results of the cookery, upon seeing the many cooks busied in spoiling the broth, the heterogeneous ingredients flung into the pot, and the nature of the spoon of disorder, ill-will, and mistrust with which so many desperate efforts are made to stir it about: there are, still more, times when the fire burns so hot, when the fuel is heaped on with such reckless hands, when the boiling is so fierce, that, with the best hopes, it is almost impossible to conceive that, out of the insensate brew, a good and great whole, by which a country may be nourished, vivified, and strengthened, can ever be concocted,—when there seems no probable result for the dish but its transformation into what is called, in common parlance, “a kettle of fish.” And such a case, alas! exists in the composition and the cookery of the first National Assembly of new republican France. Those who look on, and see the “fierce vexation” of its community, tremble for the results to itself, to its own respectability, to its own future influence, and, consequently, to the destinies of the country. Certainly, it is such as no “fond philosopher,” who has dreamed only Utopian dreams of “Liberty, equality, and fraternity,” and never “conversed” with “the world” of republican reality, could imagine.

Let it not be for a moment supposed, however, that any insinuation is hereby conveyed that all the ingredients with which the seething-pot is filled are deleterious or bad. The greater part of them are healthful and good; a few poisonous weeds alone have been mixed among the solid meat and salutary vegetables: and although they will never fail of giving the whole mass more or less of a bad taste, yet their unhealthy effect may be lost, by proper skimming, in the overpowering excellence of the good. But it is when, in spite of the predominance of the admirable ingredients, one sees the formation of such a hodge-podge of confusion, disorder, clamour, recrimination, angry passion, and coarse manner, that it is natural to fear the impossibility of the final production of any other "medley" than that indigestible one which sickens and turns the stomach of a country instead of fortifying and calming it.

Let due justice, then, be done to the many men of talent, of instruction, of good sense, of good feeling, and above all, of good intentions, towards their country and their country's real weal. Towards their fellow countrymen of the lower, and too often suffering classes, and towards those principles of democracy which a new revolution has established in France,—of good intentions even in attempts to make something practical and tangible of those now vain, vague, phantom-like words, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," who have their places, as Representatives of the People, in the French National Assembly: let due justice be done to their energy, their zeal, their right-mindedness. Let every credit be given to the ardour of industry and the enlightened talent with which, in the committee-rooms, the representatives, when disunited, work for the good of their country. Let every allowance, also, be made for the want of practice and experience in the neophytes of the Assembly, for their ignorance of the customary parliamentary forms, for their inexpertness in the trade of people's deputy, a trade that needs a rude and long apprenticeship like any other. Let every consideration be given to the earnestness, the sincerity of conviction, the ardour of individual opinion, which, while they produce a pell-mell of individual remonstrance and opposition upon strong occasions, are yet proofs that all men are not mere sheep to jump over the hedge of principle at the tail of their bell-wether leader. Let every excuse be made for those tumultuous feelings that must arise amidst the convulsion of such a revolution as has suddenly overwhelmed all France, overthrowing all previous positions, affecting all vital interests, and filling men's minds with alarm and dread. And yet—and yet—when an impartial spectator sits by and sees all the "fierce vexation" at its fiercest pitch, the disorderly manner, the want of all union, of all dignity, of all calm, of all decent feeling constantly displayed,—when he feels the constant collision taking place between the sovereign assembly and those it has delegated to the head of affairs, the mutual mistrust, the mutual recrimination, the suspicion, and the seeds of destruction, setting aside the angry passions, the irritation, and the insult between the violent of violent views and the moderate and better-thinking, but scarcely less violent in manner,—when he witnesses the intimidation endeavoured to be exercised by the former, and the fear of pressure from without that begins to influence the votes of the latter—he can but shake his head, and, if he wishes well to France, give a sigh for the future destinies of the country.

The turbulence of character in the French National Assembly has had a prototype, it is true, in the old French Chamber of Deputies. Formerly, however, it was only when some important subject was to come on, when public feeling was agitated, and there was a probability of a formidable opposition in the Chamber, that the curious in living and stirring dramas would crowd thither with the expectation of seeing their sage legislators "kick up a row," and that public curiosity was regaled with a treat for those, to whom "rows" are sugar-plums. But these occasions were only *occasional* and, generally speaking, rare. Now-a-days, in the National Assembly, the row-hunters need not to pick and choose their day, and fight for tickets upon especial occasions; they have but to take their daily chance; they are sure of their affair; every day presents the same spectacle; the "row" is the order of the day.

It was a curious sight, for the expectant observer, to watch the first meetings of this great Assembly, inasmuch as it is rare that great popular assemblies do not take in the very first few days that character, that temper, that physiognomy, that manner—in a word, that *fold*, or *pli*, as the French themselves have it—which stamps all its future fate. In the first few days a popular assembly generally daguerreotypes its own portrait in lasting and immovable traits. And so did the French National Assembly. From the very first the character was taken,—the *pli* was marked indelibly,—the portrait was stamped upon the plate. It was not difficult to prophesy for the National Assembly a future of tumult and disorder: the prediction has been verified to the letter,—is being verified day by day,—will continue, according to all appearances, to be verified to the last. The National Assembly assumed from the very first the physiognomy of one of those great republican clubs, with which all the great towns throughout the country teem in manifold disorder. Unfortunately, the clubs were instituted upon the first proclamation of the principle of *droit de réunion*, and had their full swing of tumult long before the elections assembled the representatives of the nation. Instead, therefore, of the clubs being modelled after the fashion and example of a great and grave deliberative assembly, it was the deliberative assembly of the country that seemed to have thought it its high mission to model itself after the form of its furious predecessors, the clubs. There is every reason to suppose that many of its new and noisiest orators and "interrupters" have learnt their lesson of rude disorder amidst the hideous confusion of the club-rooms. A club-room! The word does not always convey a correct idea of the picture to be fancied. A school-room in an uproar,—a herd of rebellious schoolboys, who have lost all respect for cane or rod,—a revolt of ill-ruled children! Such a picture would better stamp the true impression to be conveyed.

See! Master President is ringing his bell with fury to obtain order,—flinging it down in despair,—taking it up again,—ringing still more furiously,—breaking the poor vain instrument in his energies, until its cracked sound is finally lost in the roars of laughter which at last dominate the uproar. In vain he calls "silence:" in vain his ushers, the *huissiers*, bawl "silence" in echo, with well-practised stentorian throats. He flings himself back in an agony in his chair; his lungs are ruined; he coughs and spits; he rises

again, again in vain; he covers his hat to dissolve the meeting; he takes off his hat again. Poor man! nobody heeds him. He perspires in his exertions until he can endure no more: no wonder that his temper should share the ruin of his lungs. He bellows at last, *Voulez vous bien vous taire?* just as a governess would call out to an outrageous set of noisy misses; he catches sight of a member, not far from him, who is gesticulating and vociferating, all by himself, and evidently to his own heart's content; he shakes his fist at the recalcitrant individual whom he has singled out, with the shout, "You ought to hold your tongue,—you, there! Who are you? what's your name?" Never was schoolmaster in a greater dilemma; never did schoolmaster use language more fitted for the occasion. See! in the midst of the hurly-burly, a knot of boys—the *Flâneur* begs their pardon,—of men,—of legislators,—of representatives of a great nation—have got to fighting among themselves in a corner upon the top benches. And now comes rushing down one, his face inflamed with passion, to whine out to Monsieur le President, with piteous voice, that *citoyen* "so and so" has called him names (*il m'a injurié* were his words) and insulted him. Is not this the very complaint of Master Jones when he "tells master," "Sir, Master Sims has called me names, sir, and kicked my shins, sir?" Can the school-room resemblance go further?

It is not only that all the ancient forms of previous respectability are utterly wanting in the young assembly, spite of the presence of so many "old boys," who have already passed through many an examination in them, and might well serve as tutors, and do also try to serve as tutors of propriety, with all the force of their lungs sometimes, but in vain,—it is not only that members clap their hands, instead of crying "hear," contrary to all supposed decorum of parliamentary precedent,—it is not only that they noisily stamp their disapproval with the heels of their boots, to the popular measure of "Des Lampions," an innovation, not consecrated by any previous regulations of parliamentary manners,—it is not all such little freaks and fancies in the want of proprieties, which might be pardoned to the uneducated in the parliamentary rules of "behaving oneself," that so much stamp the tumultuous character of the Assembly. It is a far more agitated, and oftentimes convulsed physiognomy, from which its portrait must be taken. An evil spirit of disorder seems, like a wicked fairy in a tale, to have presided over its birth, and, out of some secret spite, to have marked it with a burning finger. Hark! what a storm has broken forth! There was one yesterday,—there is one to-day,—there will be one to-morrow: the barometer of the Assembly is at "set-stormy;" or, if it ever rises towards "change," it is to fall again quickly to its previous gradation. As, to getting round the top to "fair," it has as yet made no efforts for such a thing, and seems now to give the matter up entirely. Hark! there is some one to be accused, denounced, or defended,—there is some minister to be attacked or to be put down,—there is a collision of principles and views between the Assembly and its executive government,—there is a sentiment of suspicion and mistrust that no one ventures openly to express, but that every one feels, and is all the more irritated that he is too weak to give a shape to,—there is a party to put down, or there is some other cause of secret or open conflict. Hark! how the wind first whistles,—then the storm

rises,—then it bursts forth! Hark! the outcries from the benches, the oburgations, the remonstrances to the orator in the tribune, all at once, and from all parts; the insults, the coarse satire, the thundering abuse, the stamping with the feet, the bellowing, the howling! See! twenty, thirty, forty, fifty members rise at once, stretch forth their arms, gesticulate, abuse, and deny. Several rush down the steps from their high benches, and apostrophise the orator as they run. Hundreds twist themselves on their seats in an agony. A crowd rushes down into the space before the tribune, where it stands in thick throng, gesticulating and denouncing. It is impossible to hear a word amidst the deafening clamour. And see! see! from ten to twenty all dash at the tribune at one moment,—they climb the stairs,—they cling to the balustrade,—they appear to cling to each other like a living string of onions,—they seem to have studied the scenes of the *cage des singes* in the Jardin des Plantes, as the worthiest of imitation,—they all shout at once. The scene of tumult and confusion is at its height. Utter lassitude seems the only oil to appease the angry waves. The appearance of a well-known orator, to whom every one is accustomed to listen with more or less of respect, in the tribune, has sometimes a calming effect, like a ray of sunshine in the storm; but not always. But the picture might be painted, like one of Martin's wildest conceptions, to an infinity of dark thunder-cloud distance, and yet not be fully painted, or convey a true impression of the distracted and convulsed reality. The *Flâneur* gives up the task in despair. Come with him, then; and pay a visit to the interior.

In a vast oblong hall, simply decorated, but yet not with the very best taste, rises an oblong amphitheatre of benches, to which diverging passages give easy access. At the further end is a high parapeted *estrade*, ornamented with all manner of republican symbols, upon which is placed the arm-chair of the president; it is flanked on either side by the seats of the secretaries and parliamentary officials, forming a whole which the French technically term the *bureau*. Before and beneath it stands the less-elevated tribune of the orator, to which leads a double flight of steps from either side. A sort of huge dais, or stage, or painted canvas box, or whatever it may be called, has been erected behind the *bureau*, and envelopes both the president's seat and the orator's tribune. This frightful machine has been constructed with the useless purpose of throwing out the voice of the speaker in the tribune, the unfortunate members exiled to the furthest seats of the far bend of the amphitheatre having made daily complaints, and piteous expostulations, that they could hear nothing of what was going on,—and no great loss either, upon ordinary occasions. The structure bears a striking resemblance to those temporary orchestras which may be seen standing, like little theatres for child's play, before the *cafés* in the Champs Elysees, and have a vague affinity to similar boxes in English public gardens. The moral resemblance is but slight, however, for the sounds that proceed from beneath its overhanging canopy have generally the reverse of orchestral harmony in them, and excite exclamations of disapproval, instead of the plaudits of an easily contented crowd. To be sure, in order that the resemblance be not fully lost, the solos are frequently sung lamentably out of time and tune. Around the whole hall, upon the first and second floors, are

the galleries, also, by a confusion of terms, called "tribunes," opened to the public. These are vast enough, and are divided and subdivided into various compartments. There are the reserved tribunes, generally filled with gaily-dressed ladies; and the tribunes for the national guards on duty; and the tribune for the numerous reporters of the thousand and one journals of Republican Paris; and the tribune reserved for the delegates of the clubs, that are thus *quasi* recognised as authorized component parts of the state, and as acknowledged controllers of the doings of the Assembly,—it has been set apart for them by the authority of the autocratic ex-minister of the interior and his acolytes; and the clubs of moderate opinions have in vain protested that it is filled, by the preference of privilege, by those of ultra and anarchist tendencies; and the diplomatic tribune, which is as scantily incommodious as possible; and the tribunes, which occupy nearly one whole story, for the public at large, and for the delectation of those zealous idle patriots, who will spend hours at the door in order to enter in time, and give their sanction to the proceedings of their delegates and servants, the representatives of the people. Tricolor banners and flags, and pikes, and other republican emblems, are grouped, as ornaments, in every interval where they can be stuck up. There is no mistaking the place in which we find ourselves.

The benches are filled with the representatives. Almost all the famous nine hundred are assembled. The tribunes are crowded. The president is in his *fauteuil*, and already ringing his bell for order. He has scarcely any other task to perform; he ought to be elected for the untiring strength of his arm, and the no less untiring strength of his lungs. The representatives not seated are rushing hither and thither, and talking in groups, and collecting on either side of the *bureau* below, or forming noisy knots in passages behind the benches; it is more difficult to get them into their places, and, when at last the work is effected, to keep them there, than to drive a herd of wild colts. There are many who seem to possess a flea-like nature; they are eternally hopping about, and fix only to bite with animosity. The National Assembly seems to have adopted the old political divisions of the *quondam* Chamber of Deputies. The conservatives of a republican *regime*, the moderates, as they are called, the suspected and denounced of the out-and-out Republicans, have chiefly taken their seats on the benches of the right wing of the amphitheatre; these are the men of the opinions of the *droite*, as the vague French parliamentary designation has it. The opinions then go shading off through all the *nuances* of the *droite*, to the more neutral tints of *centre droite*, *centre* and *centre gauche*, and thus to the blacker colours of *gauche* and *extrême gauche*, and all the ultra-radical tendencies thereto belonging.

This shading process is not followed up with the same accurate nicety of gradually dissolving colours in the National Assembly as in the old Chamber of Deputies; some of the colours have not yet declared themselves, they will only come out in the heat of the fire; others, from want of experience, have not found their proper places in the gradations of tint; others seem to refuse to amalgamate, and remain blotches upon the canvas; but, generally speaking, the tinting process is more or less observed as of old. No colours, however, more decidedly take their proper place than the dark ones—the

deep black—or, in other words, the *extrême gauche*. There, upon the uttermost top benches to the left, sit the representatives of the violent, ultra-republican, and extreme communist principles. From taste and purpose they have no faith but in the old traditions, the old forms, and the old manners of the first republic; they are never content but when they can return to them in dress, tone, gesture, and word. They are the admiring imitators of that burlesque tyranny and bloody buffoonery, called the Revolution of '93. They dream but of the return of the days of the Convention; and they, too, must have their *moutagne*; they sit, consequently, upon the "mountain" benches of the extreme left. It is from the mountain that come thundering down the chief roars of interruption which Jupiter President is in vain able to control with his own little thunder, and the lightning of his bell: from thence come the denunciations of the rest of the assembly as *reactionnaire*, as *contre-revolutionnaire*, as "dishonouring the Republic one and indivisible." Thence come the *parbleus* and other gentle oaths, for which it was at first supposed that *citoyen* Caussidière had alone the privilege: thence come the violent attack and coarse abuse, after the old Republican fashion: thence comes the *allons donc*, and other such apostrophes, that figure in the journals. There it is that, upon delicate questions, the running about commences for the collection of a sufficient number of names demanding the vote by division: it is the tactics of the party to fix upon those they call "reactionary" as marked men; they demand that their names should be printed in the "Moniteur," that the true Republic may know its enemies. This policy is based upon a system of intimidation which, already, more than once, has attained its ends. There it was that, upon that topmost bench, throned, not long ago, like a demon upon a mountain height, that spirit of evil, that never rose but in the midst of the tumult and storm, to fly to the tribune, and increase the tempest by every word that could be found to envenom, to aggravate, and to exasperate; that dark man, with the discontented air and the lowering eyes, who conspired to overthrow the Assembly, and seize upon the reins of power to institute his new government of terror—the only means of government that his party can acknowledg. But he is no longer there: the place of Barbès is empty: he sits within the prison walls of the fortress of Vincennes. His acolytes are still there, however, and still dream that they may one day play the part of the new Marats, Robespierres, and St. Justs, of a new republic of their choice. The ministers and the members of the Executive Government have, either designedly or without *malice prepense* as it may be, chosen their seats upon the lowest benches of the extreme left. The latter, however, seldom honour the Assembly with their presence; they are too busy upon affairs of state, or, naughty opposition journals say of some, in billiard-playing and smoking.

But see! they are there to-day, and who does not know that sharp but intellectual-looking face, those now pinched and withered but noble features? It is the poet-statesman Lamartine. He has fallen in popular favour since he has identified himself with the cause of the obnoxious ex-minister of the interior; but he will be listened to with respectful attention when he appears in the tribune, and, however weak in moments of passiveness, he will look again the hero when his spirit mounts with the storm, and he becomes the man of

the moment.—Look at that stout man with the full face, the nose raised aloft and the insolent air, sitting by him: his hand is always in his waistcoat, his head is tossed back with an air of indignation. It is this same ex-minister, and now by the grace of his colleague, member of the Executive Government, Ledru-Rollin, the first cause of all the ill-will, the mistrust, the confusion, and the party anger, that, after the first few quieter weeks of its birth, nursed the new Republic into its present crippled form. He is fallen into the disfavour of his old friends the anarchists; he is still obnoxious to the moderate majority; he has been supported alone by his miscalculating colleague. But when, on rare occasions, he mounts the tribune, he will still attempt to overawe the Assembly, and impose his dictatorship by his airs of insolent disdain; but he is not exempt from the attacks of clamour, tumult, and interruption, continually arising from the disorderly representatives.—There is Mazé, also, with his mild gentlemanly air, which is not without an undercurrent look mixed of suspicion and inquisitiveness;—and Garnier Pagès with his resolute, but not ill-intentioned air;—and Arago with his fine old intelligent head, and straightforward look, but with a restless and almost reckless manner.—Marrast, also, is there sometimes, with his bold but discontented expression.—That ugly, sharp-faced man yonder, with the frizzled head of air, is Cremieux, who has been lately obliged to retire from the ministry of justice on account of his slight deviations from correctness of memory.—That heavy-browed stolid-looking man, who is often in the tribune, amidst every mark of mistrust and opposition, is Flocon, the minister of commerce; he openly avows his ultra-republican principles, and is no little suspected of complicity in the plot of the 15th of May.—But, see! a servant of the Assembly brings a stool to the tribune! a dwarfish, boyish-looking little man, with a round sensual face, advances, and hoists himself up to a visible height to address the Assembly with violent gesture and fulminating but hesitating declamation. It is Louis Blanc, the *désorganisateur de travail*. But his day is gone, he is scarcely listened to, and almost hooted by the Assembly; he has escaped, by the fear of an insurrection of the working classes, from the accusation of being the accomplice of his “noble friend” *citoyen* Albert, in the conspiracy against the sovereign Assembly; and the Assembly cannot yet pardon itself its own weakness and tergiversation. He is succeeded by a fine-looking young man, who contradicts his Utopian doctrines, and is received with applause. This is the type of the intelligent of the working classes: it is Peupin the *ouvrier*. There, and there again, in the Assembly are other workmen, most of them well chosen for their moderate principles, by the suffrages of their class.—That greasy-looking, long-haired man, however, is another of low birth, but of perfectly different opinions; it is the frantic Pierre Leroux, the *soi-disant* philosopher, and maddest of communists, and social anarchists; he has been but just elected in Paris;—the distracted-looking, bearded man, with long haggard face, by his side is Lagrange, the assassin of the 23rd of February.—That quiet, good-looking man upon that upper bench is Astoin, the *portefaix*, common porter, and popular poet of Marseilles; he is dressed, however, in ordinary and even gentlemanly attire; he has not yet risen to give evidence of that intelligence he is supposed to possess.

Here and there you see among the representatives the clerical dress:—there is the Bishop of Orleans, the supporter of peace and charity, spite of the oburgations of the ultra and anti-Christian party; there, are other clergy of note and talent.—The strange white robe of the eloquent Dominican monk, the Père Lacordaire, has disappeared: he has retired in disgust before the tumultuous nature of the National Assembly. Old Beranger, the poet, too, is gone with his long grey hair and fine intelligent head: the disorder was too much for the stout-hearted but aged man. But there are others upon whom our eyes may wander with interest.—The head of that young man who gets into the tribune cannot fail of attracting attention; it is the living repetition of a world-known face; it is Napoleon Bonaparte again in features, if not in genius; it is his nephew, the son of Jerome. Men look to him, they scarce know why themselves, in these times of general confusion and mistrust, when they seek a leading staff in the first phantom they can grasp, be it but a name, the lustre of which shines with only a faint reflected glory. Many of the old liberal opposition there are yonder; they who were once the *gauche*, have now become the *droite* of the Republic.—Little bull-headed, versatile, impatient Thiers has just taken his seat. The men of well-known talent do not fail also.—There is Tocqueville, the man of the committee-rooms, with his practical experience;—and Leon Faucher, also, the sensible and clever economist, whose words are always words of reason, foresight, and sound practical judgment.—There is Victor Hugo, the poet, too, with his heavy forehead and little eyes, looking as if he thought that his genius must rule the world.—The ancient legitimists are also in tolerable force: among the number are Berryer, with his dominating and convincing talent of oratory; and young de Falloux, with his energy and ready sense.—The comic orators are also not wanting to complete the *ensemble* of the *dramatis personæ* of a nation's drama: they are in good number.—That burly man with the stentorian voice, who twists, and turns, and jumps with both legs in the air in the tribune, is a M. Freslon; he seems eager to take the part of clown to the circus.

But the *Flâneur* has not space to sketch the hundredth part of all the portraits that present themselves; he must close his sketch-book, although unwilling to leave untraced all the interesting and exciting varied physiognomies that he sees around him. He closes it with the conviction, with which he took it up, that the amalgamation that forms the composition of the Assembly is collected, in many cases, of the soundest ingredients. Why, then, do they mix so ill, and simmer together so confusedly? Some reason might be found in the desire of each Frenchman to attitudinize even in an exclamation or a cry. A cause might have been alleged, also, in the waspishness of suspicion, left by the betrayal of the 15th May, had not the *pli* of tumult been taken long before that memorable occasion. But, be it what it may, scarcely any conglomeration of men ever met on popular reunion, in the annals of history, that showed so little of peace, and calm, and dignity, so much of coarse confusion and insensate riot. With such elements, with such a commencement, what may be the future destinies of the French National Assembly?

Paris, June, 1848.

THE WIDOW OUT-MANŒUVRED.

BY MRS. FRANK ELLIOTT.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

"THIS is comfort! how I do enjoy this!" said Mrs. Sparrow with enthusiasm to her dear friend, Mrs. Tufton.

"So do I," that lady replied, as she slowly sipped her Madeira.

It was her second glass, the hour was two o'clock, P.M., the scene the dining-room in Tufton Lodge; the fat butler had retired, the Misses and the Masters Tufton had strolled away, the half-demolished luncheon lay upon the table, and the friends lingered over it, reluctant to depart.

Mrs. Tufton (a woman of a stately presence and majestic port) was apt to be a little frosty in the morning, and not unfrequently appeared at the breakfast-table with something like a wintry cloud upon her brow. As the day advanced she thawed; two was with her a genial hour, her mutton-chop and her Madeira operated like sunshine. Mrs. Sparrow perceived, and gladly recognised their vivifying influence; her own breast glowed with the most ardent friendship; she listened to Mrs. Tufton's copious family details with lively sympathy, with breathless interest, rarely interrupting them except to exclaim with emotion, "Go on, go on, my dear love; to be sure, how it does put me in mind of old times."

Of these "old times," to which Mrs. Sparrow so feelingly alluded, we profess entire ignorance. We deal but with the present; and present times, with Mrs. Tufton, meant an easy fortune, an easy carriage, an easy husband, well disciplined children and domestics. With Mrs. Sparrow they signified ninety pounds a year, a small ill-furnished bedroom in a cheap boarding-house in Queen Square, Bath, some few tender memories of the late Lieutenant Sparrow, his miniature set in pinchbeck and worn upon her bosom, a fertile brain to devise, a ready wit to execute such stratagems as are legitimate in love, or war, or widowhood.

"Go on, go on; tell me more about Soph's engagement. I do so love to listen to you," resumed little Mrs. Sparrow. She was, it must be confessed, small of stature; her great soul was locked up in a very little casket.

Without any great stretch of charity (by the way, the least elastic substance upon record), we may infer that Mrs. Sparrow spoke with tolerable sincerity. For two mortal hours she had listened to the history of Soph's engagement, unvaried by the slightest admixture of any relieving topic, and to her immortal credit be it spoken, had not throughout that period uttered one single yawn.

"Really," said Mrs. Tufton, "it's refreshing," (and she did not mean the Madeira, though she paused to sip,) "it's positively quite refreshing to see the interest you take in our dear Soph; and certainly," she resumed, after another gentle pause and another gentle sip, "it will be pleasant to have Soph settled."

"So nice!" exclaimed the widow.

"So early!" responded the mother.

"Only seventeen—'sweet seventeen!'" observed Mrs. Sparrow.

"And a half," rejoined Mrs. Tufton, who, in virtue of her daughter's

matrimonial prospects, could afford to display an accuracy with respect to her age not often practised by judicious mothers.

"Does Mr. Herbert appreciate the dear girl?" asked Mrs. Sparrow, in her most insinuating tone.

"He admires my daughter excessively, as I have reason to know," replied Mrs. Tufton with swelling dignity; "and the Colonel, I assure you, his uncle—Lieutenant-Colonel Butt—is very much pleased with Sophia."

"Is Colonel Butt a nice old gentleman?" said Mrs. Sparrow.

"Very much so."

"And independent in his circumstances, I think you told me?" pursued the widow.

"Independent, my dear love!" rejoined Mrs. Tufton, "why, he is rolling in wealth; one hundred thousand pounds in the funds, and the prettiest place in Berkshire."

"Oh, dear, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Sparrow; "it will be so charming for Soph. a rich old bachelor uncle, and Indian shawls, and Tritchinopoly chains, and all that sort of thing. You don't think there is any danger, do you, Mrs. Tufton," she continued, with charming *naïveté*, "of Colonel Butt taking it into his head to marry again?"

"I should consider myself very ill-used, I know, if he were to do any such absurd thing," replied Mrs. Tufton; "I should never have consented to my daughter's engagement to Charles Herbert—a mere country curate—but for his expectations from his uncle. Tufton, indeed, says—but I don't mind Tufton—that one never can be sure of what those old men may do."

"So cruel to the dear young people," said the widow soothingly; "but I'm sure, Mrs. Tufton, you need not be under the least apprehension; I dare say he has settled into all sorts of old bachelor ways. Did you say he was fond of music? I forget," she continued, in a careless manner.

"Dear me, no!" replied Mrs. Tufton, "I could not have said that; I must have meant Charles, or you must have mistaken me. The poor old Colonel fond of music—oh, no! he is fond of nothing in the world but backgammon."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Sparrow, and she lifted up her hands in astonishment; "do you know there is nothing I delight in like a hit. You could n't give me a greater treat than to set me down to backgammon. And it happens so fortunately, for now I can make myself useful: I can relieve you, my dear friend—I can take this poor old gentleman off your hands altogether."

"Thank you, my dear; that's just what I want," said Mrs. Tufton. "It tires me to death to talk to him, he's so deaf; really, the attempt to make him hear quite upsets me for the day."

The two friends separated. At length the dinner-hour came, the Colonel and his nephew came, and Mrs. Sparrow descended to the drawing-room resplendent in Birmingham jewellery and crimson silk, as well gilt, as well got up, as though she had been a Christmas book. Her toilette had been eminently successful. Her turban reflected infinite credit on herself, her complexion on Delcroix; both were masterpieces of art.

She was introduced to the Colonel,—she went down to dinner with the Colonel,—she sat beside him,—she listened to him,—she talked to him. It was very odd; he was "a leetle deaf," he said himself, (his

friends said "very") but he heard distinctly all her whispered warnings against *réchauffé* dishes, curry that was n't hot, sherry that was.

In the evening, she challenged him to backgammon,—“to one hit,”—they played a dozen. It was very odd again,—she was an admirable player,—there could not be a better,—but he beat her hollow,—he rose the victor. A proud and happy woman was little Mrs. Sparrow, when Colonel Butt lighted her bedroom candle for her that night, and she glided from the room. She had lost eighteenpence; she had gained the Colonel. “’Pon my word, a pleasant chatty little woman; very good manner too,” was his flattering observation, as the door closed upon her.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Tufton, who was half asleep in the soft recesses of her easy chair. “Sophy’s manner is not bad. It was always reckoned like mine. She is more like me than any of my other children.”

“I did not allude to Miss Sophia, Mrs. Tufton, though there is no young lady I admire more,” said Colonel Butt. “I was speaking of your agreeable friend, Mrs.—Mrs.—Pigeon, is the name, I believe.”

“Ringdove,” suggested Master Frank Tufton, usually designated “that bold bad boy,” by his Mama; we must hope for the sake of the alliteration.

“For shame, Frank. Go to bed, sir,” said Mrs. Tufton. “My friend’s name is Sparrow, Colonel Butt, distantly related to the Sparrows of Sparrowpeckwell.

“Yes, yes; very good family,” said the Colonel; “so I should have supposed from her manner. Swallow—Swallow—very good name; most agreeable little woman; plays a dashing game too, and so well tempered though she lost!”

“A dashing game” indeed, in more senses of the word than one, the widow played, and slight seemed the danger that her temper might be tried by losing. Fortune and Colonel Butt smiled upon her. Her hostess, to be sure, after the first few days, frowned—but what matter? Could she dislodge her guest? No. If Mrs. Tufton hinted at anticipated arrivals, and wanted the blue room, Mrs. Sparrow could move into the green; if the green were required for some convenient friend, most unexpectedly expected, there was the little chamber in the attic.

“Put me in any hole or corner,” she would say. “Put me anywhere; I don’t mind where I sleep; but one thing I *will not* do, I will not desert my friends. I said to myself the first day I came to Tufton Lodge, ‘I will stay over that sweet girl’s wedding; I will stay to support her poor Mama upon that trying day.’”

Mrs. Sparrow did remain. Mrs. Tufton lost her temper, and Mr. Tufton, as a natural result, his rest. Mr. Tufton was *nightly* reminded of his own culpable imprudence in having brought this designing woman to the house, and told that upon him imperatively devolved the duty of getting her out of it.

Mrs. Tufton was clearly right, as we shall prove, and Mr. Tufton very much to blame. One day she had said to her “wedded dear,” “I met Lucy Sparrow, yesterday, my love.”

“Who the devil is she?”

“A very nice creature; the widow of Lieutenant Sparrow of the 42nd; a particular friend of mine.





"Umph!"

"Mrs. Sparrow was a good deal overcome at meeting me. She says I'm not grown a day older since we parted. She is changed herself though, poor thing! She has had her trials. She had on a remarkably pretty bonnet."

"The woman is in weeds, I suppose."

"How you do talk, Mr. Tufton! Her husband has been dead a year. She made it herself, I'm sure. I have a mind to invite her here."

"What do you want with her?"

"There's all Sophy's *trousseau* to be got through. It could be done very cheap at home, if Lucy Sparrow came here to help, and undertook the bonnets. She was always very clever about millinery. I declare I'll ask her."

"Do if you like. Ask any body, only let me be quiet."

Certainly Mr. Tufton was highly culpable, and *probably* he felt some compunction for his error, since he resolved on making an effort to avert its evil consequences;—he determined on speaking to Charles Herbert.

Mr. Tufton was a quiet, easy gentleman, as we have said before, and seldom took much trouble about anything or anybody; but he was fond of his daughter Sophy, liked his son-in-law elect, and did not wish to break their hearts or their engagement. It would be a pity too, he thought, if Colonel Butt's money were to go out of the family, or Mrs. Sparrow to come into it. Accordingly, as Charles was leaving the breakfast-room one morning, Mr. Tufton drew him aside, and held him captive by the button.

"Your uncle is a gone man," began Mr. Tufton.

"A gone man!" exclaimed Charles. "I declare I see nothing amiss with him. I never knew him so stout and active as since that last attack."

A young curate engaged in making love cannot be expected to have much leisure for observation. The widow's manœuvres had been in a great degree lost upon Charles.

Mr. Tufton laughed heartily. "My dear fellow," he said, "the present attack is far more formidable; if you don't look about you, the Colonel will succumb;" and he proceeded to explain its nature, concluding with the question, "What is to be done?"

"Done!" cried the astounded young man; "why, send the woman out of the house to be sure."

"She won't go."

"Then what the devil *am* I to do?"

"Break off matters with Sophy, take a tender leave of her, and go home to your mother."

Unless we were tolerably secure of uncle Toby's recording angel being at hand with an expunging tear, we would rather not chronicle Charles's answer. There was very little that was clerical about our young curate, except the white cravat.

"Swear away, Charles. I should be sorry to prevent you, if it is any relief to your feelings, my dear boy. But remember this, I have been an easy man all my life, and have lived up to my income. Are you listening?"

Charles paused in his rapid strides up and down the room, to assure Mr. Tufton he was all attention. "And the consequence is,"

resumed that gentleman, "I can give Sophy nothing but my blessing."

The curate looked aghast; "and 2000*l.*," continued Mr. Tufton. "You have about as much more, and your curacy, 150*l.* a-year, and the interest of 4000*l.* No love could live upon that; you would be starved into hatred before the end of the first six months."

"There, there are my expectations, sir, in addition," stammered Charles, with a rueful visage.

"All at an end, as you very well know," rejoined Mr. Tufton; "if your uncle marries the widow, and so, my dear fellow—I'm sorry to say it—would be your engagement with my daughter."

"My uncle shan't marry Mrs. Sparrow."

And Charles threw himself into a defiant attitude, and fell into a deep silence:—"I'll marry her myself!" he cried at last, starting from it.

"Miss Tufton, and Miss Tufton's papa, are very much obliged to you," said Mr. Tufton, smiling; "but, indeed it is not a bad idea."

"I'll consult Sophy," said Charles.

"Will Sophy consent?" said Mr. Tufton.

Sophy, on being summoned, and taken into council, did consent. She demurred a little at first, but finally yielded her approval, and the conclave having been broken up, and solemn secrecy enjoined, she departed to the drawing-room, followed by Charles, and wearing a very pretty little look of importance on her blooming face.

It was a rainy morning, dark, dismal, dreary; a day for billiards, for letter-writing, for flirting, for any other innocent in-door occupation. There was no possibility of stirring out. The widow was in the drawing-room, seated on a low stool, drawn close to the side of Colonel Butt, her upturned face fixed on his, her hand reposing on the arm of his chair, the other holding up, screen-fashion, a garnished pocket-handkerchief, and defending, as she best could, her carmined cheek from the perilous influences of the fire.

The Colonel, the poor devoted Colonel (who, it must be acknowledged *en passant*, looked rather foolish) seemed disposed for his part, to take shelter behind the ample columns of "The Times." A newspaper, however, especially turned upside-down, could form but an ineffectual defence against the artillery of glances such as Mrs. Sparrow's. The fortress was evidently on the point of being surrendered *at*, if not *with* discretion. It must have been the widow's evil genius that conducted Charles and Sophy to the room at this eventful crisis. She started when she saw them.

"Oh, there you are, you dear interesting pair!" she cried. "Just returned from your morning ramble, I suppose."

Sophy pointed to the window, against which the rain pattered with increasing fury.

"Oh, true—I forgot the rain," said Mrs. Sparrow; "but it's a delightful morning for your music. You'll have no tiresome visitors or interruptions—and there's a famous fire in the next room."

"I don't intend practising this morning," said Sophy, drily.

"I'm regularly bored with music," observed Charles.

"A lover's quarrel!" thought the widow. "Dear me, he is very handsome, and I never minded it before. I'm sure I wish *he* were the uncle!" And she sighed, and glanced towards the arm-chair, where the Colonel (we blush to say it) was fast sinking into slumber.

"Come, come, Colonel," she cried, "it's too early for your nap; suppose we try a hit." And she laid her little hand upon his shoulder.

"Where is the backgammon-box?" said Colonel Butt, rubbing his eyes.

"Here, sir; here, sir," said his nephew. "Allow me, Mrs. Sparrow." And Charles arranged the tables with an assiduity that was truly edifying. "I don't see the dice, though," he said.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Where can they have got to?" said Mrs. Sparrow; and she fussed and fidgeted about the room. "Do you know, Sophy?" she enquired.

Sophy did not know—she seemed in a dry, disagreeable humour that morning, and sat motionless, with her hands crossed before her. Charles, on the contrary, was most alacritous, and overturned all the chairs and tables in the fervour of his search for the missing dice. "Perhaps Frank has taken them," he suggested, when he had knocked down a vase of flowers, and drenched a blue and silver purse, which poor Sophy had been making for him, and which, unluckily, lay upon the table. "I'm sure Frank has got them," he repeated.

"The disagreeable, troublesome boy!" said Mrs. Sparrow, "I hate boys."

"The young rogue!" said Colonel Butt, as he retreated from the clatter to his arm-chair. He was fast asleep again in five minutes.

Sophy exerted herself so far as to ring the bell. "Call Master Frank," she said, with infinite majesty, to the servant.

Frank stoutly denied the imputation of the dice. His private opinion was, that Mrs. Sparrow had them in her pocket.

"We must give them up," Charles said to Mrs. Sparrow; "I have searched every nook and corner of the room."

"How kind you are, dear Mr. Herbert! how much trouble you took!" said Mrs. Sparrow.

"And there is my uncle off again, you see," rejoined Charles. "Twould be ten thousand pities to disturb him. Let him sleep on; and suppose we have a little music to enliven us."

"I thought you were tired of music—regularly bored?" said Mrs. Sparrow.

"Not with *your's*—oh, no, not with *your's*," responded Charles, with an emphasis more flattering to Mrs. Sparrow than to Sophy.

The widow looked at Charles Herbert, and thought him handsomer than ever. She looked at the Colonel, and thought—no matter what.

"Well," she said, "I don't much care if we do try some of those new songs." And she placed her arm within that of Charles Herbert. "Sophy," my love," she continued, looking back towards her with matchless effrontery, "you will have the goodness to call me when the Colonel wakens."

Sophy made no reply, and the folding-doors (for the reception-rooms at Tufton Lodge communicated one with another) closed on the retreating pair.

"What shall I sing for you, Mr. Herbert?" said the lady, with a bewitching smile, as she seated herself at the piano.

"Let the choice be your's, Mrs. Sparrow. I chose once, madly, rashly," replied Charles, with a furious sigh.

"Not irrevocably, let us hope," said the widow—and her heart pal-

pitated. "Bel idol mio," she began, "caro oggetto," and she thundered through an Italian bravura. The house rang with her melody.

"Entrancing!" exclaimed Charles.

"You don't *really* think so?"

"By my soul I do; I never heard such execution." (Murder had been the fitter word.) But do you never try the ballad? the simple ballad?"

"I detest Scotch ballads," said Mrs. Sparrow, with a little toss of the head. "They don't suit me; but there are those sweet things of —'s, I do so dote on them. I quite love his songs."

"Try one," said Charles.

She tried several. The admiration they elicited was rapturous. 'Twas amazing the expression which Mrs. Sparrow threw into them, and one especially had something in it so tender and so touching, that Charles, who stood behind the songstress, was fain to have recourse to his pocket-handkerchief. He drew it forth, as was his custom, with a flourish, when some hard substance fell from its folds at Mrs. Sparrow's feet, and rattled on the ground. She looked down—it was the lost dice.

"Forgive the subterfuge," Charles cried imploringly.

He seized her hand—she smiled upon him—he kissed it.

"For shame, for shame, Mr. Herbert! I'll betray you."

The door opened. "Luncheon is on the table," said the fat butler.

The afternoon did not clear up; Sophy was not inclined for music—Charles and Mrs. Sparrow were; perhaps Sophy had had enough through the folding doors. Certain it is, the Colonel, in spite of the miraculous recovery of the dice, did without his backgammon for that evening, and many a succeeding one.

And why?—because Charles wooed the widow, and his uncle, the most amiable but the most punctilious of old gentlemen, drew back. "He would not, for the world, have interfered with Charlie. He was sorry for Miss Tufton; she was a pretty little girl, and, probably, would break her heart at first, but she'd soon get over it and marry some one else, and she should not want, as far as he (the Colonel) was concerned—a handsome wedding-gift—a thousand pounds, perhaps, or a nice dressing-box. And as to Charlie—boys will be boys; they never knew their own minds—no, no more than women."

Master Frank Tufton told his sister Di, in confidence "that, if it were not for the fellow's cloth, he'd call him out." Di, a sharp little maiden of fifteen, thought "Sophy had no spirit."

Her mother thought she was a suffering saint, so did the housemaid. Miss Sophia herself "bore up wonderfully," as the phrase goes; her spirits were marvellous. Perhaps, after the approved manner of poetical souls, she "laughed that she might not weep," since the only symptom she exhibited of a "crushed or broken heart," was a tendency towards hysteria.

Affairs stood thus, when, one afternoon (the ladies had retired to dress for dinner) Colonel Butt said to his nephew,

"Charlie, I don't feel very well."

"Sorry to hear it, uncle."

"I shall go to town for a week or so," said the Colonel. "I've ordered horses in the morning—don't say anything about it."

"Not a word," replied Charles. "We can start before any one is up. Smith will get us some breakfast."

"You are not going with me, surely?" the Colonel asked, in some amazement.

"To be sure I am. I must see after the settlements myself. Mr. Tufton says so."

"Mr. Tufton! What has he to say to them?"

"Why," replied Charles, "he is naturally interested, in the arrangements to be made for his daughter's future provision, if — if, sir, she should have the misfortune to survive me."

"I protest, Charlie, I don't understand you. In fact, I conceived your engagement with Miss Tufton at an end. I—I—I imagined you engaged to that very agreeable little woman, Mrs. Sparrow."

"Never dreamed of such a thing, sir," said Charles.

"In the name of Heaven, then," said the bewildered Colonel, "what have you been driving at?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow, on the journey. I'll explain all; I have n't time now — there is the second dressing bell — I shall be late for dinner." And Charles was hurrying from the room, when his uncle exclaimed in terror—

"Stop! stop! Don't leave me in suspense. Tell me one thing,— Can she bring a breach of promise against you, my dear boy?"

"No, no," said Charles eagerly. "I took good care of that."

That night the widow sang and smiled her best, her sweetest. Charles was more attentive, more enamoured than ever. To be sure, he whispered for a long time with Sophy in the corner, but then that was done to save appearances, and because Mr. and Mrs. Tufton were sitting near them. The morning came, and Mrs. Sparrow, who had lingered long over her looking-glass, and a new cap, descended rather later than her wont to breakfast.

"I declare I'm not the last," she said, looking round the room, while Mr. Tufton placed some tongue and chicken on her plate. "Why, the Colonel and Mr. Herbert are not here!"

"The fact is," said Mr. Tufton, "Colonel Butt and his nephew are gone to town, to arrange some necessary preliminaries for my daughter's marriage with Mr. Herbert, which is to take place on the 30th."

Mrs. Sparrow neither shrieked, nor wept, nor fainted, for, as we said before, her little body contained a great soul. She took another slice of tongue, finished her breakfast, retreated to her room, called for her trunk, packed up all her own things, and a good many of Sophy's, and then sat down to indite the following epistle to "Mrs. Sparrow, senior, Montpelier Parade, Cheltenham:"—

"MY DEAR MAMMA SPARROW

"(For so I must ever call you), I hasten to congratulate you on your legacy. *Long, long* may you live to enjoy it! It is charming to think of your being so delightfully settled at Cheltenham, the very place for the dear girls! I have been far from comfortable lately; indeed I never am when separated from you. My heart still fondly turns to the family of my poor Sparrow. Twice within the last week have I been solicited to change that name, but I could not, I would not part with it. I have refused Lieutenant-Colonel Butt of the 21st, and I think, by so doing, have hurt the feelings of my kind friends here. Under these circumstances, I am sure you will think it my duty, as it is my inclination, to hasten to you. I hope to arrive in Cheltenham by the seven o'clock train. Ever your own, "LUCY SPARROW.

"P.S.—I understand there is to be a fancy ball at the Queen's on the 30th. I hope the dear girls have secured tickets. Tell dear Ju. I am delighted to hear *her* Captain has arrived in Cheltenham. I quite long to be introduced to him."

THE CELLINI CUP.

BY SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD.

MANY years have lapsed into the past, and floated down the old stream of time, since events occurred, the outlines of which made a strong impression on my memory, and the details are at this time recalled by circumstances of no ordinary interest or occurrence.

At the time I refer to, Old Bond Street was the fashionable lounge of Westminster, and thither the aspiring young tradesman, who could command the means, resorted also, not merely to lounge over his counter, it may be presumed, but to attract other loungers to visit it. Amongst these a new, and newly decorated, shop excited much attention. It was a silversmith's; and, though the modern display of splendid plate glass, however appropriate, was then unknown, there was a sort of elegance and style in the display exhibited within the well-guarded panes which could not fail to invite the notice of those accustomed to distinguish between elegant arrangement and the mere conglomeration of a load of valuable materials. The door was superscribed with a name which, from its peculiarity and reference to the tenant's calling, rendered it extremely obnoxious to remark; it ran thus:—

SILVERTHONG—*Silversmith, &c.*

Behind the counter of this shop was observed a young man of a somewhat attractive, because interesting, appearance. He had no striking personal advantage that would have excited attention, being merely a good-looking man; but there was an expression of melancholy on his pale countenance which to many, even in the busy world of the metropolis, rendered him an object of notice, if not of actual interest. To such, but more especially to his immediate neighbours, it was known, soon after he established himself in that quarter, that his family consisted of six individuals only, unless we include a rather remarkable dog, who was securely chained at the back of the shop to a strong staple in the wall, who was understood to be savagely fierce, and nightly let loose in the lower floor as a watch and guard of the premises. The bipeds, who ought in courtesy to have been mentioned in the first place, were young Silverthong; a fair and extremely elegant girl, his sister, who appeared some few years younger than himself, and who was very rarely seen at all; a fat, healthy-looking servant-wench, who appeared to be the maid-of-all-work in the house; a pretty, modest-looking girl, who seemed to be attendant on the mistress; a stout and determined-looking person, who, though apparently of an equivocal character in the family, was obviously the occasional shopman and assistant; and a sturdy lad, who performed the duties of porter and footman to the establishment.

The young lady was announced as the sister of the silversmith, and of course at first universally supposed to be such, until, shortly after their settlement, a maiden—perhaps it would be more safe to say a single lady—who occupied the second floor directly facing his residence, having more curiosity than good-breeding, indulged a propensity to *espionage*, and with less discretion than malignity, began to whisper the fact that, on more than one occasion, with the aid of an opera-glass, she had discovered them in the drawing-room embracing each other with

much fondness ; and on one particular day, which she had noted in her pocket-book, and would swear to before any justice in the kingdom, that she distinctly saw the fragile girl throw her arms about the young fellow's neck, and recline her head upon his shoulder for several minutes, while he with one arm round her waist appeared to be also embracing her with the other.

Now, taking it *cum grano salis*, there was nothing in all this that might not, as it frequently does, happen between such near and dear connections, in the overflowings of spotless affection, when excited by mutual affection or even by unusual joy : but the world is notoriously fond of scandal.

Still, as this scandal did not reach much beyond the limits of the street, and, where it did, only provoked curiosity and inquiry respecting the beautiful and almost invisible girl who principally caused it, the young silversmith did not find his shop at all neglected. His tasty and elegant display caught every eye ; and, above all things else, in the very centre of one of his windows, was displayed a silver cup of such elaborate and superb carving as fixed the attention of every connoisseur, and every aspirer to that knowing name. Many entered the shop to examine this surprising work of art,—

“ Some with real intent to buy,
But many more to satisfy
Their idle curiosity.”

The gem remained, however, in the shop-window ; as may be imagined, hundreds who viewed and admired this fine specimen of metallic sculpture never thought of intruding themselves on the owner in order to solicit a nearer and closer examination, not having the remotest intention or notion of becoming purchasers ; but it so happened that a day never passed without one or two, and at last three or four, and at certain hours a little crowd gathering, and becoming for some time stationary, round that particular window, to take a peep at this little work, which was somehow gaining a daily reputation, and becoming to a certain extent an object of admiration and interest to all the virtuosi. But nobody bought it. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., heard of this treasure, and desired to see it at Carlton House. The answer was the humble duty and respects of the owner ; but, highly honoured as he felt, he could not suffer the cup to leave his house even for an hour. His royal highness, it was said, was indignant at first, but curiosity superseded his natural anger. He went incog. with M'Mahon to Silverthong's shop, examined, admired, and departed, and the cup was still seen the next minute after he quitted the house on its usual stand in the window—he had not bought it.

At last Silverthong observed that one day a gentleman of altogether a striking appearance was gazing, with an interest which partook of agitation, at his admired treasure. He saw him next start back from his station at the window to the very kerb of the pavement, and fix his eyes with surprise and some degree of emotion on the superscription above his door. He next drew his broad hat over his eyes, as if to shut out some disagreeable object, and darted with alacrity across the street, and then, with one more lingering look towards the house, presently disappeared.

This was remarkable, and could not fail to excite surprise ; but our

silversmith set it down for an instance of mere eccentricity, and thought of it that day no more.

The following morning, however, early, and before the bustle of Bond Street began, our young trader observed the self-same stranger at his window; he could not be mistaken either in his countenance, his dress, or his manner, all of which were equally observable. He saw him make sundry grimaces whilst examining the cup; he saw him refer as it were to a large cane which he carried in his hand, on which appeared a magnificent ivory head, of apparently curious carving; he saw him again retreat to the kerb, and with half-closed eyes again decipher the name above the door, and the next minute saw him touch the handle of the lock, which, though easy enough to open, appeared to resist his efforts from the extreme agitation with which he endeavoured to turn it. The young man sprang over the counter in an instant, and opened the door to admit the stranger. "Good," said the stranger, staring wildly in his face; but he did not stare long, as if sensible that he was appearing in rather an "antic mood," he presently removed his gaze, which instantly fell on a rather peculiar high-backed, but very comfortable chair, which the silversmith had placed there for the superior accommodation of superior customers. On this object his eyes were riveted for a full minute; then, after a long and deep-drawn sigh, he half audibly muttered, "Yes, by G—," and then threw himself back into the special chair as if he knew it fitted him exactly. Now, there is no harm whatever in a young tradesman's speculating on the character of a new customer; for as such he considered his present visitor.

Thought is an active faculty, and in far less time than we are telling it in, the fancy crossed his mind that this respectable-looking gentleman was a shop-lifter, who, as he had already observed, had a particular eye to his splendid, and apparently to many, unsaleable cup. There were no policemen in those days, so he turned his thoughts to the nearest constable, and gave a secret, but well-understood signal for John Torrid, his before alluded to assistant, to be in attendance within call.

This precautionary thought and measure was scarcely accomplished before the strange gentleman observed in a very winnowing sort of tone, "You've a very odd name, young gentleman; for I suppose you are the master of the house?"

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"And your name, sir. It is peculiar," said the stranger.

"It is, sir; the last, I believe, remaining of an old stock," said the young respondent.

"Indeed! I suppose it would be called impertinent to ask the name of your father," inquired the middle-aged gentleman.

A deep blush passed over the young man's cheeks, but it was unnoticed. "A son generally inherits his father's name, of course, sir," answered rather touchily the silversmith, after a moment's pause.

"No doubt—no doubt, sir," was the reply rather vehemently. Just at this moment there was the rustle of a chain, and a sort of half growl, half whine, heard at the back of the shop.

"Mind, boy," cried the young man, and all was still.

"You have a curious cup in your window; may I examine it?"

"Certainly, sir." And he placed it carefully before him.

The middle-aged gentleman turned it from one side to another, examined every part, and every figure; passed his thumb nail round the

edge of the lip, and at last turned it upside down and examined the unmeaning and undecorated bottom of the cup. This done, he placed it again on the counter, with rather a dainty carefulness, again ejaculating (but *sotto voce*), "Yes, by G—," then added, "you know the value of this cup, I suppose?"

"I do, sir."

"You know it to be a master-piece of the great—"

"Benvenuto Cellini, sir."

"Good: what is your price?"

"It is not for sale, sir."

"Not for sale! You have an article in your shop window, and not for sale!"

"Yes, sir. I place it there to attract attention, as it has done yours."

"Indeed!—this is a strange mode of doing business; I am not sure that it is quite honest to lure a customer into your shop in order to dis-appoint him."

"Excuse me, sir, nothing can be more common. You see in this window part of a service of plate which I am making to order for Lord E——. It is exhibited to attract attention, but of course could not be sold to another."

"That is a different affair altogether. Here you display a gem in your public shop; I see it and desire to purchase it. Come, sir, name your own price, and the cup is mine."

"Excuse me, sir; the wealth of worlds would not purchase it."

"And may a stranger without offence inquire how it came into your possession?"

"The question is indeed singular, but not offensive;—still, to a stranger, I decline to answer it."

"Indeed! This cup must have been *stolen*, sir!"

"You do not mean to say stolen by *me*, sir?"

"By no means, young gentleman; there is that in your manner and appearance which precludes any such suspicion, and independently of the fact of your having publicly exhibited it; but it must have been stolen before it came into your possession; and I therefore again ask from whom you purchased it?"

"I never purchased it at all, sir."

"I see—I see; a present."

"By no means, sir."

"Good God! there is some mystery in all this.—Oh! I have it now, —how absurd! it is not your property."

"No other person on earth can lay claim to it, unless it be my sister."

"You have a sister?—so I heard, indeed. Well, young gentleman, you think me a whimsical sort of person, I dare say; perhaps I am; and one of my whims is to be better acquainted with you and your mysterious cup. Come, once more to tempt you—will its weight in gold—"

Silverthong smiled and shook his head.

"I'll double that, and leave you till to-morrow to consider my offer."

During this short conversation the dog had continued to evince continual signs of uneasiness; listening awhile with a low growl at intervals, then darting from his bed under the stairs to the extremity of his chain, apparently watching what was going on; and then returning with a suppressed whine to his rug; but now, when the stranger rose to de-

part, the dog sprang forth with a violence that threatened the security of his heavy chain, and set up a howl so loud and piercing, that the middle-aged gentleman could no longer disregard it; indeed, it startled him; and when he turned to observe the animal, who in the midst of his yell had reared upon his hind legs, while his fore paws were in rapid action, as if in the effort to get at him, he became fixed to the spot for a few seconds. Presently he made three or four strides towards the ferocious animal, when Silverthong vehemently exclaimed, "For God sake don't go near him!"

The stranger advanced notwithstanding, murmuring in an under-tone, "What, Mufti?" and in one moment the dog was crouching at his feet, in the next with his paws upon his shoulders, trying to lick his face; in another, seeming as if he would devour his hand in ecstasy, and all the time uttering that peculiar cry of happiness and recognition for which that sagacious and faithful animal is so remarkable. Young Silverthong witnessed this scene in motionless terror, and literally unutterable astonishment.

The stranger having caressed the fine brute for a minute or two, took his head between his hands, and raising it to a level with his own, gazed on him with affection for another minute, again emphatically repeated the words "Yes, by G—!" then fixing his dark eyes for a moment on the countenance of the young man, with a peculiar and remarkable expression, nodded his head significantly, and merely saying, "Till to-morrow," immediately left the house. He had not departed many minutes before Silverthong called John Torrid, who made his appearance from the kitchen stairs, where he had been keeping watch and ward during the whole of the past scene. His master was instantly struck by his altered countenance; he was pale as his shirt, his robust limbs seemed scarcely able to sustain his hody, and his hands trembled as if in an access of the ague.

"Why, John, what ails you?" said his young master.

"Me, sir! nothing, that I know of, only I felt rather queer and faint just now," replied the assistant.

"You are evidently ill," observed the master; "go up stairs, and my sister will give you something to set you right."

"Oh, thank you, sir," answered John; "but no need of that, I'm better now—now he's quiet."

"Quiet," resumed his master; "now who's quiet?"

"The dog, sir; the dog. Those creatures have ways with them that no mortal man can understand—and so has Providence. They see things that are not; at least things that are not for us to see. Did you know that gentleman who was here, sir?"

"No, John; but, to my great surprise, the dog appeared to know him well. No doubt, some old acquaintance abroad."

"Not so, not so," said John, shaking his head mysteriously. "He never let anybody go near him but myself and his former master, that I told you of; and him you know I saw drowned, and dead, with my own eyes."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a customer, and John Torrid, a little recovered, disappeared directly.

THE JESUITS : *

THEIR PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION.

BY ORMERO LE WATTE.

WE would certainly impute no blame to foreign nations for ridding themselves of whatever they found, from years and experience, to be little else than an intolerable nuisance and a moral pestilence; but we must say that it says worse than a little for our taste and discernment that we should receive in our houses, or even welcome to our shores, what other people have so lately cast from them with unconcealed loathing and abhorrence.

We know not that cargoes of living locusts are contraband at our Custom House, or whether they would or would not be admitted upon payment of some duty, but we are quite sure that cargoes of living Jesuits are contraband altogether; and we have little doubt that, if the law was enforced, the ship that was found smuggling them into the country would be forfeited to the crown, and the crews be subject to imprisonment.

Be this as it may, it is high time to observe that, outcasts as they are from nearly the whole of Europe, the Jesuits are coming in swarms to England; and they are coming here, because the whole world besides is heartily tired of them—because those who know them best dislike them most—because Swiss, and Germans, and Italians find them an evil that the utmost patience can no longer endure; everywhere loathed or hated, scorned and suspected, after having been contemptuously and hurriedly driven out of Vienna and Fribourg, Genoa and Rome, they are wending their way in troops to our land to do here, doubtless, as they have done elsewhere, and to receive, on some future, and, perhaps, not distant day, a like treatment at our hands. And their coming here is to be prepared for exactly as we should prepare for the coming of a swarm of locusts from the Sahara. It very highly interests us to know upon what part of the kingdom they will first alight; whose fruits of the earth they will first devour; whose hearths they will first make desolate; whose homesteads they will first defile with their numberless impurities; whose domestic peace they will first destroy, and whose eternal happiness they will first endanger; and, exposed as we all alike are to their ruinous visitation, it is really high time that we all alike knew something certain of their usual habits and doings, that we might use such means and guards as are in our power for our own preservation; that we might protect ourselves, as we are best able, against this once clever and crafty race whom we may well believe, from all their known past proceedings in other countries, to be coming here with the earnest hope, and the most decided purpose, to lay waste our heritage—to overthrow our sanctuaries—to pollute our temples—to despoil us of our privileges—to bring us into bondage to Rome—to force upon us the mummeries of mass worship—to wring from us our beautiful liturgy—and as far as force and subtlety can effect it, our earthly possessions.

* "A History of the Jesuits, from the Foundation of their Society by Pope Paul III., to its Suppression by Pope Clement; their Missions throughout the World; with their Revival and Present State." By Andrew Steinmetz. 3 vols. 8vo. with portrait, &c.

That well-known exclamation of Cæsar Borgia, the third general of their order, is significant enough of their object in coming amongst us at any time, and should, at this time, especially warn us, now that they are pouring by scores together into our land,—“We enter as lambs where we shall reign like wolves;” and this from a man of his unambitious and self-denying character, who was as far removed from all vain boasting, and arrogance, and ostentation, as it was possible for a man in his station to be, sufficiently indicates what the real spirit of Jesuitism at all times is; the very humblest of suppliant they are to us at the first, the haughtiest of earth’s tyrants over us at the last.

And it greatly excites our curiosity to know something certain of the Jesuits when we observe that this especially popish society, popish *par excellence*, and far beyond all the monastic orders and hierarchies of Rome, should be that very society whom the most especially popish people on the earth cannot endure. How is this? What have they done that Vienna will no longer tolerate them within its walls, nor Turin, nor Genoa, nor Rome? Theirs must be a very curious history, could it be known, very amusing, very instructive, or very loathsome, according to its details. But how could a full and faithful history ever come to us?—Who was to write it?—Who *could* speak of all their dark doings and sayings through three centuries?—What general of their order ever revealed, or suffered to be revealed, the debates and decrees of their congregations?—Where were the facts and documents to be found upon which a history could be built?

We had always considered that such a history of the Jesuits as we needed, was like the history of the Inquisitors, which we so much wanted; a history, that would never be made known till the day of judgment, when all the atrocities and treacheries of such mysterious and merciless societies would be revealed; when all their dungeon-secrets would be brought to light, and all their foul murders be disclosed; and never, until that day comes, *can* this world know the many miseries that have been caused, the horrid tortures that have been inflicted, the massacres that have been planned, the crafty and cruel devices that have been framed, the fearful deeds that have been determined upon against man’s peace and Christ’s true religion, in the halls of the Inquisitor and in the congregations of the Jesuit. No mortal eye peered into their secret conclaves; no mortal hand wrote down their speeches and deliberations; no earthly record is there of much that they then planned, and of much that they then said; but, nevertheless, it is all written in the book of God’s remembrance, and when that book is opened, then and only then, will all the evil they have done be made manifest.

Mr. Steinmetz has set about his work in a right earnest and truthful spirit, and like a man who perfectly well knew where all the materials for it were to be found. He, once a member of their society, well knew that a faithful history of the Jesuits would best be written from the decrees of their own congregations; so into these decrees he looked, and these he examined, sifted, weighed, and compared; read all that the Jesuits had to say for themselves, and all that their opponents had to say against them; and the result of his researches is a very valuable book which fully, we think, bears out his conclusion, that the history of the Jesuits is a key to that of the world during their lordly career; and it will be impossible to read it without perceiving that many of the sovereigns and statesmen, whose names with so much lustre appear on so

many a page of Europe's history, were little else than puppets put in motion, as the general of the Jesuits at Rome pulled the wires.

The Jesuits, indeed, have had their historians before now, and some were as laudatory as others were recriminatory; but we can have no desire to see praise or blame imputed excepting where each was merited; and with even-handed justice would we weigh the merits and demerits of the most singular and successful society that this world ever saw; and we think the writer of these volumes has held the scales with great dexterity and steadfast impartiality, and has praised only what all his readers will praise with him, and has condemned what only deserved condemnation.

All that we wish is to have the objects and actions of the Jesuits fairly and faithfully laid before us, that we may see them as they really are; not as a partizan would represent them with their faults all hidden, nor as an enemy would paint them with every fault absurdly magnified, but as they do now actually exist amongst us; and then we shall know what we have really to contend with—what their policy is—what their means to gain their ends—and what those ends are which they are so unceasingly striving to secure. When we know these perfectly, which by these volumes we may; when we know their tactics, and the weapons of their warfare; it must be our own fault if we suffer them to gain any advantage over us, or if we do not drive them disgraced and defeated from our shores.

It is on this ground we would so strongly recommend this history of the Jesuits to all classes of men, lay and clerical; they will then understand what Jesuitism really means, which we fully believe nineteen-twentieths of those who sneer at the Jesuits do not. The time is passed for sneering at them, and for all taunts and invectives against them; they must now be encountered by other weapons than abuse; hard words will not hurt them in the least, nor ugly names; nor will it do to describe them as the embodied personification of all that is crafty and sinful, or to allude to the cloven foot. They shew nothing of all this in society; on the contrary, they are generally men of elegant manners, who pay great attention to dress and to externals—who are schooled to move in high circles—who cultivate with great care their conversational powers, and who aim at being well informed on all the leading topics of the day.

With the outward appearance of the Jesuit none would cavil, it is the inward man we must reveal; it is the one object he has ever in view in all that he says, and all that he does, that we must expose, to pervert us to popery is his object—to win souls to his creed is what he lives for. This he has sworn to devote all his powers to do and to employ all possible means to do; and, if he is true to his vows, if he is what he professes to be, his one sole motive for mingling amongst us, for holding any conversation with us, is to persuade us to hold communion with Rome, and to bow the knee before innumerable idols of wood and stone.

This we may strongly object to do, and this we may safely object to do, until the tiger's fangs which we once so closely clipped and pared, are allowed again to grow; then we may be mangled without mercy for the Jesuit doctrine is, that "heretics ought to be punished," and that "if he who coins false money is burnt, why not he who makes and preaches false doctrine;" "if he who forges royal letters deserves the penalty of death, what else will he merit who corrupts the sacred scriptures;"

"if the woman dies justly for not preserving fidelity to her husband, why should not that man die who does not preserve his faith to his God;" and "it is a diabolical doctrine to permit liberty of conscience and to let each man lose himself as he pleases."

These are very bitter things to say against us, and it looks odd that they who thus threaten us, should at this moment be so generally craving hospitality from us; but their abuse of us is nothing when compared to their contemptuous abuse of the sacred scripture; since, according to them, "the holy scripture is an imperfect, mutilated, defective doctrine, which does not contain all that pertains to salvation, faith, and morals." Again, "the holy scripture in its contents and propositions is like a nose of wax, yielding no fixed nor certain sense, but capable of-being twisted into any meaning you like." And again, "the reading of the holy scriptures is not only not useful, but in many ways pernicious to the Church."

Wide as the poles apart must therefore ever be the Jesuits and all bible societies.

But against thrones as well as bibles are hurled the Jesuits' denunciations, for "the whole school of theologians and ecclesiastical lawyers," say they, "maintain, and it is a thing most certain, and a matter of faith, that every Christian prince, if he has manifestly departed from the catholic religion, and has wished to turn others from it, is immediately divested of all power and dignity, and all his subjects are free from every obligation of the oath of allegiance, and they may, and they must drive such a man from the sovereignty of Christian men as an apostate, a heretic, a deserter of the Lord, an alien and enemy to his country."

And all this was written in direct application to our queen, and then she is told, from the same authority, that she has no natural right to the throne, as she and we suppose she has, but that in fact she has usurped it, the free will and ordination of the people giving the only right to it. When a king was assassinated, "splendid boldness of soul," cried a Jesuit, "memorable exploit."

And yet a nobleman, a few weeks since publicly asserted that the Jesuits were lovers of order, and stedfast supporters of thrones; he should read the Jesuit Mariana's works, and especially the chapter which treats of the speediest and safest way of getting rid of an adversary. "What matters it," he asks, "whether you kill by the sword or by poison? especially as treachery and fraud are conceded in the faculty of action."

Like all ascetics, the Jesuits speak contemptuously of women; others had done this before their time, and enough had been said to satisfy any women-haters on this matter; but the founder of the Jesuits would not be satisfied till he had drawn this comparison between women and the devil, "our enemy the devil imitates the *nature and manner* of woman, as to her weakness and frowardness, for as a woman quarrelling with her husband, &c., thus the devil." And yet this is the man who is said to have received thirty visits from the Virgin, and of whom "a council of Spanish ecclesiastics at Tarragona declared that "the Holy Virgin in the sanctuary of Montserrat, *conceived to the sacred Ignatius*, and having embraced him in her bosom, opened and imparted to him the bowels of her mercy; and in such a manner, being, as it were enveloped in the womb, she cherished him, and fed him with the food of heaven, and filled him with her divine spirit."

The shocking profaneness of this declaration is only perhaps surpassed by what another Jesuit says, "the book of Ignatius was truly written by the finger of God, and delivered to Ignatius by the holy mother of God." But what Ignatius has himself said far surpasses all that his followers have said, for he declares that once he had a vision in which the Deity was revealed to him, "when the Eternal Father placed me with his Son."

All this sounds strange in our ears, but it is the Jesuit's creed nevertheless, and he will do his best to make others receive it equally with himself. And what have we to oppose to the tactics of Jesuitism, "based as these are on untiring perseverance, unity of purpose, endless expedients to meet every emergency, strict discipline in personal conduct, undeviating method in tuition, and above all unity of will to which no achievement seemed impossible."

This was the secret of the Jesuits' marvellous success on the immediate formation of their society; they worked together with one object, with one mind influencing them all, and that the mind of Ignatius of Loyola, a mind of peculiar mould, which the peculiar times brought out in all its singularity and strength.

Unquestionably Ignatius was the extraordinary character of his age, and has the merit, says Mr. Steinmetz, of having laid the foundation of a superstructure that might have permanently benefited mankind, had he been less of a bigot, less of a soldier, less of a Spaniard, less of a monk.

Still he was a shrewd man, yet full of imagination; a calculator, and yet no gambler in human chances; and his was a Spanish will, which means a haughty, indomitable will, that would have bridged the waters of the red sea, if the waters had not parted; and his mind was endowed with the cunning of the fox, with the constructiveness of the spider, with the sagacity of the elephant, and with that cool, sound, common sense which both knows how to make and manage fanatics to serve a purpose.

But the reader may judge of the man by this personal introduction to him:—"In the year 1537, three men craved audience of the pope: their request was granted. The spokesman of the party was a Spaniard, rather short of stature, complexion olive-dark, eyes deep-set but full of fire, broad forehead, nose aquiline; he limps, but it is scarcely perceptible; he has travelled far and wide, and has had many strange adventures; he is now in the prime of life, full of energy, deep in things spiritual, which fit him well. He has studied mankind closely, has borne persecution bravely, has clung to his purpose firmly, and is perfectly versed in the art of captivation. He throws himself at the feet of the holy father: there is a great idea in his soul. This is no ordinary man: he is Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Company of Jesus. He offers his services to the pope; his terms are accepted; a company is established; and within sixteen years this company is spread all over the world, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, dividing into twelve provinces a regiment of a thousand veterans, with a hundred colleges for their head-quarters; numberless entrenchments in the walled cities of the Christian, or flying camps in the wilds of the cannibal, influencing for good or evil millions of earth's inhabitants."

A very few years later, and the rapid progress of the society called for a more enlarged description:—"Upwards of 20,000 well-trained, efficient veterans, a legion, a phalanx held together by corporeal and spiritual discipline; united theoretically by the method of education, by

the perfect resemblance of doctrine and manner of life; bound to their general-in-chief by the chain of entire submission, obedience prompt, enthusiastic, blind; and scattered, without division, on the face of the earth,—dispersion being to them but a matter of geographical latitude, not mental separation,—a difference of language, not of sentiment. Skies might change for the wanderers, but not their peculiar ways, and means, and method. And this mighty family all subscribed to the same articles of faith, whatever might be the tendency of their particular inculcations; and thus the Roman and the Greek, the Portuguese, the Brazilian, the Irishman, the Russian, the Spaniard and the Frenchman, the Belgian and the Englishman, all worked as one man. Their individual tastes and inclinations were merged in the general object of desire,—they were a multitude in action, but in will a single naked soul.”

Such as they were, such were they made by Ignatius of Loyola: this wondrous society, that started into full vigour and activity at the very moment of its foundation, and so astonished the world by the immediate universality of its operations and their invariably instant success, was planned, and organized, and managed by Ignatius himself.

He contrived to get talents of the highest order in his service; “and seizing upon the salient point of intellect which every man has, he fortified it by a well-directed and exclusive exercise. And what was the result? He had an orator for one enterprise, a statesman for another, a philosopher for a third, a moralist for a fourth, and, observe the important fact, a gentleman for all,—the Jesuits being generally, if not always, conspicuous for their gentlemanly bearing. And they professed to do all things for all men at no charge: to perform the functions of schoolmasters for all grades; to officiate as clergymen in all places; to be ambassadors, or missionaries, or hospital-dressers, or anything, at no cost to any one.

“Thus, for nothing, whoever required them, might have the services of men of action and men of study; men qualified for daring enterprise, and men capable of profound policy; men of dauntless resolution, and men of insinuating manners; men who can win the favour and gain the confidence of the gentler sex, and men who can mingle in all the intrigues of state policy; men who, with a martyr’s zeal, will risk everything for the conversion of the heathen abroad, and men of polemic skill to carry on controversies at home.

“Such were the Jesuits in their high and palmy days, when they kept close to their founder’s injunctions.” But those days are passed. The world has got used to them, and they to the world,—which was worse still; and their own recklessness and audacity, their overbearing pride, their craft and duplicity, so disgusted the nations, that of very necessity the pope was compelled to pronounce the society a nuisance and to decree its dissolution.

Since re-established, and made wiser by experience, they are conforming themselves as much as possible to the spirit of the age, but are still intent upon their calling, and as unscrupulous as ever in the means to attain their objects. They found their hopes, we know, upon our wretchedly constructed church polity,—upon the total absence amongst us of all ecclesiastical subordination and discipline,—upon our own heart-burning divisions,—and upon such things as the three denominations, with all their countless ramifications.

VISIT TO THE RUSSIAN CITY JAROSLAFF.

BY BARON HARTHAHSEN.

ON my arrival at Jaroslaff, I took up my abode at an inn. There were formerly no hotels in Russia, but instead of them a description of resting-place very much like the eastern caravansery, where the traveller might obtain shelter for himself and beast at little cost. It was, however, quite necessary for him to provide himself with food, for no dependence could be placed upon the arrangements which his host might make for his comfort and refreshment. These caravanseries may still be seen in Astrakan and in the Caucasus. Besides these asylums, there were small public-houses, at which a coarse sort of fare, and tea and coffee, could generally be procured. The traveller was then in the habit of carrying with him all that he might require during his journey; a tent-bed for instance, some few utensils, and his provisions, &c. &c. As European civilization advanced, hotels were introduced and conducted upon the same plan as those of Germany, England, and France; but even at Petersburg it is impossible to meet with an hotel which, as regards convenience, can be compared to the inns in the smallest towns upon the Rhine. Those of Coulon and Demouth, rank only with the third-rate inns of Germany, so little attention is paid to comfort and elegance, though the beauty of the exterior makes them really appear like palaces. Dinner must always be ordered long beforehand, the beds are very bad, the furniture is miserable; in short, all the appointments are of the most wretched kind. So small is the number of foreigners and travellers, that an elegant hotel would be rather an unfortunate speculation. The Russian merchant prefers the national inn, and the nobleman carries with him, as formerly, whatever he deems necessary for his accommodation. When he arrives at the hotel, he sends out for provisions, completely refurnishes the house, and establishes himself as if he were at home.

The hotels at Petersburg and Moscow are mostly kept by Frenchmen, Germans, or Englishmen. There are also respectable tradesmen's houses in both these cities, where travellers who intend to remain some time can lodge very comfortably for twenty-five, forty, or sixty silver roubles the month; they have the use of one or two rooms, nicely warmed and lighted; a good breakfast and tea is provided for them, and an excellent dinner at the *table d'hôte*, with proper attendance. Hotels like those before mentioned have now become common in almost all the larger towns. The most tolerable are kept by Germans, those which unfortunately have Russian hosts, are only a mixture of the caravansery and the Asiatic public-house. The landlord does not come out to receive the traveller when he arrives at one of these hotels, indeed, it is rather a rare thing even to meet with the master. The ground-floor is generally occupied by the refectory and the offices for culinary purposes. A person desiring an apartment, must therefore proceed at once to the first story, where he will find a sort of butler, with whom he will have to settle about the rent he is to be charged for the room he has chosen, and then he orders his luggage to be brought to him immediately. It is the custom to serve in portions at the *restaurant*, and on the bill of fare being called for, the first words which meet

the eye are beefsteak and cutlets. These two dishes have become quite common since 1815; but the manner in which they are prepared is anything but inviting, while the national fare, *stsch*i (cabbage soup), and the *peroggi* (pies with forced meat, fish, or eggs,) is excellent. The white bread is inferior to the black, which is very good, and exceedingly wholesome. Tea is served in goblets, flavoured with a slice of citron, unless cream is ordered, and is of a far superior quality to that drunk in most other countries. During Lent, the true Russian and strict observer of old customs uses honey instead of sugar; this is generally cleared with the blood of the ox. Travellers usually carry a small chest with them, which is fitted up for a journey, and contains all the necessaries of the table, a tea-pot and sugar-basin, two or three plates, knives and forks, and a small quantity of tea and sugar, &c. Thus furnished, they can readily make tea or coffee in a few minutes, and have only to ask for a *samonar* (kettle), which they can borrow for about forty or eighty copeks. This *samonar* is a kettle with a cylinder across the inside, filled with hot coals; it is like that which was used in Germany fifty or sixty years ago, though the Russians consider it a national invention. Since tea has become so common a beverage in this country, *samonars* are to be found not only in every hotel, but also in every decent peasant's cottage.

Maid-servants are not seen in any Russian inns, for everything is done by boys, who are very neatly clothed, and of respectable appearance; they wear the national costume of the Russian people, a sort of blouse, fastened at the waist by a leather belt, which dress has since become the fashion for children in the west of Europe. Persons travelling by post will find at every relay one or two rooms, comfortably furnished and warmed in winter, where they may put up; they can have their luggage brought to them, and they may pass the night on the sofa, without being obliged to pay the smallest trifle when they leave the following morning. Upon the main roads, as, for instance, upon those which lie between Petersburg and Warsaw, and between Moscow and Petersburg, the houses at which horses are changed are superbly fitted up, tolerably well conducted, and infinitely cleaner than the hotels.

I took measures to make myself as comfortable as I could at the inn at Jaroslaff, and while M. de A—— went to announce my visit to the governor and the president de la Chambre des Domaines, I resolved to stroll into the city. It is quite modern, and if it were not for the Russian churches, with their singular architecture, the traveller might fancy himself in a town of Germany or France. Jaroslaff is situated on the right bank of the Wolga, which flows majestically at its feet. Most of the rivers in Russia have the right bank very steep, and the left so low that it is quite marshy, and exposed to the inundations of the waters every spring. Jaroslaff appears a magnificent city from the opposite bank of the river; commanding the Wolga, which it borders with its beautiful palaces; it seems not unlike Hamburgh. This resemblance is caused perhaps by its two hundred cupolas and spires, but its population bears no proportion to its extent, for it does not consist of more than 25,000 souls. This is a striking feature in almost all the cities and towns of Russia. They do not appear to be built in reference to the present number of their inhabitants, but rather for a future population, and thus it is that Russia produces an impression upon the traveller, which he does not experi-

ence in any other country; he perceives the germ of its gradual development, and steady progress, the present making way for the future.

The Goshnoi Dvoi, the bazaar of Jaroslaff, is very gay and amusing, the bustle and life of its streets reminded me forcibly of Moscow. I noticed among the people a great many persons with dark hair. The men are strong and well made, and have expressive and regular features, and the women of this part of the empire are considered the most lovely in Russia; the Jaroslaff reputation for female beauty, is as great as that of the pretty *bourgeois* of Lintz in Germany.

In the course of the afternoon I presented myself at the Governor's, and to the president de la Chambre des Domaines, M. de Hahn, who held also a share in the government. He drove me through the town to a very beautiful park, called the Summer Garden, which is open to the inhabitants as a sort of promenade; at its extremity are the city hospital and the mad-house. The following morning I received a visit from General de Bariatinsky, the military governor of Jaroslaff, and he invited me to dine with him. His wife was the Princess Abomelok, an Armenian, and quite an oriental beauty. As soon as we rose from table, we went into the city to look at some of the churches, and afterwards proceeded to the shop of a tradesman who had respectfully requested us to judge of the merits of an extraordinary work of art which was just completed. This *chef d'œuvre* was nothing more than a cylindrical Nienne organ, which executed a number of overtures, marches, and symphonies. Hand-organs, musical boxes, and time-pieces, take the place of street players in Russia. The Russians are passionately fond of music, and are acquainted with almost all the productions of ancient and modern composers. Good piano-forte playing is general in this country.

There is perhaps scarcely anything which strikes the traveller so much as the great devotion and the rigid observance of the various rites and customs of the church in Russia, and this is to be remarked even in the highest class of society; the same thing had equally surprised me in Moscow.

The young Prince of D——, one of the Muscovite lions, had done me the honour of offering himself as my cicerone to visit the churches of the Kremlin; and in almost every church we entered I observed that he was careful to prostrate himself to the ground before each saint and relic, which happened to lie in our path. At Jaroslaff I observed the same respect for the forms of religion. Madame de Baratinsky and the lady who accompanied her, although elegantly dressed, bent before every image which we passed, and touched the ground with their foreheads; and these were women of the first refinement and fashion. Madame de Baratinsky was lady of honour, and the chief ornament of the aristocratic circle in Petersburg; to her great personal attractions she joined superior mental cultivation, and was perfectly well informed upon subjects of French and German literature. A short time before, as we wandered on the banks of the Wolga, she spoke with considerable taste and judgment of the beauties of Goethe's lyrical poetry, and recited with much feeling the famous ballad of "The Fisherman." This extreme devotion is not to be found out of Russia, not even in those countries where the most rigid Catholicism reigns, as in Belgium, Bavaria, Rome, or Munich. It may occasionally be seen in women, but rarely in men; then again upon this parti-

cular the civilised classes hold very different opinions to the lower orders of people; they would consider the manifestation of any devotional sentiment as perfectly contrary to all propriety, especially in public, while in Russia the reverse is the case. Atheists, or men who are nearly so, are to be found there as everywhere else; they would perhaps jest at, and feel incredulous about all religious scruples, but they would still observe a decent appearance of devotion in public, and attend strictly to the ceremonies enjoined by the church. All, high and low, rich and poor, submit with implicit obedience to the religious unity and worship of the national church. But the perfect equality which may be observed in all the sacred edifices between the noble and the peasant, the powerful and the humble, is still more striking and beautiful; here, at least, no attention is paid to rank; there are no privileges, no favours made in exception of any particular class; here, at least, reign perfect unity and brotherly love, such as the Christian religion requires of us. The lowest order of people have the same rights as those of the highest rank; the slave and the beggar may place themselves wherever they choose, even before the noble and the wealthy, who would never for a moment think of taking precedence.

In Protestant churches, every one has his own seat, and very often a small pew, with a window looking upon the nave, and a door to be opened only by those to whom the pew belongs. The different classes never mix together. Persons of high condition generally have places near the altar, while those in a more humble station of life, are removed from it; in short, all the pettinesses of rank, fortune, or privilege, are carried into the bosom of the church. But in the Catholic chapels, and especially in the cathedrals, this unchristian custom is not so general; still, the higher classes ever seek to separate themselves from the people, and usually reserve to themselves one side of the nave. The Catholics in the north of Germany, however, have adopted pews; in Russia, except a few chairs intended for women, there are no fixed seats or benches for kneeling.

 THE WISH.

LIKE the streamlet in its flow,
 Ever gliding calm and slow,
 Not dashing into sight
 With the rapid river's might,
 Not unseen, yet, like the brook,
 With an unobtrusive look,
 Going onwards slow and sure,
 Like its waters, and as pure,
 So I'd wish my life to pass.
 Through the velvet banks of grass
 On which the violet grows,
 It for ever, ever flows
 O'er its shining pebbly bed;
 While through the boughs o'erhead
 Dart the merry sunbeams bright
 In a golden shower of light:

Where the lime-trees dip their boughs,
 And the lovers pledge their vows,
 As they gaze into the stream
 And see the forms that haunt each
 dream:
 Richest flowers do gem thy brink
 Where the wild deer stops to drink;
 And the children love to see
 Their mirror'd forms in thee.
 I would live not like the ocean
 In boisterous commotion,
 Or desire, like the river,
 To go whirling on for ever.
 But would flow as tranquilly
 Through life, dear brook, as thee!

CUTHBERT BEDE.

HOW I BECAME A CHARTIST.

Sydney, —.

You ask me, my dear fellow, "How I became a Chartist?" you might as well ask me to repeat the story of my life—to run through its leading incidents—for everything in it of importance points to that single question. My becoming a Chartist was the natural sequence to my preceding career—the last link in the chain which I had insensibly forged for myself while lounging along the path of youth, as indolent in habit as I was irresolute in aim. It often recurs to my memory how much precious time I sacrificed—how many excellent opportunities I wilfully missed—what I might have been with even common prudence and industry, and what I really am. These are painful reflections, and embitter every thought and feeling of my mind; yet, by constantly dwelling upon them, they seem as it were a settled part of my existence.

The history of my life may be comprised in one word—*indolence*. I am by nature lazy, and never did really an honest day's work in my life. The *vis inertiae* is so strongly planted in me that, with all my efforts, I never could effectually overcome it. I could occasionally exert myself and do a great deal in a little time, but I soon relapsed, and was never capable of steady and well-sustained application. It is the drop by drop that wears out the stone, and not the torrent that momentarily dashes upon it. It was my misfortune, also, to have too indulgent parents. They wished to do well for me, strove to direct my mind aright, and ardently hoped that I might one day do credit to their care and attention; but, good easy souls, they were utterly ignorant of the tenor of my disposition, and the treatment which it required, and, in lieu of disciplining my mind by gentle degrees, and inducing habits of industry, they allowed me to follow too far the bent of my own inclinations, which had generally an idle tendency. My delight was—and even that palled upon me—to wander in the fields, to watch the birds, and to waste whole hours stretched on the grass, on a fine, sunny day, or riding or shooting, and really without any settled love for such pursuits, but merely to kill time, which hung heavily on my hands.

When I arrived in London I was placed at the office of a reputed conveyancer, to prepare myself for the bar, to which, as you are aware, my education had been specially directed. It was a highly respectable firm, and a great deal of business was passing through their hands, which must have been advantageous to me, had I been commonly attentive to the profession. There were eight others in the office, two of whom were upon a similar footing to myself, the rest were mere clerks, *et cetera*, who worked for a weekly stipend. For the first six months I was pretty steady, and began to pave the way for future progress; but, as soon as I became comparatively familiar with the principals and the place, my old habit began to steal upon me, and, instead of sticking to business, I was too frequently lolling about town, looking at the sights, and then racking my brain to frame excuses, not only to myself but to my employers, for such wanton and wilful negligence. The habit, however, grew upon me, and I frequently visited the theatres; formed a loose connection from sheer *ennui*, which drained me of my resources, and gave a new

direction to my thoughts ; until, at length, I grew tired of everything, hated my profession, and became sick of all the world. I must tell you that H—, one of my *chums* in the office, was generally with me, and fell into all my ways, so that we soon became inseparables. He was a decent fellow, not bad at heart, of an easy mind, and not overburdened with a great share of ability. H— was one of those quiet, purposeless souls, who will do anything, and go anywhere ; who have no settled point of action, and are just as likely to enlist for a soldier as they are to attend a conventicle prayer-meeting. In short, he was fond of anything that smacked of the romantic and undefined ; but, for steady industry, and every-day honest occupation, he entertained an inveterate dislike. He had a companion, whom you once met, B—, who was just such another in the main features of his character, who pursued precisely the same course, and, for aught I know, came to the same peculiar end. Birds of a feather, as the old adage has it, will flock together, and we became almost daily companions. You are mistaken in supposing that they led me astray. It was all my own fault ; and, if the truth were really spoken, I was more to blame than they, although you, like others, entertained a different opinion. The fact is that H— was, as I have already observed, a rather weak-minded man, but good-tempered, and of a easily-yielding disposition ; and B—, although superior to H—, and in many respects exceedingly clever when he liked to exert himself, could not lay claim to those leading qualities of mind which instinctively command obedience, and which seem to enthral everything around them. Besides his comparative incapacity, B— was a thoroughly lazy man, the very *beau ideal* of indolence—a being born as it were merely to dream and to die : in this respect he was even worse than your humble servant, and that, heaven knows, was bad enough. Neither of these men, as you may easily imagine, greatly influenced me ; they were by nature destined to be led, and not to become leaders. It is true I found them agreeable companions, from the fact of their falling into my ways, and suiting my easy and indolent habits—hence our intimacy.

Things went on in this way for some time, until I had completely unfitted myself for anything like steady and profitable industry. My principals, who were excellent men, and deserving of the highest esteem, naturally complained to my parents, who reproached me severely for my want of application to business, and earnestly entreated me to alter my course of life ; and, for a time, these reproaches and entreaties had some effect upon my mind, as I felt bitterly how truly and justly they were made. But the re-acton did not last long ; and I soon relapsed into my old habit, became hardened to reproaches, and settled down at length into a really lazy fellow. Still, I had committed no great act of immorality, except wasting my time and neglecting my professional duties, but this insensibly undermined the virtuous notions which had been implanted in me while a youth, and prepared the way for what is to follow.

While in this state of mind, indifferent to what became of me, and wanting excitement of some kind or other, I accidentally noticed a number of men flocking into a kind of theatre, when I joined them as it were mechanically, and found myself among a whole multitude, who, apparently, were awaiting some kind of entertainment. I soon

learned that it was a meeting of the Chartists, who had then made some noise in the political world, and began already to attract the attention of the authorities. After a few preliminaries a chairman was appointed, who opened the proceedings by a speech, in a somewhat violent spirit as I think now, which was followed by another, and another, still more violent, until at length the meeting separated. I listened with great attention to the speakers, and was highly amused, as it was something different to the dull routine to which I had condemned myself; although, at that period, I had little notion of political matters, and never troubled myself about understanding the disputable questions of the day, so that the Charter, its six points, and everything in relation to it, were of little importance in my eyes.

But I wanted excitement—a change—anything, in short, that held out the prospect of a new career; and my education, and the facility of expressing myself in public, which I then accidentally discovered, hurried me into chartism, as it would have hurried me into any other *ism*, that held out the same apparent advantages. It also opened a new vein in my character, of which I was not so fully aware, until this incident swelled it somewhat beyond its ordinary proportions—I allude to my excessive vanity and love of exhibition, at any and almost every cost of character. This is my weak point; and for the sake of a little display, how many follies and absurdities have I been led into! It is my cardinal sin, that same vanity. But I must not anticipate. The general tenour of the speeches at the meeting was of that coarse, half-learned, and vicious nature, which you might naturally expect from working men who have been badly educated, and who have picked up the little knowledge they possess from desultory and ill-directed reading. The sum and substance of their “sayings and doings” were directed against authority of every kind, and against rule and right in every shape and form; for in all their speeches it was down with this, down with that, down with everything but themselves, whom they wished to see exalted above all others. In spirit, if not in words, this was their precise tenour.

The mind of a mechanic-chartist is a psychological curiosity—hard, unbendable, cramped, and crotchety—narrow in its views, strong in its prejudices, violent in expression, and weak in judgment. There you will sometimes find the caustic wit of Voltaire, the coarse energy of Paine, the strong sense of Cobbett, and the ribald blasphemy of Meslier, hashed up in the most heterogeneous manner, and exhibiting itself in the most hideous and repulsive forms. In short, it is thoroughly saturated with the worst principles as regards its religious feelings, which it has sucked in from the most vicious class of writers. But let us do justice to the mechanical class, many of whom are excellent men, of good, honest intentions, and sincerely believe that they are performing a sacred duty to their fellow men and to themselves in following and advocating the principles of Chartism. Still, these form the exception, and not the rule, as my experience, for which I have paid dearly, has amply taught me.

I was delighted for a time at the excitement which this kind of diversion afforded me, and began to think that I, too, could make a speech, could gain the applause of my fellow men; and I never for a moment troubled myself about the parties by which I was sur-

rounded, or the purpose for which they were met, nor of the purport or tendency of the speech I was preparing to deliver. It sufficed me to think that I could shine in some capacity, and, what was better, at a very little trouble to myself. This, in some measure, consoled me for the defeat which I had sustained, by my folly, in my own profession. It presented, as I thought, a short cut to reputation, and I eagerly followed it. Accordingly, I became a regular attendant at Chartist meetings, prepared myself with a strong speech, full of hard epithets and high-sounding phrases, and watched a convenient opportunity to deliver it. It soon arrived, and I succeeded much better than I anticipated; and all at once I became a popular character. My speech was listened to with the greatest attention; its violent language was applauded to the echo, and I was earnestly solicited, at its conclusion, to become one amongst them. This was touching me in my weak point, and instantly I became a regular recognized Chartist. H—— and B——, who were generally with me, were delighted at my success, and afterwards attempted the same thing; but both failed, B—— especially, who soon became tired of Chartism, from the simple fact of wanting ability to shine in it; and H——, although he continued longer in our society, at length left it, finding that it was no field for his exercise, any more than the law; and where he is now dragging out his miserable existence I know not,—for miserable it must be, unless he has radically renovated his systematic indolence of mind and action. The Chartists, for a time, were delighted with me as one of their leaders, from the facility I had of speech-making, and the practical knowledge of business which I had picked up in my profession. It was also flattering to their notions that one of the class above them should fall in with their views, and chime in with their sentiments and ideas.

When the first flush of my success had subsided, and my vanity could no longer be tickled by any new and exciting incidents—when the charm of novelty had given place to a somewhat monotonous sameness, I began to reflect upon my new position in the world, to analyze the characters of those with whom I had become connected, and to draw inferences, which were continually suggesting themselves to my mind, by no means flattering to my changed condition. Many and many a bitter pang did I feel on those occasions; for of all reproaches there are none so painful and humiliating as those which we make upon ourselves. How insensibly the mind, too, accommodates itself to surrounding circumstances; sometimes falling from its “high estate” of honourable action and honest thought to the lowest depths of deceit and degradation by almost imperceptible degrees. It is the first step which costs everything:—

“He that once sins, like him that slides on ice,
Runs swiftly down the slippery paths of vice;
Though conscience checks him, yet those rubs got o'er,
He glides on smoothly, and looks back no more.”

Let but passion once push aside reason in the direction of our actions, and we are very soon hurried into the path of calamity and crime. There is but a short interval between the thought of a vice and its actual commission; you have only to get over the first step—master your conscientious scruples at that stage, then all flows

smoothly enough, and the compunctious pricks of conscience are soon blunted by repetition. There are not many degrees, therefore, in the social scale between the quiet and respectable fire-side of the middle classes and the beer-and-backy atmosphere of a public-house. It is simply a work of time to convert an *habitué* of the former to an inveterate frequenter of the latter. Get over the first shock; accustom yourself to the easy indolence and unrestricted licence of a publican's parlour, and the regimen of restraint, which a well-directed domestic discipline generally imposes, is quietly undermined, and at length gives way, although it never can be entirely eradicated, not even in the most hardened bosom. Society, too, under any form, and in almost every shape, is frequently amusing, if not instructive; and in these *rendezvous*, as they may be called, for the *uscd-up* in the world, where the latter can play over again their respective parts in the most imposing *incognito*—where they can meet with the homage and respect in the unknown which is denied to them amongst the known quarters of their existence—you will almost always meet with a strange diversity of character for your reflection and amusement.

It was in one of these publican-pandemonia of queer characters, strange language, odd associations, false assumption, and silly pride, to which custom had at length reconciled me, that the Chartists held their meetings, formed their committees, concocted their plans, and rehearsed their movements; and when I look back to that period, with all its stimulating follies,—to that scene of coarse manners, rough language, and debasing recollections, my mind is bewildered, and all seems as though it were but an ugly dream.

I shall pass over the painfully-exciting events of my arrest—the trial—the condemnation—all of which are imprinted on my memory in burning characters. My poor mother, too, that good, kind creature, whose every thought was occupied with her son—her only child—and who naturally looked forward to the time when I should become the prop and support of her old age . . . Well, God bless her! . . . many and many a bitter thought has passed through my mind as her sacred image has flitted before my imagination. Peace to her soul!

You must not suppose that I was alone in the fact of having fallen out of my sphere when I became a Chartist: there were others in a similar position to myself, who were leaders also, and who had been equally unsuccessful in their legitimate calling. Indeed, the whole body of the most energetic and unscrupulous of the Chartists had been disappointed men; some through sheer misfortune, more through incapacity, but most of all through indolence and inattention to their respective pursuits in life. They were all bruised and broken reeds, whose folly or crime had exposed them, like myself, to the rude winds of adversity. By special inquiries, attentive observation, and open confessions, I learned this important fact; and you may safely conclude that, wherever you hear of a violent Chartist—a regular declaimer about the political degradation of his fellow men, equality, and all that kind of nonsense—you may set him down as a bad workman, or a broken-down tradesman, or an indolent student, like your poor and unfortunate correspondent. In short, I am convinced that, when a man is fit for no useful occupation—or, in other words, is regularly *uscd-up*, he will then do for a Chartist;

and I regret to state that the majority of their leaders, when I knew them, were precisely in that condition. They only lived upon the misfortunes of others; having been victimised themselves, either by their own imprudence or incapacity. A bad harvest, denoting scarcity of food, or, in other words, destitution to millions, was a god-send for them; as they knew by that means the masses would become excited from want of employment, and therefore easily persuaded to part with their pence, under the vain illusion that some remedy might be obtained for their ever-recurring grievances. Vain illusion, indeed; and yet it was the stock-in-trade of their leaders; the source whence the fund of their existence sprang.

In conclusion, permit me to observe, that the cause of the frequent disturbances amongst the labouring classes, that which produces chartism, and every other *ism* indicative of disquietude, may be traced to their social misery and their political ignorance. To remedy the first would require a knowledge which the legislature can never hope to possess on this side the millenium; for the laws of supply and demand, which are mainly dependent upon the vicissitudes of the seasons, are not to be controlled by legislative enactments. It is true that legislation may, in some measure, counteract their effect, by loosening the fetters from industry—by opening new sources for the enterprise and ingenuity of our manufactures and commerce; but, beyond this, it is powerless, and whenever those laws become periodically deranged, by which the welfare of the working-classes is frequently placed in jeopardy, the safety of the latter can only be found in the skill and wisdom of their own economical arrangements. But a better system of education ought to be devised for this class, if it be for no higher purpose than to take them out of the hands of the quacks and impostors who at present completely delude them; and who will never leave them, so long as there is anything to be gained by their ignorance and prejudices. I would respectfully suggest, that, in a sound system of education, they would find a remedy for the fatal nonsense which they entertain about equality in rank and property, and respecting the laws which govern capital and labour. Upon these points it is of the utmost importance that they should be better instructed; not only for their own well-being, but also for the well-being of all other classes of the community. There is a vast deal of trash to work out of their heads, before they are capable of receiving any sound and wholesome instruction; and, if no commencement is made, the evil will continue, and assuredly augment in bulk as well as in spirit. They ought to be taught that subordination in rank is essential to the existence of society; that the theory of universal equality in wealth and condition is directly opposed to reason and experience; that certain duties are imposed upon all classes by the social compact which protects their property and their rights; and that when the mutual relations of each are affected by any public calamity, it is ultimately injurious to all. Were knowledge of this kind spread abroad among the working-classes, they would ascertain the real extent of their power, and the discretion with which it ought to be used, and not fritter it away in attempting to destroy social distinctions, the fruits of industry and intellect, which are, after all, the main props by which society exists.

Yours, &c.

J. W.

THE DEATH OF HOFER.

From the German "*Zu Mantua in Banden*,"—MOSEN.

AFTER the fatal battle of Wagram, Austria was compelled to surrender the Tyrol, and it returned to the domination of Bavaria. Hofer, who till then had conducted the civil and military affairs of that country, laid down his arms; but, in consequence of a false report of the renewal of hostilities, resumed them. He was at last forced to yield to superior force and stratagem: after lying for two months concealed, in the midst of snow and ice, in a poor mountain hut in Passeyr, he was betrayed into the hands of the French, conducted to Mantua, and shot on the 20th of January, 1810. The Emperor Francis had a monument erected to his memory in 1834, in the Franciscan Church of Innsbruck. It is a plain slab, to the left on entering, not far from the monument of Maximilian. The translator has seen many a Tyrolese peasant, male and female, accompanied with their children, kneel down and pray beside it. Few acts of the Emperor so endeared him and his House to this simple and true-hearted people, as this unostentatious testimony to the devotion and heroism of their beloved native leader.

At Mantua, in fetters,
The faithful Hofer lay;
To death, to death in Mantua,
Bears him the foe away;—
His brothers' hearts they beat and bleed;
All Deutschland* lies in shame and need;
And with it—land Tyrol.

His hands bound fast behind him,
Andreas Hofer goes,
With a calm and steady footstep;—
Death's but the last of woes,—
Death, which so oft he'd fronted,
At Iselberg† undaunted,
In the holy land Tyrol.

And as through prison-gratings,
In Mantua the strong,
Their hands he sees his comrades
Stretch, as he walks along,—
He cries aloud "God bless you!
And the Empire now betrayed, but true,
And with it land Tyrol."

And in vain now strikes the drummer—
The drum obeys no more,—
As now Andreas Hofer
Strides thro' the gloomy door:—
And e'en in fetters stands he free,
On the bastion firm and proud stands he,
The man from land Tyrol!

And now kneel down they'd make him—
He cries—"That will I not—
I'll die, as I am standing—
I'll die, as I have fought—
Here by this ditch, where I have stood—
Long live our Kaiser Franz the good!
And his good land Tyrol!"

And from his hands, tho fetters
The corporal unties;—
And now Andreas Hofer
For the last time prays, and cries,
"Now, hit me quick! now hit me higher!—
Fire!—oh! how ill for men ye fire!‡
Farewell my land Tyrol!"

W.

* Deutschland, Teutschland—Germany.

† Here Hofer defeated the Bavarians, under Marshal Lefebvre, in two engagements, on the 23rd and 29th of May, 1809.

‡ The two first discharges from six muskets were ineffectual. The thirteenth ball proved fatal.

LAST DAYS OF A REPUBLICAN CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

ONCE in my life I passed two days under sentence of death,—and such days! On the 12th July, 1839, the chief officer of the Court of Peers, M. Cruchy, entered my chamber with the sad tidings of my fate. He read aloud the sentence which the peers, after four days' deliberation, had pronounced upon me,—it was death! For a moment, a sickly faintness came over me, and a chilly perspiration hung upon my brow; but I soon regained my wonted demeanour, when M. Cruchy politely suggested that I should immediately attend to my religious duties. I thanked him for his benevolent feeling, at the same time observing, that my mind was perfectly tranquil on the score of religion, and that I was fully prepared to meet my fate; but I begged him to inform me of my heroic friend, Martin Bernard, and of the fate of my unfortunate co-accused, Mialon and Delsade.

Left alone with the governor of the prison and his subordinates, who kept strict watch over me, I had to undergo a final search, when they examined me from head to foot. They removed the buckles from my waistcoat and trowsers, the ring from my finger,—the last *souvenir* of my beloved sister,—and some other trifles from my pockets, all of which were deposited with the *greffe*. When the search was over, the governor left me with two keepers, who never let me go out of their sight; and my mind naturally reverted to a subject I had long pondered on—capital punishment—and the thoughts of those doomed to experience it. Imagination, however, is sometimes stronger than reality. I had read with horror, since my imprisonment, of the *camisole de force*,* the limbs bound, the operation of the *toilette*, and the pain which must be endured by the poor criminal condemned to death. I was completely overwhelmed, and my heart sank within me; surely never was such bitter anguish endured by mortal being! To divert my thoughts, however, as well as I could, I lit my pipe, and smoked away with the utmost energy; but it was of no use, for my mind was too full, and not even the condolence of my keepers, who treated me with the greatest kindness, could diminish the sensations which were crowding on me at that moment. It was nine in the evening when the sentence was read, which, with the search and other petty matters, had eaten far into the night, and I made up my mind to retire. I was in hopes of having a good sleep; but I had scarcely thrown myself upon my bed, when the door of my chamber was opened, and I divined at once the purpose of the visit. It was the *camisole* operation. One of the keepers who entered held it behind his back, as though he wished to conceal it from my view; but I saw the cords hanging to it between his legs, which immediately confirmed my thoughts. As it was necessary to go through the ceremony, I rose up as soon as the chief keeper entered, observing that it was unnecessary to take such precautions, for I had no desire to spare those who had condemned me to death, the trouble of taking my life, when he replied, "I have a duty to perform, monsieur;" to which I nodded assent, and drew near to the lamp, in order that my *toilette* might be performed with the greater care and ease.

* The coarse vest worn by criminals condemned to death.

The *camisole* is a large vest of coarse cloth, open at the back, and closed in front,—like a coat reversed,—with long, tight sleeves, which hang down below the hands. It is fastened behind with straps and buckles; and at the end of the sleeves there are eyelet holes, through which a cord is tightly drawn, until they become like the mouth of a tied sack. Your arms are then bound one upon the other, and the cord is passed round your body and over your shoulders, when it is tied in a knot behind your back. In this guise you can just move your legs; but the most disagreeable part of the affair is, that you cannot find an easy position for sleeping. If you lie down on your side, the weight of the body soon cramps the arm; and, if on the back, the knot of the cord between the shoulders, and the leather straps and buckles, almost penetrate the flesh. I tried every position, and found the last the best; but the pain was so acute that I could not sleep, and, after one or two fruitless efforts, in which my dreamy state was full of my fatal and approaching end, I gave it up as a bad job. Having but a few hours to live, I thought it my duty to employ that short space of time in collecting my thoughts, and putting my ideas in order.

While thinking on these matters the time passed rapidly away; and as day approached, one of the keepers, taking a glance at the pale light which just then shone on my face, exclaimed, "Poor fellow! he sleeps; it would have been better for him had the ball, which struck his face, killed him at once." These words aroused me from the dreamy state in which I was plunged, and I felt acutely the pain which the *toilette* had caused me. The clock struck three; and I began to calculate the minutes ere *M. le Bourreau* would make his appearance. In imagination I was bidding adieu to all earthly affections,—to my country, my sister, my brother, and divers other friends; and from my heart I embraced them all. Suddenly I heard the noise of men and horses trampling in the court of the prison, and I thought then my time was really come. "It is the hour," I said to myself, and expected every instant that my door would be opened, when I began to pray most fervently; but it was only the guard changing duty, and all again was painfully silent and profound.

At eight o'clock the governor paid us a visit, when he ordered my arms to be released, which seemed a great luxury; at the same time he requested to introduce the chaplain, M. Montes, but I resolutely refused to see the priest. The hour of execution had passed for that day, so that I appeared to have abundance of time, having counted my existence by minutes just before. I passed hours in smoking my pipe and reading the poetry of Byron, which relieved me in some measure from the painful thoughts of my fate, and the deep grief it must occasion to my family. Towards noon I saw several of my fellow-prisoners in the walk which stretched just below my windows, among whom I recognised the unfortunate Mialon and the brave little Martin Noël, who appeared to retain all his vivacity and humour,—*un vrai gamin de Paris*. Mialon was sadly dejected, and slunk into a corner quite alone. When Noël descried me through the bars of my window, he cried out, "Five years, M. Barbès; they have condemned me to five years, do you know?" apparently indifferent to his fate; but when I made a sign with my hand that I was to be guillotined, he seemed for a moment as though he doubted me, yet when he caught sight of the *camisole* he required no further proof, and exclaimed,

"*Mon Dieu!* I who was so delighted to hear that you were only banished." He then flung himself upon a bench, with his head buried in his hands, and apparently in great agony. I know that his sorrow was sincere.

While I was promenading in the evening, I was summoned to the *parloir*, where I found my brother and cousin, and would gladly have been spared so painful an interview. After I had bid them, as I thought, a last adieu, my mind felt lighter, and I had only one more effort to get over,—to take farewell of my dearly-beloved and affectionate sister.

In the mean time I began to think seriously of my last words to the people, and wished to leave some *souvenir*, in the shape of a sentiment, behind me, as other political martyrs—Morey, Pipin, and Alibaud—had done, when my attention was again called to the *parloir* by the keeper, with the information that some friends were waiting to see me. I made up my mind that it was my poor sister, and I really dreaded the interview; but, to my great surprise, it was my advocate, Arago, and my brother-in-law, who appeared to have a smile upon their features. "Well, and how are you now?" exclaimed Arago. "As well as can be expected of one who is to be executed to-morrow," I replied. "Then you will soon be better," he rejoined, "for you will *not* be executed." It is impossible to describe the sensations I experienced at that moment. A sudden coldness seized all my frame, and I shook from head to foot. "Then I am to be sent to the galleys; to be chained with villains and cut-throats." Arago endeavoured to calm my fears, by observing that public opinion would revolt against such a destiny; "And even were it so," he exclaimed, "it is preferable to death." There seemed one universal feeling of joy throughout the prison, for the news spread like wildfire; and as I passed by a window in returning to my chamber I recognised the martial figure of Delsade, who in breathless haste inquired what was my destiny. "They tell me," I replied, "that I am not to be guillotined." "*Vive la République*, then!" he shouted with his stentorian voice, which rung again through the corridors, and he hurried from the window to impart the news to his fellow-prisoners.

. About one in the morning the governor awoke me out of a curious sleep, which was chequered with dreams, and ordered me to prepare for a journey. When I descended to the court-yard, I was hurried into a sort of cellular vehicle, which is constructed for the conveyance of prisoners to their destined abodes; and before daylight had dawned on the city of Paris I was on the road to Mont-Saint-Michel,—a dreary prison in which I spent the best years of my life, away from friends whom I dearly cherished, and pursuits in which I took great delight.

THE BATTLE OF CHALGRAVE FIELD; THE WOUND, AND DEATH OF HAMPDEN.

BY W. WHITE COOPER.

“Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.”

THE 18th of June has associations connected with it in the minds of Englishmen, which stir the heart, and make the eye shine bright. The glorious eighteenth! Waterloo day! which annually feeds our national vanity by reminding us of the triumph of British valour over the veteran legions of France, led by their warrior emperor, and which decided for more than thirty years the destinies of Europe. There are, however, other associations of interest connected with that day, although now nearly effaced by the stream of time. Waterloo is not the only battle upon which the sun of the eighteenth has risen. Two hundred and five years ago a scene of carnage was acted in the most peaceful part of this our favoured land; and the setting rays of that sun shed light upon the death-bed of one of the noblest spirits—one of the greatest men to whom this island has given birth. In order that the events we have to narrate may be fully understood, it is necessary to take a rapid glance at the posture of affairs as they then stood, and, so far as the subject of our memoir is concerned, at the circumstances which led to them.

In the year 1627 England was in a transition state: freedom of thought and action was bursting into life, and the people regarded with a jealous eye the unlimited exercise of the royal prerogative, under cloak of which the King had invaded their privileges, and was depriving them of their rights. The revival of letters had been favourable to the growth of liberty, whilst the demand for our manufactures,—the extension of commerce, and corresponding influx of wealth, had for some time given a rapidly-increasing importance to the commonalty. Thus, a great moral revolution was gradually developing itself at the time that Charles I., who had ascended the throne with all the prejudices of irresponsibility, and strong in the conviction of the divine right of kings, endeavoured to carry out his precepts in their most objectionable form. But the breath of liberty had been breathed into the nostrils of his people; they felt their strength and independence, and prepared to resist the unconstitutional encroachments of the sovereign.

It was at this important epoch that the great champion of liberty, John Hampden, first appeared on the stage of public life.

Hampden being in the enjoyment of an ample fortune, and having married early, had passed the greater part of his time on his estates in Buckinghamshire, where he was remarked among his neighbours for the serenity of his temper, the simplicity of his mode of life, his strong good sense, and the moderation of his political views. But an event occurred which made his name a watchword for liberty throughout the land. The arbitrary proceedings of the King had been gradually alienating from him the affections of his people, and a strong feeling of irritation had arisen amongst all classes. One of the obnoxious enactments was the impost of ship money, “A word,” says Lord Clarendon, “of a lasting sound in the memory of this kingdom.” This ship-money was a requisition issued at first to the sheriffs of London, but subsequently extended to the maritime and

inland towns, requiring a supply of ships duly manned and equipped, or an equivalent sum of money. Odious though this tax was, it yielded upwards of two hundred thousand pounds in the first year of its assessment.

It was against this illegal tax that Hampden first made a stand in the spring of 1636. Being rated at thirty-one shillings and sixpence, he refused to pay it, and determined to bring to a solemn judicial decision the important question.* The trial lasted thirteen days, and the decision was unfavourable to Hampden, but it was generally felt that the real question at issue was the rights of the people, and that Hampden was the champion who in his person dared to assert them. Subsequent events showed that the victory on the part of the crown was a triumph dearly won, and a main cause of the breach between the King and his people being so widened that it could not afterwards be healed.

Hampden continued without violence, but firmly, to oppose the tyrannical proceedings of Charles. His views were comprehensive, his conduct conciliatory, and free from prejudice or passion. But, when the tide of events had swept away the last trace of affection between the King and his people, and an appeal to arms took place, then Hampden stood prominently forward, distinguished by his wisdom, his foresight, his courage, his untiring energy, and the boldness of his council. We could point out many instances of his wisdom and military skill; we could dwell upon the gallantry displayed by him at Aylesbury and at Edgehill; we could detail particulars of that fight at Brentford so dishonourable to Charles — so honourable to the valour of Hampden and the Parliamentarians: but we forbear, and invite our reader to accompany us to a scene of painful interest, such as will never again, we trust, be witnessed in this kingdom.

In the month of June, 1643, Charles I. held his head-quarters at Oxford, having with him the fiery Prince Rupert and the Prince of Wales. The Parliamentary troops, under the command of the Earl of Essex, occupied Thame, and a considerable extent of country around; but, the utter absence of energy in the general, and the inaction he displayed, had greatly disgusted and disheartened his troops. Desertions became numerous, and, amongst those who went over to the King, was one Colonel Urrie, a man of bad character, but a clever, dashing guerilla soldier. Rupert presented the greatest possible contrast to Essex. With him all was vigilance and activity. Night after night did he issue from Oxford, scour the country, carry off abundant pillage, and, like a comet, leave a train of fire behind. He gave the enemy no rest, and, after the fashion of Mina, the Spanish chief, in our own days, was ever pouncing upon his prey when least expected.

Shortly before the 17th of June, Urrie had received information that treasure to the amount of 25,000*l.* was to be conveyed to Essex under escort of two troops of City Horse. Such a booty was too tempting

* The precise question, so far as it related to Hampden, was, whether the King had a right, on his own allegation of public danger, to require an inland county to furnish ships, or a prescribed sum of money by way of commutation, for the defence of the kingdom? It was argued for Hampden by St. John and Holborne; by Solicitor-general Littleton and Attorney-general Banks on the part of the Crown.

to be permitted to escape, and Urrie proposed to Rupert to intercept it. The prince robber (as he was called) entirely coincided in Urrie's views, and on Saturday, June 17th, about four in the afternoon, the trumpets sounded to horse in the streets of Oxford. Rupert had already sent out a body of infantry which joined the cavalry on the march towards the Chiltern Hills, whither the united force, consisting of about two thousand men, proceeded, crossing the Cherwell at Chiselhampton, and leaving Thame, the head quarters of Essex, on the left.

Skilfully though the plan was laid, it was doomed to disappointment. The officer in charge of the treasure had prudently avoided the common road, and taken another by Aylesbury, so that he escaped the snare laid for him. This was a bitter disappointment to the confederates, but Rupert was not the man to return from such an expedition empty-handed. About three in the morning he attacked Postcombe, where a troop of cavalry was quartered, but they being on the alert retired in good order after a slight skirmish. Rupert then made a dash at Chinner, killed many of the enemy, and took more, whom he dragged away half-naked, tied to the horses of his troopers. Having set the place on fire, he thought it time, as the sun had risen, to make the best of his way back to Oxford.

The alarm had, however, spread, and in the grey of the morning a trooper thundered up to Hampden's quarters, at Watlington, and gave him notice of the foray. Soon was he in the saddle, and, having dispatched an express to Lord Essex, urging him to send a force to intercept the enemy at Chiselhampton Bridge, he determined, in spite of the earnest entreaties of his friends, to accompany the cavalry which were now hastily assembling for an attack upon the freebooters.

In an interesting pamphlet, published the week after, entitled "A true relation of a Gret Fight between the King's Forces and the Parliament's, at Chinner, near Tame, on Saturday last," we are told that, "amongst these colonells and commanders that were at an instant willing to hazard their lives upon this designe, Colonell Hampden (who is a gentleman that hath never been wanting to adventure his life and fortune for the good and welfare of his King and country, may not be forgotten) who, finding of a good troop of horse, whose captaine was at that time willing, desired to know whether they would be commanded by him upon this designe: whereupon the officers and common men freely and unanimously consented, and proffered to adventure their lives with this noble gentleman, and showed much cheerfullnesse that they could have the honour to be led by so noble a captaine."

Hot and hard did these gallant fellows ride, and presently fell in with other troops, all of whom came under the command of lieutenant-colonel—or, as he is called in the old pamphlets, Serjeant-Major Gunter (for in those days the rank of serjeant-major nearly corresponded with that of the lieutenant-colonel of the present day). We may conceive the eagerness with which the troopers spurred on to retrieve their disgrace—they have been told to make all haste, and to hold the enemy in check by dint of brisk skirmishing until Essex can come up with reinforcements of infantry, and right willing are they to cross swords, and exchange shots with the cavaliers: we may imagine Rupert and his forces pushing on their jaded horses in order

to clear the bridge before the enemy can reach it—many a look is turned behind, and at length, about seven in the morning, the rays of the sun, which had risen unclouded in all the glorious brilliancy of June, are reflected from some object in the distance. The sparkling of arms amidst a cloud of dust becomes visible, and soon afterwards a body of horse, moving with rapidity, is clearly discerned. Rupert is at this time passing a fair-field, called CHALGRAVE FIELD, beyond which is a lane leading to the bridge. His military eye tells him at a glance the importance of securing the open ground; so sending the prisoners and booty forward to cross the bridge with all speed, he turns into the field and marshals his forces in battle array. His own regiment, and that of Prince Charles, forming the main body; Colonel Percy's regiment being in reserve. The distance between the hostile forces rapidly diminishes, and when within charging distance, the Parliamentary cavalry draw up to breathe their horses, and form somewhat in order before making the attack. It is eight o'clock, and the sun is fiercely hot; the commanders are making their final arrangements, short though the time be, and the men are eagerly awaiting the command for the onset.

And now the fight begins. Gunter with his troops comes down among the enclosures on the right of the Royalists, and Rupert at once charges them fiercely, his Life Guards and dragoons smiting them with their long swords. Gunter, pushing on too eagerly, is struck by a pistol-shot; and Percy's reserve coming up and falling on the flank of his men, they first yield, then break, and at last fairly give way. During this time, Hampden with two troops has been making his way round the right of the Cavaliers, and at this critical moment he rushes forward to rally and support the beaten troops; but it is too late: the confusion increases,—shouts of victory are heard from the Cavaliers,—by twos and threes Gunter's men are turning and fleeing. Presently an officer is seen slowly extricating himself from the *mêlée* and, with drooping head and unsteady seat, making his way to the rear. By heaven, 'tis Hampden! He is hurt,—evidently badly hurt: his dress is dabbled with blood; his pale face, rendered paler by traces of powder, tells of suffering, and the fire of his eye is quenched! Gunter is dead; Sheffield and Hampden badly wounded: overwhelmed by numbers, the Parliamentarians can no longer hold their ground. Hampden casts one long, anxious look upon the battle-field, and, with a heavy sigh, turns his horse's head towards the house of the father of his first wife,—the wife of his love,—Simeon at Pyrton; but, alas! the enemy's cavalry are in his way, and he is obliged to ride back across the grounds of Hazeley on his way to Thame. There is a brook directly in his path: he pauses,—but is conscious that, in his wounded state, he is unequal to remount if once he dismounts,—so, summoning all his energy, he dashes his spurs into his horse's flanks and with a leap clears the brook. This effort quite exhausts him: with the greatest difficulty, and in a fainting state, he reaches the house of Ezekiel Brown at Thame, is lifted from off his horse and placed in the best apartment, which he is never destined to leave but as a corpse!

Gun-shot wounds in the neighbourhood of the large joints, especially when complicated with fracture, are always serious, but the surgical practice two centuries ago would diminish the chances of recovery. Stimulating balsams and irritating nostrums were the favourite remedies, such as would increase the inflammation and constitutional

irritation. Even Wiseman, who was sergent-surgeon to Charles II., and of superior intelligence to his contemporaries, countenanced such treatment. Take, for example, the advice he gives for the management of a gun-shot wound:—"Be not disturbed in your thoughts, but having taken out the bullet or pieces of splinter, dress it up as a contused wound with fat of puppies, or such as followeth, as hot as the part will bear, not giving credit to any that shall persuade you to the contrary; no, tho' it be near a bone, for the discharge will foul it more than your greasy medicaments. Therefore dress it thus. Take of oil of white lilies lbvj., boil in this two new-whelped puppies until the flesh fall from the bones; then add of earth-worms steeped in wine, lbj.; boil these awhile, then strain them by a gentle compression; to the strained liquor add turpentine, iii. drs.; spirits of wine, i. oz. Reserve this for your use." This strange farrago will at the present day excite a smile, but it is rather a favourable specimen of the prescriptions of our ancestors.

All the contemporary writers agree that Hampden's wound was in the shoulder. It is stated by some that he was struck by two carabine balls, which broke the bone and entered the chest; but the account to which we are disposed to attach most credence, and to which we shall presently refer, gives a different version of the matter. There is a third statement, to which we shall first give consideration.

About the middle of the last century a story made its appearance, having Horace Walpole for its sponsor, to the following effect:—That at Chalgrave field Hampden's pistol burst and shattered his hand in a terrible manner; that, when dying, he sent for Sir Robert Pye, his son-in-law, and told him that he was in some degree accessory to his death, as he had the pistols from him. Sir Robert assured him that he bought them in France from an eminent maker and tried them himself. It appeared on examining the other pistol that it was loaded to the muzzle with several supernumerary charges, owing to the negligence of the servant. Such was the story: but the late Henry James Pye, Esq., lineal descendant of Sir Robert Pye, states, in his "Commonplace Book," that his father always questioned the authenticity of the anecdote, as *his* father was bred up and lived with Sir Robert Pye until he was eighteen years old, and he never mentioned such circumstance. The story met with but little credit generally, and would have been forgotten, had not public attention been roused by an apparent confirmation of it which appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for August, 1828.

Some doubt was thrown upon the authenticity of this narrative at the time of its appearance, but, on the whole, it seems to have received credit. It was evidently believed by Doctor Russell, who, in his "History of Modern Europe," remarks, when speaking of Hampden, "He is said to have received his wound by the bursting of one of his own pistols." When, however, Lord Nugent's interesting "Memorials of Hampden" appeared in 1832, without the slightest allusion being made to the disinterment, surprise was felt, and an explanation required by Mr. Southey in his review of the "Memorials" in the "Quarterly." His lordship replied in "A Letter touching an article in the last Quarterly Review," in which he says,* "Nothing will serve Mr. Southey but he must quote me

* Not having been able to obtain a sight of the pamphlet, we quote from extracts from it in the "Athenæum" for Feb. 12th, 1848.

against myself, and say that 'I have made personal observation of the state of John Hampden's wrist, and saw that it was shattered.' Not I, indeed! Mr. Southey quotes a very silly, distasteful narrative of a supposed very ghastly transaction which, he says, he derives from the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and supposed to be written by myself, or under my authority. Not it, indeed!" His lordship adds a suspicion that the credulous Mr. Sylvanus Urban had been made a victim of that "unfair guerilla mode of attack, popularly called a hoax. I certainly did see," continues his lordship, "in 1828, while the pavement of the chancel of Hampden Church was under repair, a skeleton, which I have many reasons for believing was not John Hampden's, but that of some gentleman or lady who, probably, died a quiet death in bed—certainly with no wound of the wrist."

This express disclaimer on the part of Lord Nugent might have been supposed to set the matter at rest; but the question was reopened by Mrs. Hall, in the "Art-Union Journal" for January, 1848. Her article was severely commented upon by a correspondent in the "Athenæum," to whom Mrs. Hall replied in the same periodical "that the statement of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' was confirmed to me *in every particular* not six months ago by the house-steward of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and the clerk of the church, both of whom were present on the occasion."

We have been at some pains to ascertain the real facts of the case, and accordingly made application to three of the principal parties who are stated to have been present at the disinterment. Although the information we obtained in reply was not so full as we could have wished, it has led us to the conclusion that a search was made for the body of Hampden, but that it was not attended with any satisfactory results, and that the statement in the "Gentleman's Magazine" is not authentic.

We have made allusion to another account of the nature of the wound which we are strongly inclined to believe is the correct one. It is that given in the pamphlet published by the Parliamentarians during the week after Hampden received his wound.* This states that "it is certain that Colonell Hampden, that noble and valiant gentleman, received a shot with a bullet in the shoulder, which stuck between the bone and the flesh, but is since drawne forth, and himselfe very cheerfull and hearty, and is, (through God's mercy,) more likely to be a badge of honour than any danger of life." The following appears to us likely to be the true version of the case:—The bullet struck Hampden on the back of the shoulder-joint, probably splintering the head of the humerus, (or large bone of the arm,) and injuring the joint, but not penetrating. This of itself would be a serious injury, and attended with much subsequent febrile disturbance under the best treatment; but when we take into consideration the fact that it was the custom of the surgeons of those days to fill a wound with lint steeped in stimulating balsams, and to apply dressings of a most irritating description, it is not a matter of surprise that although the ball appears to have been extracted, violent fever from constitutional irritation set in, which, combined with the effects of the local inflammation sure to arise, would satisfactorily account for the fatal termination of the case.

* "A True relation of a gret Fight between the King's Forces and the Parliament's, at Chinner, near Tame, on Saturday last. 1643."

From a manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, we find that Hampden was attended by Mr. Delafield, surgeon to the garrison at Thame, but on the intelligence of the wound being communicated to the King he sent to offer the assistance of any of his own surgeons. The reason of his so doing is ascribed by historians to the hope entertained by Charles that Hampden would be the means of healing the breach between him and the Parliament. He selected as the medium of communication Dr. Giles, Rector of Chinnor, and a friend of Hampden. Echard, and the contemporary writers, state that "the doctor much regretted this command, and declared that he had seemed ominous to him at several times when he had addressed to him on his own behalfe; for when he and the other prebendaries of Windsor were turned out of their houses, and his waggons plundered, contrary to his passport, and applying to him for reliefe, his messenger arrived at that very instant when the news of the death of his eldest son came to him, and some time after falling into the like calamity, his messenger then met him with another that brought him news of his beloved daughter Mrs. Knightly's death; so that he feared to seem a scritch-owl to him: however the doctor sent, and when he heard of a message from him, this poore gentleman, though he was in a high fever and not very sensible, was much dejected and confounded at it."

However that might be, Hampden had formed an unfavourable opinion of the issue of his injury. An eye-witness* tells "that he, contrarie to all opinion of skilfull chirurgeons, appeared to have no hopes of a recoverie from that hurt, and would so long as his strength sufficed, write directions for the vigrous prosecution of the warfare, which were, by special messengers, forwarded to the Parliament; and these his letters, in the sober judgement of men, have, under God's providence, rescued these realms from the hands of wicked men who, Ahitophel-like, gave to a weake and credulous king that advice which has embroiled these kingdoms in the present lamentable war. Being well nigh spent, and labouring for breath, he uttered this prayer, which, I being present, did presentlie commit to writinge as well as my recollection served me, 'Oh Lord God of Hosts, great is thy mercy, just and holy are thy dealings unto us sinfull men. Save me, O Lord, if it be thy good will, from the jaws of death. Pardon my manifold transgressions. Oh Lord! save my bleeding countrie; have these realms in thy special keepinge. Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the King see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellours from the malice and wickednesse of their designs. Lord Jesu! receive my soul!' He then mournfully uttered, 'O Lord! be mercifull to—' and here his speech failed him—he fell back in the bed and expired."

He had received the holy sacrament about seven hours before his death, declaring that, "though he could not away with the governaunce of the church by bishops, and did utterly abominate the scandalous lives of some clergymen, he thought its doctrine in the greater part primitive, and conformable to God's word, as in the Holy Scripture revealed."

* "A True and faithfull Narrative of the Death of Master Hampden, by Edward Clough. 1643."

His death took place on Saturday, June 24th, 1643, six days after he had received the injury.

Such were the closing hours of the existence of Hampden, a man eminently deserving the honourable appellation of "the Patriot." He had sacrificed home, wife, children, and all the comforts to which his large fortune entitled him, from a strong feeling of patriotism. Naturally averse to war and the frightful scenes inseparable from it, he had not hesitated to partake therein when impelled by a sense of duty. Even at that awful moment when he was conscious that his earthly career was drawing to a close, his prayers were not less for his beloved country than for himself: feeling that his course had been run, and that the sand of life was rapidly flowing out, he prepared himself without repining for the last awful change, and met it with the firmness and dignity of a Christian.

The intelligence of the death of Hampden was received with profound sorrow and consternation by his own party, and with undisguised and indecent triumph by the Royalists. Their serial publication, "Mercurius Anlicus," for June 24th, thus expresses itself:—"This day we were advertised that Master John Hampden (the principall member of the five) was dead of those wounds he received on Sunday last. If so, the reader may remember that, in the fiftenth weeke of this Mercurius, we told the world what fair warnings Master Hampden had received since the beginning of the rebellion (whereof he was a cheife incendiary),—how he had buried his sonne and heire and his two daughters, two only sonnes surviving, whereof one was a cripple and the other a lunaticke,—which though this desperate man was unwilling to make use of, yet sure it may startle the rest of his faction; especially if they consider that Shawgrave field (where he now received this mortall wound) was the selfsame place where he first mustered and drew up his men in armes to rebel against the King."

All the troops that could be spared from the quarters round joined to escort the honoured corpse to its last resting-place, once his beloved above, among the hills and woods of the Chilterns. They followed him to the grave in the parish-church close adjoining his mansion, their arms reversed, their drums and ensigns muffled, and their heads uncovered. They marched singing the ninetyeth psalm as they proceeded to the funeral, and the forty-third as they returned.

Thus the mortal remains of Hampden were laid in an humble village church, but his fame has filled the world. His memory is embalmed in the hearts of all those to whom liberty is dear. No tablet was requisite to perpetuate his name,—that is inscribed in the pages of history: he erected to himself a monument more durable than brass,—more noble than the loftiest cenotaph of monarchs,—a monument based on the broad stone of honour. Painters and poets have vied with each other in celebrating his virtues and his deeds; statesmen respect his wisdom; and so long as liberal institutions, and constitutional freedom are valued in this land, so long will the bust of Hampden fill a conspicuous niche in the Temple of Fame, and his name be mentioned by his countrymen with love, veneration, and honour.

FIFINE AND HER MÉNAGE.

A RECOLLECTION.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

I LEFT London at the beginning of May, just at the time when all its wintry gloom is clearing off, and the sunshine of its fashionable season is beginning to warm the atmosphere. I had contented myself with one grand entertainment, and with one visit to Jenny Lind, and feeling certain that the amusement I found on each of the nights I so devoted could scarcely be renewed, and the ideal enjoyment I was able to encourage on those two occasions was not unlikely to be destroyed if I tried the experiment a second time, I resolved to indulge myself in pleasant memories,—which may be picked up even in gorgeous saloons and crowded operas,—and depart from the scene with the fresh colours of the picture still glowing in my thoughts.

When I reached my quiet cottage in the neighbourhood of Esher, it seemed to me that I had chosen well, for spring was there in all her luxuriance: the hawthorns were,—much earlier than usual,—covered with blossoms, which, this year, deserved their title of “May;” the lilacs were in bright profusion, striving with the trees of “streaming gold,” whose long glittering branches set off the simplicity of their neighbours’ spiral blooms: the small lawn was covered with daisies and buttercups, the honeysuckles were beginning to send forth their trumpet-formed flowers, to announce the day of expansion, and early rosebuds were peeping out from their half opened leaves, which, like half finished embroidery, decorated the front of the rustic abode where I came to acquaint myself with the riches of early spring, instead of seeking her, according to my long habit, in some far off village in Brittany, Normandy, or the removed south.

To those who are accustomed to English country scenes, and who, year after year, have watched the changing seasons at a distance from a disturbative capital, the delight of a stranger in such a rural retreat as mine would appear extraordinary. But

“Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of — town,”

whether there is not a rapture in the sound of waving trees and whistling blackbirds, singularly entrancing to eyes and ears accustomed to the noise of populous cities, and the sight of rushing chariots.

Add to these, this year has been so full of disturbances, and every instant has been so rife with agitating news, with foreign *émées*, imitated in our own sober precincts, that to escape from reports, to renounce newspapers for a period, was a positive treat.

Strangely enough, my chance wandering by railway, in which resulted my rustic establishment, had carried me close to the retreat of an unfortunate family, doubtless as glad as myself to feel at peace after turmoil and confusion, far worse confounded than anything I had experienced in my own person. Claremont, with its lovely lawns, its splendid gardens, its spreading trees, and its embracing groves, had not long afforded welcome to the royal exiles from the most unstable of nations, who, requiring continual change to enable them to endure

the ennui of existence, find it necessary to alter their government, like their other fashions, the moment the novelty of form which once pleased them is worn off. Helen Maria Williams, writing in the year 1815, remarks, "it may be observed, that one effect of twenty-five years of revolution is to have given the French such restless habits that they require continually something new or strange to occupy their minds, and fill up the void of every-day life."

It was impossible to be so near a neighbour to these illustrious unfortunates, without being continually led into a train of thought which bore upon their fortunes, and those of a country with which I have so long striven to make myself acquainted. It was but in the autumn of the last year that I had come to the conclusion that the prosperity and content of France had reached the very height of hope; and, though politicians of course knew better, I was deceived by the surface of things, and judged by appearances—

"For me, I think it gold, because it shines;"

and I should never have dreamed, so short-sighted are my views regarding governments and rulers, kingdoms and dominations, that any radical alteration was required, where competence, comfort, cheerfulness, and content prevailed amongst the middle classes of the people to so remarkable a degree as I had observed.

From year to year I have watched the progress of the nation since the great outbreak in 1830, when France was beginning to recover from long commotion, and might have flourished, even under the Bourbons; but, directed by that "sovereign will" which looks upon quiet as the worst of evils, was suddenly compelled to alter her course, and solicit the guidance of another and more expert charioteer than he who thought to govern by votive offerings at the shrines of resuscitated saints; from that time I have seen rapid, progressive changes taking place, and order and regularity, grace and beauty, cheerfulness and content, ease and competence, creep softly and securely forth, covering the land with blessings and enjoyments, almost realizing the Utopian dreams of the first of poets and the worst of subjects, who now thinks, or rather who did think a month back, that he had found out the secret of making a nation happy.

Alas! just as I had arrived at the vain conclusion that France had changed her character by experience, had renounced the follies and mistakes of her youth, had resolved to conform to the reasonable and sensible admonitions and persuasions of moderate neighbours and friends, and had learned to laugh at a miscalled glory and shudder at destruction, had acknowledged that peace was a divinity, and had, in fact, become worthy, as a nation, to be represented by the pretty allegory of Landseer,—every Frenchman a lamb, peeping curiously into the mouth of a disabled cannon,—at that very moment an earthquake burst over the whole country, and all the imprisoned fiends of anarchy, confined in the lowest abyss of oblivion for nearly half a century, rushed howling forth, and spread themselves over the face of the land!

Ah! my pretty little Fifine of last year! I cannot return to you as I promised; I cannot renew those walks, enlivened by your *naïveté* and good humour; I cannot accompany you and your clever lively husband and your *spirituel* little son, on expeditions to some distant village in your admirably constructed vehicle, capable of holding as

many persons as composed the *société*, and attended by the smart "petit groom," so long the object of your ambitious desires. I cannot make one of your party in those leaf-covered *gloriettes*, where we were in the habit of uncovering our baskets of provisions, and your neat hand would display to advantage on the rustic table the stores your hospitality had provided: no longer shall I smile at the gay sallies of our little *Gustave-fils*, or feebly resist the amiable importunities of *Gustave-père*, the high-priest and dispenser of the sparkling produce of that vintage, fresh from the caves of *Epernay même*.

You and your charming *ménage* have been the means of deceiving me. You taught me, during the agreeable four months I passed with you last year, to believe that in France, quite as well as in England, the domestic virtues might be found, and an example of goodness and contented worth might be produced on the other side of the Channel, which was but a specimen of the indigenous growth throughout your charming country.

Pleasant to me was your domicile and yourself, and happy did I account myself that the fortunate chance which has so often led me to stranger abodes to find friendliness and kindness, conducted me to you. It may be that the visions I had formed of returning to you will be destroyed, but I shall

" Long keep the memory dear in my soul "

of your pretty house in the Grand Rue of the lively town of Petit Luc, where your husband so successfully practised his calling of dentist, and occupied so many of his leisure hours in planning mechanical means to assist the great work of modern days, and contrive a machine which would stop a runaway engine and arrest impending danger. With how much interest have I listened to his eloquent descriptions of the perfection of his invention, the impossibility of its failure, and the certainty of its adoption by all the world, as soon as its merits could be known! How have I gazed with awe and wonder on the tiny model as it was ingeniously made to run along miniature rails, and encounter miniature trains in full action; and how have I shared your enthusiasm at the success of the experiment, which proved to a demonstration that *Gustave-père*, although an amateur, was more knowing and more enlightened than all the engineers of England and France together, and that his genius had set at nought "the invariable laws of motion," and shewn the possibility of triumphing over rules hitherto considered uncontrollable!

Yes, Fifine, and we have agreed together that your husband was, *sans contredit*, the greatest genius of Petit Luc, and all Normandy to boot.

As I sit in my cottage in the vale of Esher with your *bon cher roi des Français*, a nearer neighbour than he was of yours when at Eu, I often allow your little establishment to rise up before me, and smile at the contrast of your elegances and the rural graces of my present abode.

I see, in my mind's eye, the best *salon* and all its ambitious furniture arranged with so much zeal and care by yourself, and the admiration not only of your husband's attending patients, but of strangers who visit the pretty little seaport, of which your house is the ornament.

There are the crimson and white curtains so gracefully festooned and alternated with looking-glass between, the tables covered with

fulilités à la mode, the china vases filled with artificial roses imitated to the life, and covered with glass screens, the golden clock, where a troubadour is tuning his lute to a damsel in the ruff of Marie Stuart, causing her to

“ Take no note of time but by its loss,”

the *bergères* of various sizes, and one high-backed and stiff and formidable-looking, which, together with a certain marble-covered table, bearing instruments of torture, reveals that pain as well as pleasure occasionally claims this site as a scene of operation.

Then my fancy transforms the little insignificant prints hung up round my room here into the *chef-d'œuvres* which adorned your *grande salou de reception*. I have not forgotten that marvellous work of art executed by a *master* at Caen, which, won by your husband in a lottery for ten francs, is acknowledged to be worth three hundred. I still see the family portrait, in which your sparkling countenance and laughing black eyes are rendered so demure and serious; I still behold that mysterious Dutch picture, an undoubted Ostade, painted on wood, and suspected to be of enormous value, looked at with rapture by the curious connoisseur in kitchen utensils, as it stands supported on carved legs in its ebony case, guarded by folding doors, opened only to those worthy of estimating the importance of the gem within. The “bad debt” that placed it within your reach gave you a treasure esteemed far beyond the “*ratélier complet*” which your husband’s labour furnished for a faithless English captain, who left his picture as a pledge for his set of teeth and never redeemed it.

When I retire to my dressing-room, so plainly furnished here, I recal your *boudoir à la Parisienne*, your toilette and its fluted muslin draperies, your white marble *consol* with its gilt ornaments, the large swing looking-glass which reflects your round little symmetrical figure when attired in that *soie couleur tendre* in which *Gustave-père* pronounces you *une petite femme vraiment divine!* Then I see you dressed for mass in your coquettish white silk bonnet and gauze veil, your grey *hottines* with shining black tips, your embroidered muslin *visite*, and your pale lemon-coloured gloves, sitting like wax to the small plump hands, one of which holds a laced pocket-handkerchief worked in rose-colour, and the other conducts little Gustave in his holiday attire,

“ Able to draw men’s envies upon man!”

His birthday of seven years is just past, and he wears for the first time a pair of *nature boots*, polished like those of his father, who waits below to conduct the party; his *pantalon* is white, his *jilet* black satin with rounded corners, his jacket of maroon velvet, “curiously cut,” his tie of crimson silk, the ends carefully arranged à la Joinville, and his light *casquette* placed jauntily over one ear, so as not to disarrange his well-oiled hair, flattened smoothly to his head. He looks justly proud of himself, and receives with dignity the applauses of his father and the eulogiums of his mother.

I see the party trip gaily off to church, and in due time return; but toilettes so brilliant are not to be discarded in an hour, nor allowed to pass unobserved. Fifine and her son set out again to pay visits to various neighbours, while the papa takes a walk along the high-street and towards the sea, for the tide is up, and the waters are coming brilliantly into the harbour, dancing and sparkling as if with glee.

Ha! there is Fifine again. She glances up at my window; she knows I am observing her, and she looks gratified; she has added me, she sees at once, to the list of her numerous admirers; she skips lightly across the way to the open private door of Madame Colin-Herbois, the *modiste*. I see her in the passage shaking hands with her friend, who is admiring her dress with upraised eyes; but she cannot stay a moment, she expects Monsieur to return with her son, to conduct her to the sands, where *le monde* is already on the promenade. She is forced to go up-stairs; she is required to admire some acquisitions in the best *salon* of Madame Colin-Herbois; she laughs, shews her white teeth, and is uttering exclamations of admiration of her neighbour's taste. She advances to the open window, and peeps out over the flower-pots, anxious that the effect of her husband's and son's appearance should not be lost. They are returning:—she points them out at the end of the street. There is evident approval in the manner of her friend; both descend, and there is much greeting at the door; after which the trio pace leisurely along in the direction of the beach.

But the scene changes. I see Fifine again on a week-day, and fancy she looks even prettier in her pink *peignoire*, and black lace handkerchief, fastened with a certain gold brooch, containing the portrait of *Gustave-père*,—which ornament was manufactured by no other hands than those of the original, who is a skilful jeweller, as well as expert dentist and mechanist. At daybreak Gustave is in his workshop, and soon after Fifine is busied in her *salons*, dusting with her own hands, for she feared to trust Jenny, the *bonne* with the high blue cap, to touch things so precious. Order and cleanliness pervade every part of her establishment, yet Fifine's hands never seem to be soiled, nor her muslin dress to be *chiffonné*.

If the day is passed in activity, the evening brings recreation, but it is in-door enjoyment, for neither Fifine nor her husband are fond of visiting, and both enjoy their quiet cheerful home beyond any club, theatre, or *réunion*. A particular friend sometimes looks in, and partakes of a slice of melon and a *petit verre de vin blanc*, and lively voices and occasional *réfrains*, ascend from their *salon* to mine, with the gay ringing laugh of Fifine always assisting the chorus. Yes, there you are, my little friend! You have brought me some melon too, and some of the other dainties with which you are treating your guest below. Who shall say there is not as much hospitality in France as with us? ay, and, though the rank of my pretty little French hostess is not greater than that of the excellent personage who is now *translating her into English habits* for my benefit, at my cottage at Esher, it must be confessed, the charming Normande has the advantage in address and manner over the good woman who milks the cow so neatly, and makes so good a syllabub at my Esher retreat.

Alas! if I look back with sorrow to recollections of country life in France, what mournful reflections must at this moment sadden the groves of Claremont, and how many delightful home-scenes must come back to hearts, which are striving in vain to still their throbbings amongst those tranquil shades, sacred to grief as they have been before, when England lost a cherished hope, since replaced with happy interest.

In the numerous and rapid vicissitudes of a year who can tell whether next June may not see the exiled family again at renovated Neuilly, and me,—my good-natured, pretty little Fifine,—enjoying a rustic *fête champêtre* with you on the coast of Normandy.

A MOST UNFEELING AND COWARDLY ASSAULT.

BY HORACE MAYHEW.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

YESTERDAY morning at 10 o'clock, as Mr. Dove was sitting in his library alone, the door was opened, and a strange-looking person boldly entered. He went up to Mr. Dove, and deliberately pulled out of his pocket a suspicious-looking bundle, which he proceeded, in the coolest manner, to unfold and play with: he then laid it upon the table. After slapping Mr. Dove familiarly on the back, he rose and locked the door. All this time Mr. Dove, whose feelings can be much more easily imagined than described, was watching the movements of his terrific visitor with the greatest alarm. His first impulse was to ring the bell and call for aid, but this desire was frustrated by Mr. Dummy (such, we have ascertained, is the miscreant's name) stepping between him and the bell-rope, and pushing him down in his chair—which rough movement was accompanied by a gentle request “to make himself comfortable.” Mr. Dove, seeing that resistance was hopeless, resigned himself to his fate, and, disguising his fears as well as he could, asked his awful companion “what he wanted?”

We will describe the remainder of this cowardly assault in Mr. Dove's own words:—

“Mr. Dummy sat himself down opposite to me. He was plainly dressed; a large black stock concealed his shirt, and his coat, which was of a rusty raven colour, with here and there a bright gloss upon it, was buttoned close to the throat; the bone peeped through many of his buttons. I should not have noticed these trifling things so strongly; but in our long interview—the horrors of which I am about to relate—my eyes, for want of a quiet resting-place, reposed more particularly upon his dress. His features were very black, and expressed a most violent determination, which alarmed me; I could not look at him without feeling a most sinister trepidation. I wished myself anywhere else. But my forebodings, black as they were, were pale in colour to the frightful result.

“He pulled his chair quite close to mine, he stared me full in the face, and asked, with a half-smile, ‘if I wanted a treat?’ I met his good-humour, and replied, as cordially as I could, ‘Yes.’ He then said, ‘Well, then, my boy, I will read you the beautiful little novel I have just completed.’ I sank back in my chair with undisguised horror; Mr. Dummy—it flashed upon me all of a sudden—was an author! and—good gracious!—I was locked up in the same room with him, and not a person in the house to render me any assistance, excepting a deaf butler. A cold perspiration came over me as I looked at the immense bundle of papers he had laid upon the table. I could see there was no escape for me, for the monster in human form (he wore a wig and spectacles) had placed his chair between me and the door. I prepared myself for the worst.

“He took up one heavy roll of the manuscript, and, pointing it at me, said, quite unmoved, ‘This is the first volume.’ I almost fainted with terror. My age is fifty-two, and I am subject to nervous

fits. I felt inclined to fall upon my knees, and to implore of him to spare me; if he would only leave the novel with me, I would promise to look at it and read it at my leisure; if he wanted praise, compliments, or encouragement, he should have them in any quantity; but, oh! to have three volumes of a novel—and in MSS. too—read aloud, it was too much. What had I done that he should persecute me thus?

“All these thoughts passed rapidly through my brain, only I never gave them utterance. One little moment of moral courage then would have saved me whole hours of physical suffering afterwards. But authors have no bowels!

“He began in a dull, dismal, sepulchral tone. It was something about a bright sunny morning in May, when two travellers on horseback were seen slowly descending a perilous ravine that skirted one of the smiling cotes of fair Languedoc. There was a stream that kept dancing to its own murmuring music, a long conversation, a stranger, a storm, and I cannot recall how much more of the same stuff: the title even has fled from my recollection. I became sleepy, and saw everything through a mist; a fog seemed to have got into the room, and to have shrouded every object. I tried to speak, but couldn't. A choking sensation strangled all my words. I could not articulate, excepting to lisp, every hundred pages, a ‘Very good!’ or to jerk out something like a large ‘Capital!’ I felt myself gradually sinking; my vision—I mean my eyesight, not the spectre before me—next failed me; my spectacles, let me rub them as I would, apparently were covered with thick cobwebs. I was rapidly going; I could not keep my eyes open. A giddiness seized me, and I fell back in my arm-chair powerless, helpless, senseless. I experienced a heavy pressure on my brain; I am sure I was mad—I felt exactly like a syncretic. I raved terribly; words fell from my lips which I never meant—rather the reverse; ‘Beautiful!’ ‘Sublime!’ ‘Æsthetic!’ and other unmeaning exclamations escaped involuntarily from me. Occasionally I felt a strong inclination to jump up and run. At one time I could scarcely control an irrepressible desire to spring upon my enemy, and do him bodily violence. Once my fingers made a grasp at the little mountain of leaves which were lying, still unread, upon the groaning table; my object was to throw them into the fire, and so escape by a *coup-de-main* from the incubus which was pressing heavier and heavier each page upon me. But I had not the strength to do it; besides, where would have been the good? I was positive that my persecutor would only smile, and, pulling out of his pocket another copy, would quietly resume his lecture and his persecutions. Every author goes about doubly armed, in case one instrument should miss fire. There is no possible escape but deafness.

“The fiend still continued. He did not seem tired in the least. His voice was as strong as at first. Occasionally, too, he laughed: this maddened me more than anything; it seemed as if he was adding insult to injury. It was the same heavy, pelting shower of words; Angelinas, De Montmorencys—lovely creatures—fairest angels—bandits—daggers—traps—moonshine, all passing in one rapid whirl before me. At one moment I was shot; the next I was married; then I was in a cave of robbers; then in a battle; after that in prison; next on horseback, leaping church steeples; then on

my death-bed; next buried alive; then dancing; after that I don't know what. Not a single incident of a three-volumed novel was spared me! I was even elected a member of the House of Commons, and made to feel a great pleasure in listening to long debates in the stupid hope of one day becoming prime minister. I was, however, saved that, by being pelted most opportunely at the Reform Bill. The number of languages, too, which I suddenly spoke was something awful. A frightful deal of French, a good quantity of Italian, a cruel lot of German, mixed up with no small allowance of Latin, Greek, Irish, Scotch, and Sanscrit,—every tongue came as glibly from my lips as if I had been a polyglot dictionary. My teeth fairly ache from it now.

"The hours flew, or rather, crawled, and all I can remember is, that at five o'clock I awoke from a feverish slumber. All my sins, all my little cheats and peccadilloes, all my robberies at school, my fibs at home, all the wrongs, and deceptions, and meannesses I had practised from my pinaforehood, during my brief reign of moustaches as a young man, up to my gray hairs as a married inan, and down to my bald head as a widower, all of these galloped, shrieking, in one long, reproachful, straggling review before me. They looked terrible when all enlisted in the same black regiment. I bowed my head, and covered my eyes with shame. Still I could not help reflecting that, bad as they were, they scarcely justified the fearful retribution that was then being visited upon me. I recollect I wept. The tears were a heavenly relief; but misery grew out of my comfort, for the wretch before me actually believed I was affected by his melancholy story. He said to me quite sympathetically, 'I see, my dear sir, you are moved. We will pause a bit. But I am glad I was not mistaken in the effect of that poison scene; I cannot tell you how pleased I am you like it.'

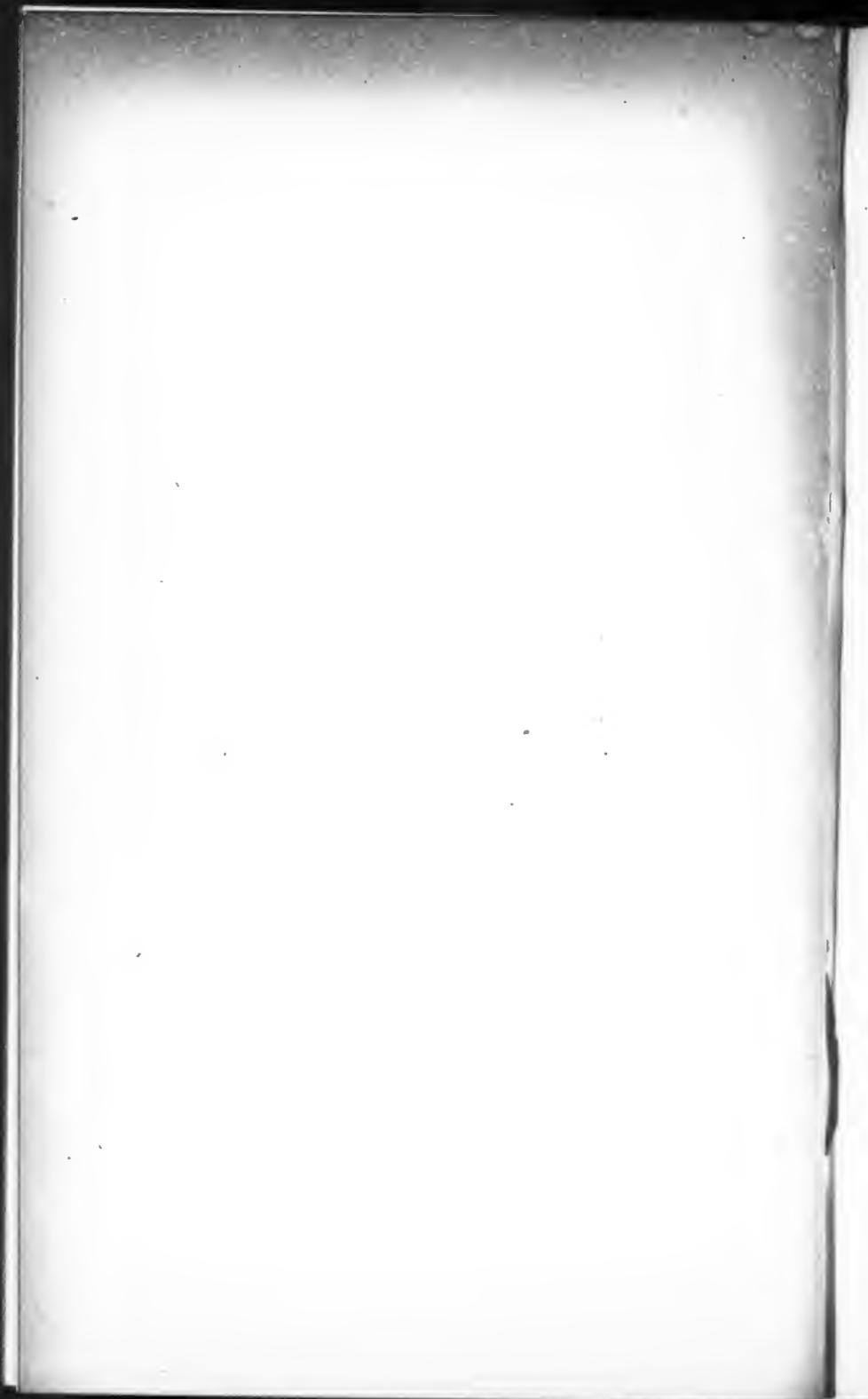
"He did pause: but it was only to return to the attack with renewed force, with refreshed lungs. During the interval he had sucked two oranges. He had positively brought a bag of them with him. Can you imagine such premeditated cruelty? He even asked for a glass of wine. I gave it to him, I did not know what I was about. He drank several glasses, finishing the last with 'Here's luck to you;' and then he began reading again.

"Two volumes had been disposed of; some seven hundred pages of manuscript had been duly muttered,—I had not been spared a single word. The third volume was in his hand. He opened it, and, giving it a tap, which sounded like the crack of a pistol, said, with the most fiendish expression of conceit I ever saw, 'I think you will like this.' Here my senses abandoned me; nature was fairly overcome. I sank under the torture, which had lasted full five hours. All consciousness left me. How much longer my relentless persecutor continued reading, my deaf butler only can tell. When I awoke the following day at six P. M. I was in bed, with ice-bags on my temples, and my family collected round my pillow. Two physicians were in the room. The first words I heard on the recovery of my senses, were, 'Tell us candidly, doctor, do you think the case hopeless?'

"I have the strongest reason to believe," continued Mr. Dove, "that the monster never paused in his assault till he had got to the last page—to the very last word, *FINTS*, for the peels of no less than



3



eight empty oranges were found the next morning in the grate. This proves too plainly the natural thirst he must have for this species of cruelty; it is clearly inherent in him. I am glad to tell you, however, that the oranges are in the hands of the police."

Here Mr. Dove's fearful narrative concluded. He still remains, we are told, in a very precarious state, and but faint hopes are entertained of his recovery. The family and the Forresters are in pursuit of Mr. Dummy. The wretch has fled, it is reported, to Camden Town. He has taken his MS. with him. The whole neighbourhood is in the greatest state of consternation.

We have since been informed that it is not the first time by many that Mr. Dummy has committed a cowardly attack of this aggravated nature. His friends who have avoided him for years in consequence of his being such a notorious character, declare that he has been committing these assaults ever since he was connected with literature. It is rumoured of him that he once caused a verdict of "Not Guilty," to be returned in an undoubted case of Tipperary murder, by producing a manuscript tragedy, and insisting upon reading it to the jury, when they were locked up for the night. The next morning the twelve jurymen were all of one accord—the determination to be released as soon as possible from the attacks of a man who went about with loaded Epics in his pocket.

Cases like these call loudly for interference. It is time a fearful example should be made, in order to instil a proper degree of terror into all those young men who carry manuscripts on their persons wherever they go, for the purpose of entrapping some easy, good-natured victim, when he is quite alone, and reading to him an epic poem, or a novel, or a copy of verses as long as Mr. Montgomery's "Woman," and about as interesting. This evil has reached now such an alarming height, that really it is scarcely safe to be left in the same room with a literary man, for fear he should commit, directly the door is closed, some such savage assault upon you, like the one to which poor Mr. Dove has fallen such a melancholy victim. An awful example is wanted, and Dummy is the man!

SHE BOUNDED DOWN THE SUNNY SLOPE.

AFTER THE GERMAN,

BY THE REV. GEORGE ASPINALL.

SHE bounded down the sunny slope
A thing of warm and breathing hope;
A being ever bright and gay,
And fresh as vernal buds in May.

He came along the shepherd's fold
With eye of truth and forehead bold,
And in his frank and careless face
Sat chronicled each lad-like grace.

They both approach'd—they saw—they met,
Each other how could each forget;
They spake, they tasted rapture sweet,
And bless'd the hour that bade them meet.

* * * * *

What do they here at break of day?
Come they within this church to pray?
Ay, more! to keep love's first command,
And join'd in heart, to join in hand.

Wayside Pictures

THROUGH

FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY.

I.—FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

I SHALL take the reader at once on board a steamer lying under the shadow of the Southampton Pier. He has read too many books of travels, or travelled too much himself, not to feel that all preliminary matter is sheer waste of words.

It is not the first time I have stood upon this great sea-wall of Southampton, nor the second, nor—but we have nothing to do with such memories here, except as a sort of guarantee that we are not dealing solely with first impressions. Nor is our track to be always on the high-roads, or the direct course. We are to take all sorts of zig-zag paths, in and out of woods and glens, by mill-streams, villages, and hill-sides, losing ourselves in all manner of places, but keeping a final point of view, which we shall reach in the end; like a discursive gentleman returning home from a carouse, who betrays a vagrant desire to explore lamp-posts and dark entries, door-knockers, and the like, yet managing with inscrutable rectitude to get home at last.

Here then is the steam-boat into which we must descend. The tossing waters lapping its dull keel, give us a palpable flavour of the journey we are about to take. This is the first incident, this scething of the foam, and surly gurgle of broken waves, that turns expectation into action. Here the reality begins. The flutter of preparation is over, and the moment you tread the deck, and look back to the firm shore you have just left, you feel as if the breath of the strange distant land were already lifting your hair, and diffusing its elasticity through your limbs. A throb, you hardly know why,—a little bustle down into the *salon* and up again, for no conceivable reason but the satisfaction of a fidget—a glance at the passengers as they cluster into knots, full of chatter and excitement, dashed here and there with a little sallow English exclusiveness—a rapid survey of the faces that are crowded upon the platform above you—the engine shrieks—the paddles beat with tumultuous energy, and in a moment more the steamer sweeps into the Southampton Water.

Away past the Isle of Wight, whose "trim gardens" are fading into a heap of mist in the deepening twilight;—and now we are fairly "out at sea." The tourist is conscious of a slight sensation when his eye ranges for the first time over that expanse of ocean and sky, the land gone down behind the horizon, and not a trace of human life left upon the surface save specks of ships, scattered, and hardly distinguishable, in the distance. But the wonder soon ceases, so rapidly does the mind adapt itself to the phenomena of nature.

It was raining when we started, a violent, tempestuous rain: and now we are in the midst of a storm. I never knew it otherwise in

this passage from Southampton to Havre. There are people who insist upon fancying that they have made this passage when the sea was "as smooth as a pond." Nautical delusions can no longer surprise or deceive the world. You will find scores of sailors who are ready to swear that they have exchanged signals with the Flying Dutchman.

It was early in the month of August. We supposed that we had anticipated the fury of the equinoctial gales; although I have a strong suspicion that out at sea they last the whole year round. How that may be I will not venture to speculate; but, certain it is, that I never but once before heard such a dialogue between the howling tempest and the hooting, whistling, screeching steam as smote my brain upon this occasion. This sort of elemental *scena* on a dark night, while the vessel is pitching like a cork on the surge, conjures up a phantasmagoria of terrible images in the bewildered imagination of a landsman. Fortunately, the good ship was a noble piece of architecture, with spacious cabins, plenty of sea-room, and wood-work as firm as if her timbers had their roots still buried in their native forests. But the consciousness of safety goes a short way to reconcile us to the groaning sounds that every moment send their dismal wail through the length and breadth of the boat. The crackling of the planks, as if they were cinnamon shavings—the long-drawn wheeze of the bulk-heads as the storm yells past—the shivering, and thumping, and scraping of the keel, as if the vessel were grating against rocks, or dragging through sand-banks; and the horrid pulsation and hysterical shudders which agitate every fibre of the great labouring creature to its centre, affect you in a way which no reasoning process can wholly resist, especially if you happen to suffer under a malady that must be left nameless, since no name can adequately describe its horrors.

The captain of the vessel, a small, thin, grisly man, repeatedly assured us that it was a remarkably fine passage, and, by way of illustrating its soothing influence, went fast asleep upon a sofa, while the vessel was undergoing these fearful spasms. He was used to it, and rather liked it. He had commanded the same vessel for ten years in these waters, and knew well the capabilities of both. He lived like a curlew, in a perpetual high wind, and a few roars of the tempest, more or less, made no perceptible difference to him. It was not pleasant to look at the frosty old man, stretched out in a dream, without a twitch on his face, and to see the passengers clinging to whatever they could grasp to keep themselves steady, and hardly daring to look at each other, lest anybody should ask a question, and expect an answer to it. But we had our revenge upon the captain. The ship gave a sudden lurch in the middle of the night, and pitched him out head-foremost into the floor of the cabin. This was a miserable bit of satisfaction for the fiction he had attempted to impose upon us; but, to our infinite mortification, it had no more effect upon him than upon the cushion of the sofa which rolled over him where he tumbled. The obstinate wretch merely shook himself, rubbed his eyes (hardly that), and went to sleep again.

Quaint and original characters will frequently be found amongst that sea-faring class which lives from shore to shore, in one monotonous voyage of life unvaried in its oscillating sameness by the

events which stir the fluctuating passions of society ashore. Our captain was an example of the superstition and prejudice that sometimes eat into the mind of a man who swings to and fro in this dreary track of existence. Here he had been for ten years passing from Southampton to Havre, and back again from Havre to Southampton, the better moiety of his land experiences being snatched up at Havre; thrown into constant intercourse, such as it was, with the natives of both countries, and exercising a kind of social mediation in their mutual interchanges of pleasure and profit. Yet this little parched, obdurate man hated the French with a most comical malignity. Every day that he crossed over to Havre his hatred increased, and he never came within sight of the coast without falling into a furious passion. Throughout the voyage he was gloomy and taciturn, like one who was brooding over a wrong; but the moment the French shore became visible a demoniac activity seemed to seize upon him, and, flushed with an access of national fury, he gave vent to his patriotism in volleys of oaths. The most amusing part in the strange freaks which now took place upon deck was acted by the stewardess, whom he had completely infected with the same fierce antipathy, and who, glorying in his monomania, followed him about like a chorus, exasperating his frenzy, and explaining to the passengers what a true Englishman he was, to hate the French so thoroughly after so long an intercourse with them!

In the midst of the objurgations of the captain and the stewardess, and in spite of them, the steamer quietly rounded the point of land, and dropped into the basin of Havre.

The first objects that attract the eye on approaching the pier, are the mountains of bales of cotton that are piled up, Alp above Alp, on the quay. There is nothing else to be seen. They blot out the houses and the shipping. The tower of Francis I., which looks down upon the city, seems to have been erected for no other purpose than to keep watch and ward over this grand article of merchandize. But as you advance towards the docks, and begin to understand the place, the peculiarity becomes intelligible. Havre is all cotton, except so much of it as is taken up with oil. Cotton and oil are the staple goods of Havre. The town might be admirably represented by a huge wick of cotton twist floating in a reservoir of oil.

Hastening dizzily from the steamer, a new land-interest springs up in the busy thoughts of the tourist, from his desire to secure the best hotel. This is a point of considerable perplexity at Havre. There is certainly no town of equal importance so ill-provided with accommodation. The best hotels are the Hotel l'Amirauté and the Hotel de l'Europe. There are some English hotels, particularly Wheeler's, the London Hotel, and an American house, called the United States Hotel, but they are as abominable as flurry and filth can render them. Even the best can be tolerated only because there are no better. It is difficult to comprehend why a town carrying on so extensive a trade should be so wretchedly furnished with hotels. But, perhaps, the very trade of the place supplies the reason. People stop at these houses for a night, and are gone the next day—passing through Havre into the interior, or on their route home, and full of impatience both ways. Nobody ever thinks of remaining an hour in Havre, unless detained there by business. The hotel-keepers are well aware of the nature of their tenure, and do not think it worth

while to incur much expenditure in the way of embellishments for birds of passage. Their houses are mere thoroughfares, and finery in their chambers would soon be trampled out. Sufficient and substantial accommodation is all that is looked for or needed; and such was the pressure for room when we applied at l'Amirauté, that the landlady was busily occupied in preparing beds on chairs and sofas for travellers who had arrived late. We had some reason to congratulate ourselves, therefore, in having been able to appropriate three airy apartments, the only objection to which was, that they were perched up three stories high. Perhaps, after all, that was not so serious an objection on the odoriferous quay of Havre.

Our initial experience at this hotel was not very favourable to the repose so essential after a turbulent passage. Immediately upon leaving the packet, with one's head still swimming, and stomach jaded and aching, to come upon a *déjeuner* in the *salle à manger*, and witness the lusty operations of a vigorous, land-travelled, and vociferous French party over their breakfast is enough to bring back the sea-malady. This was our luck, for our apartments not being yet ready for our reception, we were compelled to breakfast in the public room. There, at a table, sat a party of four great Frenchwomen, and a little boy, exulting in florid plaid dresses, with flashing eyes and peachy cheeks, tinging the rich saffron back-ground with gushes of ruddy health—there they sat at breakfast, eating, drinking, laughing, and screaming, altogether with indescribable volubility. It was a striking sight upon first landing from England—staid, decorous, conventional England—to come suddenly upon such a party in a public room, four ladies, without a gentleman, ordering the waiters with a loud confidence that defied criticism, and feasting away at the top of their animal spirits. Of course that was only the first image which involuntarily forced itself upon us, to be displaced by a moment's reflection; since the universality of such usages may be accepted as evidence of a more advanced stage of civilization than exists in England in reference to the conduct of women—little as we are disposed to exchange our retreating manners for this boisterous fearlessness. But after settling that point with our conscience we have still to reconcile ourselves to the breakfast. Tea and coffee, and *pain à discrétion* would be well enough, with a dozen or so of eggs. But in addition to these light matters, our French party revelled over a banquet of soup, a variety of roasts and *ragoûts*, and sundry bottles of wine, the whole concluding with an ample dessert of fruit. Regarding this formidable array of dishes as a regular French breakfast, there was nothing at all remarkable in it; but it had a disastrous effect upon our nerves as we caught slanting glimpses of the riotous feeders while we dawdled over our cup of tea.

II. — HAVRE.

Havre has a terrible air of business. You feel this at once. The moment you land you are coiled up in ropes and casks and trucks and porters and cranes and the bustle of the Custom House. The life of Havre is on its quays and its docks. There is no relief or escape from the din and clatter. If you attempt to get into the streets, it is still the same thing. The Custom House and the port pursue you wherever you move. The docks stretch up into the centre of the whole, to the residences, and even to the country houses

of the merchants, whose affairs are thus brought literally to their very doors. This eternal presence of the machinery of business thrust into the windows of domestic life cannot make a trade, but what wonderful facilities it offers to a trade in progress, or already made.

There never was anything so preposterous as to build fortified walls round such a town, which is not only a sea-port of great traffic, but the greatest sea-port—the Liverpool—of France. The error has been gradually rectifying itself, as might have been expected, practical necessity rebuking the short-sightedness of old theories. As the population increased, and encamped in the open country, carrying out the town beyond its prescribed limits, the walls have been taken down, and the enclosure enlarged. But the new walls are as great an impediment as the old, and have been again in the same manner out-grown by the population. Here then is a great commercial city, with its heart shut in by a waste circumjacent ring, while its members are cast sprawling outside. To build a wall round a place of business, whose gates are jealously closed and sentinelled at a certain hour every night, and to say to commerce, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther," might have answered the purpose in an age when storehouses were little better than depots for stolen goods; but in this age, when we are loosening the fetters of industry, and cultivating freedom of intercourse over the civilized world, such a restriction is not only absurd but must ultimately prove to be impracticable. These fortifications and the mercantile spirit they enclose are antagonist principles, and cannot subsist together. The government of France might as well issue an edict to stop all the clocks and watches in the kingdom at a particular moment every day for the purpose of regulating the sun, as build fortifications to restrain the free action of industry. All such hindrances must vanish as knowledge makes head against ignorance, and discovers to us surer safe-guards than bastions and dykes. The pass-port system is a similar contradiction to the spirit of the age, and cannot, even as a source of revenue, continue to co-exist with railroads and steam-packets.

When the fortifications of Havre were originally constructed, it is only historical justice to admit that it never entered into the imperial contemplation that the town should acquire commercial importance. The place was then a mere naked coast, sprinkled over with a few fishermen's huts. The whole trade of the spot consisted of the spoils of the sea, which were carried to the great lords up the Seine, who exercised a right of seignory over all the fish that was caught in this neighbourhood. Francis I. built the fortifications as a protection against the English. Sundry changes have taken place in the size and plan of the town since that time; yet, notwithstanding all the attempts which have been made to adapt it to the wants of the people, it is as inconvenient for the purposes of business as ever.

And to this circumstance of continual alterations, of taking down and building up, and seeking within such circumscribed bounds to accommodate the demands of an increasing trade, is to be ascribed the marked discordance that strikes us at the first view of the town between fact and tradition. The streets, the quays, the docks, the pier present the flattest and most prosaic aspect of present

and urgent utility. Yet three centuries have elapsed since the city was founded. There is not a vestige of antiquity visible in Havre. Modern necessity has dug up its history. Francis I. intended it for a fortress-town to be called after himself Françoisville; it afterwards became a sea-port under the name of Notre Dame de Grace; and finally, casting off even that scrap of tradition, it grew into a great cotton-mart, with the more appropriate title of Havre-de-Grace.

The Babel of languages which tortures your ears on the quays of Havre betray in a moment the motley gatherings that are drawn to the place from all parts of the globe. It is from this point most of the German emigrants take their departure for the new world, and crowds of them are constantly to be found dancing and drinking in the vessels alongside, or wandering about amongst the numerous slop-shops that subsist by the frauds they commit upon these unfortunate outcasts. The German character does not improve under this aspect of emigration; for although the German makes an excellent settler, when he is fairly established in his location, his progress to it is frequently marked by extreme folly and recklessness, partly attributable to his poignant sorrow at leaving his fatherland, and partly to his simplicity and ignorance of mankind.

In a town so utterly given up to the crush of business in its actual manual details, society cannot be expected to discover any graceful or attractive features. In its most intimate intercourse it exhibits restraints and short-comings. There are, in fact, no classes here to make up a society, with the contrasts and collisions requisite to impart colour and vivacity to its reunions. There is but one class in Havre—the merchants; and living as they do in the thick atmosphere of pitch and oakum, and oil and cotton, absorbed from morning till night in freights and cargoes, the drawing-room is little else than the counting-house with the desks locked up, and the ledgers and inkstands merely put out of sight. The clerks appear deferentially on these occasions, but can hardly be said to “assist” at them. As it is in all limited communities, a certain ambiguous barrier divides the principals from the deputies, so that the young men are kept at a well-understood distance, and the ladies are denied the meagre satisfaction of enjoying the “bald chat” of the only persons in the town who in point of age and expectations might be supposed to interest their attention. A *soirée* in Havre is the dullest of all possible assemblies; the gentlemen collecting themselves into mercantile committees in one part of the room, while the ladies, according to a recent authority, sit at a table and make believe to be working at a piece of embroidery. Yet as flowers contrive to grow into beauty in the most ungenial places, the ladies of Havre are distinguished for their charms, and deserve a happier fate. One ought always to say such things conscientiously and gratefully.

The out-door life is as dreary as the in-door. There is an attempt at a fine street, with flaunting shops in it; but the lively saunterer, dressed like a rainbow, humming a gay air, and twirling his cane is nowhere to be seen. Ladies are equally scarce on the promenade. The *bien gantée, bien coiffée, bien chaussée* has no existence in Havre. Everybody is occupied, and ill-dressed, and hurrying on about his affairs. A stranger who takes refuge at a *table d'hôte* finds himself in the same sort of company, and gets a villanous dinner into the bargain. The *cafés* are worse. Do not be deceived by the blaze of

lights, reflected in handsome mirrors, and shining down upon rows of little marble tables; the moment you enter you are choked with the fumes of cigars, the heavy aroma of *ponch*, and a compound stench distilled from an ingenious combination of all the offensive essences of a close, densely-packed sea-port town. The luxury of repose is out of the question here. The people have no leisure; they cannot snatch an interval of ten minutes out of the four-and-twenty hours to cultivate a solitary grace or refinement to embellish or relieve their lives. There is not a single reading room in the town. And they seem to have as little zest for social as for intellectual pleasures; always excepting the lower orders, in whom everywhere resides the eager desire to escape from toil, and indulge in festivity, when they can. A curious proof of the indifference of the Havraise to the enjoyments which in all other parts of the country are essential to the existence of Frenchmen, is supplied by the fate of a speculation undertaken outside the barrier, and just beyond the tower of Francis I., on the margin of the sea. This is a building of considerable magnitude, called Frascati, comprising the attractions of an hotel and a lodging house, and furnished with baths, and all the other *agrémens* of a suburban retreat. The establishment is built of wood, painted a fiery red, picked out with white, presenting a preposterously garish *façade* to the sea. The building cost the proprietor an enormous sum, and ruined him. It was sold for less than a third of the cost. The fact is a practical commentary on all such matters in Havre. The notion of creating a fashion, or getting the stamp of fashion upon any experiment addressed to the taste of the people, is a delusion. Mere luxury, or style, is a superfluity for which nobody would pay a centime. Such a state of society existing in a country where invention is racked for the supply of fantastic luxuries, and where every-day life is more like a masque than a reality, may reasonably be regarded with surprise. The French character is marvellously flattened in Havre.

There are absolutely no amusements in the place, no resources even for idlers beyond the *restaurant*, and the eternal game of dominoes. The lazy delight which the mercurial Frenchman takes in that same game of dominoes, over which he sits for hours with such ludicrous gravity, is a great paradox in a small way.

Madlle. Rachel stopped in Havre for a few days, and was invited to appear at the theatre, but indignantly refused. She is said to regard the Havraise with contempt, and, considering the eminence in her art from which she looks down upon them, there is reason to apprehend that she does them no great injustice. The entertainments at the theatre usually consist of mongrel dramas, *vaudevilles*, and flimsy operas. Tragedy and comedy are quite out of the way of the audiences, chiefly composed of sea-faring people, sailors, brokers, and clerks from the counting-houses. The theatrical taste of the town is something rather worse than low and uneducated. A gentleman who had resided here for a short time, and who wished to show some little attention to the younger members of a family at whose house he visited, took a box at the theatre, and invited his friends. Of course he was entirely ignorant of the nature of the entertainments. As the play advanced, it soon became evident that it was impossible for the ladies to remain. The plot developed the love of a father for his own daughter. There was no mistake or

mystery in the matter. Everything was clear and obvious. As the father advanced in the progress of the scene, the ground was closed up behind him, step by step; and to increase the appalling depravity of the design, it was contrived that the wife and mother should suspect the revolting *liaison*, deliberately watch its course, and finally detect it. Great was the consternation of the inviter and the invited; some excuse luckily came to the rescue, and before the plot had reached its climax the party made their escape from the house.

III.—UP THE SEINE.

The sweep into the picturesque Seine out of the broad sea-waters is a welcome relief from the pent-up drudgeries of Havre. The freshness of the river air, and the calm pleasant scenery that rises on its margins as you ascend the stream, have a refreshing effect after the stifling turmoil of that prosperous den of commerce.

The Seine is dotted all over with traditions; in this respect it resembles the Rhine, but the traditions are of a different order. There is very little mediæval romance in them; you never come upon the ruined castles of great land pirates, mouldering in a legendary atmosphere of love and rapine; the chivalry of the Seine is of a more respectable class. We have here to do with knights who won their spurs in legitimate fields, and who, in spite of the vicissitudes of civil and foreign wars, transmitted honourable names to their posterity. The knightly traditions of the Seine belong to the camp and the court, and derive little dramatic variety from the *oubliette* and the *donjon*. But the Tancarvilles, the De Meluns, and the Longuevilles, are not the persons who make the principal figure in the legends of the Seine. In this region the monastery reigns paramount over the château.

After passing Honfleur on the left bank—a pretty dash of white houses in the lap of the hills, which exults in one great memory, that William the Conqueror passed a few days here a short time before his death—the next point of interest is the abbey of Grestain, where the said Conqueror was born. A small village is seen here; the abbey itself has been long since swept away. Even in their dust the monks exercise an ascendancy all along this river over the whole train of kings and warriors who, from century to century, have left their banners or bones amongst its crags. We have the earliest glimpse of this power in the popular traditions about this abbey of Grestain, which owes its local fame not to the birth of the Conqueror, or the tomb of his mother who was buried here, but to the fact of having possessed the richest larder in Normandy. The monks lived gloriously in this abbey; they had fountains for fattening fish, and a long gallery for keeping their meat cool, and a thousand contrivances to improve the means and sustain the zest of good living. Their memory is accordingly embalmed in the profoundest reverence in these valleys; and, as we get higher and higher up the river, the influence which they wielded in this country becomes more and more obvious. We have traces of them at every step; the number of monastic remains scattered about among the hills, and bleaching at the brink of the stream, attest the extent to which they spread themselves over the soil. The entire district was a camp of monks, living upon the fat of the land, and drawing around them a large

population wherever they went. But all that is gone by; their houses are now in ruins, and there is not a monk to be seen. If something has been gained in more directions than one by the extinction of a class of great idle feeders, the peasantry at least must have missed their bounties. If there was excess in the refectory, there was a set-off in some sort against it in the hospitality at the gate.

The castle of San Kerville is a striking object, pitched on a bold ledge of rock in a gorge of the mountains. Lebrun shut himself up here in the "Eagle" tower, where he composed two of his tragedies, the most memorable incident in its history. The legend attached to the castle falls so short of the interest inspired by the ruin itself, that it is a pity, having no better, it should have any legend at all.

Tancarkille—a huge pile yawning out of the depths of a forest at the foot of the mountains—makes a formidable contrast to the strong eyrie of San Kerville. Except, however, that the castle is a structure of vast magnitude, placed in a picturesque position, it presents no other attractions to repay the curiosity of the visitor. A. M. Deville has been at great pains to compile a history of Tancarville, but, with all his zeal, was unable to extract the slightest romantic interest out of its archives.

The castle appears to have been a stronghold throughout all the wars that agitated the country from the beginning of the twelfth century. It passed successively through the hands of the Tancarvilles, the De Meluns, the Longuevilles, and the De Harcourts, and after many vicissitudes, came at last into the plebeian hands of one John Law, a *financier*. Castlenau, the author of the memoir, and the confidant, of Marie Stuart, was appointed commandant of the fortress by Catharine de Medicis, in 1563; a little fact in the history of the place which has been seized upon by the young French poets, who go about the woods here invoking the shade of that unfortunate princess, as if she had actually inhabited these shattered towers in the flesh. In the drama of Marie Stuart, the lady is made to exclaim,

Vois-tu cet horizon qui se prolonge immense ?
C'est là qu'est mon pays ; là l'Ecosse commence.
Ces nuages errants qui traversent le ciel
Peut-être hier ont vu mon palais paternel.
Ils descendent du nord ; ils volent vers la France.
Oh ! saluez le lieu de mon heureuse enfance !
Saluez ces doux bords qui me furent si chers !
Hélas ! en liberté vous traversez les airs !

Thus, for lack of more effective traditions, the poets commit a forgery upon the archives. Yet they might have found an available subject for a song or a ballad in the legend of the Lion's Tower, called by the country people *la tour de Diable*. This is the only bit of the marvellous which the most industrious of the Tancarville chroniclers has been able to exhume. There is a little *cachot souterrain* under the tower, in which the devil is said to have taken up his residence, very much to the horror and scandal of the pious neighbourhood. A grand procession, with cross and banners, was got up to expel him. Holy water, and other powerful agencies, were resorted to on the occasion. When the procession approached the tower, the good people, who had marched bravely up to this point, halted all of a sudden, not out of fear, of course, but to make room for the priest to proceed. The holy man advanced alone into the tower,

crossing himself three times, in the midst of the most solemn silence ; and, after a few minutes, he returned, and announced to the people, with an air of triumph, that he had seen the devil, that he had exorcised him, and ordered him on the instant to quit the premises ; and that the devil had at last slunk away, but not without making a horrible grimace, that shewed how reluctant he was to depart. Whoever, therefore, chooses to descend into the *cachot* now need have no apprehensions of meeting its satanic inmate.

Law conceived the design of converting the château into a manufactory, and, unable to accomplish his plans, was obliged to leave France. The ancient *manoir* thus reverted to the Montmorency family, and is now in the possession of the descendants of Madame de Montmorency-Fosseux, who died in 1828.

Quillebeuff, noticeable chiefly for its shifting sands, so dangerous to navigators, is a village whose ambiguous aspect presents a curious intermixture of comfort and decay. It is partly falling to pieces, partly sitting in the sun with a solid and bright serenity, and all huddled up into an incongruous whole. The details would make a strange picture, but nobody would care to approach much nearer to the reality. Your attention is next challenged on the opposite side by a Roman town buried in a mass of foliage—the Juliobona or Julia Bonna of the Romans, now called Lillebonne. It was founded by Augustus Cæsar, and named in honour of his daughter Julia ; and an amphitheatre, which was discovered not many years ago, seems to indicate that it was formerly a place of some importance. William the Conqueror (the haunting genius of these scenes) built a palace here, in which he frequently resided. The pedestrian who finds himself wandering in the woods hereabouts would do well to visit the Château de Lillebonne, or, as it is more commonly called, the Château d'Harcourt. It is one of the most remarkable monuments of the kind in Normandy ; the interior consists of a great court surrounded by numerous *salons* in ruins, the remains of a drawbridge spanning the fosse, a stone staircase, a lofty tower, and a keep, from the summit of which the pastoral valley of Lillebonne may be seen to great advantage. At this point of the river there is a perilous bar, caused by the driving back of the waters of the Seine by the tide. The danger is not exaggerated by the caution with which the practised mariner approaches the spot.

This is the incident to which the name of the river is so prettily traced in one of St. Pierre's prose idylls. He tells us that Seine, a nymph of Ceres, and daughter of Bacchus, having been in attendance on the goddess in her search after Proserpine, begged that these charming meadows might be bestowed upon her ; a request which was granted, with the power to make corn and fruit grow wherever she trod. She accordingly took possession of the country, and the nymph Heve was specially charged with her guardianship, that she might protect her against the dangerous advances of her neighbour, the god of the sea. Seine was one day very innocently amusing herself on the beach, and sporting with the waves, when Heve caught a glimpse of the white hair, dark face, and azure mantle of Neptune advancing among the billows. She immediately warned Seine of her danger ; but it was too late. Neptune urged forward his sea-horses, and caught the fair creature as she was endeavouring to escape into the meadows. Seine called for help upon

Bacchus and Ceres, who immediately interposed, and the moment Neptune seized her, she dissolved into that river which now flows through the meadows in which the nymph loved to disport herself. But notwithstanding this metamorphosis, by which it might be supposed she had effectually evaded her impetuous lover, Neptune still continues to chase her, and she to fly from his dripping arms. Twice a day he comes panting and roaring up to this spot, and each time Seine retreats to take refuge in her meads, the stream rushing back wildly towards its source, in utter disregard of the natural laws by which the course of rivers is usually governed.

The approach of the sea-waters at flood-tide produces a tremendous effect at this place. The surface of the river is lifted and scattered into the air, and the consternation of the collision supplies a picturesque image of the terror of the nymph, in her struggles to get away from the stormy embraces of her pursuer.

The navigation of the Seine is a service of some danger, arising from the shifting of the sand-banks, and the inequalities of the bed through which the current flows. In some places the river becomes suddenly narrowed between ridges of hills, and in others it expands as suddenly into a broad lake. At Quillebeuf it forms an extensive bay, and such are the perils of the passage at this place, that a mole has been run out into the river, terminating with a lighthouse, to guide the course of the nocturnal mariner. At the very entrance to the river, on a height above Honfleur, we are warned of the difficulties we have to encounter by a tall tree, with a naked branch stretched out, like the arm of a pilot, to point the track of safety to approaching vessels. This tree is called *Le bon-homme Richard*, and the legend attached to it informs us that on that spot, which commands the sea-board, a fisherman used to stand to make signs to the ships as they sailed into the mouth of the Seine, and that, falling dead there one day, the tree miraculously sprung up in his place. The good fisherman was canonized, and the tree to this day is known by his name.

The town of Caudebec on the right bank aspires to the dignity of a port, with miniature quays, skeleton warehouses, and a *grille* or two that are intended to look like municipal barriers. But the maritime transactions of Caudebec for a whole twelvemonth might be effected in a couple of hours in a dark corner of one of the counting-houses of Havre. The quay is a commercial delusion, available only as a promenade for the enjoyment of a very charming view across the river. The town is prettily situated, forming an amphitheatre of houses dipping into the water at the base of a hill richly wooded to the summits. The cathedral, whose filigree spire may be seen shooting up far above the houses in the middle of the valley, is an exquisite specimen of Gothic architecture. Notwithstanding its present decadence in the way of traffic, Caudebec was once a place of some consequence; the remains of its ancient walls flanked by towers, said to have been erected so far back as the ninth century, are still referred to as proofs of its early strength and power. In the fifteenth century it held out for six months against the English, who garrisoned it for thirty years, and then evacuated it. The English are as much mixed up in the history of these Norman towns as the Normans themselves.

The pedestrian who explores the wooded gorges in this neigh-

bourhood will have some advantages over the steam-boat tourist. The scenery about Candebec is full of enchanting varieties, the road winding through green dells and rocky solitudes, with frequent openings upon rich pastures and terraces of sward fringing the base of the forests. At every turn you come upon a fresh picture; and half up the side of the hill, after you leave Candebec, is one of the most interesting of the old monastic ruins—the Abbey of St. Wandrille. The chapel was long since demolished for the value of its materials, by some vandal who bought the place at the time of the revolution; but the monastery, said to have been founded in the seventh century, still remains, shut in on all sides by woods. The situation was admirably chosen for the purposes of study and seclusion to which the first abbot dedicated his life. St. Wandrille accumulated a large library here, and sent forth from his scholastic retreat some of the most learned ecclesiastics of that age.

The château of La Maillerie on the opposite shore is, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of the true French style to be found even in Normandy, so famous for its châteaux. The formal green walks, with the clipped trees overhead, and the smooth lawns buttoned up with vases, the straight lines, and alleys, and statues, and the mathematical precision with which the angles and sides are made to correspond with each other, carry this method of laying out ornamental grounds to the last extremity. The prim beauty produced by the regularity of these arrangements, has a peculiarly fantastic effect. We naturally look for a touch of artificial sentiment in such a scene, in the shape of an inscription, or a group to represent some event in the family history, or something that shall fairly publish to the spectator the egotism of a meretricious taste. And we have it here at the termination of the lawn. It appears that the Duchess de Berri breakfasted at the château in 1824, and in commemoration of that remarkable circumstance the proprietor has erected a marble pillar, on which the fact is duly registered. Yet he might have discovered a better excuse for frippery of this sort in the antecedents of the château, if it be true, as it is said, that the Duchess de la Valliere was one of its former inhabitants.

The broken walls of the ancient abbey of Jumiéges, gleam mournfully through the trees, higher up on the right bank. The sight is interesting, from the remarkable splendour of the architecture, of which nothing now remains but a mass of ruins, and its connection with the history of the beautiful Agnes Sorel. She died at this place, and her heart is buried here, her body at Loches. Close in the neighbourhood, at a little village called Menil-sous-Jumiéges, they shew you a small gothic house, where, according to the tradition, she lived while her royal lover was at the abbey; and they even point out the stone sill of a window on which she used to lean of an evening, as she looked out to watch for his coming.

Nearer to Rouen, the famous Madame du Bocage, the "tenth muse," so grossly ridiculed by Voltaire, lived at la Vacherie, a small wooden house on the verge of a meadow, at the foot of the castle of Robert le Diable.

The interest associated with the recollection of Madame du Bocage is absorbed at once by the name of the remarkable profligate, who is supposed to have carried on his mysterious orgies in the château, whose ruins may yet be seen on the top of the mountain. The peasants in the surrounding districts firmly believe in

the stories which have descended to them through the Norman chronicles, concerning the human fiend who dwelt there. But who he was, or what he was, or whence he came, are questions which it is idle to discuss. The chronicles give us a minute account of his life,—how he beat his companions at school, and killed his school-master with a knife, and how he broke into a convent at Rouen, and destroyed all the nuns, with a multitude of equally monstrous exploits. All reliable authorities repudiate these fables, which are unsupported by a single shred of historical evidence. It is a curious fact, that there is nothing whatever known about the history of the château, except that it was deliberately demolished at the time when Philip Augustus reunited Normandy with France. The ruins are a shapeless mass of loose stones; but the view from the height is worth the labour of climbing up to it.

Amongst the conspicuous features in the diversified scenery of the Seine, one is struck everywhere with the rich growth of poplars. The quantity of these poplars that cast their lofty scant shadows over the river, not merely in straight lines, but in vast plantations, forming endless and innumerable vistas as you sail past, is perfectly incredible. The monks and the poplars appear to have the whole of this picturesque stream to themselves. And connected with these tall, tapering woods, is another singularity, that provokes one's curiosity.

Following the course of the river, up or down, you cannot fail to notice certain straggling solitary huts on the banks—sometimes nestling under the rocks, sometimes half sunk in a marsh or buried in the underwood at the foot of a forest of poplars, and sometimes standing up against the sky like a landmark. You will generally see a man in an odd blue costume, standing sullenly near the huts; sometimes there are two, sometimes none. These men wear a disconsolate and desolate air, as if they were undergoing some dreadful form of penance. They seem to have no occupation, and they hang about these lonely places as if they had nothing to do but to wander through the marshes, until, like the decaying matter around them, they should become decomposed in due course of time. Occasionally, you may see one of them coming down stealthily through the trees, and popping out his head like a hunter in ambush, watching his opportunity to fire upon a bear: or like a brigand, tracking an unconscious traveller, and waiting the sure moment to pounce upon him. Once or twice you may chance to see a weird woman in the neighbourhood of these strange men, with her arms folded, and her stern eyes fixed upon the water. The more you investigate the matter, the more you are perplexed. There are no signs of domestic life round these huts. They are too small to accommodate the man who hovers about them, being sometimes scarcely larger than a sentry-box. There is not a patch of vegetation near them, not a single token of household existence. They are invariably pitched on the most dreary spots, inaccessible to ordinary intercourse. What then, are these men who lead such gloomy lives? What do they do there in the dark woods, and under the dripping rocks? The mystery resolves itself into a painfully unromantic solution. They are *douaniers*, and their business is to prevent smuggling on the river. Yet they never appear to transact any business of this nature; you rarely see them move. They stand stock still, like the painted soldiers in the gardens at Vauxhall; and their whole existence seems

nothing more than a *tableau vivant*. Boats pass and repass, and they never pretend to see them. The secret is, they know every boat on the river; and when a strange boat happens to come in sight, the *douaniers* spring out of their ambush, and darting upon it ransack its contents from stem to stern. Such is the pleasant life of the *douaniers* of the Seine.

The approach to Rouen is the crowning glory of the river. The evidences of wealth and luxury that now begin to accumulate around you, afford unmistakeable assurance of the close proximity of a great city. The scenery undergoes a striking change. The repose of rocks, and woods, and old slumbering castles, gives way before the vivid movements of a rich population. You are awakening out of a dream into the realities of life. The pulpit of Gargantua, and the other quaint reliques to which a literary or chivalric antiquity have imparted a traditional interest, no longer engage your attention. A world of stirring objects excites your curiosity, and produces a new train of ideas. Bustling villages and handsome châteaux rise in quick succession on both sides. Groups of gay islands, clusters of substantial houses, and numerous private residences, embellished with costliness and taste, form the panorama through which you pass to the broad esplanade of Rouen.

 LOVE'S BOWER.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

JASMINE-crown'd, and fair to view,
 Playful, bright-starred, flowers grew,
 Round the bower of their love,
 Shelter'd in a whispering grove,
 Blushing rose, and bright blue-bell,
 And violets around them fell.
 Evening zephyrs winged and light
 Herald the coming night,
 Bore rich odours to their bower,
 Greeting love's bewitching hour.

What cared he for Araby?
 (That spot was all his world to be)
 Or its boundless emerald waters?
 Or its dark-eyed Houris daughters?
 He was charm'd beyond their power
 With his love in his love's bower.

A footstep struck upon his ear,
 Still approaching, yet more near!
 He cried with voice, both bold and free,
 "Blow me, waiter! bring the tea.
 Oh! you've brought it, lazy imps!
 Now you've come without the shrimps!
 Of butter bring another pat—
 I can eat as much as that;
 And, to save your coming back,
 Bring of bread a double whack;—
 My young woman's hungry too,
 So mizzle quick, old buck—pray do!"

My Muse, affrighted, flew away,
 And never ask'd what was to pay.

THE CELLINI CUP.

BY SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD.

CHAP. II.

OF course the extraordinary occurrences of the morning were subjects of much conversation and speculation between the brother and sister when they met at dinner, and in the evening. There was evidently some strange mystery connected with those occurrences. The visitor's anxiety to possess the celebrated cup did not surprize them; any rich virtuoso might make up his mind to give a high, and fancy price, for such a treasure of art; but how account for his marked questions respecting it, and his peculiar and monotonous exclamation applied alike to that, to the old chair, and to the dog? The cup had been in the possession of their mother's family for more than a century, and was indeed said to have been originally purchased by her ancestor from Cellini himself. He could have no knowledge of it, therefore, but as in their possession. The old carved, ebony, high-backed chair had been the only one redeemed from a ruinous fire, which had devastated their father's once fine property in Devonshire. This, therefore, if he really recollected it at all, he must have seen in the house of their parents. Thus he must have known their family, and known them well; which at all events must prove fatal to their great object of concealing their family name; but the mutual and affectionate recognition between the stranger and "Old Mufti" was altogether inexplicable, even by conjecture.

They urged their memories, and taxed their imaginations, to find some plausible solution of the mystery, but urged and taxed them all in vain. At length, after a long pause, during which each was occupied in diversified conjectures, too remote from probability to be expressed by words, suddenly Cecilia threw herself back in her chair, clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, in a voice trembling with some emotion very nearly allied to horror, "Gracious Heaven! do you remember we had an uncle! an uncle Gilbert! our father's brother!"

George at the instant started from his chair, becoming for a moment even paler than his wont; but, presently resuming his seat, he replied: "No! that is impossible!—not impossible that he may be living still, but impossible that the stranger can be he."

"Why so, dear George?—why impossible?"

"We know that the owner of the dog was drowned; drowned in the presence of his servant, who was charged with the care of him; and, to set at rest all doubt on that subject, was subsequently cast on shore, and buried in his presence. That unfortunate gentleman might indeed have been our uncle, and, from various circumstances which I now put together from John Torrid's story, I think it highly probable that it was so; but this in no way elucidates the mystery of the strange gentleman's manner and conduct, and familiar acquaintance with the dog, or his evident recognition of the chair and the cup."

"Some old and familiar friend of our parents, perhaps," said Cecilia, with a gentle sigh.

"That would account, perhaps, for the two last-named circumstances,

but how associate that supposition with his knowledge of the foreign dog, who only arrived here two years ago?"

"'Tis very perplexing, truly," added Cecilia, after a pause.

In this dilemma, they determined to hear once more the depositions of John Torrid, who, as he stated, though a native of India, was born of English parents, of the name of Loton, and fantastically christened by some sponsorial respondent by the semi-christian and semi-local addition to his cognomen which we have recorded.

John entered the room with his usual salutation, when the young lady was present, between a bow and a salam. Poor fellow! it seemed as though he had hardly learned the distinction between a bend of respect to a superior fellow-mortal, and the prostration due only to a superior Being.

"John," said the silversmith, "after some extraordinary events which have occurred this day, we are anxious to hear once more your history of that dog, which you brought to us some two years ago, and of the person who sent him."

John immediately adjusted his figure into a posture of rest, throwing the weight of his body on the right leg, while the knee of his left projected slightly from the perpendicular; his right arm at the same time fell inertly to his side, while his left was mechanically raised to his head, and addressed to the operation of alternately smoothing his hair over his forehead and then rumpling it again by converting his fingers into the nature of a comb, and thrusting them into his wildness of locks, as if for the mere purpose of smoothing them down again.

In this attitude he proceeded to repeat his tale, which, for the sake of brevity, we shall condense, and, for the sake of perspicuity, shall simplify as much as possible.

John, very naturally considering himself the hero of his own tale, began, as usual, by stating that his parents had left England in the service of a family who had motives for migrating to Bengal, and that he had been born there a few months after their arrival. That whatsoever might have been the speculation in this removal, it seemed to have failed entirely, since, from his earliest recollection, his parents had lived in separate services, and though they had contrived to give him a decent education, he was at an early age thrown upon the world to seek his own fortune; he had lived many years with an English general in the Company's service, whose death alone terminated their connexion; but such had been the general's attachment to his faithful servant, that he had bequeathed him a handsome sum of money, but a far more valuable legacy, in a most excellent character for honesty, truth, and courage, a document so remarkably worded, that he had been immediately sought, and engaged to undertake the charge of attending to England an invalid who had been a great traveller, and had lately arrived in Bengal. This traveller had been attacked by a party of Tartars, and who, though severely wounded, had miraculously escaped with life, through the courage and sagacity of a ferocious dog who accompanied him. John went on to state, that he had heard his new master relate, over and over again, the circumstances of the attack and rescue. He travelled, as was his custom, on a camel, without escort, and having passed through Great Tibet, and advanced beyond Assam, on his way to Bengal, he had been suddenly surrounded in a desert spot by a party of not less than seven or eight well armed Tartars, against whom all attempt

at resistance would have been as desperate as useless. He, therefore, although well provided with defensive weapons, threw his arms wide open, in token of non-resistance, when one of the horde, instantly seizing him by the foot, adroitly pitched him from the camel's back, amidst the group on the other side. But the Tartar had small cause to exult in his dexterity; at the very moment that the traveller fell, the Tartar gave a wild shriek of agony, and was seen to fall also.

The dog, without bark or growl, had gripped his leg just above the heel, and so lacerated the tendons as to place him at least *hors de combat* for some time to come.

The party on the other side concluded that their companion had fallen by some concealed weapon of the traveller, and in an instant one was at his throat, while every arm was outstretched with some weapon or other of deadly aim; but there was one of the party, at present unnoticed by them, who had quite as good a notion of grasping a throat as the fierce Tartar who had possession of the traveller's. In the twinkling of an eye, the huge jaws of the dog enclosed the naked throat of the assailant, and the fangs entered the flesh deeply on one side beyond the gullet, and far below the ear on the other. A hideous snarl, accompanied by two or three convulsive shakes by the noble beast, ended that conflict in a few seconds; a stream of dark blood rushed from beneath the ear of the robber, his hold relaxed, and without a cry or murmur he was a corpse.

The party were of course utterly bewildered and terror-struck by this new species of warfare; one resolute fellow, however, who stood with his drawn knife or dagger ready to second the object of his now dead companion, at the moment the last incident was occurring, suffered his weapon to descend on the infuriated animal, which, fortunately for the generous brute, though well intended, and penetrating several inches deep, was directed aslant by the shoulder bone, and so inflicted little more than a deep flesh wound. Not so with the unlucky perpetrator; before he could well withdraw the weapon to prepare another plunge, the wrist that grasped it was within the reeking jaws of the victorious beast. The weapon fell from the hand of the Tartar, and with a shout still louder than the shriek of his first maimed companion, he fell to the earth writhing in agony; simultaneously with the last moment of action, the traveller, in his still prostrate position, had contrived to disengage a pistol from his girdle, and, in the midst of the hurly-burly which had astounded his assailants, he fired with well-directed aim, and brought another to the ground.

The remaining three or four,—for he never could speak with certainty to their numbers,—suddenly became panic-struck. As if by magic, they were in their saddles in a moment, and darting like arrows into the distance.

The dog made no attempt to follow them, on the contrary, he continued walking and growling round the still prostrate wounded wretches, while the traveller slowly, and with difficulty, rose and found, to his surprise, that several wounds had been inflicted upon him, by what weapon he was not aware, and of which he had been altogether unconscious. To remount his camel, who had fortunately remained uninjured, was an affair of some difficulty, though the docile creature knelt as usual to receive him.

He now looked upon the two living, but wounded men, who shewed

not the least disposition to stir while the dog continued in their neighbourhood, and he began to move forward, calling on his mute friend to follow. The dog obeyed so far as to bound to his side, but instantly returned to his guard and to his growl. The traveller understood him as well as if he had revealed his object by words, and proceeded on his journey, which he knew was within a few hours of its completion, and which he had not pursued above three English miles, when he perceived his faithful companion limping, still bleeding and apparently much exhausted, by his side. Though weakened by the loss of blood from three wounds which he had discovered and endeavoured to staunch in the best way he could as he proceeded, he contrived to alight and caress his preserver, and, with the strips of a large cashmere which he tore asunder for the purpose, succeeded in forming a sufficient bandage for the shoulder of his wounded protector. He then remounted, made a sign to his dog, who, with a gentle leap, was instantly behind him on the camel, and pursued his way, arrived in safety at his caravansera, and afterwards proceeded in a litter, of which the dog partook, to his destination in Bengal.

At this place John Torrid, as before stated, first became acquainted with the traveller and his dog. On entering the service of the former, he was presently instructed that his duties were to be more particularly confined to the care of the latter. "That dog," said the traveller (who was known in India by the name of Bearcroft), "is not my property, though we have been inseparable companions for the last three years. He has been confided to my care to deliver to a lady in England, together with a letter, which will be found in my portfolio, in case anything should happen to me. In the meantime, on that silver collar which you see is riveted round his throat, the name and address of the lady is engraved. The character which General L—— has left behind him, equally to your honour and his own, has induced me to be confidential with you at once; so make the dog your friend without farther loss of time." "I looked," continued John Torrid, "rather suspiciously, I fancy, at the poor brute, after the story I had already heard of him."

"You need not fear him," said Mr. Bearcroft; "to those whom he knows he is as gentle as a lamb; though I would not fear to trust myself within a tiger's leap when he is by me." Then rising and patting me on the shoulder, he called the dog and said, "*a friend*, Mufti!—remember—*a friend!*" The creature looked up in my face as if to say, "Ay, ay, I shall know you again;" and then squatting on his haunches, he swept the carpet with his tail, while he placed his forepaw upon my knee; and the expression of his ears, as well as of his eyes, almost spoke the words, "I know you now."

Mr. Silverthong here interrupted him by observing, "I think you stated that Mr. Bearcroft never mentioned the name of my family in your hearing?"

"Why, no, sir," replied John, "not exactly; but many a time and often during the four years I lived with him, when speaking of England and his desire to return to it, he alluded to the family whose name was on the dog's collar; but he never mentioned that name, and seemed indeed as carefully to avoid it, as I have done ever since you gave me orders to forget I had ever heard it."

"For which you well understand my motives, John," replied his master; to which John bowed assent. "And his age, you say, was about thirty-six."

"I heard him say so one day to a fellow-passenger, when they were comparing the ages of people on board," said John.

"And that letter which was also addressed to my poor mother?" inquired Silverthong, with some emotion.

"Ay, that unfortunate letter," replied John, "would most likely have explained everything. Master Bearcroft showed it to me one day, pointing out where I should find it in case anything should befall him, for he was still occasionally suffering, and told me more than once he thought he never should reach England, and once added, 'perhaps 'twere better so.' In that case he charged me to deliver that and the dog according to the address, 'where,' said he, 'they will perhaps be the more welcome if delivered by any other hand than mine.'"

The brother and sister exchanged expressive glances.

"And this happened after you had left Calcutta?"

"Ay, sir, on our homeward-bound voyage, and just before we entered the Bay of Biscay, where our ship foundered in that terrible storm. Ill as he was, Mr. Bearcroft never forgot the portfolio when he was helped into the long-boat along with Mufti and me. He hugged it close under his arm until the boat upset; I saw him no more alive, for he was still very weak, and no doubt sank directly. For my own part I was reckoned a good swimmer in the Ganges; but here among the salt-sea breakers my skill was of little use to me. Poor Mufti, however, never left my side, and we did contrive at last to scramble ashore, helping one another, almost dead with fatigue."

"I well remember the story of your fortunate escape," interrupted Mr. Silverthong, who wished to shorten a story which he knew by experience was a very long one; "and that on the following day the body of your late friend was driven on shore, when you procured him Christian burial; but are you certain beyond a doubt, that, bruised and mutilated as the body was, that it was indeed that of Mr. Bearcroft?"

"If I had ever had a doubt, sir, it would have been removed when I saw his wounds which I had dressed a thousand times. It was the body of my late master, as sure as I am John Torrid Loton."

"And now, John," said Mr. Silverthong, at the same time pulling out his watch, "as you expressed a wish to see the Indian ballet at the Opera House to-night, you had better make haste, or you will be too late to gratify your curiosity."

John, thus dismissed, an impression almost amounting to conviction remained on the minds of the young people that Mr. Bearcroft was indeed their uncle Gilbert. "Who, then, can be this mysterious stranger?"

It now becomes necessary to raise a portion of the veil which covers this apparent mystery, lest, like the curtain in Mrs. Radcliff's celebrated romance, it should produce, when fully withdrawn, something very like angry disappointment.

THE REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPERS OF PARIS.

BY THE FLANEUR IN PARIS.

AND their name is legion.

One of the first inevitable tendencies of republican institutions in France was towards unlimited liberty of her press: and one of the first decrees forced from the hands of the Provisional Government of February, by popular clamour, and by the outcry of the thousands of ambitious political scribblers, with whom Paris abounds, as it does with wine shops, *cafés*, and *restaurants*,—although the spiritual food of knowledge, with which Paris is now crammed by the former, at the cheapest possible rate, may be even far more unsavoury, indigestible, and deleterious, than the material food with which Paris is stuffed in the latter, at the lowest possible price also,—was that which removed the stamp-duty upon journals, and did away with the caution money, which the editors of papers were compelled to depose as a guarantee for their respectability. The liberty of the press was proclaimed unlimited, untouchable: and the natural course of Liberty, under such circumstances, was to throw off her robes, to go about naked and dirty, or at best scantily, but not decently, cover herself with rags, and call herself forthwith Licence. One of the first actions of Liberty of the press, however, in this form, was to quarrel with her twin sister, proclaimed co-heiress of republican privileges, at the same time as herself, Liberty of opinion. Liberty of the press, or, at least, that Liberty which had nothing better to do than to don at once the Phrygian cap, and assume the pike, became autocratic, despotic, violent, declared herself the only true Liberty, and the only queen of the republican *regime*, refused to walk hand in hand with her sister, tried to thrust her down from their joint throne, and even went so far as to denounce her as traitress to her country, and demand her *mise en accusation*: it is the way with red-capped Liberty so to go to work. The office of a journal, which had dared vigorously to oppose the new government, was for three successive days attacked by a mob, excited by the editors of the “true” republican papers: in the provinces similar scenes have continually taken place; and in one part of Paris another journal was long daily denounced, and nightly burned by a few frantic students beneath the tree of liberty, and in her august and autocratic name. Whether Liberty of the press and Liberty of opinion,—which have never ceased to fight, as were they two kings of Brentford with only one crown, ever since they were enthroned, the former always acting on the offensive, the latter on the defensive,—will fight it out one day, or whether they will come to the very improbable issue of “kissing and making it up,” remains, for the present, one of the mysteries of a revolutionary future. The *Flâneur* will not attempt to speculate upon their destinies. The new restrictions, rendered necessary by the abuse of the press, and established since the days of June, may tend to modify much.

Of course the inundation of popular journals that followed the opening of the sluice-gates of restriction, was overpowering: and on it continued to flow in rapid current, and with stormy tide. At moments it might have been supposed to be at its last dribble: and then

again came a new torrent of new journals from the republican *Montagne*, like a muddy *avalanche* from a mountain top, bringing with it rocks and refuse enough to crush and overwhelm a whole plain of moderation, but, fortunately, often hemming itself in and blocking up its own avenues by its own force. It is quite impossible to calculate the quantity of these new papers, with which Paris has been flooded: some have run into the stream, and after a day or two run off again, for want of a supply to keep them going, leaving nothing behind them but a little mud: but their channels were always quickly filled by fresh ones: some irrigated only little unknown valleys, and never found their way into the great world; although most made roar and sputter enough to be taken for a whole torrent in themselves. There is, consequently, no possibility, in the midst of this constant appearing and disappearing, of coming to any correct statistical reckoning of the quantity of new republican prints floating on the surface of publicity: their numbers, too, have, until the late events, been always on the increase; on the morrow the account was no longer that of the previous day. Taking those which have vanished in haste also into the reckoning, they must have been nearly two hundred.

Among the many changes which the republic has produced in Parisian manners, that effected in the tone and habits of the lower classes, by the inundation of these cheap prints, has been one of the most striking. As those intended for the perusal of the working classes exclusively, and written for party purposes, to exercise an influence over their minds, and prepare them for the approach of that millennium of the new prophets of old republicanism, which was lately so near its fulfilment, popularly called the "Red Republic," or in other terms, the republic of proscription, terror, and blood,—are mostly at the price of one *sou*, and as none exceed the price of two *sous*, or a penny, these new papers easily fall into the hands of every good patriot, who desires his own enlightenment for the good of his country. The influence they exercised may be seen in the late insurrection. Long before its outbreak they had contrived to work their will in sowing that better spirit of decent fraternity and conciliation, which marked the manners of the Parisian *ouvriers* of the better class in the first days of the Revolution. What the *soi-disant* patriotic clubs, and the pretended friends of the people, with their violent declamation and denunciation of all that *possessed*, did not effect, was done by the frantic ultra-republican journals, that laboured so assiduously to instil into the hearts of the lower classes, their venom and their spite, and that hot poison of hatred and suspicion, that once admitted into the body corporate, ran through every vein with the maddest fever. What a wild delirium of carnage and cruelty that fever produced, we have seen. But it is not for the *Flâneur* to plunge into the fathomless depths of moral effects: it is his nature and his task to do no more than skim over the surface and catch up, as he goes, the more salient points of the outward forms of things. He will turn, then, to the change produced in the external manners of Paris by the inundation of republican papers—a change that contributes so greatly to its confused and tumultuous aspect.

See! along the Boulevards, and all the principal thoroughfares, and in the passages and galleries, by night, the throngs that line them on stirring occasions—and they are of daily occurrence—at the

lighted shop-windows, and under the gas-lamps. The evening papers have just come out: and every mortal being in Paris, who can read, and can dispense with the capital of a *sou*, cannot sleep without knowing the details of the news of the day. The eagerness of curiosity is upon all the faces, thus fantastically illuminated by the gas-lights from above and from the side: what a strange physiognomy do these confused regiments of readers, in long detached *chiar'oscuro* line, present! Here a knot of *ouvriers* have squeezed together in compact mass around a fellow-labourer who reads to them at a window: there another body forms a curious group around one who has mounted on a bench, or a post, as close as he can to a gas-lamp, and declaims violently as he reads: here again a few acquaintances have got already into a discussion upon topics of interest, and flourish their papers in their hands, and gesticulate, at the imminent risk of smashing the plate-glass of the shop-windows with their elbows: there again a quiet artisan, who has not a *sou* to spare, poor fellow, stands humbly by to pick up what crumbs of intelligence he can, as they fall from richer men's mouths, or ventures to ask enlightenment as to the general subject of curiosity. On the chairs and at the tables of the brightly gleaming *cafés*, every creature, man, woman, or child, seems to have bitten at the republican apple of the knowledge of good and evil, and holds a paper. The host of journals has produced a host of various readers, who, in these public night scenes, have a perfectly peculiar effect.

By day, however, also, the change in the aspect of the streets is no less striking, although not quite so picturesque, and no less confusing. At every ten steps is a strange-looking wooden frame, erect upon two feet, adorned with transverse lines of string, upon which hang thick clumps of the hundred and one newspapers of the day. By the side of these machines sit, or squat, upon the pavement, old women, or *gamins*, or men in every variety of popular attire, who offer their wares of intelligence to the passengers; and, in truth, there is a goodly show of variety to tempt; there are papers for all political tastes, and every shade of opinion—the more violent, be it understood, still in far the greatest force. At many street corners, moreover, there are more solid structures. They are wooden booths or sheds, with a moveable glazed front, and a shop counter, erected at conspicuous angles of thoroughfares, very much like those ancient little shops of the *écrivains publics*, which, in modern days of the more general diffusion of the art of writing, have almost disappeared from the face of Paris.

These modern establishments of political knowledge, in place of the ancient ones of small commercial and amatory correspondence, are a new feature in the aspect of the French capital, and belong peculiarly to its republican character under the new *regime* of the liberty of the press.

One of the most striking features, however, of the effects of the newly-acquired liberty, may be found in the public criers and newspaper venders, who have poured down upon the streets of Paris, like the savage hordes of Attila. What a screaming fills the air, from the earliest hour of the day to the latest hour of the night! The public thoroughfare is almost as much obstructed with them as with the late barricades of fearful memory! A dozen arms are stretched out to oppose the *Flâneur's* way at every step he

takes ; a dozen hands flare half a hundred newspapers in his face, or even thrust them into his pockets ; a dozen voices shout at once into his ears a variety of stunning republican titles ; his ears are deafened ; his equilibrium of body and mind is disturbed ; his senses are in a whirl. A perfect pandemonium of newspaper agents seems let loose upon the *pavé*. At every gallery opening they congregate in a mass, and fall upon the wearied passenger, like so many demons : they fight among themselves for precedence, and upset the object of their joint attack in their skirmish ; he is happy when he can get away without torn garments. Unlucky wight ! he has scarcely time to breathe freely, when he is seized upon by a fresh gang,—he has fallen from Scylla into Charybdis !

All sorts of puffing means are invented to make these republican wares sell. One fellow has a monstrous mane of hair, and sticks a conical tricolor cap, surmounted by a little tricolor banner, upon the top of his immense bush ; another bears a huge banner in his hand, with the name of his journal emblazoned in letters of gold upon it ; a third is mounted upon stilts, and hands down his papers, and takes up his *sous* from his height ; one trusts to his mother wit, another to the force of his lungs, to vaunt the genuine republicanism of the literary goods he hawks about. See ! a *gamin* has got upon a wayside bench, and declaims, in well-set terms, upon the merits of his papers ; he has collected a crowd around him, as every declaimer now-a-days collects a crowd, and succeeds by the vehemence of his harangue. Arms are stretched for the paper, the patriotic principles of which are thus noisily vociferated forth, and *sous* are handed in ; an old woman stands close by him upon a three-legged stool, and endeavours to out-scream him with shrill clamour. Another, upon an equally elevated position, is reading aloud the leading article, and stops adroitly as a French novelist at the end of a chapter in the very critical sentence, the conclusion of which may tempt his audience to buy.

One of the more direct and coarser means of puffing, employed by these new plagues of Paris, the newspaper venders, is the invention of lies to make their papers sell. Revolutions enough have been announced by these gentry in the streets of Paris to revolutionize a whole solar system ; republics have been proclaimed where republics have never yet been dreamt of—royal catastrophes innumerable bawled abroad where royalty sat quietly upon its throne. The revolutions in our own island have been countless, since the days of February ; we have had a republic proclaimed in England, no Englishman would dream how many times, in the same period : the poor Pope has been horribly martyred so often, that he ought to be canonized long ere this : the King of Prussia has already been deposed at least once a week ; and Leopold of Belgium has taken flight so frequently, that it is impossible to tell where he now is. It is just, however, to give credit to these good people for the inventive genius they display in some of their fictions : their ingenuity is alone worthy of the *sou* of the *quidnunc* dupe who is taken in by their audacious mendacity. By night some of these innumerable criers, whose clamorous noise has never ceased all day, any more than the roar of the sea, but is far more stunning, attempt to dazzle the eyes, as well as deafen the ears, by their ambulatory illuminations. One fellow has a sort of lighted tricolor lanthorn at the top

of the tricolor skull-cap on his head, and comes screaming along, looking like a great tricolor glow-worm, except that it is his head instead of his tail that is adorned with light; the tail-fire has yet to be invented, but probably will be before long, by the way of a distinctive variety. Another sports a huge, illuminated, tricolor, transparent melon, with the name of his paper painted on it in large letters, upon the top of a pole, and flourishes it over the heads of the crowd. A third has stuck a quantity of little variegated lamps, of course arranged in the usual colours, all round his hat. It would seem strange indeed if, with all this illumination of republican journalism, the enlightenment of republican principles were not to be effected.

Suppose it possible for an unlucky mortal to have escaped from the constant screams that have never ceased to assail his ears from morning to night—the shrill cries of *demandez* this, *demandez* that, *demandez* some other paper, the wearying screeching and the incessant repetition of the same newspaper titles, that he fancies must pursue him to his dying day and be the last sounds he hears upon his death-bed, and that certainly pursue him to his bed, and still ring in his ears as he sinks from sheer weariness of brain into sleep; suppose it possible—and yet it is impossible—but there is still another nuisance, connected with the invading legions of newspapers, which afflicts the *Flâneur* at every step. The papers, as yet unknown, and desirous of attracting public attention, by every means they can devise, have taken the trick of being posted up entire upon the walls of Paris. Others there are also, which, when they have any particular party design in inflaming the public mind, flare abroad their “leaders” and their lies after the same fashion. The ultra-republican journals have invented this means of gratis publication, and employ it constantly. The consequence is that herds of gratis-readers are constantly gathered around them, to the entire obstruction of the thoroughfare; and should the *Flâneur*, curious by his nature, venture upon an attempt to gratify his curiosity also, and engage himself in the throng, he will suddenly find himself a prisoner; twenty heads will be pushed over his shoulders to read at the same time; twenty pairs of arms will endeavour to find resting-places on his back; and none will move until the whole newspaper has been industriously perused, every column, every paragraph, every line, “leaders,” lies, and all.

But turn we away with wearied heads from the streets, and let us get into a snug quiet corner—alas! Paris affords but few now—to look over a heap of such papers as have been thrust on us on our rambles.

The old established newspapers of the last *regime* have taken up the same position, which all France did upon the proclamation of a republic. However uncongenial it may have been to their previous doctrines, principles, and views, they accepted the republic as a *fait accompli*, succumbed to the decision of Paris, acknowledged the critical condition of the times, and declared that, since republic there was to be, they wished the republic well, for the honour and glory of the country. Of course, however, the great majority of them, with their moderate views, are declared by the “true men” reactionary and *suspect*, and even those that were formerly ultra-radical, but that now are attached to certain moderate members of the republican government, are frowned upon as conservative, and belonging to the very aristocracy of republicanism. The *Débats*, which keeps up a

sound, healthy, and noble tone, and even the *Constitutionnel* and *Siècle*, of old opposition fame, and others of the same stamp, are condemned among the former class. The *National*, as the organ of Marrast and his numerous friends and partisans now in power, and other journals in the same position, are damned to ultra-republican scorn and denunciation in the latter category. Liberalism in power has naturally become ultra-conservatism. The *Presse* assumed a rank apart. The organ of a disappointed man, who looked upon the republic as offering him a new field for his ambition, it was violent, and even virulent in its denunciations of the abuses of the government, and, although it professed its allegiance to the republic, attacked, with blows at once heavy and sharp, partaking at once of the mallet and the dagger, all the powers that were. Although it probed the wounds with cruel hand, however, it probed them justly and with firm and vigorous good sense, and the suppression of the paper, during the state of siege, and the arrest of its editor, excited almost the only murmur that was heard against the measures of the military dictator of the time. Pity that, among so much truth and straightforwardness, the honesty of the editor's designs should be suspected on all sides. Excepting this active and "spit-fire" journal, none of the old organs of the press have taken any flight upwards; most have been dashed more or less aside by the new influx, and seem to be looking on from afar. The same cannot be said, however, of the old *petits journaux*, as they are technically termed, the little "Punches" of the Parisian press—the *Charivari* and the *Corsaire*; both, but more especially the latter, which was formerly looked upon with mere disdain, have taken an importance and assumed a sterling tone, which they cannot be said to have possessed before. Delivered from the trammels of the censorship, which hemmed their flow of political witticism, they now give free vent to their overflowing satirical humour, and have full swing in all their national *finesse* of *badinage* and *plaisanterie*. They have both adopted moderate republican opinions, and, in their lighter articles, rail with good sense, sharp discernment, and, probably, with real and genuine good results at bottom—for *le ridicule tue*, is one of the truest of French proverbs in France—at the errors and abuses of ultra-republicanism, as much as ever they railed at those of the so-called *monarchie bourgeoise*. Of the old journals, established before the revolution, the *Réforme* alone may be said to "go the whole hog" of violent and extravagant ultra-republicanism. Formerly edited by Ledru-Rollin and Flocon, it continued, when they were in power, to promulgate the most *exalté* doctrines, in politics, as well as in the socialism and communism of the day, with all the perversion of facts, and deeds, and words, in which the party is accustomed to indulge, and were thus constantly bringing into suspicion of subversive attempts those men in the government, who could not be supposed to have given up all connexion with the paper. Its banner was red; it was always recklessly driving towards that same *red* republic, the partisans of which have deluged the streets of Paris with blood. How should its former editors then escape suspicion and accusation?

But now look at the enormous heap of new journals that lie before us. It is impossible even to enumerate them all. We must pick and choose from among them nearly at hap-hazard. A few only assume a greater importance. First we have the *Assemblée Nationale*,

supposed to be edited by ex-legitimists, and, although it protests, like all the others, of its *dévouement* to the republic, and has never displayed any real reactionary symptom, it has been denounced and fulminated against as *réactionnaire*, *rétrograde*, *contre-révolutionnaire*, *anti-républicain*, and finally, *traître à la patrie*, by the noisy scores of its violent contemporaries. It was likewise suspended, as if for a conciliatory make-weight towards the ultra-journals, during the state of siege. But, as, from the first moment it lifted up its head, it was the first republican paper that ventured to name men and things by their real name, and dared to attack its political adversaries with blunt openness, instead of the vague insinuations until then timidly used, it has had all the immense sale of an immense *scandale*, and long numbered more subscribers and readers than any other journal, old or new, in Paris; for it spoke to the sympathies of the vast majority.

Next in its importance of noise and violence comes the *Commune de Paris*, that paper the editor of which constituted by self-authority that *comité de salut public* which was, for many weeks, the terror of the more timid Parisians, and, supported by the underhand manœuvres of the ultras in power, kept an illegal body guard around him, with which he went so far as to arrest in the streets his *suspects* of moderatism. The imprisonment of *citoyen* Sobrier for complicity in the conspiracy of the 15th of May, however, has caused the high tone of the *Commune de Paris* to fall a note or two; and, although it may still be considered as the principal source of ultra-republican denunciation and accusation, virulence and abuse, although its views are still as distorted as ever, and it is written, so to say, upon a powder-barrel, with a bayonet's point, and under the inspiration of the *bonnet rouge*, it has not quite the "thunder and lightning" smashing tendency which it professed from the pen direct of the ex-conspirator. The *Représentant du Peuple*, with the furious Proudhon, now really representative of the people, at its head, follows, *passibus aëquis*, in all its violence of ultra-republicanism. The *Démocratie Pacifique* is scarcely more pacific. The *Populaire* takes its popularity from the popular communist doctrines of the high priest of communism, M. Cabet. The *Liberté*, in which Alexander Dumas is supposed to have a hand, assumes, on the contrary, a more moderate physiognomy than that usually given to the vaunted goddess in the frenzied pictures, statues, prints, and lithographs of the day.

But we are losing ourselves more and more among the herd of mere literary and political adventurers, who have come down upon us like a pillaging gipsy horde, overwhelming with their scattered rags the semi-gentlemanly elegance formerly affected by Parisian journalism. Let us still pick out a few of the more remarkable in tone or title. Here we have the *Lampion*, which takes its name from the popular cry of the day for forced illuminations: it is not without its own little lustre of wit, and even brighter gleams of good sense. The *Lanterne* is fast going out, on the contrary. The *Pamphlet* also scourges, with paragraph and print, the ultra-republican abuses of the time: and the *Petit Homme Rouge*, in spite of the present awful sense attached to that colour, gives them many a fillip on the nose with his little fingers.

But if these moderate papers raise their slender voices as loud as they can, the clamour on the other side is infinitely more stunning. The "Republics" are in great force. See! here we have *La République*, *La Vraie République*, by the frantic semi-conspirator Thoré,

the *République Démocratique et Sociale*, whose two epithets imply, in modern republican dictionaries, every possible excess, and the *République Rouge*, whose dreaded name speaks enough for its tendencies—and a host of other republics still. And see! here we have the *Père Duchêne* of evil memory from the first republic, who twists and torments himself to be *en colère*, but is only heavy, stupid, and deadening in his affected anger, and the *Mère Duchêne*, who demands divorce from her husband, and a separate establishment, and even denounces him as *traître à la patrie*, to the *colère*, in turn, of his fellow citizens. These two mythes fight like real married folks. And here is the *Robespierre*, who in vain rises from his grave to assert the honour and purity of his name and intentions. Pass we on to another; for he has lost all his talent, and retains nothing but his odium. The *Bien Public* and the *Salut Public*, labour hard to deprive the country of whatever weal or salvation might still be in store for it. The *Monde Republicain* and the *Ere Social* are not more likely to enlighten the world, or establish a social era for the good of man. The *Canaille*, the *Sans-culotte*, the *Gamin de Paris*, and the *Enfant de Paris*, give themselves infinite trouble to assume a vulgar air, and take a tone of *bonhomie*, that may attract the lower classes; in the former effort they succeed wonderfully well; the latter is only a very thin mark for a very violent perversion of every just idea. Among the vulgar crew see here also the *Carmagnole*, that takes its name from the hideous dance and dress of the bloody saturnalia of the first republic. Let us not be deluded by the taking title of the day, *Organisation de Travail*: with the pretext of organising, it preaches the slight disorganisation of the pillage of the rich; the National Assembly more than once held up a warning finger at it; and the state of siege suspended it, like many others of those which we have turned over. The *Séance* and the *Courier de la Chambre*, while they profess every evening, to do no more than give an account of the sittings of the Assembly, say their own republican words upon the topics of the day, and not very moderately either. These papers with Napoleonic titles may be considered as a clap-trap puff, more than the organ of a party, got up at a time when the name of Louis Napoleon made a sensation in the country. But our sight swims with the host still before us; our brains are wearied; let us toss the rest aside. But hold! we must not be ungalant. See! here peep out two female journals, the *Voix de Femmes*, edited by the now famous Madame Niboyet, the foundress of the no less famous *Club des Femmes*, the sittings of which excited such a riotous sensation on the Boulevards, and such a tumultuous opposition from some of the male portion of the gallant Parisian population, that the armed club was obliged to interpose, and the authorities to enjoin that the club be held in an obscure quarter,—and its more recent rival *La République des Femmes*. They scream loudly and shrilly, especially the former, do these female papers; or, at least, they are loudly and shrilly screamed along the streets; but the female voices have not been able to get above the din of their male competitors. The *Flâneur* is grieved to say that they display but little talent.

Now breathe we awhile; and let us shut our senses, as best we can, to the clamour, the confusion, and the strife of the Republican Newspapers of Paris.

T E M P E R.

BY MRS. WARD.

"FOUND, dead and unowned, in the upper floor of No. —, Palace-street, Pimlico, the body of a female, apparently about twenty-eight years of age. The only clue that can lead to her identity is a box containing clothes, some of which are marked with the Christian name of 'Florence.'" See advertisement, *Times*, 18—.

The Christian name of Florence! What old associations, deeply rooted in the heart, did that beautiful name revive! What memories of boyish days, passed in a lovely country, whose sweet scenes had witnessed the happiness of two young lovers! Remembrances of cathedral chimes, of noisy rooks, of the heavy waving venerable trees, of voices on the quiet gliding river, of hallowed anthems swelling in the distance, swept by me, as I sat at table after dinner, alone in a cottage-room, with windows opening on a trelliced verandah, rich in roses, and beyond it a velvet lawn. A lady moved across the lawn, gathering flowers, ere the night dew fell: tall, and with a lofty air, her rich garments rustling among the plants, she moved majestically onwards, busied in her graceful occupation. The lady was my wife.

Rising from the table, I hurried with a stealthy footstep into a little room within my dressing-room; I closed the door, locked it, and trembling from head to foot, put my hand on a picture, the frame of which, carefully covered, leaned against the wall. I tore the covering off with a desperate and decided air, pulled up the blind shading the jasmine-wreathed window, and gazed upon the portrait of her who had once been my Florence. How the radiant eyes smiled into mine as I gazed upon them! how the red lips seemed ready to part with the light laughter once so peculiar to them! how my heart quivered as my eye rested on the slender finger bound by the wedding circlet of pure gold! Oh, how I stood gazing till the twilight lowered her curtain over the room, and the portrait of her I had loved—*had* loved—and how? acquired a mysterious charm in the surrounding gloom.

Suddenly the cheerful laughter of young voices rang along the passage, and hurrying aside from the picture, I opened the door, through which sprang my children—my Florence's children—fair, merry, healthy, romping creatures, who came entreating they might "sit up a little longer," to which request I was on the point of acceding, when the appearance of their stepmother at the end of the corridor, proved the signal of their dismissal with their nurse.

She—the scornful stepmother—entered my little sanctum with a light. There stood the uncovered portrait of the unfortunate Florence. With what an air of haughty insolence did the lofty lady look upon it! with what bitterness she reproached me for retiring thus to gaze on one long since lost to me and to the world! I made no reply; indeed her anger was wasted alike on me and the unconscious image of the chief object of her wrath. The advertisement in the paper haunted me. Something whispered me that my poor Florence was the "unknown, unowned" corpse lying in the miserable attic of a poor lodging-house. Filled with this idea, I rushed from the presence of my angry wife, and hastened out of the house through the open windows to the lawn. A shower was falling, thunder pealed upon the air, and summer lightning illuminated the village.

Pausing a moment, as I heard my children laughing in their nursery, I collected my senses sufficiently to return for my hat, and then set off towards the coach road leading to London. At the end of the lane I met the stage, as I had anticipated; it stopped, and I entered it mechanically, and throwing myself into a corner, mused moodily on the events of the last six years, which were these:—

When but a boy at Winchester, Florence Daveney and I met in the neighbourhood of that grave town, where churchmen held their state, and dignified old ladies walked out periodically in substantial silks. Her mother was one of those sober-minded gentlewomen, and had long been my mother's intimate friend, but until I was established as a "Winchester scholar," we had resided in another county. On leaving school for college, my widowed parent did not change her abode; thus for some years Florence and I were constantly associated, and having passed my examination, and taken a very fair degree, I made my proposals and was accepted, but not without hesitation, especially on the part of Mrs. Daveney. Whence this hesitation? I had a fair fortune, good connexions, what is considered by the world a high sense of honour, and great reversionary prospects. I was happy in my choice, and Florence loved me; but alas! my passionate and jealous temper constantly embittered the hours that ought to have been so happily spent. With what tears of anguish has poor Florence declared she could never find happiness in a union with myself! How often have I fallen at her feet, entreating her forgiveness, and vowing with oaths, only too soon broken, to treat her with more kindness and respect; how often have my unjust and violent accusations been met with dignified silence or mild remonstrances; often too with fits of passionate weeping, which laid the unhappy girl on her bed for many days, and brought her from it pale and exhausted. Even my mother became averse to our union. She pitied Florence from her soul, and Mrs. Daveney, with solemn warnings to her daughter, implored her to dismiss me. But my victim's life, despite my wretched temper, was bound up in mine. Her mother gave her consent with a tremulous lip and pallid face; and mine, on her knees to me, her son, entreated me to "be kind to poor Florence Daveney," and we were married.

We were married! Oh words of sacred import, too frequently uttered without the slightest thought of their meaning, but associated with a world of joy or sorrow; great happiness, gone by perhaps, and oftener with bitter irremediable disappointment!

We resolved on a foreign tour. How could Florence trust me so far from the parent who had always been her refuge and protection! and we departed, each resolved, I am sure, on making the other happy. For a time we took up our abode at Frankfort; there we met many English acquaintances, and for some *weeks* we were happy. My fiery and jealous spirit seemed subdued beneath the gentle influence of my wife, but it only wanted occasion to burst forth, and this a fractious temper like mine was not long in *seeking*. Evil passions love to feed themselves. A young relation of mine came to Frankfort for the recovery of his health. He was a soldier, had been some years abroad, and without a home. His parents being dead, he had resolved on spending the period of his sick leave on the Continent. It was his gentleness that roused the sleeping demon of my soul.

As long as Florence and I were alone, I had not a shadow of an-

noyance with which to quarrel, and in society, I never dreamed of giving way to my temper. I could curb it there, hypocrite and coward that I was! Even when I first grew jealous of William Lethbridge, I contrived to keep my passion within bounds till he was gone, and then—poor, poor, Florence; God help her!

But the ebullitions which she had been for some time able to soothe or evade, or, alas! to bear, could not long be unobserved by Lethbridge. They became more decided every time he visited us. At first he would leave the house without remark, when I burst forth into violent paroxysms of rage at trifles; an open window, a creaking door, a stupid servant, a letter mislaid—most probably by myself—or visitors, my wife's visitors. My jealousy fell on all objects alike, to whom her time was given, if I had a mind to occupy it, no matter how. How was it that, loving her as I did, I lived but to torment her? If any inconvenience arose out of my own errors, I would break forth in invectives which startled the household, and generally wound up the day by blaming my innocent wife for all its mischances.

One evening, William Lethbridge came in in the midst of one of these miserable and degrading exhibitions. I had worked myself into a perfect fury. Florence had dared to remonstrate with me on giving way to my temper, and, angry with her, angry with him for coming in so inopportunately, still more angry with myself, I became so violently excited that he took Florence's hand and led her from the room. By degrees I observed my victim quail whenever I entered her presence. I found her frequently in tears. I grew hatefully jealous of Lethbridge, and yet he and Florence never walked out together now, as they had been used to do; he did not call on us as often as of old, and when he did, his visits were constrained and short. But one morning he came with a brilliant bouquet of flowers: he found me in Florence's little morning room, whither I had followed her from the breakfast-table to torment her. My children, my sweet twins, even shrank from my scowling gaze, but looking up in Lethbridge's face, they would hold out their arms and cry to go to him.

I sat down, determined to prevent all conversation between Florence and my cousin; at last I made some remark which the latter could not help noticing; some coarse allusion to men who "sneaked into other men's houses, where their presence was undesired," wishing that "people would not interrupt my domestic circle, and hinting broadly at the folly of married women encouraging the attentions of any d—d idiot willing to throw away his time on them."

With a burning cheek, and eyes in which long subdued resentment flashed, at last Florence rose to leave the room, and William got up to depart; but I made my wife come back,—I *would* be heard. I said I could not be blind to the understanding that subsisted between them; to their unchecked and disgraceful attachment to each other. Alas! I did not consider how dreadful must be the comparison between my cruelty and his kindness. I sneered at what I chose to call their "wretched efforts to deceive me." I desired my cousin to leave my house, and seeing Florence approaching me with clasped hands and streaming eyes, I pushed her from me with such violence, that she was only saved from falling on the ground by William's receiving her in his arms.

She left me that night. She left me for William's lodgings. I

felt sure she had gone for ever when the nurse told me how she had visited the children's little beds with a ghastly face and quivering lips, bending over her infants in evident anguish. She left me, and I, blind to my errors, blamed *her* as false and vicious, whom *my* jealous fury had well nigh driven out of her senses.

And the *world* pitied *me*! branding *her* with hideous epithets. Ha! ha! so much for men's privileges! I had solaced my hours with the society of a widow whose wealth commanded every sort of pleasure and amusement. The world, whatever it might *think of her*, said nothing of *me*. Oh no! I was possessed of the rights of men. Men may seek to entertain themselves when and with whom they please, but women must not laugh beyond a certain pitch; women must not give decided opinions, even if founded on what is just and good; women must put an iron padlock on their lips, and all right thinking women will admit that they cannot be too strict in their self surveillance. Still it is a wonderful thing in the present age of refinement and professed morality, that men should have such powers of evil; that the more reckless, the more dissipated, the more careless they are of the world's good opinion, the more they are sought after and caressed by the very society whose laws they desecrate, while the most dissolute and worthless of the sex are the most bitter against the unfortunate beings whom men like themselves have rendered frail and friendless.

Some people with violent tempers are yet susceptible of tender impulses. I have known men with the tempers of fiends, whose natural dispositions were by no means unkindly, but I was not one of these,—my jealous hate nursed itself. Lethbridge and I met: he had left Florence in the neighbourhood, and returned on purpose to give me the opportunity of what is barbarously called "satisfaction." I wonder I did not take the law in my own hands and strike him down without a word, but I did not: having no victim immediately at hand on whom to wreak my vengeance,—for my children had been taken from my sight by their cautious and tender nurse,—I had leisure to determine on being deliberate in my revenge. "He shall not die," said I; "such vengeance is for those who do not know the true value of it. But I will make them miserable for life. I will maim and disfigure him: he shall be an unsightly object in the eyes of the woman he has taken from me!"

I aimed at the knee, but the ball struck higher, and thus I punished him as they did the traitors of old,—I deprived him of his hand. I went close up to him as he lay, faint with pain, upon the ground; I did not speak, but he raised his eyes to mine. I sneered at him, and telling him I was "perfectly satisfied," withdrew, not, however, till our *friends* on the occasion parted us.

After this the wealthy widow was my refuge from myself. Strange that her implacable and violent temper, so like my own, did not drive me from her society! Was it sympathy that existed between us? Was it that, in her moments of waywardness and caprice, when I remonstrated she always alluded with bitterness to the "devoted attachment" of my gentle wife? or was it that, with my usual selfishness, I coveted her gold as useful—for my property was entailed? In my youth I had been extravagant, and however large a man's income may be, it is not always that, under circumstances such as mine, he

can command ready money. So the widow fairly purchased me: we were contracted long before the suit for a divorce was brought forward, and the expenses of this suit were defrayed at her cost. It was a bargain worthy of such a pair! I soon had occasion again to bless my privileges: my affianced bride was evidently beginning to be held in light estimation by the just and virtuous, but over me or my actions none had any control; the opinion of the wise and moral was as nothing weighed against the long-established rights of man.

Divorced from Florence, I married the woman whose wealth I coveted, whose mind I despised, whose person I had learned to dislike, and in whose fidelity I placed no reliance. She kept me at bay, however, by her stormy temper,—paid me back with interest in my own coin. The tables were turned against me: the man of the most violent passions can be outwardly tamed by the determined spirit of a woman, who, being mistress of her house and of her own property, can minister as she chooses to his comfort or annoyance. Sometimes I wondered how I could have been so unkind to my lost Florence, whose strongest remonstrances were as gentle wishes, compared to my present wife's scornful reproofs and noisy demonstrations when she fancied herself slighted. To any other man but myself Florence's wishes, framed by reason and hallowed by affection, would have been as sweet guides to happiness!

I heard next that Florence and Lethbridge had sailed for India; he had joined his regiment with her, now his wife in the eyes of the world. I could fancy her shrinking from notice, trembling at the idea of deception, yet dreading recognition. I could imagine his jealous pride in rendering her respected, his honourable principles struggling with the pride that quailed beneath the world's cold yet curious eye, and yet deprecating the idea of introducing one whom he so loved to those whose good opinion must have been forfeited had they honestly been made aware of her true position. Bad man as I was, I could appreciate the noble struggles of a mind like William's, and the deep—deep anguish of my lost love's soul! And sometimes I thought of the maimed hand!

Truly, man *is* a glorious creature. We talk in England of the thralldom in which the women of savage and heathen lands are held, and we shudder; but, verily, we men of England have *our* privileges. We may be faithless to our own wives, and drive them from us with a heavy blow; we may even rob other men of theirs,—coolly, deliberately rob them for our own selfish purposes, and not with William Lethbridge's feelings and struggles; we may shoot the husbands of our victims; and by good management, the help of a few hundred pounds, or the quibble of a clever, well-paid lawyer, be replaced in our original position. Nay, men call us brave, and women—certain blind or despicable women—speak of us as “gay,” “wild,” “shocking,” “charming!” *This world is a merry place for man!*

Nevertheless, the women are the gainers in the end; for how much remorse they are spared! how much anguish they spare others, by the conventional rules to which *they* are happily compelled by custom to adhere! The laws of God are alike for both sexes, and those who defy them most, will have the longest account against them at the Great Day! Then—*then* shall man and woman stand on equal ground, and be weighed in the same scale of justice!

Now, as one *world* is for a *period*, and the other for *eternity*, may not the women, after all, be considered as most enviable in *their* position? Poor Florence! she shall have *her* abiding-place *hereafter*!

One day I heard of Lethbridge's death: the first intelligence I received of that was through a military newspaper. The paragraph mentioned the arrival in England of the widow of Lieutenant Lethbridge, for whom a subscription had been raised by the brother-officers of her husband, who had been much beloved in his corps. I knew William's relations had cast him off, glad of an excuse, perhaps, to save themselves trouble in exerting their interest in his favour,—my mother and Florence's had paid the last debt soon after our separation,—and all the ready money with which the ill-fated pair had started in life had been spent in the expenses attendant on the suit brought against William by me,—but I was unprepared for such a history of poverty as this; it vexed and fretted me, but the vexation was all on my own account. She who had once been mine to receive alms at the hands of indifferent people! I wrote to the captain of the ship which was mentioned as the one in which she had been a passenger, and endeavoured to gain information; but Florence had landed in the docks, and after having paid the Indian Ayah who had been her attendant during the voyage, had departed in a hackney-coach with her few articles of luggage, and had not been heard of afterwards. It was said the steward of the ship had given her some assistance and directions about lodgings, but he had gone out to India again in another vessel.

In vain I strove to trace her. In vain I accompanied Captain R—to the Custom-house and other places, to inquire concerning a "pale lady much emaciated,"—so Captain R— described my once blooming, happy Florence; and this description of her helplessness made me more eager to seek her out. Had she been independent of me, I had scarcely felt such deep, unmitigated interest in her. In vain I applied to the agents of William's regiment; they knew nothing of her. My pride dictated to me the offer of paying back the subscription that had been raised for her, if the generous donors would have permitted it, but this was out of the question; and all I could do in the capacity of a relation of Mr. Lethbridge, was to place a considerable sum in the hands of the agents towards liquidating the expenses of a handsome tablet to the memory of the deceased. But still, with all my self-satisfaction, my imagined generosity of spirit in forgiving one who never would have injured me but for circumstances forced on him by myself, I could not be happy. My wife, now taking the lead as a woman of beauty, fortune, and ability in the society wherein we moved, discovered the source of my anxiety and depression, but, alas! she sympathized not with me.

The paragraph in the newspaper sent me, as I have said, at once to town. I made my way to the little street referred to in the *Times* advertisement, and after ringing the bell twice, and calling to a wretched-looking creature intended to represent a maid-servant, who stood in the area cleaning knives, I was admitted within the narrow limits of the hall, and left there standing till the landlady could be summoned from a steaming wash-house in the back settlements. After some persuasion, which would have met with no attention but for a hint about my wishes to pay funeral expenses, the woman begged

me to sit down in her parlour. I heard her, as she left the room, desire the maid to "keep a look-out" upon the watch on the mantelpiece.

She who lay there "dead and unowned" was my Florence,—my own lost Florence,—my first love,—my early playmate,—my wife whom I had driven to despair and ruin by my inhuman and brutal temper. Memory restored her voice, calling to me in her mother's garden to join her in her play,—or, in after times, singing gaily under the lime-trees where we met as girl and boy, and where our mothers walked and talked and worked together, often, often imploring me, after some violent freak of temper, to be kind to poor Florence when we should be married.

Now, there she lay on that poor bed, its faded and soiled curtains forming an unsightly canopy above the pale, wasted, but still beautiful face. With an air of reverence, hard-featured as she was, the landlady of the lodging pulled down the sheet that covered the dead, and long and silently, and very sorrowfully, I stood gazing upon that inanimate form which restored such mingled memories of joy and sorrow, peace and violence. With such emotions my heart had never ached before: my eyes grew dim, a choking sensation fastened itself on my throat, and I would have given worlds to have been able to weep aloud, but awe drove back the tears that anguish would otherwise have called forth.

"Leave me with her," said I to the landlady, "for a little while." I took out my pocket-book, and from it a five-pound note, and placing it in the ready-opening palm of the woman, she retreated without further parley. I sat down on the rickety bedstead,—I felt the coarse and discoloured linen that had covered my poor dead Florence. Oh, how wasted the features were! how the once round cheek had shrunk and faded! how the large and exquisitely shaped eyes were sunk in their sockets! and, ah me! the long, thin hand which I lifted answered not my pressure, but fell back heavily on the hard mattress.

One small, travel-worn trunk stood in the room; it was open, and had evidently been ransacked and examined by uncaring hands,—the wretched-looking, half-starved maid's, perhaps; but few things were left, and these I recognized. A child's sock, snatched, perhaps, from the little crib on last visiting it,—a crayon-drawing of twin heads, our children's pictures, taken by herself when in a happy vein, a little coral necklace,—a tiny doll, whose dress had once been gay! . . .

The landlady came in at last, and found me contemplating these mementos of former days. As I sat there half-bewildered, she described, with a painful exactness that soon roused my attention, all that her unfortunate lodger had undergone during her stay at her house, whither she had come with a "recommendation" from the steward of the Amherst East Indiaman. She had suffered all the degradation of being stared at, doubted, and almost refused admittance; "for," said the landlady, in a careless tone, "I saw the poor thing was in a consumption, and what was I to do with her if she fell ill and died, as you see she did? But she took her watch and chain from her neck at once, begging me to let her remain here for a week, and, really, I had not the heart to refuse. She had a good many Indian trinkets, which she put into my hands when she first took to her bed, and she asked me to send for a medical man and get her a few comforts. Here are some of the trinkets," she continued, opening

a small mahogany-case, "I was going to sell 'em this very day, but they would never fetch their value, nor pay me back what I've spent."

I lifted up the tray of the jewel-case, and found an ivory ring discoloured by time; it had been our girl's,—our little Florence's,—and the faded pink ribbon which the child had worn round her neck was still attached to it. There was also a little baby's cap that had once been white, but was now yellow, and some faded roses, two locks of hair, and some other trifles, that to her had been "more precious than gold, yea, than fine gold."

"She begged me," said the landlady, "to let her have this box by her bedside. She was constantly turning out the things,—it seemed the only comfort she had to examine them every day. Strange sort of comfort, too! for she used to cry fit to break her heart whenever she spread them out before her on the bed."

A miniature of Lethbridge, taken evidently only a short time before his death, lay at the bottom of the case. It represented, not the Lethbridge I remembered, with a gay, smiling, though rather delicate face,—not the honest brow and clear open eye which had first met mine at Frankfort, beaming with gladness at the recognition,—but here was a faded, wasted cheek, large, hollow, mournful eyes, and a look of settled sorrow.

Well could I fancy Florence grieving over these relics of departed days. Poor, friendless, ill, and desolate, what a picture of misery did her image present, weeping over her melancholy treasures!

I saw her put into her narrow coffin: I kissed her cold, pale lips, and hung over her in an agony of unavailing sorrow. Oh, sins too late repented! but for my miserable temper, she who lay there might now have been my happy wife!

I am a melancholy man. Even my haughty and harsh-spirited wife of the present day has ceased to sneer at the portrait of poor Florence in her gay hours, which hangs up in my little sanctum.

My children have been told her history, and when my boy, whose passions, were they uncorrected, would be as violent as my own, looks up, as I have taught him to do, and the gentle eye of his unfortunate mother speaks, as it were, to him from the insensible canvas, it brings him back to better thoughts, and quells the demon struggling for the mastery in his heart.

There is in one of those beautiful cemeteries near London, a small patch of ground railed off, and planted with many shrubs, chiefly evergreens. In summer, a weeping willow and an acacia relieve its mournful air, and bright flowers spring up and flourish round a tomb, inscribed simply with the name of

"FLORENCE."

There my lost loves lies, and her grave-stone is as a talisman set there by the hand of Providence to redeem me from the evil which stormy passions uncontrolled must have brought upon me for ever. The change in my temper has cast a light over my household, which, even in my days of mourning and remorse, is happier than it was of old. Happier, because remorse has been followed by repentance, and by the hope, that through that repentance not only shall *I* be forgiven, but that the "sins of the father *may* not be visited upon the children."

CHAIR-TALK ; OR, STUDIES FROM STILL LIFE.

BY A MUTE.

HE was a young, tall, pale, heavy, white-haired, and light-eyed man, from whose journals the following passages were taken. After having lived for some years in Mrs. Farnaby's boarding-house, a harmless and inoffensive inmate, whose only fault was the startling quietness of his movements, he went abroad, where, it is said, he has been taught to speak; or else it must have been his Double, who was last year at Homburg, playing so fearlessly, and when he lost swearing in a voice so intolerably discordant. Mrs. Farnaby is dead, and her furniture was dispersed some time since. I hope, therefore, that what follows will excite in no one uncomfortable feelings with regard to their chairs and tables.

"It was brilliant moonlight last night, and I was unable to sleep. So I lay, looking out from my bed, and taking an observation of my new lodgment. All my sad and solitary life long have I had a strangely friendly feeling for the objects around me—poor dumb things like myself! When the break-up of our old house came, and the Jews were turned loose into the room where I had slept since I was a boy, some kind soul, who was sure she knew, said, "Well, *he* does not feel anything of the kind: and that is one comfort, at all events." "*He*" was I; and thus do men judge each other! Why, it was like the tearing asunder of soul and body. That dim and shapeless piece of pottery on the bracket, how many tales had it told me of those who had peopled the Forum! That dark-blue china bottle, which just held its one pink or rosebud, what histories of dragons, and rocky islands joined with bridges and fringed with huge peonies, had it not poured out when both of us were in a confidential humour! No, one must be imprisoned, separated from his species, as I am, to know where may be found solace and society.

My room here might belong to a robber's cave, so various and disconnected are the several articles of furniture it contains. Mine hostess seems to fancy that comfort means the largest numbers of goods and chattels stuffed into the smallest possible space. Why, else, could she have set up in the corner yonder spectral high-backed creature, on which no one can have ever taken a moment's seat, unless it were one of the

"High dames of honour erst who garnished
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary?"

On what other notion is the fire-place choked up with that hideous heavy walnut settle, covered with tapestry, in which the only decipherable pattern is a parrot's head holding two cherries? Hard by my ear as I lie in bed stands a rakish-looking old concern, of far less questionable comfort. Its mirror-like back, and spreading cushion, and squab elbows, covered with stained and frayed crimson velvet—its carved true-lovers' knot, erst gilt, and its two olive sprays on the frame in front, tell of ease, and luxury, and wit—of the fan painted by Coypel, and the patch-box into which a Pomenars might have peeped ere adjusting the beauty-spot just where it might best *balance* the dimple.

"*They* won't understand us," began my neighbour, in the high-bred French accent, for which I was prepared. "Company like this won't

understand us. Why, the place is enough to kill one with *ennui*! And when I think what I have seen, and what I have taken part in, I am ready to throw myself out of the window, and make an end of it at once. I belonged to the Hôtel Baudricourt in its most brilliant time."

"No doubt," said I to myself; though I never heard of the Hôtel Baudricourt, and dare say it was some place no better than it should be. "You have just the look of one of those old debauched French houses, with all their formality. Tattered enough now, poor thing!—in spite of all the brilliancy of your young days. I wonder if you recollect any *bon-mots*."

"I was stuffed with them, *mon cher*, at one period of my existence! It was I that stood on the right hand of Madame's own *fauteuil*, and was rarely without an *Abbé* in my arms for some four hours of an evening, twice a week. But you would not put up with my *bon-mots* if I could tell them,—still less print them. And, indeed, I have myself lived to think philosophy bad style, as yonder stiff old *prie-Dieu* there, in the shadow, with the knee-marks on the cushion, could tell you. Bad or good, however, since poor Mademoiselle Estelle was murdered, all those shocking scenes have taken the laugh out of me. When one bears about one a blood-stain there's no getting rid of, one loses the heart to retail odd things,—even if one had the memory, or if one were keeping company with one's equals, or standing in one's own place, instead of being thrust into a wretched *mansarde* like this."

"A blood-stain?"

"Yes; on the elbow. Put out your hand, and you can touch it. The Moon has a particularly malicious pleasure in pointing it out; for the Moon is as malicious as other chaste people."

"So," thought I, "your spirits are rising, my good friend, if you become critical—"

"*Figurez vous*," continued my neighbour; "to have been poked away in this corner the last seven years, and you the first person I have met with who understands one word of French. Punishment enough, is it not? And I had nothing to do with the business. 'Tis only your Priests who can help seeing what they do not like."

"Why, I thought you had a spite against the Philosophers: yet now it seems that the Priests don't please you any more than the Moon. I am afraid, like other faded worldlings, you are becoming cantankerous in your old days."

"If I do hate *Abbés*," was the reply, in the tone of one whose spirits are revived by finding a new listener,—“if I do hate *Abbés*, I have reason good. But for an *Abbé* I might have been in the Hôtel Baudricourt still. They brought the mischief into our house, and I think if one were to come near me, I could find in my heart to sacrifice myself, and let him fall;—if I could only break one of *his* legs, as well as one of mine.

"The Baudricourts were among the oldest families in France, and had been very rich, and had been very powerful, and had been remarkable for brilliant women, whose genius and beauty had raised them to great ascendancy in state matters. More than one of these had become an Abbess, when the day of her lovers were over, and there was nothing better left for her than to love God. You do not require to be told, I suspect, how colonelcies, and ministries, and secretaryships, and *châteaux* were to be got at in France, once upon a time, by those enterprising men whom Heaven had blessed with a witty aunt or a fair sister. Betwixt wives and husbands the matter was somewhat differ-

ent; there was more restraint. What lady that understood her own dignity could ever think of asking for anything for her lord and master? 'twas a waste of influence, to say nothing of the awkward look it had! And, therefore, when Estelle de Baudricourt, the solitary child of her parents, turned out a beauty, those whom it concerned had good hope that though her father had died a ruined nobleman, she would follow high examples, and prove the redeeming angel to the old house, which the fair Corisande, and the tall Marie-Jeanne, and the sprightly Catherine, had severally been in their day.

"To be sure there was only one male relative of the Baudricourt family left to profit by the blessed gifts of Estelle,—her uncle the *Abbé*—(now, you see, I am coming near the point). This man I would say, were I to be broken up for firewood on the spot, was, without exception, the most diabolical of the race, who ever mocked at his own calling, and throve by every conceivable vileness. Steeped to the core in vice and frivolity, his purposes were odious, his manner of working them out unscrupulous. Without a passing notion of the possibility of such a thing as a woman's honour, he saw in his lovely niece a creature to be taken to market, by the sale of whom he was to thrive. I use plain terms, but recollect I have been long out of France, and even there, sir, 'tis now the fashion to call things by the names they bear. At the Hotel Baudricourt, a cherub who had come down direct, would have been puzzled to detect any difference betwixt virtues and vices, as canvassed by the gay and blithe company there assembled.

"There was one obstacle in the way of the *Abbé*. Estelle was not desirous of court favour (to put the thing politely). As for virtue, why, where was the Sire or Dame or Demoiselle de Baudricourt who had been other than virtuous? But the damsel, unlike every ancestress, refused the marriage set down for her, on the plea that the Marquis proposed was fifty, and ugly, and a rake. This was intolerable, it being known that Royalty had advised the suitor to make love to Mademoiselle Baudricourt:—and perhaps it was a very broad hint of such being the fact which riveted the beautiful and low-minded rebel in her decision. Yes, sir, Estelle *was* low-minded; I heard the *Abbé* say so himself, sitting between these two arms; and, of course, for a servant of the altar to lie would not have been *comme il faut*!

"He called her low-minded, because he had discovered that Estelle's aversion to the Marquis meant passion for a man, the Marquis his inferior. There was a young poor—cousin he was called,—though all the world knew that a blot on the escutcheon made the family title one of mere courtesy,—straight and shapely as an arrow; bold as a thorough Baudricourt; handsome as one begotten in a lucky hour: and proud as a soldier who *will*, perforce, make cavillers forget his history. And on him Estelle's fancy had lighted—it may be ere Hector knew it—at all events, long before he dared own so sweet a distinction to himself. There was no money, no lands, to be got from such a wretched work as the marriage of the two, the Chevalier having only his sword,—unless the great personage, excited rather than distanced by Estelle's indifference, could be persuaded to look upon the youth with that eye of favour which had been in readiness to beam on the Marquis de Cavaignac from the hour when the fair Marchioness was presented. So the *Abbé*, cursing at his heart youth, beauty, love, and loyalty—as only priests *can* curse—was fain to betake himself to the difficult task of training the young soldier for the honours in waiting for a submissively—disposed bridegroom. He knew the task would be difficult,

but difficulties daunted him not; only he had a misgiving, that let him do his subtlest, he should hardly succeed at last.

"Can you conceive, then, the disgust of the *Abbé* at finding not merely that Hector,—indeed an illegitimate Baudricourt,—had explained himself to Estelle; that they had agreed to wait till the Chevalier had won a name to offer her; and that he was by no means ambitious of winning such a name by assistance in any great man's pleasures? That in place of Paris, he preferred joining the army in a dull garrison town; and that when he kissed the King's hand, he was too deaf to catch the whisper which slid into his ear, and bade him bring a fair wife to court? The *Abbé's* favour was tottering; such a *contretemps* would ruin it past retrieval; and the honourable patience of Estelle consummate past cure the ruin of the whole family. He was himself bent, moreover, on the conquest of a difficult beauty,—a very Danaë,—whom not a shower, but hurricanes of gold were required to melt. Where was the gold to come from if the girl remained recusant? So the exigence of the case admitting of neither mistake nor hesitation, the Chevalier was let to join his regiment, and every precaution taken by the tempter to wile the stubborn fool into forgetting the temptation. It was an anxious time for the *Abbé*, I assure you; more so than for the high-hearted Estelle. She had her love and truth for her proud support.

"Ah! but as that smooth man could have preached with vast unction, pride is a slippery prop. Though neither the wind from above, nor the sun on high, could blow or melt down the citadel (excuse me the bad taste of such a *pont neuf* as my metaphor), it by no means followed that the worm underground would fail to undermine it. 'Every woman,' mused the *Abbé*, as I, his confidant, can aver, 'likes one lover besides her lawful one. 'Tis but a case of happy selection. Suppose we try this heroic lady with something a trifle lower than our charming Chevalier de Baudricourt. These romantic people are such fools! and I have treated her like a woman of sense."

"Now, there was a wretched young harpsichord player, who, like other persons of his mean class, was allowed to creep about the *hôtel* without suspicion or scandal being excited; for in those days, a lady would have rather thrown herself away upon her lackey than a rub-bishing musician! Hippolyte Cogniard was no beauty, but he was as vain as if he had been; and with a little judicious spiritual care from the *Abbé*, was soon trained into believing that there were two things to live for: an amour, and making the same gainful. He must not look, poor artist! to be made a Marquis, any more than for christian burial; but he was promised in the plainer language which mean persons understand—a *portion*, in the event of not precisely wedding Estelle, but of the Marquis or any one save the Chevalier wedding her. The thing was to break off matters betwixt herself and the young soldier; and for this, there was only one way. For by blessed hap to plotters like the *Abbé*, persons of a like origin with our uproarious Chevalier, are proverbially more touchy for others' honour than their own.

"But to entice Estelle into the dream! truly that was a puzzle. Our *Abbé* did not much like dealing with Estelle, ever since the day when she had threatened to turn a begging nun, if he dared to say to her one syllable more in a certain tone! All he could do was to humour the fancy of privacy which had crept over her, since the Chevalier had gone to Kaiserlautern, and to smile within himself (Sir! I could *feel* that smile) when he perceived that Hippolyte's reverential

expedients to make her study the works of Couperin and Rameau gained upon her attention, and knew how safe she felt herself over her music and alone—since Cogniard counted for less than the hair-dresser who was without a thought admitted into the privacy of her chamber.

“Those were days, recollect, when strange things could be done by *lettres de cachet*, and *against* sealed letters. The Chevalier was not much of a penman; but Estelle knew that he *could* write, and thought he *might* have written to her oftener than never! Then, too, there did come letters from the camp, odd bits of which were read to her; and to judge from these he seemed gay enough, and well enough, and enough at leisure, one would have thought, to have said as much as “*Love me still!*” by way of keeping her in mind that *he* still loved *her*. I had all her confidence. One day, when the Chevalier had been sitting beside her half palsied old mother, playing the agreeable, he had snatched out the *spillone* which, according to her own fantastic fashion, Estelle wore from the small hat it fastened upon her head, and had got rid of his impatience of the old Countess, after the fierce way of men and children, by inflicting with it a severe wound on one of my elbows. On this spot Estelle loved to fix her eyes for hours together, compassionately, my vanity said at the time; my reason has of late made me wiser.

“By degrees, however, I noticed that Estelle frequented me less, and her music-stool more. There were some faults in her pretty hand, which made harpsichord-playing very difficult to her. Her little finger was too short, and Cogniard and she were perpetually lamenting this together; and planning, it seemed, (for I could not hear the whole length of the saloon, especially when people spoke in whispers,) how the fault was to be rectified, for more than half of every lesson. Sometimes the *Abbé* sat looking on; leaning on my elbow with his finger on his lip, and laughing inwardly; and once I heard him say, thinking aloud, ‘Now for a master-stroke from the camp, she only wants *that* to. The master-stroke, no doubt, was made! The bad news came as bespoken. And for consolation poor Estelle betook herself all the more indefatigably to her music, until one fine day, when I noticed her look as she shut the harpsichord. She has played and sung enough, I thought. But how could I guess that her music was at an end for ever?’

“‘And next,’ muttered the Fiend half aloud, for he was by and saw the look too; ‘for the entry of the Marquis on the stage. My haughty lady, or I mistake sadly, is in small plight to refuse marriage to any one that offers it.’”

“But even a servant of the altar *may* chance to be mistaken, if he lights upon a tool like Cogniard. Whether the harpsichord-maker had chosen, in vulgar imitation of his betters, to keep the power and pleasure of marketing so rare a treasure in his own legitimate keeping, or whether he *had* absolutely the honour to which so many of his superiors pretended, certain it is, that in working out the *Abbé’s* purposes he had kept a firm eye on certain plans of his own. He was as deep as if he had not been a musician—deep enough to outwit the man of God! From the day forth when Estelle shut the harpsichord, Cogniard became cautious and chary in his visits to the *Hôtel Baudricourt*. Some of these were made after nightfall; and once, when Estelle had stealthily let him out, she tottered back across the great saloon, pale with affright and anxiety, and flung herself into my arms, exclaiming, ‘O woe, woe is me! How will it all end? How did it begin, indeed? And what will Hector say, if he ever comes back?’”

“**THERE HE STOOD:** at that very moment, like an avenging phantom, called up by Conscience! There he stood!—far down that dim saloon, lighted but by the minute taper Estelle held in her hand. I shook with terror;—for, without such colouring as remorse can impart, Hector looked like a ghost, taller than ever, and pale as death; whereas, when he had been last with us, he had those ruddy cheeks and bright lips which are past painting. And his eyes were now blazing with a fury which a duller creature than I must have known how to read.

“‘So, Mademoiselle de Baudricourt,’ began the Chevalier, waiting for an instant to enjoy her terror, or, haply to give her time to justify herself—‘you perceive that it is vain! I am here again! in spite of your contrivances, in spite of your vileness, to interrupt your enjoyment, and perhaps, as I once loved you, to show myself for the last time worthy of the love of an *honourable* woman.’

“There was something more than terror in the clutch I felt upon my arm as she mustered up her voice, not to bid the infuriated man welcome, but to ask his meaning. Alas! poor Estelle! Hector only read her wonder as the evasion and effrontery of conscious crime. He had been poisoned too cunningly and progressively to be able to entertain a doubt, now that he saw her conscience-stricken, moved, dismayed. He reproached her for having cast away the love of a gentleman, to throw herself into the arms of a degraded mountebank; for having resolutely remained silent in return to the love-letters he had written her by the score; nay, for having connived at his disgrace and imprisonment in the camp,—which *she* had brought about by the agency of some powerful friends. ‘But,’ concluded he, ‘they reckoned wrongly who thought to keep me in durance,—who hoped I might be shut away from vengeance, while you enjoyed your lover, and then were by him sold for money!’

“Can you not imagine what pride, what indignation, what horror, what conscious wretchedness stirred within my poor Estelle as Hector upbraided her; how they checked her tongue, when she would fain have justified herself, when she would have explained that she, no less than himself, had been victim to the same demoniacal agency? The hot-blooded youth, enfurriated by this conviction of her dishonour, had been drinking deeply, and was in no mood to listen to her pleadings, or to distinguish truth from falsity. Her broken words but raised his frenzy. She owned her faithlessness; and, ere she could explain the long course of persuasion and misrepresentation by which it had been brought about, the dagger had pierced her to the heart, with some wounding words yet keener; she could but sob out, ‘No, Hector!—*not* polluted, though weak—though betrayed,—though neglected!—Hyppolite is my husband!’ ere she sunk back into my arms, and her spirit passed.

“‘So end your dainty chances of court-favour!’ exclaimed the madman, rushing from the chamber.

“It was not till after many hours, not until morning, that the body of Estelle was discovered; and as the weapon was found on the floor beside her, leaving there a clot of dark blood, which they tell me has eaten through the *paquet*, who could deny that she had in her shame herself done the melancholy deed? The Chevalier was heard of no more; and the musician, committed to prison by the careless authorities who then watched over the honour of the French *noblesse*, died after some years of confinement; worn out, they assure me, with reiterating what none would believe,—namely, that he and the young Lady de Baudricourt, won in a moment of petulance at the detailed infidelity of her betrothed, had been, indeed, made man and wife.

“For me, I was cognizant of too many sad secrets for the *Abbé* to bear my sight in the hotel. The heart-stream which had trickled from the fair maiden’s wound, had written upon me that record you see, which must have been to him worse than a page of the book of Doom—for that is unseen; and your *Abbés* were not much given to putting trust in any invisible thing. So I was swept out, forsooth, as if I was the accursed one in the matter; and since then I have had but an odd time of it, at best,—thrown among low wretches, who have no respect for one who has kept good company. Sometimes, however, she comes and sits in my arms again. Turn,” for by this time slumber was wooing me, and my head was averted from the old Baudricourt chair,—“Turn, and you will see her!”

Do you think I did turn? or that I dreamed? I had better not go on,—at least for the present, lest you fancy me, too, mad outright. The chair, however, has lived in other houses than the *Hôtel Baudricourt*; and some other night I may tell you what it has seen *there*.

SHARP.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF FRANÇOIS-AUGUSTE VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

WHAT new greatness may be in store for France, political, intellectual, imaginative, or artistic, we leave to the Lady Hester Stanhopes of the hour to foreshow. Meanwhile, the personages who served for types of past times, modes, and opinions, are now dying out fast, howsoever strangely some of them seem to have been preserved for an unusually protracted experience of Life’s chances and changes. Béranger is still left, to charm us with his Attic wit and artless wisdom;—to say more in a few lines to a newspaper than the whole tribe of code-makers and destroyers belonging to the *Republique Rouge (et Noir!)* have yet said in all their preachments, and treatises, and journals. But since the last turn of the whirligig which in June deposed the republican idols of February, a Patriarch has been called away from France. We mean, of course, le Vicomte de Chateaubriand. There is matter in this departure to make every thinker thoughtful, be his estimate of the genius of the deceased what it may. How can we of the present generation, spared by the thirty years’ rest of Europe from the education of vicissitude, forbear to look to such a career as is just closed without deep and eager curiosity—so many and various were the adventures it embraced? How, again, can we wonder that one addicted to the solemn parading of emotions, should himself have been so bewildered by the rapid succession of incidents as to speak of his life, its feelings, discoveries, changes, and sufferings, with the elaborate minuteness and eloquence of a romancer telling another man’s story? No English hero, perhaps, could do this; but M. Chateaubriand was essentially French; belonging, moreover, to that France in which *belles phrases* and generous sentiments had a real life, and occupation, and value. If Béranger represents *esprit* as our neighbours possessed it, the deceased might have stood for ‘*feeling*’ as those of the *ancien regime* cherished it. ’Tis now the reign of *ideas*.—Heaven save the mark!—when every *charlatan*, in

turn, who blows his trumpet loud enough, and is sufficiently unprincipled in the magnificence of his promises, claims his day, and commands his barricade! But we doubt whether the ferment will produce anything after its kind so complete as the heart, mind, tongue, and hand which made up the author of "Atala" and "Les Martyrs."

Few have lived a more chequered life than his; fewer still have taken such minute note of every chequer. He was born at St. Malo in Brittany in 1769—a loyalist, therefore, as M. Souvestre and M. Rio will warrant us in asserting, as much by soil as by family:—the Bretons being a serious, devout, superstitious folk, having a belief in "the right divine," implicit and unreasoning enough to satisfy even the Metternich who *should not* be, as *our* Prince Metternich boasts he has always been (!) "*the man of the morrow.*" Add to this, the Poet-boy was the son of a man calculated to exercise a strong influence upon a grave, ardent, and sensitive youth. The author of "René" thus describes his father: "He was a man of great height, of a gloomy and severe physiognomy, imposing in every way. His tread was sounding and heavy; his voice solemn, his eye sparkling." They lived during a part of his boyhood in the Château de Comburg, a ghostly, deserted place, or the romancer has much belied it. For the readings at the Abbaye Auxbois of M. Chateaubriand's Memoirs the revealed legends appertaining to it, were serious enough to have satisfied Mrs. Radcliffe's self. They disclosed, too, tender remembrances of his sister, Lucille, who used to share with her brother the delicious pleasures of fear. Nor was the boy's future education in the College of Rennes likely to counteract the strong bias of these scenes and influences. He was a fitful, if not an indolent student, learning a little (we venture to presume a *very little*) arithmetic; working his way into Latin by aid of a Horace *Expurgatus*,—and towards devotion, by a fervid study of "Les Confessions de Saint Augustin." Like Byron, too, to whom in later days he loved to compare himself with a whimsical disregard of fitness and similarity, he was called upon to prove his first severe sorrow in the loss of an early college friend, to whom he was much attached. All this was no bad training for the poet. Nor was this all: the young Chateaubriand was transferred from college to *caserne* life; sent from the University to join the Army. He became, so he tells us himself, "*un officier tout accompli*;" and, as such, fit for Paris: to which city he went in the year 1788, to open with his sword (as *Pistol* hath it) the way to fortune.

Those were the days when even a Bayard or a Bassompierre would have had small chance of preferment in France, if they had not gone through the door of favour. This was unfolded for Chateaubriand, by a family connexion with M. de Malesherbes, who received, and understood the young man, with cordial welcome and quick sympathy. Not only did he shew his *protégé* the *salons* of Paris, of which the leaden age had not altogether come (seeing that there were still such exciting topics as the "Figaro" of Beaumarchais to be discussed by legitimists and philosophers)—not only did he encourage the young Poet's first literary efforts, which were idyls, bearing the date of 1790, and contributions to the "Almanac des Muses,"—but he also put the young soldier in the way of being presented at court.

Poor Louis Seize, however, was not a monarch able to rally choice spirits round him, or to attach those who found themselves, by accident or etiquette, within the halo of royalty. And Chateaubriand tells us himself, that at court he could not, and would not thrive:—that he did

not understand "how to get on;" and that he had "such a scorn for certain persons, from whom I concealed it too little." In fact, even then, he had began to drape and *poser* himself for the *grand rôle*, which, all his life, he conceived himself playing. Independence was then the wear of the young and the aspiring: and a dinner with Mirabeau, who claimed for himself the superiority he afterwards so signally manifested, was naturally more fascinating to the young Breton than the show and ceremony of royal ante-chambers, deserted by wit, and learning, and taste, in which Authority had already been gathered to its fathers, and Death-in-Life reigned in its stead!

Such a reign could not be of long duration—Chateaubriand saw the beginning of the Reign of Terror: the first of those convulsions of which the end is, even now, not come. The King, in all his glory, had moved him little, but the Queen and the Dauphin, conveyed into Paris by the mob, was a sight to stir his loyal and poetic heart. Under other planets, he might possibly have protested with his sword against a spectacle so monstrous to one of the *ancien régime*; but his energy did not, for the moment, flow in the channels of military ambition. He could not stay and see such things done:—he would distinguish himself elsewhere than in France:—and with some few bold geographical fancies, by way of impetus, rather than any such precise geographical knowledge, as gives the Discoverer patience to proceed, Chateaubriand embarked for America in the year 1791—with no less purpose than that of discovering the North West Passage!

He sped in his errand just far enough to be permitted an opportunity of stating it to Washington, who seems to have listened in silence; and by that silence to have quenched the project. It was more to the purpose that Chateaubriand set out for a ramble in the wilderness; since there he gathered the scenery of his Indian romances, and that idea of savage life which novelists have agreed to accept as the one to be promulgated: dwelling on all its poetry, and overlooking all its misery, cruelty, and superstition. Out of this journey, and the pilgrimages to the East and to Rome, undertaken some years later, M. Chateaubriand (to adopt Shortreed's homely phrase with regard to Sir Walter Scott's *Border forays*) "made himself." His circulation among men, or cities, or courts, stood the rhapsodist in small stead; but something of the wild and sublime spirit of the American forests, and of the pomp and glow of the city of the Crusaders, passed into his mind, and tinged his creations. The genuine part of M. Chateaubriand's genius, was his enthusiasm for Nature and God in Nature—and his sympathy for the faith and achievements of the chivalresque devotee! His attempts to assume, in addition, the Diplomatist's knowledge, the Courtier's address, the *mots* by which a Wit moves society, gave that certain *air postiche* to the appearance and gestures of the full-grown man, upon which the superficial and sarcastic have so severely commented. Perhaps there is no character so impossible to maintain pure from cradle to grave as that of the enthusiast; and there is none so perversely misunderstood, so over-flattered, or so over-criticized.

The early years of every author's life are those of its greatest interest, as deciding the growth of his mind and the colour of his creations (be his subsequent changes ever so subtle, or unexpected), and thus we have dwelt on these early passages of M. Chateaubriand's pilgrimage more at length than it is in our power to do upon the subsequent portions. Yet on the Discoverer's return to Europe in 1792, the serious

events and the long series of *representations* of which his manhood was such a brilliant tissue, had not begun. Immediately after his arrival in France our hero married: brought his wife to Paris, and from his lodging behind the church of St. Sulpice (to speak fancifully) looked out upon the hideous scenes which republican frenzy had begun to play. The delirium would seem even to have communicated itself to him; for, being all but impoverished, (his sole subsistence being the *assignats* of his wife's fortune, on which it was hard to raise a loan,) one of his confessions tells us how, having borrowed some money with the purpose of escaping from Paris, he was mad enough to stake and lose the greater portion of it in a *maison de jeu*. With the pittance spared him he joined the emigrant royalists in Brussels, and made one at the siege of Thionville. About that time he began to put together his "Atala;" there, too, he was wounded. Those were hard times for wounded and beggared royalists; but M. Chateaubriand managed to struggle across to Jersey, where he was tended for some months by a relative: he a year later made his way to England. Here his literary career may fairly be said to have commenced. At this point, we are told that the readings of the "Mémoires d'outre Tombe," whence the above notes have been derived, ceased. For this reason, too, no less than the one already offered, the remainder of this notice will be little more than a catalogue of "works and days."

M. Chateaubriand's "Essai Historique sur les Révolutions anciennes et modernes" was published in London in 1797. In 1800 we find him once more in Paris, permitted to publish "La Mercure" in conjunction with MM. La Harpe and Fontanes. Early in the century, too, he gave out those most vigorous signs of his literary life,—“Atala,” “René,” “Les Martyrs,” and “Le Génie du Christianisme,” a book which has been probably more extensively warranted by Orthodoxy than any other religious treatise of the nineteenth century. His oriental and peninsular tour, undertaken in 1806, yielded the “Itineraire de Paris à Jerusalem” and “Les Aventures du dernier Abencerrage,” the text we are told written under the shadow of the Alhambra.

That the above are the most successful and the sincerest of M. Chateaubriand's literary utterances few, we apprehend, will be inclined to dispute; nor can it be doubted that wide and immediate was their effect on the heart of Europe. The bitterness with which they were mocked at, parodied, and anatomized by what may be called the Liberals (in all matters of taste and imagination historically among the most illiberal), would, of itself, intimate the strong hold they took; could we not for ourselves remember how they were devoured as well as decried, and had we not since been called upon to note how they have given rise to that somewhat equivocal compliment—an imitation, almost direct enough to pass for a parody in the romances and pilgrimages of another royalist and novelist *Vicomte*—who but M. d'Arlincourt? The sea, and his own imperious panoply of complacency, is between us and the author of “Le Solitaire,” so we have no fear of giving pain by our illustration to a personage as amiable as he is absurd.

But M. Chateaubriand's popularity, in some degree, spoiled his literature. One so fluent and fervent, who so showily and poetically represented and recommended old faiths and old principles, was not to be allowed to make his pilgrimages and to write his novels in peace. France (to suite the style to the subject) had need of him in some form or other; accordingly M. Chateaubriand—nothing reluctant—was to be wrought up into a partisan and a politician, was to do suit and service as an Ambassador.

A diplomatist it is hardly possible to think he could ever have been, the *mot* of whose *enigme* was, for so many years, solely and devoutly "I, by myself, I." But we hardly think that he will go down to posterity by his political pamphlets, or by his "Histoire des Quatre Stuart," or by his "Etudes Historiques," or by his successes at the Court of London or at the Congress of Vienna. Successively commissioned by Napoleon, by the Villele and Corbiere ministry of 1821, under the ill-starred reign of Charles X., there have been probably few men of letters under whose ken so large a panorama of public events, so long a procession of distinguished persons, have passed. But none of these seem, for one passing moment, to have been able to disturb M. Chateaubriand behind the entrenchments of his own personality. They came and they went, to furnish a page of his "*souvenirs*," to give occasion to some delicious or sentimental parallel. When as an old man—hardly thirteen years ago—he committed his last literary essay on "English Literature," it was curious to observe how, not all his wide intercourse with men, not all the peculiarities of his subject, which exacted the utmost self-denial from any French *célébrité*, could for one passing moment beguile him from his favourite study. He accused Byron of borrowing from him! The men of our English revolution gave rise to an *apropos* touching "my detention at the Prefecture of Police." Not a humour was seized, not a characteristic noted, not a difference grappled with, not one by-road nor highway was pointed out by the essayist whose youthful ambition it had been to track out—*only* the North-West Passage. The Politician, Partizan, and Pilgrim, had spoiled the Novelist and the Critic, contributing a strangely small amount of fancy or fact to his mature experiences.

After the downfall of the Polignac ministry, M. Chateaubriand disappeared from public life, with the solitary exception of yet a pilgrimage or two undertaken to pay homage to the wandering Bourbons. The latest of these was made to M. le Duc de Bordeaux, on the occasion of his visit to London. But in France the Royalist's occupation seemed gone. Le Roi Citoyen had small place for such a subject among those he loved to break and bend to his plots and plans of family aggrandizement. The elect pilgrim of the east was now De Lamartine;—the romantic novelist was M. Hugo, to be presently elbowed off his throne by M. Sue. The apostle was M. Laménais; the *salon* (if *salon* could be still admitted to exist) that of a George Sand, or Daniel Stern, where Red Republics were planned with a reckless and solemn frivolity which would be ridiculous were it not also hideous. Yet, in spite of all these new appearances, congregations, and coronations, and throughout all the strange, feverish, and portentous masque which French politics, and art, and society have for the last eighteen years presented to the philosophical observer, the author of "La Génie du Christianisme" was never wholly thrust out of sight or out of mind; never "effaced"—to borrow a high-flown verb from our neighbours. The last years of M. Chateaubriand's life were spent in pleasures and pursuits to which English biography offers us nothing comparable. Gathering round him a congregation of contemporary friends, it seemed to be his particular pleasure to rehearse and represent those honours and ovations, from which the persons to whom they fall naturally, for the most part, try to escape as cumbrous or oppressive. There were readings of his Memoirs at the Abbaye aux Bois (as Mrs. Trollope has pleasantly commemorated); conversations with neophytes worthy to be admitted to the fountain of wisdom, as pompous, if not as profound, as the preachings of Coleridge to his Thursday evening visi-

tors. There were monuments to be discussed, obsequies to be arranged,—arranged!—nay, some to be absolutely performed in his presence. And the strange thing is, that in all this make-believe and theatrical work a few attached and reverential persons were found unoccupied and sympathetic enough to participate, in order that the old man might not lack the scent of incense for which he was so ravenously thirsting. Any other than himself must have been either deserted, or else so hopelessly covered with ridicule as to exhibit that saddest of all spectacles,—a vain man who has outlived his reputation. This consummation was averted in the case of M. Chateaubriand. His friends believed in him to the last; he had a solemn academical funeral; and the romanticists, and sentimentalists, and journalists of Paris attended him to his rest. He has left, as has been already indicated, his own biography, elaborately written and most carefully bequeathed, that Posterity may not suffer by the mis-setting of such a treasure. How far the world of France will have patience with his memory or his memoirs is another question. Important are the claims to the succession pressing upon its notice: to go no further than those of another writer of M. Chateaubriand's school, greater and more genuine,—whose name, too, figures strikingly in contemporary history—we mean, of course, the writer of the “Voyage to the East” and “The Fall of an Angel,”—M. de Lamartine.

But Paris, whatsoever it may think, is not all the world; and though M. de Chateaubriand, like his mocking-bird, M. le Vicomte d'Arincourt, may not have been translated into six and twenty languages, he has still had an European reputation. Will this last? Will he retain his place among the second and third-rate classical writers of Europe,—among the Youngs, the Sturms, the Zimmermans, whom no very choice critic respects, but whom the world, especially of young and fervent persons, still continues to read and delight in? We think he will. That his writings are florid, as much by nature as upon calculation,—enthusiastic, to the point at which enthusiasm and bombast stand close to one another,—glowing with a perpetual warmth, such as we are apt to consider as a token of artificial fire,—cannot be gainsaid: and these are characteristics with which but few of our sympathies move in harmony. If we measure all earnestness by our own, M. Chateaubriand's is stage-earnest. But this is a narrow and insular manner of viewing that which—in despite of much *faux brillant*—is not altogether narrow and never vulgar. As well might we deny praise to Massillon as a preacher, to Corneille as a tragic poet, to Perrault as an architect, to Talma as an actor, to Le Notre as a landscape gardener,—as well maintain that these were not genuine men, because all were intensely, solemnly, pompously French,—as refuse our admiration to M. Chateaubriand. Purpose and consistency are, assuredly, two ingredients of permanency, be the purpose even self-glorification. Wrong-headed in philosophy, inaccurate in research, flimsy in political science, tawdry in devotional utterance, there is still evident throughout all his works an element of the true Poet, an element of the true Nobleman, an element of the sincere Devotee; and except some successors as sincere (whatsoever be their convictions) arise, the old kingdom of France, with all its striking literature and characteristic art, can hardly maintain for another eighty years the honoured place she has so long held among the *puissances* of Europe.



GEORGE B. BROWN

1850



THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

THE tree, the tree of liberty,
Where shall it grow, where planted be?
Say, will it thrive in English soil,
Nurtured by culture and by toil?
England of old has had a tree,
A vigorous tree of liberty,
Which was by public voice decreed,
And planted then in Runnymede,
Whilst steel-clad Barons stood around,
And holy Prelates blessed the ground,
And as of Druids' sacred stock,
The monarch of the woods, the Oak,
Its roots, pervading every part,
Are anchored in each British heart ;
Though shaken by successive storms,
It still revives, and still reforms ;
Its fruits, which in abundance fall,
Are equally enjoyed by all.
This tree a cherished home has made
For all, beneath its peaceful shade ;
And, in the strength of its dominion,
Stands forth an emblem of opinion,
Which founds its principles and laws
On public welfare, and which draws
Its rules and customs from the assent
Of an elected Parliament ;
And each, by industry and sense
And conduct, has a just pretence,
However high or low his station,
To share the guidance of the nation,
And every office and degree
Is open to the community.
This is the tree, the glorious tree !
That makes the sons of Britain free !
O may not then intestine factions
Shiver its trunk with rude distractions ;
May not conspiracy or treason
Blast its fair foliage in its season,
May it to distant ages stand
The pride and safeguard of the land ;
And may our children's children live,
And by its noble influence thrive.
But let not self-deluding man
Still misconceive his Maker's plan ;
Of things he may confound the name,
Yet human nature is the same.
There never was, nor e'er can be,
'Twixt man and man equality ;
Man, to his imperfections blind,
Differs in stature, strength, and mind,
Whilst the wide world before him lies,
His field of future enterprise,
Where some are prosperous, some miscarry,
In virtue and in vice they vary ;

One by his deeds shall build a name
 Recorded in his country's fame ;
 Another by his crimes disgrace,
 His country, kindred, and his race.
 Some few, as by volcanic throes,
 Are brought forth prodigies, but those,
 Though slight according traits may strike,
 Are never found to be alike.
 Who yet has seen a second Shakspeare,
 Great master of the powers of nature ?
 Or two immortal Newtons rise,
 In genius brightening to the skies,
 Now weigh an atom, and now trace
 A comet through unbounded space ?
 Another Locke, with thoughts refined,
 Anatomize the human mind ?
 A Wellington his country save ?
 A Nelson honoured in the grave ?
 No man is born by intuition
 A statesman, lawyer, or physician ;
 The noblest and the simplest art
 Instruction needs in every part,
 And when made perfect, all combined
 Form the great universal mind ;
 But in the law's impartial eye
 Dwells man's just right, equality.
 As the invigorating sun
 Which fosters all it shines upon,
 From mountain, castle, tree, and tower,
 To the low cottage in the bower,
 So justice, law, and liberty,
 To all should, as their thoughts, be free ;
 Such was the patriot Alfred's will,*
 Such is the British Charter still !
 Wild as the roaring of the sea
 Is the rude burst of Anarchy.
 And as the sea though strewed with wrecks,
 With floating bodies, masts, and decks,
 Where shrieks and dying groans are lost
 In the loud booming of the blast.
 Yet when the hurricane subsides
 O'er its calm surface Commerce glides,
 Nor heeds the victims who beneath
 Sleep in the unfathom'd caves of death.
 Thus Anarchy, when Peace returns,
 O'er her own havoc Passion mourns,
 And from the pallid cheek of Sorrow
 By Pity softened on the morrow,
 Remorse shall wipe the tears away
 Her cruelty has caused to-day.
 But who from yonder silent grave
 Can raise the virtuous and the brave ?

* Warburton's " Rollo and his Race," vol. i. p. 190.

There many a heart lies cold, ah! one
Thy blessing here, thy crime now gone.
Ill-fated France! thy prelate came
Meekly in the Redeemer's name,
Stood as an angel sent between
The carnage in the dying scene,
With outstretched palm, and words of peace,
And bade thy unnatural conflict cease.
The hissing balls which round him spread,
Touched not that venerable head.
His pious prayers awhile repressed
Each hostile passion in the breast,
The firing stayed, a moment's pause
Was gained to mercy and to laws;
When Heaven as sanctioning the doom,
Decreed his willing martyrdom.
He sank on the ensanguined stone,
As a cedar on Mount Lebanon,
And falling seemed to pour around
A holy incense on the ground.
The crowd pressed forward, but in vain,
They raised him up so nearly slain
As from his side the life-blood shed,
They mourn'd o'er him whom they piercéd.
"As Christ for us, I give," he cried,
"My life for France!" then swoon'd and died.
Such are the character and crimes
Of Anarchy and lawless times.
Truth is a safeguard without terror,
But mischief always lurks in error;
Some for themselves and others think,
Some follow fortune to the brink
Of ruin's gulf, if there be fame,
And dare the danger for a name.
In mechanism, should a stay,
A screw, a bolt, a valve, give way,
Or latent fault you cannot mention,
The engine failing its intention,
If urged by fatal impulse on
Would scatter round destruction.
Thus, should the laws or government
Relax or fail of their restraint,
Quickly would wicked men rush in,
Miscall that virtue which is sin,
And gratify their own ambition
Upon the ruin of the nation.
What government may be or seem,
Justice and law must rule supreme;
But should infraction of the laws
From tyranny or other cause,
Require adjustment and redress,
From hands of patriots, and no less,
Then he deserves not liberty
Who would not for his country die.

STREET VIEWS IN PARIS FROM MY WINDOW, DURING
THE LATE INSURRECTION.

BY I. K. MARVEL.

At the Coliseum you can see the long wavy line of road, half lit by the fancied moonlight, and half darkened by shadow, of the Boulevard of Paris. In the panorama, you will see shadows of trees, as well as shadows of houses. Now, with the image of the picture in mind, imagine every tree swept away from the whole middle portion of that great semicircle, beginning at the Place de la Concorde, and ending with the Place de la Bastille,—so that the sun, which used to shew itself on the *trottoir* only in modest, dancing spangles, shines down full and scorching, and you will have an idea of the Vandal devastation of February; and you will have at the same time, in your eye, that portion of the Boulevard which is every hour in mine.

Not that I am all the time posted at a window. Paris has not yet so far progressed in the reign of anarchy, but that a man may stir about (in the day) whichever way he chooses, at the risk, it is true, in some parts, of being fired upon by a stray insurgent, from a fourth story window, or by a *Garde National*, who will take you for a distributor of bribe money,

Still, it is vastly pleasant to spend hour after hour (when the sun gets so far westward as to shade your balcony) in watching the crowds that go to make up this stormy world, and in speculating upon the part which each one plays in the tragedy or the farce of the day.

But the *coup d'ail* from my window is not what it used to be. Lack of the deep green of the lindens, and feathery tufts of the acacias, is felt; but it is not all that is felt by me. The new Paris differs marvellously in other ways from the old Paris. There is none left now of the liveliness which used to belong to everything, to streets, houses, horses, dogs, women, sunlight, and which used to infuse itself into me, whether I would or no, and make me forget all about my Saxon lineage and English education.

In place of it, is now stillness, and anxiety, and suspicion. The equipages of foreign loiterers have disappeared, and the few French ones which can be seen, belong to infirm sexagenarians, whose luxury can excite no clamour, or to those so dissolute as to be guarded from jealousy.

The dresses and contour of Italians, Spaniards, Turks, Greeks, English,—a more motley assemblage than in any other great capital of Europe,—has now given place to the homogeneity of French countenance and French array. At hours when the street under my eye used to be thronged, you could now count the walkers. Even in the first blush of morning, shortly after the sentinels have left their posts, and always the most quiet hour in Paris, it is now far more quiet than ever before. The butcher carts are fewer, since there are fewer to feed; the milk carts, with their din of cans, are tardy in their rounds; and the milk-man, turned republican (perhaps insurgent), stops to read the white placard, posted over night, of Cavaignac. The little drove of she-asses, which used to take up its charity-dispensing round to the habitations of consumptive strangers, has dwindled to a feebly-fed, paltry company of donkeys, and their old driver, a bene-

ficent boy on healing errand, is turned a blue-coat *Garde Mobile*! Even the *chiffonniers*, who always chose the first hours of light to pull over the heaps of sweepings, are either grown too careless of such doubtful earnings, or too rich, under favour of the clubs, to pursue their callings with the same assiduity as before. The stout street-cleaner himself is grown suddenly dull, and the piles of shop-sweepings offend the eye down to eight and nine in the morning.

Before those hours you could individuate the passers, they are so few. Perhaps there is a little squad of soldiers, in their crimson breeches, going to relieve morning guard at some city post; perhaps there is a bevy of workmen in blouses (who will not in a long time shake off the odium that attaches to their costume), making their way to the scene of their morning's work; perhaps a stout old countrywoman passes, with a basket of radishes upon her head, or a shabby journeyman tailor, who lives in the suburbs, hurrying in to open the shutters of the city shop. A boy in blouse, one of the *gamins* of Paris, from which is recruited the *Garde Mobile*, has stolen or begged a half-dozen papers, and goes along bawling into the open shops, "*Demandez, messieurs, le National! Voilà le National!*" Perhaps before he gets to the end of the street, he will be taken into custody for running off with a franc bit, or for giving a piece that will not ring. Then will come up the old, and often repeated story of his life, under the examination of the judge.

"Where is your home, *mon garçon*?"

"I've got no home."

"Where do you sleep at night?"

"In the quarries; a very hard bed, *monsieur*."

"Where do your father or mother live?"

"I've got none, or I'd be with 'em now."

"Why don't you find some work to do?"

"It's what I want. I tried to get into the *Garde Mobile*. Ah! if I'd only been there the 24th June. They told me I was too young, but I know there's younger ones than I."

Here a bystander (for I quote from actual scene) steps forward and offers to take the boy under his special patronage. The police take the bystander's name and place of residence; the judge thanks him in behalf of the city, and the boy doubtfully, and with reluctant grimaces, gives himself into the charge of his new master. Let the new master, however, beware; if the scape-goat be not treated to his liking, he will return to his old bed in the quarry; and if he cannot fight in the ranks of the *Garde Mobile*, he will handle a carabine on his own account behind a barricade.

By nine, or thereabouts,—to return to my window,—affairs below, in the street, wear a more bustling air. The shops are now fairly open, the *garçons* are rubbing down the windows, that no speck may mar the display within, and in the *cafés* they are sanding, and sweeping, and arranging chairs and tables for the thousand coffee-drinkers who will, within the next three hours, be seeking their morning beverage. Postmen and occasional policemen (more frequent now than under the government of Lamartine), and coachmen, and water-carriers, and, at intervals, a little girl earnest to sell a couple of last night's faded bouquets, are along the *trottoir*. The *grisette*, too, is thus early astir, making her way to her shop, or perhaps only returning to her night quarters, with a tiny pot of coffee in her hand, and

a small roll of *pain Viennois* under her arm. Even thus, and in her morning dress, and in her slippers, worked with a sprig of geranium on a purple ground, she does not look carelessly; there is about her an indescribable something that marks at once the ease and the tidiness of the *grisette*. There is lack, indeed, so far as one may be permitted to judge from a window, of stay and bustle; and her dress, from its aptness of fit, shews perhaps rather more of her form than would be consistent with the prudish notions of a Highland town; nevertheless, her hair is smoothly plaited, her dress clean, and the little handkerchief about her neck, although it be of the modest *batiste*, is disposed, even at this early hour, with a coquettish tie.

It is wonderful, you think, how such sprightly step can belong to any individual of a population which has witnessed such bloody havoc within the month; yet she would wear it even in the face of the battle, and if her passion were roused, would use a *fusil* with as much grace as she carries her breakfast roll. Indeed, upon one of the first barricades of the 23rd, that of the Port St. Denis, if I remember right, such a girl, scarce twenty, and dressed with singular neatness, made her appearance. She held the banner of the insurgents, and after their first fire, leaped down before the National Guard, who were hesitating, and taunted them with cowardice. Still in pity they restrained their fire, until her insults became outrageous, when the command for assault was given. The poor girl sprang back upon the barricades, waved her banner in the air, screamed, and fell, pierced by a musket ball, into the hands of the insurgents.

Nor was she alone among the young and tender victims of her sex. Whether they were influenced by a Joan of Arc ambition, or frenzied by a new preached communism, which was to put India shawls upon their shoulders, or led on by personal attachments, I do not know; perhaps the three influences were combined.

To return to our window view: a general rides by, attended by his aide-de-camp, and followed by four dragoons. Instantly the loiterers on the wall group together, and the whisper circulates—it is Lamoricière, it is Cavaignac—and the boldest take off their hats, and far down the street the pantomime renews itself, until the little *cortège* is out of sight.

Yonder is a group formed about some news-seller: an officer comes up, to see what is occurring: it is one of the prohibited or obnoxious papers: he steps into the adjoining *café* and calls for a match: on his return, he lights one of the papers, and throws it blazing upon the pavement: he takes another from the hands of the horrified vender, and adds it to the pyre;—then another, and another, and another, the newsman patiently holding the objects of sacrifice, and the crowd collecting silently around.

Now then comes a burst of music, mingled with the roll of drums; and presently there sweeps down from the Port St. Denis, a regiment of the National Guard. The shopmen all appear at their doors, and the *gamins*, and women, never tired of looking at soldiers, crowd to the edge of the walk. Opposite and on each side of me, heads are thrust out of all the windows, and in the attic of a tall house up in the corner, is a little figure in blue, I have not seen before, since the days of the insurrection.

Then, she was constantly at the door below, always peeping out, except when the passing sentinel forbade her. Some friend, brother,

or lover (it must have been the last), had been enlisted in a battalion on the first morning of the outbreak, and she was anxious to have news of him. At the sound of every approaching troop, she would start to the door, and run her eye inquiringly over the ranks; when a litter with the wounded came down the street, she ran toward it with intense anxiety in her face; and if one of the great carts with the dead came rumbling past, she would catch one of its attendants beseechingly by the arm; or stealthily lifting a corner of the curtain behind, would look in upon the awful freight.

Two days thus, she had attracted my attention, never ceasing from her watchfulness, sometimes decoying a passing soldier into the doorway, to glean what intelligence she might, and sometimes boldly shouting to one in the middle of the street.

At length, toward the close of the second day, she spied her friend in the ranks of a passing battalion; she ran out boldly into the middle of the lines to greet him, but the officer interposed, and she withdrew slowly, waving him adieux. He was unhurt, but he was marching toward the Faubourg St. Antoine, then the scene of the bloodiest fight.

The third day, she was still at the door; now with a bit of cloth in her fingers, seated upon a little stool, and with her lap half full of lint for the wounded. A group approached; two soldiers sustained a third, who was hurt, and who bore his arm in a sling. The girl rose, dropping her work upon the pavement, she looked hard at the approaching group, then quickly took a few steps forward, and stopped again; the company was getting nearer and nearer; she still looked, passed her hand hastily over her eyes, sprang forward, and threw her arms about the neck of the wounded *Garde Mobile*. They disappeared together under the archway. It was only one of the dozen similar exhibitions that met my eye on the days of the insurrection. Now there she is, looking out brightly at the passing troops. And from the way she turns her head back at frequent intervals, into the little chamber, I infer that her lover is forgetting his bruises, or that somehow, she is playing the Rebecca to her wounded Ivanhoe.

But the *cafés* are getting full, and you will scarcely find a journal opposite, if you enter so late as eleven. Fat old provincials, I can see, who have been busy the half hour past with their *déjeûner à la fourchette*, and lean Parisians looking enviously on, and sipping at a meagre *demi-tasse*. In my own neighbourhood, and indeed from the Place de la Concorde to the Porte St. Denis, the *cafés* are understood to have conservative frequenters. Their sympathies rest with the *Garde Nationale*, and with the government of Cavaignac. A *Garde Mobile* could enter without fear of assassination, and Louis Blanc would meet with ominous stares. Hence the chance talk that meets the ear is safe, and free from seditious matter. However much it may show differences on points of legislative action, it bears altogether to the side of law and order; and bitter criminations of the communists, and of the *sansculottes*, are uttered without any fear of provocation. Above the Porte St. Denis, and in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, the case is different. There is less openness of speech; you find the questionable journals; men look suspiciously at each other, and form an estimate of character and disposition by the paper that may be at the time in hand. There is an officious politeness on the part of those you come in contact with, as if it covered no very good will.

In the first quarter, such talk as you may hear, is to the effect, that Cavaignac is doing well, that the camp of 80,000 is a thing needed, and should have been adopted before; that the suppressed journals are incendiary, and deserve to be exterminated.

In the other, conversation, as I said, is far more guarded! hints are dropped about the numerous companies of soldiers, as if it was not a sight *tout à fait* republican; wonder is expressed by one gentleman with a very dirty shirt collar, at the long continuance of the siege, and his companion with the small glass of *absinthe*, raises his eyebrows, and shrugs his shoulders, by way of reply. The numerous arrests are talked of very moodily, particularly by a half military looking man, who seems over courageous, and has a good deal the look of Landseer's cur Alexander. It happens, too, that, while thus engrossing attention (I state an actual occurrence), a police officer quietly walks in, lays his hand on his shoulder, and shows him the order by which he escorts him to the Palais de Justice. *Le militaire* he is enjoined at his companions, and patronisingly upon the officers, puts on his hat, takes their arms, and is gone.

The communists and their friends are understood to be in strongest force on the other side of the river, in the neighbourhood of Sorbonne, and along the Quay Voltaire. Little is to be seen or heard of them in the fashionable quarters of the city. I do not know indeed, if I could detect them, if they were to make their appearance on the *trottoir*. Lagrange and Lamennais are indeed striking enough in person, cherishing monstrosities, as much in outward bearing, as in their thoughts. They remind one in this respect, as well as some others, of the indoctrinated of the people in the last century; particularly of Marat and Robespierre, who, it will be remembered, through all the terrors of their terrible time, never gave up the shallow affectations—the one, of being a sloven, and the other of being a fop.

Their dupes are more easily cognizable, nor are they lacking in the Boulevard, in view from my window. The younger and pretending ones wear a sanctimonious air and Byron collars, seeming ever absorbed in thought; and the extent of the mischief they will effect will be probably limited to the publication of a few bad verses.

But there are more considerable, and dangerous ones, who troop along with shuffling gait, and in dirty blouses; and who look into the show-windows, as if they had fully imbibed the principles of their teacher Proudhon, that "all property is a robbery." They bear themselves courageously, as if the time was at hand for that "social redemption," of which Louis Blanc talks in a tone as irreverent, as it is flippant. They look you in the face with a scowl of defiance, that makes you involuntarily look under their blouse for the muzzle of a *fusil*. Yonder, now a stout man on the corner takes off his cap to a lady who is passing. She gives him nothing, he grinds his teeth, and claps his cap upon his head, with emphatic, and almost demoniac action. Such is the modest beggar of Paris Republican!

The women are no better; indeed they are more open in their threats. Last evening a gentleman and lady upon the Boulevard below me were beset by a stout woman, who would not cease from her importunities; at length, the gentleman, despairing of other riddance, hinted at finding the police; "And you, sir," said the woman, no way abashed, "shall find the barricades again!"

But I have wandered from my window. A bevy of the *Garde Mo-*

bile is passing opposite. They have a blue dress, green epaulettes, and bright crimson caps, and are now the lions of the city. The shop-girls steal to the doors; and, if they can boast any sort of relationship, are sure to make public proof of it. The humble *Garde* is not only become the lion of the walk, but is transported, with all his honours, into such *salons* as make a feint of gaiety amid the terrors of the month. It is even hinted (the fashion runs so high) that should the insurgents forego their purpose of assassinating the courageous *Garde*, jealous husbands will make up the tale of decimation. If it would bear translation into cold English, I would give you a transcript of a little kissing scene, reported in the journals of yesterday, in which a *Garde Mobile* was hero, and a *petite jolie dame, bien tenue*, the aggressor.

From noon till three o'clock, the hours when the fashionable shops used most to be frequented by foreigners, the Boulevard, as far as I can see it, has an air of comparative desertion. The gewgaws, and bonnets, and dresses, which have been displayed in the windows of the shops opposite, are the same which I saw in them a fortnight ago. Every morning the shop-girls re-arrange them; every morning they are ticketed in some new shape; every morning the tidy little milliner new dresses the ribbons with a flirt or two of her fingers; every morning she holds the prettiest bonnet for a moment at the end of her arm, admiring her own handiwork,—but it is all worse than useless, there are no buyers.

The wife of the stout tailor at the corner, after arranging the dressing-gowns in the window—so attractively that every soldier, and every *Garde Mobile*, stops, though it may be the hundredth time he has looked into the same window,—then quietly takes her chair, and sits besides the door, apparently as earnestly idle as myself.

If a customer, by some stretch of good fortune, should venture to ask the price of some particular garment, instantly the whole establishment is on the alert; the old woman jumps to her feet; her husband appears with a most gracious bow, flanked right and left by the gracious bows of two attendants. A little back-door opens, and an old man, I have set down for the father of the tailor, or of madame, waddles out, to add to the interest of the scene. They are all intensely happy to see monsieur, the customer, and insist upon showing him a hundred things he does not want. If a price be given, a demurrer will operate like scarcity of grain upon Sir Robert's old scale of duty—slip—slip—slip, first from the tailor, and then from his wife, and then an interjection of remonstrance from the old man; at length the customer is fairly won by their complaisance to the closing of a bargain. This is no exaggeration (*experto crede*) of the condition of the times.

Later in the day, when the fashionable hour of promenade approaches, one who has known Paris under its old phase, is struck with the absence of a class that used to make up much of the Boulevard display—the class of fops. Most of them have left Paris for quarters where mere pursuit of pleasure is a more secure employment, and those who remain are content to live in retirement, rather than incur the hazard of shouldering a musket of the *Garde Nationale*.

One will notice in the later hours of the day the presence of a large number of soldiers and officers going toward their night-quarters. He will see none of the old hurry in the direction of theatres and balls; both have fallen under the fatal atmosphere of the insurrection. The gaiety of the twilight hours, which used to spend itself upon the Champs Elysées, and under the heavy-topped lindens of the Tuileries, and

under the shadows of the Luxembourg, is now limited to the purlieus of two or three evening cafés.

I can see from my window the crowded stairs up by the *Maison d'Or* and by the *Café de Paris*,—crowded all of them with that sort of population, which, so long as it can secure its own indulgences, cares as little for monarch as for rabble. There you will hear a sneer at *Lagrangé*, a critique upon a passing dress, and a sigh for the deserted spectacle—in the same breath.

The little blue-bloused *gamins* crowd among them, with the journals of the evening, *Le Moniteur*, *Le Messager*, *La Patrie*, and others whose existence closes, under the new law of Cavaignac. Even now one is at my hand, in true French concert, robed in black, in honour of its own decease. "Our journal," says he, for it is *Lamennais* who speaks, "is ended. Money is needed to command the right to speak. I am not rich. *Silence au pauvre!*" Hear what he says, too, of the republic; it is worthy to be put on record:—"Nothing now exists worthy the name of republic. Paris in a state of siege—delivered over to a faction who have conspired with the army to possess it; the forts and dungeons of Louis Philippe crowded with 14,000 prisoners, captured after frightful butchery at the hands of these same military conspirators; transportations without judgment; tyrannous proscriptions; crippling of the press by despotic laws; the National Guard half disarmed; and the people decimated and hurled back into the depths of their misery—no, of a truth, no, this is no republic! Call it rather the saturnalia of a reaction around its bloody tomb." This under the hand of a *Representative du Peuple!* Pleasant reading, one would think, for those mothers, and sisters, and wives, mindful of the scenes of '92 and '93, and knowing that kindred blood, stirred by such passionate incentives, and maddened by hunger, is fomenting around them now!

Yet I can hear them laughing and chatting upon the walk from my window. The shop-girls, arm-in-arm, steal out for a short walk in the cool of the evening, while their mistress sits lynx-eyed at the door. The last of the paper-sellers is raising his earnest cry, for the little drummer is at the corner, beating to quarters.

In an hour—that is, by half-past ten—the street will wear as deserted an air as it used to wear at midnight. Even now some shops are closing their shutters.

A singer with long hair, and with disordered harp, is collecting a little group upon the corner opposite. It is some patriotic air he sings, and an occasional strain reaches my ear.

The group is silent, and the singer grows bolder. The moon is shining full upon them, and stretches the shadows of the listeners, and of the harpist, long and darkly upon the pavement.

The quiet, and the music, and the moonlight, remind me of nights in Italy.

The harpist has ended, and the group is scattered.

I close my shutters, while a church-clock is striking eleven.

Even now, I have not painted half the pictures that might be painted,—looking straight out of my window, with only my knee for an easel.

PARIS, 13th July, 1848.

CHINESE LEGEND:
LETTERS FROM SAM-SING TO WEEP-WEEP.

BY T. H. SEALY,
AUTHOR OF "THE CHINESE LEGENDS; OR, THE PORCELAIN TOWER."

WITH
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

THE following paper is a posthumous fragment. With feelings of regret, which will probably be shared in by many of our readers, we have the melancholy office of recording that its amiable and promising writer was cut off—almost pen in hand, so rapidly in his case did death overtake disease—before it could be finished. The fragment will therefore be read by the admirers of his genius with a double interest.

It is well said by Channing, that the higher orders of minds have little materials for biography: the life of intellectual men is inward. That which is external material in their history bears no kind of proportion to that which is spiritual; and hence a literary and student life—unless it happens, as in the case of Milton and Dante, to have been a "career" as well—presents few of those rapid and moving scenes which so much interest the general reader.

Thomas Henry Sealy was born at Halstone, near Cheltenham, we believe, about the year 1811; when he died, he was, consequently, thirty-seven, that fatal age to genius! After rambling about the world for a time, in which period he visited, amongst other countries, the classic lands of Italy, and there drank deeply of that perennial fountain of poetic inspiration, he settled down at Bristol, where the exigencies of his family fixed him for a number of years. Here he conducted several literary undertakings, but, we are grieved to say, with less fortunate results for himself than moral benefits to the community. He was well, we might almost say profoundly, versed in Italian literature and poetry, ancient and modern; and some of his translations from that language are greatly admired for their fidelity and spirit. But he did not confine himself to the humbler office of re-creating the work divine of other hands: he aspired to the personal honour of the poet's vocation. A volume of poems, published long ago under the quaint title of "The Little Old Man in the Wood," will be remembered by the poetical reader for its promise of better things. Natural history and antiquities also engaged his attention: he had a curious eye, and had observed nature for himself. The writer of these lines has frequently heard him dilate with pleasure upon the habits and history of animals in various countries. For several years, down to 1843, he was editor of *The Western Archæological Magazine*, published in Bristol. At that period he embarked his genius and his fortune in a weekly newspaper, called *The Great Western Advertiser*, which, after a hard struggle for existence, failed, and involved its editor and proprietor in ruin. By this failure, the losses in this undertaking were estimated at 12,000*l.* From the mental effects of this calamity he never recovered. His misfortunes preyed upon a mind naturally sensitive, wasted his

health, and, in conjunction with the harassing labours to which they gave rise, in fact necessitated, threw him into the consumption which carried him to a premature grave, just as the finer qualities of his mind were beginning to develop themselves, and his *status* in the world of intellect to be acknowledged. All who had the happiness of his acquaintance loved and honoured him sincerely. Many more, who knew him only in his works, admired the subtle soul, the delicate irony, the virgin freshness, power, and truth which pervaded them like a possessing spirit. Of all English writers his genius most resembled that of Goldsmith and Charles Lamb. His writings, immature as some of them undoubtedly are, belong to that favourite order of English classics, and will hereafter claim their place upon the shelves with these productions.

For some time before his failure, he conducted a periodical under the title of "Sealy's Western Miscellany," also published at Bristol, and in this he published some of his most charming tales. The book, however, by which he is best known, and by which he will be remembered, is "The Porcelain Tower." Of a work so popular it is needless to say anything in this place.

In this country self-sacrifice is one of the conditions on which intellectual power is wielded. The most potential literature is here anonymous. In criticism and in politics it is the same. The men whose wisdom makes the mind, inspires the laws, creates the opinion, controls the substantive literature, and concentrates the intellect of the empire, are almost all unknown by name to the great mass of readers. The world receives the teaching of the oracle, but it only sees the vehicle by which it is conveyed. Jeremy Taylor says "The world knows nothing of its greatest men." We may say with equal truth, the world knows nothing of its most powerful men.

To this high guild of literary workmen belonged Thomas Henry Sealy. His anonymous articles, scattered through many journals and reviews, would, if disposed of differently, have brought him the fame which can alone to the aspiring mind compensate for the loss of fortune. But this, the fact which we have just alluded to denied to some extent; at least it threw difficulties in his way. He was, however, emerging into distinction. Nature had made him a literary man, and she had not withheld the power to compass great intents. Had he lived, he would have achieved them. He fought his part out nobly; and, to the last, his brave spirit struggled against difficulty and depression. Militant or triumphant, his mind was equal to his fate. He died untimely for himself and for the world. But he perished in a high service; and he has left many fellow-labourers behind who loved his virtues and honor his memory, and who, in the words of the dying Douglas,

"Think life only wanting to his fame!"

But there is another side of the picture. The author is no more. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well. He did his duty manfully when here; and it little recks him *now*, whether the world remember or forget him. The seeds of truth and goodness which it was given unto him to sow, he has faithfully planted; and it now concerns him little if they who gather in the harvest bless his name or not. But his children— orphaned in both their parents! There are three of them, left entirely destitute by his death, of the ages of eight, nine, and eleven. It is to be hoped that the attention of the government will be called to this case; and that some provision, however slight, will be

made for them during their helpless childhood. The world owes a debt of gratitude to its guiders; and if, as Carlyle has said, brain-work cannot be paid for in money, value for value, let us hope that the mere magnitude of the obligation will not prevent some little acknowledgment being made.

LETTER I.

From the artist Sam-Sing to his beloved Weep-Weep, in her Duck-barge on the remembered stream.

Is Sam-Sing remembered yet in the duck-barge of the yellow-tailed dragon on his native river Kum-Sloa-Song? Do the coffee eyes of Weep-Weep drop sea-water into the fresh stream when she thinks how he has sailed beyond the extreme bounds of infinite space, to the nests of the scrambling dragons, and the haunts of the savage people who burn no gilt paper to josses, and shave not the hair of their heads? And does she think sometimes to shake the dust off the best petticoat of Sam-Sing, which he left wrapped up in the matting in the hole over the roosting-box of the scarlet-tailed drake, so that it may be in good order if he should be called upon to appear before the blue and red buttons on his return, to give an account of the wonders he has seen and the dangers he has gone through, which truly, and not to boast, nor to put more teeth to the dragon than the gums will fairly allow, have been such as never waking-man encountered, nor thought of the sleeper imagined, which a thousand thousand reeds would not suffice to write, nor the tongues of two women to tell? But let Sam-Sing pass over these as too difficult to be put into a small fold of paper; and forbear to speak of the storms that lifted the Keying from the sea and bore her through the air as a mandarin plays with his paper kite; or turned her over and over so that the cook had much ado, standing on his head, to save the rice by holding the lid on the boiler; and which made the masts bend like a thief when he wears the caque, or a commissioner when he bows to the emperor. Let me not speak of the big fish that blow waterspouts up from their noses; nor of the god of the sea that came on board with an iron beard, and made us drink of the devil's samshoo; let me not mention the enormous sea-snakes that are kept near these barbarian shores, whose fiery eye in the night warns the sailor to keep off at sea; and let me not name it, that I have seen them with red eyes and blue, and with eyes that twist round in their head, and are dark and bright by turns.

But let me tell you what will, indeed, astonish you, that the barbarians of this outside land, though they have a river, know not duck-barges; and if we could bring ours hither with its cargo of a thousand on board, doubtless it would sell for gold enough to pave the streets of Canton. Ducks they have truly, but in fives and sixes; and they know not how to educate them to pick a discreet living. Their river, instead of ducks, is full of scrambling dragons, which ply their many-clawed paddles day and night, and belching fire and smoke, make fearful commotion in the water. Through and among each other they dart, as quick and as many as fireflies, or as the black spirits of the

fiery land. And the tall-masted junks, with towers of cloth rising over each other like the storks of a pagoda, are thick as bamboo-branches in the district of Tchong-tscheon. Dreadful is it to see the haste of this barbarian land. All things are racing with all. All people want to get all things done. Thus it is that, instead of duck-barges, they have scrambling dragons. Our rivers sleep and reflect the heavens. Here the river never sleeps, but writhes ever under the claws of the smoke-breathing monsters, and the wheels which one raises by the lashing of its fins give way to the wheels from the fast-stricken fins of another. This people will ride through to the end of time before the Central Land is a quarter on its course. They hurry as though a bad spirit were behind, and all are upon the heels of all. Pleasant was it to Sam-Sing in the days of old to sit on the roof of his barge, when the sinking sun was putting the finest gold-leaf on the waters, and to watch the ducks sailing as slowly as straws upon a slow stream, and looking with placid eyes upon the hour, as though the present were a friend of whose company they had no wish to be rid.

Pleasant was it to Sam-Sing to see the rice and maize-coloured cat that made such a tender guardian to the young ducklings, coil herself up like a rope, that has no more work for to-day, and enjoy herself upon the simple sweet breath of the evening, as though the world were her opium-pipe. And pleasant was it to Sam-Sing, above all things, when his own chosen duck and the soft purring cat of his bosom would sit by his side, not speaking or only in whispers, but feeling with him that for awhile their boat of life had found anchorage in a pleasant bay, that the storms were asleep, that the sky was a blue umbrella, mottled and fringed with gold; that the sun to west, and the moon in the east, were lanterns that need not hide their heads at an Emperor's *fête*, that the universe had done its day's work, and arrived at the hour of reward; that the white lily of joy blows only in still waters, and that repose is the sweet flower which should crown the thorny branches of toil.

But in this unfavoured land, though the tree of toil puts out strong branches, and its thorns are many and fearful, for so much as I can see or learn, it rarely adorns itself with blossoms. The people stumble over each other in their efforts to get first to to-morrow; and when they have reached to-morrow they hurry on to a day beyond. Sometimes they look back upon yesterday with regret, but to-day they always despise. The present is but a bridge, and the future the shore they desire, but the bridge lengthens as they go, and the shore recedes; and there are no islands on the way, and it leads to a grave-yard at last.

What is the effect of all this toil, this endless hurry, this pushing aside or overturning of competitors in the prizeless race? The purposes of life are not accomplished. Alternation is a law of nature; day should alternate with night; sleep with waking; darkness with light; repose with toil. But here the people overwork themselves in a vain chace. Their machinery is always at work; their furnaces are always burning. There is always a storm in their minds—no calm. They do not keep up in their lives the balance that nature requires. They *do* too much, and *feel* too little. They hurry together like pigs to the trough; and the stronger push aside the weak,

and gorging themselves, leave the others to starve, when there ought to be food for all. One half of the people so overwork themselves as to have no time left for enjoyment; the other half, for want of work, which is all seized upon by the greediness of the first, are without means of enjoyment for their idle time. If the first half would give poppy-dew to the scrambling dragons that keep too much awake in their breasts, the latter might do their share of the general work, and both might have leisure and means to drink from the great cup of enjoyment, which the summer evening mixes (stirring it with the sunset's golden spoon), from the calm of nature and the repose of duty done.

But a people who know not the beauty of repose, know not beauty; and greatly are the artist eyes of your Sam-Sing offended by the absence of beauty in all the things around. The houses are lofty, each trying to look over the other; but where are the carven roofs, where are the lattices golden and green? where are the red pillars and the dragon-fringed cornices? Truly, of these there are none. Plain are their walls, and of rudest burnt earth, painted only by the smoke of their multitudinous fires to a colour like the mud of the slow creeping Skum. The windows are square holes, that let in the light by measure. You have often heard in the Central Land that the barbarians of the "White Island," (I tell you that this White Island is the blackest of all lands,) have no other object in life than to buy and sell; but will it be believed in Canton that they buy and sell the sky? that they pay for light and air by square measure? that the coloured buttons (who, however, do not wear coloured buttons here), farm out the heavens at per yards and barleycorns, and at last charge the people for a most indifferent article? Yet such, I am assured, is the case. Nowhere else in the wide world is this so; yet nowhere else in the wide world, surely, is the light so largely adulterated with darkness. Methinks, would they lay their charge on darkness instead of on light, it might at once tend somewhat to improve the condition of the people, and still yield a much larger revenue.

But to go back to the ugliness of all things: there are then their junks, and their iron-bellied dragons, that eat fire-stone and belch soot. Black are they, at the mast, with a white stripe. No change; no bright hues; green they have not, nor gold; they have neither red nor blue; saffron and purple are unknown amongst them. There are none of the goodly monsters with crocodile faces and flowery tails, devil-winged or cockatoo-crested, with which your Sam-Sing has given beauty to the flanks and the final arrangement of the venerable Keying; there are none of the fearful-faced shields of painted basket-work, whose terrible eyes and huge fangs so frightened every fierce enemy, that none ventured within sight during our long passage over the ocean; and for flags, though they have them, they seldom shew more than one at a time, and that of plain bars of colour, unadorned with monsters of the air or sea. I would that my graceful lizard could be for a moment transported hither from her barge on the Kum-Sloa-Song, that she might behold with what feats of art her Sam-Sing has adorned the saloon; what flowers flying in the air, what butterflies growing on stems, what delicate ladies tottering on clouds! what warriors making havoc of the heavens with their lances! what wild beasts striking down trembling buttercups!

what bridges, stretching from cloud to cloud ! what ladders, reaching up the sides of rivers ! what boats, curveting through the sky ! — all the ingenious devices, not copied from things as they appear, but whose models are built in the inventive workhouse of the mind, and which are understood only by the natives of our flowery land. I would she were here, that she might see, and then compare with the saloon of the Keying the low dark cabins of the best of the White Island junks.

Nor will I speak of our goodly and adorned lanterns, nor contrast them with the miserable lamps hung in the best chambers of those vessels ; nor of our seats of rosewood and marble, which indeed are fit rather to be looked at than sat upon ; balancing them against the long benches and goose-cages, which on board the barbarian ships are rather more unfit for each purpose than the other.

The beauty that addresses the nose is, in this Outer Land, still less understood than that which belongs to the eye. Flower-barges are not known here ; and instead of the smell of burning incense and sweet woods, which do a gentle salutation to the nostrils on board the Keying, the barbarian junks are excellent only in odours of tar, tallow, cockroaches, whale oil, and salt-fish ; things under the ban of polite and well-educated noses, but which do not appear to give offence to the rude sniffing apparatus that stands so prominently out from the barbarian face.

But to go back to the beauty that belongs to the province of the eye, and which is more especially a matter of consideration with Sam-Sing, let us look as to matters of dress. Doubtless there are strange fashions in dress in all lands save the All-Enlightened ; but though in odd corners there be certain apparels more scant, nowhere, I do certainly believe, are there any so graceless and ugly. And here I speak more decidedly of the dress of men than of women. The colour is for the most part black, and in all cases dingy ; but the colour is superior to the form. The hideous coverings which they wear on their heads resemble nothing so much as the black tops of the smoke-towers in their scrambling dragons, and are in no way suggestive of the form of the human skull : yet I should judge them to be yet less adapted for comfort than for show ; for instead of resting lightly on the head to throw off the rain and defend against the hot beams of the sun, they keep their places by pinching tightly the forehead and the general circumference of the head, and I often see, on their removal, a red wheal left over the brows. The clothing of the limbs is such as neither to define the form nor gracefully to conceal it, and but makes the legs and the arms look like charred sticks. The principal body garment is of the strangest conceivable shape, with half-formed wings in front like those of a chrysalis breaking its shell, and a dangling appendage behind to which the heavens, the earth, and the sea offer me no object of comparison, unless, indeed, I may assimilate it to the folded wing-covers of the praying mantis. I know not whether this extraordinary tail is designed to hide or to ornament that portion of the form to which it is appended : if the latter, it fails wholly ; if the former, it is ineffective in a breeze. Sometimes, however, this garment is made wider at the base, so as to reach quite round the body, and in that case it is somewhat less ungraceful.

The ladies do sometimes wear apparel of bright colours, and in the forms of their raiment approach more nearly to what is seen in the Civilized Land. Golden lilies,* however, are not known among them; and instead of tottering with the grace of the hidden pearls in the great houses of our realm, they leap about as merrily, and with feet as largely developed, as the beloved silver shrimp of my own duck-barge. Yet Sam-Sing must confess, to his perversion of taste, that these feet do not offend him as ugly; and, indeed, he could say more respecting the personal charms of the women of this outermost land, but that he will not convey to his beloved Weep-Weep,—it might in a measure militate against her slumbers, and make her forgetful of her charge.

Now as the matter I have confided to this paper is not short, but long, and as he that bears too much may lose some upon the way, I discharge it, bidding it to convey my dearest commendations to my well-tuned cymbal, and to her father, and her mother, and to our uncles and our aunts, and to our brothers and our sisters, and to our cousins to the last degree; and to our nieces and our nephews, and to our friends and to our neighbours, and to the mottled cat and to the grey dog, if they be not yet eaten; and many profoundest compliments, with spills of incense-paper, to the venerated Joss of the Yellow-Tailed Dragon. This is from Sam-Sing.

LETTER II.

From Steoo-Fin, Cook to the Keying, to Pin-Wing, of the same calling in Canton.

GREETING to Pin-Wing. It comes from Steoo-Fin. A land without rice, without betel, without samshoo, have we not come, think you, to the world's outside? They neither roast rats nor stew them, but suffer them to run free in their drains. How good is a cat in a pie they know not, nor what tenderness dwells in blind puppies; yet I am told that their cooks mince these savoury things and put them in rolls unknown to the eaters, and that so taken they are favourite fare. They have earth-worms,—witness that I gathered a jar-full last night,—but they know not to salt them; nor understand they the luxury of grubs. Yet these people make their belly their joss, and bring it offerings from all the ends of the earth. Certain of our young countrymen whom we have seen here, and who speak the barbarian tongue, say that nowhere does a joss receive so much homage, that nowhere do worshippers devote so much time to his service. When they would shew themselves benevolent they bestow a costly dinner on their joss; when they would be grateful for services done they pamper their joss more and more; ere they go on a journey they sacrifice largely; when they stop on their way they forget not their joss; when they arrive at the end they make more offerings. When they meet upon business they say, "Let us first think of the joss;" and when they assemble for pleasure, be sure, they leave not their josses behind. A right thing it is to be pious to josses; but this uttermost people know not the true worship, nor understand birds'-nest soup. If the emperor of the land and his wife, who came to see the Keying, and asked many foolish questions through the speakers of two tongues concerning cockroach-jelly and toads' griskins, and others of our deli-

* A name applied to the small feet of Chinese ladies.—*Trans.*

cate dishes, should offer Steoo-Fin a large wage to teach his art to their ignorant scullions, he would learn them some secrets worth pearls. So for this time I wipe with my pigtail the dust from your revered ladle.

I have pondered the matter deeply and long, and with anxious desire to draw the grub out of the tree; but though I have read earnestly the nine hundred books of strategy, I cannot convince myself quite certainly that though we send hither many junks, we can easily return upon the barbarians the insults and injuries done by their scrambling dragons. Therefore, how saith the sage Confutsee? "Sticks to the weak, salutations to the strong; let the wise man carry honey and gall; though he mix, where he can, the latter with the enemy's rice, let him pour out the honey when the drippings may reach his own dish." This people is brought up to kick from the cradle, and on that account it were not politic to wear too active a spring in the knee. Unfortunately, they know not our tongue, and are not frightened, therefore, by the terrible threats on our banners. I hesitate to pronounce that we may conquer them with frowns. Without doubt we may do so with smiles.

Let the truth be spoken at all times, though in whispers where it should not be heard. Barbarians, it is known, are barbarians, which far be it from me to gainsay; but barbarians are not equally bare, either as to body or mind. There are of them who wear no garments, and whose souls are as naked as their skin. The monkeys of our woods are of this class; the apes also, and baboons, and some of the natives of Siam. Yet the barbarians of the White Island, as, indeed, is already known at Canton, though more furious and harder to tame, are not precisely such. They wear garments, though uncouth and not of goodly colours; and they are not without arts and a certain degree of learning. Schools have they, and the rod is not unknown among them, though heaven has not favoured this outside land with the fortunate growth of bamboos. Indeed, Keying has been greatly astonished to see how much advance they have made towards civilization, considering the limited intercourse they have had with the Celestial Land. It is not superior art, but a pride beyond that of the poplar, and a lust to turn all things to gain, that has caused them to erect bridges larger and stronger than ours, always excepting the sacred bridge built by Hoo-Hoo in the centre of our land, which no eye of mortal since hath dared venture to look on. They have bridges both of iron and stone, formed of vast blocks neatly jointed together, and with arches (let truth always be spoken) higher than a rocket could reach; and their principal joss-house, which stands in the centre of their city, much larger than a mountain, so that the eye cannot look on both sides at one time, seems carven out of a moon that hath fallen on a vasty crater. Let it be said again, it is pride and not art that hath made them swell their buildings so greatly beyond our size; for who shall deny that should the emperor let the word be spoken, none but the builders of the Celestial Land could erect a casing of tone to enclose all the blue of heaven, in which the sun and moon should hang as lanterns, and the stars be inlaid as jewels? But the emperor hath not spoken this, and the thing hath not been done.

A GOSSIP ABOUT OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE world will never be tired of hearing about Oliver Goldsmith. He interests us in the same way as his own "Vicar of Wakefield." His nature always comes out in the same loveable aspects through sufferings, privations, and contumely. The sweetness and geniality, the wisdom, the humour of his writings are elemental in himself. His literary fame, great as it is, falls short of the charm of his personal character. We never can hear too much of Oliver Goldsmith, of his ways of life, his patient wrestles with ill-fortune, his lumbering manners, his heedlessness and weaknesses, and child-like simplicity of heart. What a book he could have given us had he written his own life,—he who could make the driest subject as attractive as a fairy-tale!

The phases of that life were full of the most curious tests and vicissitudes, and he came out of them without a soil. Trace him through all his disappointments, failures, and miserable shifts, and you never find his freshness, hopefulness, and elasticity desert him. This grace of nature survived them all.

A crowd of noisy urchins is gathered into a hovel on the skirts of an Irish village. The smoke of the turf-fire struggles out of the window, and through a rude hole in the roof. It is a hedge-school, where children are bundled together in the day-time, to keep them out of mischief. There is one very dull boy amongst them, a sullen, slow boy, whose heavy faculties are outstripped by the rollicking fun of his companions. This boy—buffeted by everybody for his stupidity,—is Oliver Goldsmith.

The small-pox seizes him, and his lumpish face is pitted all over; and, in addition to his stupidity, he is now ridiculed for his ugliness. This does not quicken his intellects, or improve his temper. A few years of this hard-natured treatment pass away, and he is sent to college as a sizar, to be exposed to worse hardships, and beaten by his tutor. But the poor sizar, whose troubles are now augmented by the death of his father, which deprives him of the slender pecuniary help upon which he had hitherto contrived to exist, has a secret consolation which sustains him in this season of early sorrow. "He would write street-ballads, to save himself from actual starving," says Mr. Forster, in his thoughtful biography of Goldsmith, "selling them for five shillings a piece, and stealing out at night to hear them sung!"

The college ordeal over, he goes back to idleness in the country; and various ways of trying to settle him in the world are thought of, and rejected in turn. His delight is to preside over the orgies of a singing and card-playing club, and to wander listlessly about, forming schemes, and indulging his fancy in vagrant pastimes and leisurely dreams of the shapeless future. His Irish constitution and Irish training are shewn in full flower throughout this interval; and they colour his life to the last. Out of this constitution spring all his unfulfilled plans, his mirth ready to dissolve into tears, his pathos ready to break into smiles, his sensitiveness to personal raillery, his lurking pride, facility of disposition, and hasty sympathies. We see

this constitution giving a tone to his after-course, and influencing its gravest, as well as its lightest incidents.

The church and the law are suggested, and set aside, and in the midst of these projects he resolves to go to America; but, spending all his money before he gets to the coast, he comes back again penniless. At last he is sent to Edinburgh to study medicine, and, from this time forth, all supplies being exhausted or cut off, Oliver Goldsmith, at twenty-four years of age, is cast upon the world and his own resources. As usual, he gets into all sorts of scrapes, but contrives miraculously to escape through them, and make his way to Leyden, for the purpose of taking a degree. How he lives is a marvel. It is the nearest thing to starvation. When he makes a little money by teaching, he flings it away upon the first object that touches his compassion or hits his humour. It is a miracle if he can keep it long enough to carry it home to his garret. Yet there is a heart always in his recklessness. Being determined to leave Leyden, "where," says Mr. Forster, "he had now been nearly a year, without an effort for a degree," he calls upon a fellow-student to borrow a trifling sum. The story must be told by Mr. Forster, who never misses the point of these anecdotes.

"It was given; but as his evil, or (as some might say) his good genius would have it, he passed a florist's garden on his return, and seeing some rare and high-priced flowers which his uncle Contarine [who had helped him to the means of going to Edinburgh], a floral enthusiast, had often spoken and been in search of, he ran in without other thought than of immediate pleasure to his kindest friend, bought a parcel of the roots, and sent them off to Ireland. He left Leyden the next day, *with a guinea in his pocket, but one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand.*"

By whatever name the world may please to call this act of providence, it furnishes a key to the entire life of Oliver Goldsmith. Such a man is not likely to be prosperous in a worldly sense. The access to his feelings is too wide and open; and on all occasions it is his feelings for others, and *not for himself*. And such are of constant recurrence with him—whenever the happy chance of having money to bestow upon the wants or the fugitive pleasure of others presents itself. It begins with him in his boyhood, and the bitterest experiences of penury cannot make his heart wiser. Upon this matter Mr. Forster puts the kindest and the truest interpretation; and we may here observe that, without evading a single circumstance of this class, but rather seeking to draw them out, it is one of the predominant charms of the biography to which we refer that, with philosophical discrimination into Goldsmith's character, it shews all such traits to his honour. No man was so easily imposed upon, so easily touched by distress. He forgot his own wants in the wants of strangers. He stripped his bed at college to give the blankets to a poor family, and was found the next morning in the ticking, where he had taken shelter for the night from the cold. A friend once asked him for a loan, and being told that he had not the means of helping him, was reproached for his unkindness. Goldsmith, unable to bear such a reproach, borrowed the money, and, wrapping it up in paper, put it under the door of his friend's lodgings, who had gone out to a party. His friend called to thank him the next day, but reproved him for his carelessness in putting the money in a place where any person passing by might have stolen it. "I never thought of that," was the

reply. A multitude of instances might be collected to shew how credulous, and thoughtless, and impulsive, was all this kindness, without hesitation in the choice of objects. It is well to say that our sympathies should be more select, and that the heart should be better regulated by the judgment. But must we, therefore, exclude the flow of tenderness because it is too ready to escape from its fountain?

To return to our student. The wanderer quits Leyden with a guinea in his pocket, and makes his way somehow into Belgium, resting at Louvain, where he manages, by some mysterious means, to get a degree as Bachelor of Medicine. Wandering out of Louvain, with this new honour to his back, but no better wardrobe; he walks from city to city, and beguiles the way with a little music. His flute is of more avail to him now than his Louvain dignity. He stops at the doors of the peasants' huts, and charms them, by his skill, out of a night's lodging. All through France, up to Paris, he "steps in music," and lives on the road by the pleasure he diffuses. Sometimes he plays to the rich, but they turn from him in contempt. It is the poor who have pitying and enjoying souls. From Paris he finds his way, by the help of the same enchantment, into Burgundy, and so over the crests and through the valleys of the Jura, till he drops upon the city of Geneva, where there are better musicians than himself. But it is not to the music of flutes or fiddles our wandering Bachelor of Medicine stops to listen in this region, but to the music of Voltaire's voice, having, in some inscrutable manner, obtained access to Les Delices, where he finds Voltaire surrounded by a brilliant company, whom he is entertaining with his cynical irony. This was a great night for the poor, starving bachelor. It was worth all the toil that had brought him there, and tenfold as much to have carried away the memory of that night's intellectual banquet. There is something within him labouring for vent—he is hardly conscious what—but this night gives it an impulse, if not a direction, and he goes forward again, flute in hand, to scale the Alps, and dream bright day-dreams under the cloudless skies of Italy.

And so on, through the Italian towns, that magical flute supports him. He is filling his mind with stores of knowledge by the way, sometimes listening to a lecture on chemistry, sometimes tracing the sites of old classical memories, sometimes lingering in a dusky library to ponder over strange books. This is a happy time, with all its humiliations and instability, happier far than the years that are to come, with the sunshine of fame upon their wings. It suits his temperament—it brings back his boyhood, and its pleasant vagrancies, expanded into a wider field, teeming with more ambitious delights.

At last he begs, or flutes, his way back, and finds himself in the streets of London, without an acquaintance amongst the multitudes of human faces that pass and repass him, or a *sou* in his pocket. How he gets back is as profound a mystery as how he got abroad. But here he is in the great solitude, and must live. And here, where there is so much to be done in all other ways as well as the way of flutes, he finds it harder to live than amongst the shattered *châlets* of Switzerland. He thinks of getting employment to pound drugs in a mortar, or to run errands, but nobody will have him for want of a character. He lives amongst the beggars of Axe Lane, and creeps out from day to day to look for occupation. At last, a benevolent

chemist takes compassion on him, and lets him into his shop. His fortune is made!

Ascending a little by insecure steps, the bachelor sets up for a physician, for it now comes out that, in his wanderings in Italy, at Padua or elsewhere, he had managed, nobody knows how, to get a doctor's degree. But he might as well think of setting up a bank; and lucky is the turn of events that removes him from starvation with a gold-headed cane to the drudgeries of the ferule in a school at Peckham. The usher is at least boarded and lodged, and has that much advantage over the physician.

Here he is found by Griffiths, of the "Monthly Review," and tempted away to cast himself upon the perilous chances of literature. From this moment, with all its troubles and glories, begins that career which ends in "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Traveller," "The Chinese Letters," "The Animated Nature," and an early grave!

Mr. Forster has tracked Goldsmith's literary life so closely, that his biography will cease to be read only when Goldsmith himself ceases to interest the world. He has allied himself indissolubly to the subject. It is not alone that his account of Goldsmith is complete as a record of the memorabilia of his life, but that it searches his character thoroughly, shews him familiarly in all the lights and shadows through which he moved, brings around him, with artistical truth, the Reynoldses, and Burkes, and Hogarths, and Johnsons, amidst whom he wore laurels as proud as their own, and exhibits, with profound and touching earnestness, a picture of the struggles of literature, which extracts from this painful history its sad but most appropriate moral. The whole of the latter part of this biography, with its fine, subtle portraiture, its wise and kindly estimates of wise and kind Goldsmith, and its able vindication of the rights of men of letters, will be read again and again with increased pleasure and admiration.

We will not follow Oliver Goldsmith up Break-neck-stairs, to his obscure lodging in Green Arbour Court, where he first saw Johnson, and entertained him at supper; or to his more commodious rooms in Wine Office Court and the Temple, or his country retreat at Islington. His life in all these places is so interwoven with his daily drudgeries, that it would demand details upon which it is not our purpose to enter. Let us advance upon his career, and see how he is placed after twelve years of incessant labour on the periodicals, and after he has produced his "Vicar of Wakefield," his "Good Nured Man," "The Bee," "The Chinese Letters," and "The Essay on Polite Literature." We find his fortunes not a whit improved, and his nature precisely the same as when he stripped his bed in Dublin, some twenty years before, to give his blankets to a beggar. The world had done nothing for him, and he had done much, that grows more and more as it reaches to new generations, for the world, and nothing for himself.

Mr. Forster's commentary upon Goldsmith's inability to draw practical admonitions from experience is equally just and tolerant. It was the hopeless case of a most hopeful and trusting nature.

"But we, before we too sternly pronounce upon genius sacrificed thus, and opportunities thrown away, let the forty years which have been described in this biography, the thirty of unsettled habit and undetermined pur-

suit, the ten of unremitting drudgery and desolate toil, be calmly retraced and charitably judged. Nor let us omit from that consideration the nature to which he was born, the land in which he was raised, his tender temperament neglected in early youth, the brogue and the blunders which he described as his only inheritance; and when the gains are counted up which we owe to his genius, be it still with admission of its native and irreversible penalties. His generous warmth of heart, his transparent simplicity of spirit, his quick transition from broadest humour to gentlest pathos, and that delightful buoyancy of nature which survived in every depth of misery; who shall undertake to separate them from the thick soil in which they grew, in which impulse reigns predominant over conscience and reflection, where unthinking benevolence yet passes for considerate goodness, and the gravest duties of life are overborne by social pleasure, or sunk in mad excitement. Manful, in spite of all, was Goldsmith's endeavour, and noble its result. He did not again draw back from the struggle in which at last he had engaged; unaided by a helping hand he fought the battle out; and much might yet have been retrieved when death arrived so suddenly. *Few men live at present, properly speaking; but are preparing to live at another time, which may or may not arrive.* The other time was cut from under Goldsmith; and out of such labour as his in the present, few men could have snatched time to live."

The last sentence qualifies the application to Goldsmith of that truth which we have ventured to emphasise, and which in its entirety does not strictly bear upon him. It is doubtful whether he ever thought of that "other time." It is doubtful whether, in the sense of securing some future material good for himself, or weathering the storm, and sailing into a smooth haven at the last, he ever looked forward to such a time. It was the peculiarity of his temperament to live in the present. It was the conflict with the present, not the defeats which mocked the future, that wore him out. And how he lived through that sordid misery, which to such a constitution must have been the worst of evils, it is difficult to understand.

But he did live through it with a wondrous buoyancy. The slightest prosperity lifted him at once out of the depths of gloom and misgivings. This was his Irish nature smiling through tears, and more willing to smile at small successes than to weep at large disappointments. In nothing is this readiness to come out into the sunshine of a little fall of good luck more apparent than in his fantastic indulgence in a ludicrous sort of finery. It grew upon him as his fortunes intermitted between grinding poverty and casual relief. When he first became known in London, this rather clumsy man, not more than five feet and a half in height, of a strong make, with very plain features and a heavy head, used to dress with unbecoming negligence. Johnson, coming to visit him, with Dr. Percy, prepared his toilet with unusual care, assigning as a reason that he understood Dr. Goldsmith was a great sloven, and quoted his practice, and that he was resolved to shew him a better example. How the case was altered when Oliver got into repute, and had now and then gleams of prosperity, may be seen in his tailors' bills, where we find such strange items as a Tyrian bloom satin grain and garter blue silk breeches, a blue velvet suit and crimson collar, a crimson roquelaire, a frock suit half trimmed with gold sprig buttons, and a rich straw-coloured tamboured waistcoat. People who describe this as vanity in Goldsmith, misunderstand him. Mr. Forster goes close to the spring of it in pointing out the resentment with which, even in his youth, he used to retort the jokes that were made upon his person.

"These things may stand for more than quickness of repartee. It is even possible that the secret might be found in them of much that has been virtuously condemned for vanity in Goldsmith. Vanity it may have been; but it sprang from the opposite source to that in which its ordinary forms have birth. Fielding describes a class of men who feed upon their own hearts; who are egotists, he says, the wrong way. It arose, not from overweening self-complacency in supposed advantages, but from what the world had forced him from his earliest youth to feel, intense uneasy consciousness of supposed defects."

And something more besides in the innocent holiday revenges it gave him upon fortune. It was something to come out of his penury into a suit of fine clothes, and enjoy the luxury of a little folly. The finery was really an uneasiness to him in itself, but the masquerade was an enjoyment. It was the playfulness of a child with a new toy,—and Goldsmith was a child to the end.

The simplicity of his nature was shewn in too many things not to be credited in this. It is related of him that when he presented himself for ordination, at the time when he thought of the church, he was rejected because he appeared before the bishop in a pair of scarlet breeches. All this is reconcilable with that want of foresight which led him to contemplate setting up to teach English in Holland, without knowing a word of Dutch; and that story which is told of him by Dr. Farr, to whom he communicated a scheme he had in view of going to decypher the inscriptions on the Written Mountains, though he did not understand a syllable of Arabic.

It was this guilelessness, and thoughtlessness, and innocence of character, which no deceits or injuries could deform into selfishness, or strain into practical sagacity in his dealings with the world—this extraordinary union of wisdom as an observer of mankind, and incapacity to turn his wisdom to advantage on his own account—that made the beauty of his life and kept it pure. And it is remarkable that with feelings so impressionable and impulsive, this easy-natured and most tender of human beings, appears never to have fallen in love. A passing emotion of that sort flitted over him in Dublin, but left no permanent trace. But the truth was that his nature was too diffusive, his affections too comprehensive, to be narrowed to a passion that finally reverts to, and concentrates in self. And his life was unfavourable to its indulgence, and opened few opportunities for its awakening in a heart so shy, and weak in its self-reliance. Looking back upon the struggles of his career, we cannot better sum up the obligations which his labours, and, above all, his genial and stedfast nature have bequeathed to the world than in the following just and eloquent words of his last biographer, to whose excellent book we have referred with imperfect acknowledgment of its great merits.

"Goldsmith had borne what Johnson bore. Of the calamities to which the literary life is subject,

'Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol,'

none had been spared him. But they found him, and left him, gentle; and though the discipline that taught him charity, had little contributed to his social ease, by unfeigned sincerity and unaffected simplicity of heart he diffused every social enjoyment. When his conduct least agreed with his writings, these characteristics failed him not. *What he gained, was the gain of others; what he lost concerned only himself: he suffered, but he never inflicted, pain.*"

EL BUSCAPIE :

THE LONG-LOST WORK OF CERVANTES, RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN
MANUSCRIPT AT CADIZ.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH, WITH NOTES,

BY THOMASINA ROSS.

IN presenting this literary curiosity to the English public it may not be superfluous to offer a few observations explanatory of its nature and origin. Every one acquainted with Spanish literature has regretted the long disappearance and supposed total loss of the "Buscapié," a little work written by Cervantes after the publication of the first part of his "Don Quixote." Whether or not this production ever was submitted to the press by its author is exceedingly doubtful; but, be that as it may, no printed copy of it has been extant for the space of two centuries, and, though manuscript copies were supposed to be hidden among the treasures of the Biblioteca Real in Madrid, or in the unexplored recesses of Simancas, yet the "Buscapié" has always been named by writers on Spanish literature as a thing inaccessible and known only by tradition. Great interest was consequently excited some months ago by the announcement that a manuscript copy of the "Buscapié" had been discovered in Cadiz among a quantity of old books sold by public auction, and previously the property of an advocate named Don Pascual de Gandara, who had resided in the neighbouring town of San Fernando. Some writers have imagined that the "Buscapié" was a sort of key to "Don Quixote," and that in it were indicated, if not named, the persons whom Cervantes is supposed to have satirized in his celebrated romance.* But such is not the fact. The "Buscapié" is a vindication of "Don Quixote" against the unjust critical censure with which that work was assailed on the appearance of its first part, which was published at Madrid in 1605.† In the same year Cervantes wrote the "Buscapié."

The manuscript copy of this little work, recently discovered in Cadiz, is in the scriptory character commonly in use about the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries. On the title-page it is styled:—

"El muy donoso Librillo llamado
Buscapié‡
Donde, demas de su mucho y excelente
Dotrina, van declaradas

* It has been conjectured, though without any satisfactory ground, that Cervantes wrote his *Don Quixote* as a satire upon the Emperor Charles V. and the Duke of Lerma, the favourite of Philip III.

† Encouraged by the hostility of which Cervantes was the object, a writer, under the assumed name of Avellaneda, published, what he termed, a continuation of *Don Quixote*.

‡ The title *Buscapié* seems to have been suggested by one of those quaint conceits common to the Spanish writers of the sixteenth century. The word etymologically considered is a compound of *busca* (seek; from the verb *buscar*, to seek,) and *pie* (foot), and it signifies in the Spanish language a sort of squib, or cracker, which boys and mischievous persons were accustomed to throw down in the streets, and which, rolling about, got between the feet of passers-by. Towards the close of

Todas Aquellas Cosas Escondidas y no
Declaradas en el Ingenioso Hidalgo
Don Quijote de la Mancha
Que compuso
un tal de Cervantes Saavedra.*

Lower down, and in the same hand-writing, are these words :—

“ *Copióse de otra copia el año de 1606 en Madrid 27 de Ebrero año dicho. Para el Señor Agustin de Argota, hijo del muy noble señor (que sancta gloria haya) Gonzalo Zaticco de Molina, un caballero de Sevilla.*” †

Afterwards are written the following words in the Portuguese language, and in characters, the apparent date of which may be assigned to the beginning of the eighteenth century :—

“ *Da Livreria do Senhor Duque de Lafões.*” ‡

How this manuscript found its way to Portugal, and came back to Spain, there is no evidence to shew. It was, however, purchased in Cadiz (at the sale of the books of the Advocate Gandaro) by its present possessor, Don Adolfo de Castro, to whom literature is now indebted for its appearance in a printed form, accompanied by some valuable and interesting bibliographic notes.

The following English version of the “Buscapié” is from the first printed copy of the work that has reached this country. The translator has endeavoured to adhere with all possible fidelity to the spirit and meaning of the original, compressing only some occasional redundancy of expression, and here and there abridging passages which, if literally given, would in our language appear prolix and tedious.

But it is time to introduce the reader to—

EL BUSCAPIE.

In which is related what befel the author when he travelled to Toledo in company with a student whom he accidentally met on the road.

It happened once that, being on my way to Toledo, and having just arrived within a short distance of the Toledana Bridge, I descried advancing towards me a student mounted on a most villanous-looking nag. The poor animal was blind of one eye, and not much better than blind of the other ; neither was he very sound in the legs, if I might judge from the numerous reverences he made as he wearily moved onward. The student gravely saluted me, and I with due courtesy returned his greeting. He spurred his poor nag with the intention of advancing more ex-

the work itself, Cervantes thus explains his reason for selecting the title. “ *I call this little book Buscapié (he says), to show to those who seek the foot with which the ingenious Knight of La Mancha limps, that he does not limp with either, but that he goes firmly and steady on both, to challenge to single combat the grumbling critics, &c.*”

* “The very pleasant little book called Buscapié, in which resides its excellent doctrine, are unfolded all those things which are hidden, and not declared in the History of the ingenious Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by one de Cervantes Saavedra.”

† “This was copied from another copy in the year 1606, in Madrid, 27th of February of the same year, by the Señor Agustin de Argota, son of the most noble Señor (now in glory) Gonzalo Gaticco de Molina, a knight of Seville.”

‡ “From the library of the Duke de Lafões.”

peditionously, but the miserable animal was so worn out by old age and hard usage, that it was piteous even to behold him.

The rider whipped his horse, but the horse, heedless of the blows, shewed no disposition to quicken his pace; turning a deaf ear to all the commands of his master, who, in truth, might as well have shouted down into the depths of the well of Airon, or up to the summit of Mount Cabra.

This contest between horse and rider had proceeded for some time, to my no small diversion, when, at length, the descendant of Babieca,* as though suddenly roused by the severe treatment to which he was subjected, seemed determined not to proceed another foot. In proportion as he was urged to advance, he appeared resolved to stand stock still, or, rather, he shewed more disposition to go backward than forward.

Thereupon the rider flew into a furious rage, and began belabouring the unfortunate horse without mercy, though, as it proved this time, not without effect. Anticipating a smart stroke of the whip, which the upraised arm of his master was preparing to inflict, the animal began to kick and plunge, and after two or three curvets, both horse and rider came to the ground.

I, seeing this mishap, pressed forward my mule, which, by the bye, was anything but light footed. Having reached the spot where the unlucky student lay rolling in the dust, and uttering a torrent of imprecations, I quickly dismounted, saying, "Compose yourself, señor, and let me assist you to rise. These accidents must be expected by persons who journey on the backs of such crazy animals."—"Crazy animals!" said he, "your's appears crazy enough; but I have only to thank the high spirit and mettle of mine for bringing me to this sad strait!" Restraining my laughter as I best could, and with as grave a face as I was able to put on, I helped the fallen horseman to rise, which was no easy matter, for he appeared to be much hurt. Having got him upon his feet, I beheld before me the strangest figure in the world. He was short of stature, and on his shoulders there was a graceful hump, which might be likened to an *estrambote*,† tacked to a sonnet, and which made him bend down his head somewhat lower than probably he wished to do. His legs were curved like two slices of melon, and his feet enjoyed ample room in his shoes, albeit the latter were of dimensions smaller than nature has determined as the ordinary measure of mortal feet.

The student raised his hands to his head, as if to assure himself that his pericranium had sustained no fracture. Feeling the effects of his fall, he turned to me, and, in a faint and languid tone of voice, said, that since I was a doctor (which he must have conjectured from seeing that I rode on a mule),‡ he begged I would tell him of some remedy to cure his aching bones.

I returned for answer, that I was not a doctor, but that even if I were as skilled in the knowledge of medicine as Juan de Villalobos, of the bygone time, or as Nicolas Monardes,§ of the present time, I could

* Babieca was the name of the Cid's favourite horse.

† The old Spanish poets occasionally lengthened their sonnets by affixing to them a few additional lines. The lines so added were called the *estrambote*.

‡ In the time of Cervantes the Spanish doctors used to ride on mules when they went to visit their patients.

§ Villalobos, physician to the Emperor Charles V. was celebrated not only for medical skill, but for literary talent, and he was the author of several valuable contributions to Spanish literature. Among his works is a Spanish translation

prescribe for him no better physic than rest and sleep ; and I added, that as noontide was advancing, the best cure for his aching bones would be to recline for a while beneath the shade of some trees which grew by the road side. There I proposed that we should seek shelter against Apollo's scorching rays, until, less oppressed by heat and weariness, we might each pursue our course.

"It is strange," resumed the student in the same doleful tone in which he had before spoken. "Who could have imagined that by reason of the vicious temper of that unruly beast, the whole body of a bachelor of Salamanca should be thus bruised from head to foot ! Mark me ! I say of Salamanca, and not of Alcala, where none but poor miserable fellows graduate ; but by so doing they lose all the privileges and immunities enjoyed by Spanish hidalgos at Salamanca. Alas ! what a disaster has befallen me. They told me at the inn that I should find this horse restive and unruly. Nevertheless, he is a fine animal. His smooth sleek skin denotes his high breeding. How finely shaped are his limbs, and his hoofs so black and well rounded, and so hollow and dry underneath ! His pasterns are short ; neither too high nor too low ; thereby indicating strength. His fore-legs are sinewy, and his shins short and well formed ; the knees firm, smooth, and large. How full and fleshy are his hind quarters, and how round and expanded his chest. His nostrils are so wide and distended, that one can discern the ruddy tint within them. His mouth is large, and the dilated veins are visible in every part of his fine head."*

Perceiving that my friend the bachelor was preparing to extend still further the catalogue of excellent qualities which were neither possessed by his horse, nor by any of his horse's race, I cut the matter short by saying, very composedly, "Pardon me, señor, if I cannot descry in your horse any of the beauties and merits which are so apparent to you. The limbs which you admire, appear to me very ill formed ; the sleek skin you extol to the skies, is covered with marks and cuts ; and as to his full black eyes, I wish I may lose my own eyes if I see anything in them but the overflowing of the vicious humours inherent in the nature of this miserable beast."

To these remarks, which were taken in no ill part, my interlocutor rejoined with an air of doubt and misgiving,—“Well, probably it may be as you say, señor, and not as I have fancied ; but still you must admit, that though I may be under a mistake, I have advanced nothing at variance with reason ; and if I think I perceive what you cannot discern, my error may be occasioned by short-sightedness, a complaint from which I have suffered from childhood, and which, being increased

of the “Amphytrion” of Plautus. Nicolas Monardes, who was a contemporary of Cervantes, wrote many valuable works on medicine and natural history, some of which have been translated into the principal European languages.

* The delusion of the student, in respect to the merits of his horse, would seem intended to have some reference to the hallucinations and mistakes of the Knight of La Mancha. It may be mentioned, that minute descriptions of animals, such as that given above, are of frequent occurrence in the works of the Spanish writers, especially the poets. Lope de Vega, in one of his comedies, describes in detail a fish caught in the net of a fisherman on the bank of the Guadalquivir. Another beautiful specimen of this kind of animal painting is given by Antonio Mira Amescua, in his “*Acteon i Diana*.” The subject is a pack of hounds, weary with the chase. Villaviciosa, in his “*Mosquea*,” pours forth with eloquent poetic colouring the death of a fly ; and there is a celebrated description of a horse by Pablo de Cespedes.

by much reading and no little writing, now afflicts me severely. You must know, señor, that on my departure from the inn, I had with me a very handsome pair of spectacles, but this mischievous animal, instigated, no doubt, by some demon that possesses him, made five or six capers (I will not be certain about the precise number), but by one of them I was thrown into the river, from whence I escaped with a good ducking and the lose of my spectacles."

So saying, the poor fellow heaved a sigh, which seemed to come from his inmost soul; then, after a brief pause, he said,—“But without further delay, let us withdraw from this burning sunshine, to the cool shade of those broad spreading trees. There I may at least find a truce to the miseries which have this day beset me. We will tie the horse and mule to the trunks of the trees, and let them for a while feast on the grass which, in these parts, affords plentiful pasture for flocks and herds."

“Be it so,” said I, “and since fate ordains that I am to have the happiness of enjoying your company, here we will tarry until the ardour of Phœbus shall be tempered by the cool breezes of the coming evening.”

“I have,” pursued the bachelor, “brought with me a couple of books wherewith to divert the weary hours of travelling. Both of them contain pleasant entertainment. The one consists of spiritual poetry better than that of Cepeda.* The other is a book of plain prose; and is written with no great judgment or skill.”

Having reached the umbrageous spot, where we proposed to rest, we tied up the horse and mule, and seated ourselves on our mother-earth. My companion then opened a leathern bag, which contained the books he had spoken of. The first he drew forth had for its title *Versos espirituales para le conversion del pecador y para el menosprecio del mundo.* †

“This is very sweet poetry,” observed I, “and it is imbued with a truly Christian spirit. I knew the author of this book—he was a friar of the order of Santo Domingo de Predicadores, at Hueta, and his name was Pedro de Ezinas. He was a man of genius and much knowledge, as is shewn in this little work, and in many of his other writings, which are circulated in manuscript, and are much esteemed by the learned.”

“Nevertheless,” said the bachelor, “if I may candidly give my opinion, there is one thing which much offends me in this book. I dislike to see the graceful and pious language befitting to the Christian muse, mingled with the profane phraseology of heathenism. Who can be otherwise than displeased to find the names of God, of the Holy Virgin, and of the Prophets, in conjunction with those of Apollo and Daphne, Pan and Syrinx, Jupiter and Europa, Vulcan, Cupid, Venus and Mars?” He next proceeded to tell me that Father Ezinas, the author of the *Versos espirituales*, was himself very fastidious about matters much less objectionable; and he related how annoyed he was, whilst performing mass, by an old woman, who, whenever the Padre repeated the words *Dominus vobiscum*, devoutly muttered in a croaking voice, *Alabado sea Dios.* ‡ Father Ezinas bore with this patiently, during several days, but at length finding that the venerable Celestina persisted in her devout con-

* Cervantes here alludes to a little work entitled: “*Conserva Espiritual*,” by Joaquin Romero de Cepeda.

† “Spiritual verses for the conversion of the Sinner, and for shewing the worthlessness of the world.”

‡ “Praised be God.”

tumacy, he turned to her angrily, saying :—‘ Truly, my good woman, you have spent your long life to little purpose, since you know not how to respond to a *Dominus vobiscum*, except by an *Alabada sea Dios*. Now do recollect that though these are very good and very holy words, yet they are unsuitable where you apply them.’”

“ You are quite right, friend bachelor, in your remarks on the *Versos espirituales* of Ezinas. The fault you have pointed out is very objectionable; but with the exception of that fault, the work is one of the best ever written in Castilian verse, and for elevation of style, it may fairly compete with the most esteemed writings of the poets of Italy.”

“ Well,” resumed the bachelor, “ greatly as you admire the verses of Ezinas, I must confess that they are not so pleasing to me, nor do they sound so harmoniously to my ear, as those of an Aragonian writer, named Alonzo de la Sierra. The latter is a most admirable poet, and his verses seem as if dictated by Apollo and the Nine. But,” pursued he, closing the volume of Ezinas, and drawing forth the other book from his leathern bag,—“ here now is a word which, in my judgment, is not worth two *ardites*.* It is full of fooleries and absurdities;—a tissue of extravagant improbabilities :—in short, one of those works which have an injurious effect on the public taste.” So saying, he turned over a few leaves of the book, and I, glancing my eye upon it, spied on one of the pages, the words :—*el ingenioso hidalgo*. For a moment I felt astounded, and like one, who, by a sudden surprise, is deprived of the power of utterance; but, soon recovering my presence of mind, I said :—

“ Pardon me, Señor, this book which you declare to be full of absurdity and nonsense, is really very diverting; and instead of being injurious in its tendency, it is perfectly harmless. It is a pleasant relation of some very amusing adventures, and its author deserves to be commended, for having hit upon such a device for banishing from the republic of letters, the absurd books of knight-errantry, with their affected sentiment and bombastic phraseology. Moreover, the author of this book is bowed down by misfortunes more than by years; and though he looks forward with hope to the reward that may possibly hereafter crown his labours, yet he is nevertheless disheartened to see the world so pleased with folly and falsehood, and to witness the annoyances and hindrances thrown in the way of talent. In courts and in palaces, and among the great and the high born, it has become the fashion to disesteem men who follow the noble profession of letters; and no arguments that can be advanced against this misjudgment, are strong enough to remove it. The consequence is, that when by chance an author of talent gains any influence by his writings, he is speedily cried down, and his life becomes a course of vexation and disappointment.”

“ Every one,” said the bachelor, “ does not regard books of chivalry as fictions and impostures, and their authors as the inventors of falsehoods and fooleries. Such books, though not approved by sages, are nevertheless admired and accredited by the mass of people. There are even men of wisdom and good understanding who put faith in the reality of the valorous achievements of the knights-errant, who sallied from their homes in quest of adventures; each devoutly repeating the name of the lady of his thoughts, and invoking her succour in the perils he was about to encounter,—perils voluntarily sought by men who could not behold a grievance without endeavouring to redress it, or a wrong

* The *ardite* is a small Spanish coin, of about the value of a farthing.

without attempting to right it. Would to heaven! (and these words he uttered with a sorrowful look,) that I could meet with some knight-errant who would undertake to right my wrong,—I mean my hump, which is a grievance I should like to see redressed. But for that, and these unshapely limbs, my shortness of stature, a superfluous length of nose, a peculiar stare in my eyes, and too great an expansion of mouth,—but for these trifles, I should be one of the most gallant-looking gentlemen in the world: none would be more admired by the ladies, or more envied by the men. My mother has often told me that when I was a little child I was the living likeness of my father. He was a brave soldier in the army of the invincible emperor. He served in the war in Flanders, where he fought in all the hottest battles and skirmishes. It happened one day that Captain Luis Quijada, who held a command in the Lombardy forces, perceiving my father partly concealed behind a tree, thought he was a spy, and ordered him to be seized. But my father excused himself, saying that he was watching the movements of the enemy's infantry, for he had learned from a wounded Flemish soldier (one of the heretics), that the enemy proposed, after a feigned retreat, to make a sudden assault on our camp at its weakest point. With this, and on the intercession of some soldiers, who knew my father to be a man of honour, Captain Luis Quijada pardoned him, on condition that at daybreak—

"Stay—stay! Señor Licentiate," said I, "whither are you straying? You were speaking of the ingenious hidalgo, Don Quijote de la Mancha, and, after fluttering like a butterfly from flower to flower, you have wandered to the heroic deeds of your father in the Flanders war. Between the one subject and the other there is as much affinity as that existing between Mingo Rebulgo and Calaynos."*

To this the bachelor replied,—“Such as I am, God has made me. Aristotle, you know, condemns taciturn people, and the old proverb says:—‘against the silent man be on your guard.’ Therefore I think it better to be talkative than taciturn.”

“But, Señor,” I resumed, “if you will do me the favour to listen (this I said, observing his loquacious disposition,) I would remind you of another of our old Spanish proverbs, which is *al buen callar llaman sago*.† And there is another old saying, *que dice el pandero no es todo vero*.‡

* Mingo Rebulgo is an old Spanish eclogue written to satirise the court of King John II. Its supposed author is Rodrigo de Cota, who flourished in the commencement of the fifteenth century. It is written in couplets, and is entitled “*Las coplas de Mingo Rebulgo*.” The romance of the Moor Calaynos is one of the oldest compositions of its class, and is supposed to have been written in the fourteenth century. It is also in *coplas*, or couplets. In the course of time, and when the forms of Spanish poetry began to improve, the old fashioned commonplace language of the romance of Calaynos began to appear vulgar and trivial, and it gave birth to the proverb, “*este no vale las coplas de Calaynos*.” (This is not worth the couplets of Calaynos.) A saying which is employed to mark great depreciation of any object. In alluding to the little affinity between Mingo Rebulgo and Calaynos, Cervantes means to draw a very broad contrast between two things not merely dissimilar, but differing very much in worth.

† Signifying that it is wise to know when to hold one's tongue. *Sabio*, and not *sago*, is the Spanish word meaning *wise*. But, in the proverb above quoted, *sago* is supposed to be a corruption of *Sancho*, and it is conjectured that in its original form the saying was ‘*al buen callar llaman Sancho* :’ which, literally construed, means, “he who knows when to be silent is called Sancho :” probably in allusion to King Don Sancho of Navarre, surnamed the Wise.

‡ “The talk of the prattler is not all truth.”

"Right," answered the bachelor, "and no doubt you have heard the proverb *adando gana la aceña que no estandose queda*.* Therefore, sir, with your good leave, I will relate to you how my father came to be made a captain."

"It happened one day during a violent onset with the Flemish troops, that he was going about the camp, seeking a convenient place wherein he might take refuge (this, you must know, was before I was born or even begotten), for he thought it would be well to preserve himself for greater deeds. Therefore, he was looking about for a place of safety, where, alike unobserved by the troops of the Spanish camp and by those of the League, he might save his life and person, as I have said, for greater things."

"Rather say for smaller things," interrupted I, "since he saved himself to become your father. Surely there is not in the whole world another man so little as yourself! Now, seeing that you are so very little, and that your father saved himself to beget you, how can it be said that he saved himself for greater things?"

To this my companion replied, that though he knew himself to be very little, yet that he was not so diminutive as some persons affected to think him.

"But," added he, pursuing his story, "you must know that my father was going about the camp in the way I have described, and seeing that the two wings of the Imperial army were hotly engaged with the enemy, he felt impelled to lay his hand on his sword; a trusty weapon which, though it had been unsheathed, and had seen daylight on several occasions of urgent necessity, yet, on all those occasions, it had modestly shrunk back into the scabbard unstained with hostile blood. To tell all my father's valorous deeds in the battle, would be a long and tedious tale; but the sum of his prowess is well known to fame in my native place, Villar del Olmo, and its environs. Laden with upwards of thirty heads of the heretics whom he had slain, he presented himself, after the victory, to the illustrious emperor, who was, at that moment, engaged in dictating to his *maestre de campo*, Alonzo Vivas, the three notable words of Julius Cæsar, which he repeated in Spanish, altering the third, as became a Christian prince, in this wise,—'*Vine, vi y Dios vincio*.' The emperor, elated with his victory, and thinking it a fitting time to distribute rewards, conferred on my father the rank of captain. And though there were not wanting malicious tongues to declare that my father had cut off the heads of dead bodies, as they lay on the field of battle, yet nevertheless he was made a captain, in spite of the murmurs of envious slanderers, who are at all times ready to disturb the peace of the community; and, in truth, whether my father's merits were great or small, he did not think it advisable to make them a matter of dispute."

"Now," said I, "since you have at length brought your story to an end, we will again turn to this book, called 'Don Quijote.' You say it is full of absurdities and nonsense, but I do assure you that some who have read it, pronounce it to be as entertaining as any work ever written in Spain, and they affirm that it is full of humour and truth. True, it is sailing with no very fair wind over the stormy ocean of criticism; which is only one of the many misfortunes that assail its author; but this tardiness of the learned to approve this work, may possibly redound to its future fame and glory."

* "The mill gains in going what it loses in standing still."

ARCHDUKE STEPHEN, PALATINE OF HUNGARY.

THE present Palatine of Hungary, Archduke Stephen, was unanimously chosen by the grateful Hungarians to succeed his father, the Archduke Charles, for whom they entertained the greatest respect.

The Palatine is not more than thirty years of age; he inherits the courage, as well as the energy, of his father, certainly two of the most essential qualities in the government of a warlike people. His education has admirably adapted him for his exalted position; he was brought up with the young nobles of his own rank, and has acquired, from the intellectual equality which youth ever establishes at school, that confidence in himself which is totally free from presumption, and which may be considered one of the chief advantages of public education. His character is rather of a grave cast; this may probably be natural to him, or may have been produced by his anxiety about the fate of the country over which he rules, so closely united as it is to his own. No man, however, is worthy of governing a people who does not feel the responsibility he has undertaken, and who does not duly estimate the awful power which is placed in his hands of doing either much good or evil. All great Kings, except, perhaps, Henry IV. of France, who was somewhat the soldier of fortune, were, or have become, thoughtful amidst the cares of a throne. The conversation of the young Archduke soon turns upon affairs of importance; he speaks five or six languages with the extraordinary facility of the Hungarian, besides Latin, not long ago the official language of the country, and the numerous dialects of the several races of people under his dominion. He is continually seeking to extend his information, which is very various; he eagerly questions foreigners about their own country, and endeavours, as far as possible, to elicit their opinion about Hungary: he seems impatient to introduce at once all the improvements which he hears mentioned. Formerly, a prince was only required to be a good general, but, in the present day, he must be something more; he must be a good orator, a good statesman, and a good legislator and economist. The mind may probably lose somewhat of its firmness by being diverted into so many channels; empire is acquired and maintained by qualities very different from those which would gain academical honours. Amongst a warlike people, who remember the time when their supreme diets were held on horseback in the plains of Rakos, astonishing feats of the body are highly extolled, and in these achievements the young Palatine is by no means behind his companions. Our fathers considered a certain skill in horsemanship and other manly exercises as a graceful finish to a gentleman's education, but these accomplishments have long since been deemed unimportant; and, when we hear of the extraordinary feats of some bold cavalier or hardy hunter in the present day, we are rather in the habit of thinking that his prowess has been purchased at the expense of the cultivation of his mind.

In Hungary as much care is taken to develop the bodily strength as the mental faculties; both are equally disciplined. Vesselény, the great political agitator in Hungary, owed his popularity quite as much to his prodigious strength as to his eloquence. One day, when disputing some point, he found himself completely overcome by the argu-

ments of his opponent ; and, in order that the question might be settled without further delay, he hurled the table which had served him as a rostrum at the orator, and quickly caused him to disappear, amidst the universal applause of the assembly. When the celebrated Szécheny, who was the best swimmer in Hungary, was to cross the wide and rushing Danube at Pesth, there were always as many persons on the quays to witness this astonishing feat as there were in the tribune to listen to him when he delivered those energetic speeches which brought on the revolutionary movement in Hungary. But the same observation may be made with regard to Greece and Rome ; both produced the finest statesmen and orators, as well as the most skilful charioteers, and men who excelled in the public games.

All the exercises which give strength, suppleness, and address to the body, and at the same time increase the energy of the mind, formed part of the young Palatine's education. At the age when we scarcely dream of putting our children upon a wooden horse, the Prince mounted a little Jongre, a race of horses peculiar to the country, and followed his father in all his great hunts at full speed. The horse,—and the clever and graceful management of the noble animal is a favourite passion among the Hungarians ; they seem as if they had been born on horseback, so naturally and easily do they ride. Before they are fifteen, they go into the vast *pustary* (the pastures are so called which lie between the Danube and the Theiss), and choose the horse which most pleases their fancy ; from this time they are upon an average five or six hours a-day on horseback, either hunting, travelling, or practising in the riding-school. Europe acknowledges the unrivalled superiority of the Hungarians in this exercise, by giving the name of *huzar* (Hungarian for horseman) to their finest regiment of horse soldiers. The national weapon is a curved sword ; thus armed, the *huzars* go through a succession of rapid evolutions and sudden charges, and are able to halt in a moment with the greatest precision, and in the most perfect order. The *huzar* is, in short, the national type of the Hungarian of all classes ; there is not a peasant who will not gladly quit his home to enlist in a regiment of *huzars*. Even in the midst of a village *fête*, if the sound of the drum is heard for the muster of recruits, a number of young men will immediately flock to the spot, and can be very readily induced to sign the engagement ; their sweet-hearts are among the first to persuade them to enrol their names.

Archduke Stephen passed his youth in that vigorous and united discipline of the mind and body which makes a man worthy to be so called. At two-and-twenty, when he was tolerably initiated in state affairs, and prepared under the watchful eye of his father for his future position, the Austrian government suddenly urged the necessity of his taking up his residence at Prague, as Viceroy of Bohemia. Perhaps they already began to appreciate his talents, or perceived the dangers of a separation which this *quasi* royalty continued for more than half a century in the younger branch of the reigning family, might possibly at length produce. The young Archduke appeared to accept this brilliant position which might have thoroughly satisfied the ambition of one less devoted to his country more from obedience than pleasure. He dreaded to lose, in this new field of action, the affection and popularity he had hitherto been so successful in gaining. The administration of the Archduke Stephen was as enlightened as that of his father, and as paternal as that of the Emperor Francis. In a very

little while he succeeded in gaining three most important things, the love of the people, the confidence of the cabinet of Vienna, and the respect of that proud and ancient nobility of Bohemia, who have not forgotten that their forefathers were once the equals of the German Emperors. Under his prudent and liberal administration, everything appeared to be restored to life and order, and Bohemia soon rose to a degree of prosperity which it had never known since its re-union.

About this time the Emperor Nicholas became anxious that a marriage should take place between his daughter, the Princess Olga, and the young Archduke. This he desired, not merely in a political point of view, that he might, through his connection with Prince Stephen extend his influence to the very heart of the Austrian empire; but the tenderest feelings of a father had prompted him to make this choice. The Emperor had seen enough of the young Archduke at Vienna to appreciate his worth, and to perceive that no one was more calculated to assure the happiness of the dearest of his daughters. His advances were, however, discouraged; but in declining the match the Prince required all his judgment and self control, for the beauty of the Princess equalled the brilliancy of the alliance. The Archduke was scarcely five-and-twenty, and at this age it is commonly more easy for a man to sacrifice his life for his country than to renounce his passion. He, however, resolutely fulfilled this duty, upon the performance of which depended the safety and interests of the monarchy. The Princess Olga was afterwards united to the royal family of Wurtemberg.

The judicious government of the Archduke in Bohemia, and its immense popularity, at once pointed him out as the most fitting successor of his father. The Austrian cabinet therefore joined themselves to this general motion, which they would have been utterly unable to suppress. Prince Stephen was elected Palatine at the end of last year (November 1847), with the unanimous approbation of the Diet: only fifty years before his father had been similarly chosen, and the nomination of the new Palatine forcibly brought to mind that glorious succession. When birth is united to the highest qualities of the heart and head, to that firmness of character and intelligence which marks out a man as adapted for command and the exercise of influence, it furnishes him with a power which not even genius can bestow. Thus the youth, rank, and personal merits of the young Palatine are the gifts with which heaven has crowned him, for the accomplishment of the great work which is yet before him. The revolution which occurred in Vienna last March, while it precipitated a similar movement in Hungary and rendered certain the independence of that country, served only to heighten the popularity of the Archduke. But the second revolution, which has just taken place in Vienna, may cause a sudden change in the feelings of the Hungarians; it is the government of Vienna which they support with impatience, not the authority of the Emperor. The safety of the Austrian monarchy is more threatened than it was in the time of Maria Theresa, but who knows whether this excitable and generous people may not again rescue it? Amidst all our conjectures, however, social order still remains to be restored to Hungary; the revolution of last March has at present only convulsed the country, and served to disclose the necessity of fresh reforms.

HOW I GOT AWAY FROM PARIS AFTER THE REBELLION IN JUNE.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

"IF you please, sir, you cannot have your passport, unless you go yourself to the Prefecture of Police."

This was the speech of the *commissionnaire* of the Hotel de la Michodiére, in the street of that ilk, off the Boulevard des Italiens, on his return from an expedition to the prefecture. I had been in Paris for one of our newspapers from the 26th of June last,—the Tuesday after the terrible 24th,—and this was the Friday following. All my mission was fulfilled, and there was little inducement to remain an hour longer than was necessary. The city was in a state of siege; every place of amusement was closed; people were shot dead at noon-day in the public streets, from courts and windows; and the eye was as wearied with the constant view of soldiers, National Guards, Mobiles, Marines, and insurgent prisoners, as the ear was with the ceaseless riot of *rappels*, *générales*, *rétraites*, and all those other infernal performances upon the drums which the French are so particularly attached to.

"Very well," I replied; "then I will go myself to-morrow morning, so that I can get off by the twelve o'clock train to Boulogne."

"You must go early, sir," said the man, "for there is a large crowd of *ouvriers* waiting to have their passports signed. The bureau opens at ten."

The next morning I got up at eight, and reached the Quai des Orfèvres about nine, when I was stopped by the bayonet of a *Garde Mobile*, at the end of the little street which goes down to the gate of the prefecture, and told I could not pass without a permission from—some one or other—I forget who, for I had never heard the name. Just then the *cordon* of guards divided, to allow a cart-load of prisoners to enter the court-yard. Some workmen pushed after, and I was carried through with them, up to the gates.

The scene was certainly very striking. The court was filled with troops, who appeared to have bivouacked in it during the night, and arms piled up all about. All was clatter and motion—ordering, joking, and that confused, simultaneous, ultra-energetic, angry talking, which any party of Frenchmen, more than three in number, are certain to get up. Heavily-armed cavalry rode in and out with despatches, knocking down the stands of guns, treading on the soldier's toes, or breasting their way through the ranks. Every ten minutes fresh hauls of prisoners were brought up,—caught in the precincts of Belleville or the cellars of the Faubourg St. Antoine,—scowling, ill-looking hounds, and very like what some of the dirty foreigners who haunt the cheap hells and cook-shops about Leicester Square would be in caps and blouses. These were conveyed in omnibuses, vans, carts, hack carriages, and, indeed, any vehicles coming first to hand, which, having disgorged them into the crowded vaults of the Conciergerie, were driven out again, amidst renewed jostling, cheering, and swearing.

At the door of the passport-office was a mob of two or three hundred persons, late artisans of the *Ateliers Nationaux*, waiting their turn to go in, two and two, as they would have done at a theatre. The loud

manner in which they shouted "*A la queue!*" and drove anybody to the end of their ranks who tried to get before them, was almost ferocious. Now and then a respectable individual or two, ushered in by a permission, provoked renewed displeasure.

"*Viola!*" they shouted; "the paletots are allowed to pass, whilst the blouses are kept waiting. Read the motto up there; '*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!*' *A la queue les paletots!*"

There was something absolutely frightful in their glaring eyes and flushed faces, as they uttered these republican sentiments. Their voices sounded as harshly as the falling knife of the guillotine. The phrase had very nearly the same meaning as "*A la lanterne les aristocrates!*"

An hour was passed in this unsavoury company, and I began to think the chance of the noon train was lost, when a bustling little man came out to examine the papers, and seeing me with an English passport, said I could go in at once, which I was glad enough to do, although it provoked volleys of abuse from the *ouvriers*. The same pompous old gentleman, whom we used to worry in my student days, sat at the end of the *salle*. I do not think he had ever moved since. The same mouldy men stamped and scribbled on the papers, and looked savage; the same polite clerk who speaks English for the benefit of our countrymen in the "Quartier St. Honoré" hotels, was at his post. Amidst the *bouleversement* of the revolution, which had upset thrones and changed constitutions, they had all kept their places. At the same time, the office is gloomy and secluded enough to prevent any external excitement from reaching its dingy penetralia.

The conversation that took place over the ledge of the Bureau des Passeports Etrangers, was as brief as it was disagreeable.

"I wish this passport signed for England, if you please, as soon as convenient; for I want to leave Paris by the twelve o'clock train, for Amiens."

"You cannot go, sir. The passport must remain here one day. In the present state of affairs the Prefect of Police has ordered this."

"Must I stop till to-morrow, then?"

"To-morrow is Sunday, and the *bureau* is shut. You cannot have your passport until Monday."

I am not naturally of a bloodthirsty disposition. I do not suppose I shall ever be hung for murder; if I am, it will either be by mistake, or for having sought some excusable or inevitable vengeance. But I do believe that, at that moment, if a fiend had whispered to me that all the catacombs and *carrières* of Paris were filled with gunpowder, and that having lighted a very slow match, I might have retired to Montmartre to watch the effects, and seen Cavaignac, Lamartine, Emile de Girardin, Hyacinthe Martin, Lamoricière, and all the other notabilities, make "an ascent with fireworks"—if this had been held out, I repeat, I do believe I should have wavered in rejecting the offer. It was beyond an annoyance. I was most anxious to get back to London. I had executed all my commissions, paid my hotel bill, to save time, and packed up all my things. I had two pressing engagements at Boulogne; one to a party to the Vallée du Nacre for the next day, and the other on the pier—no matter what about—on Monday, at noon; and the chances were that even at that very hour I might still be in Paris.

I have been out of temper several times in my life. I have been

bottled between two people I disliked at a heavy dinner; or thrown over by some girl for the first polka after supper, at a ball. I have had a play very nearly damned. I have missed trains by half a minute; and been obliged to accompany slow country friends to witness Mr. Such-a-one in *Hamlet*, when I might have had a stall to hear Grisi in *Norma* and Alboni in the scene from *Belly*. But I never recollect being so savage as upon this particular occasion. However, there was no help for it. If I had grumbled, I should possibly have been suspected of disaffection to the government, and arrested; if I had set the passport authorities at defiance perhaps I might have been shot. I knew that the passport of an English gentleman residing at Paris had been kept back because he had been 'denounced' as having been seen on the wrong side of a barricade; and I began to think I might be detained also upon some similar anonymous accusation. I went moodily back to the hôtel, and got through the day by wandering about the Faubourg St. Antoine, and making some rude sketches of the principal objects of demolition, and heaps of chalk and rubbish that had been houses a week ago, quite rejoiced when it became dark enough to go plausibly to bed, and sleep as well as the wearing noise of the drums permitted one to do.

The next day was Sunday. I was awakened by the drums, hard at it again, coupled with the early practising of a large-bearded pianiste, who did nothing from daybreak to sunset but rumble up and down his keys, in a room looking into the steep deep quadrangle of the hôtel. It is bad enough, at any time, to hear a wild professor bang and scramble and scamper through an "Op." when the same application might have made him do something entertaining with cups and balls, or knives, plates, and tobacco-pipes; but here the hammering was perfectly intolerable, and drove me out once more to find distraction in the streets.

The entire city presented a sad aspect, compared with its usual Sunday appearance. There were few holiday-makers about. No trim grisettes picking their way across the gutters at the expense of showing their neat *chaussure*; no parties going outside the barriers on pleasure-excursions; nothing but soldiers, under which generic name I put all who appeared in arms. Soldiers in the streets and passages; soldiers in all the restaurateurs, cafés, and estaminets; soldiers in the shops and cabriolets; on the diligences, church-towers, and porticos. They swarmed on the Boulevards; they poured in ever-flowing legions down the Champs Elysées; they choked up the gardens of the Palais Royal (which will always be called so, let them insist upon christening it "National" as much as they please), and lined the quays, bridges, and terraces with their battalions. That day the number of soldiers in Paris was three hundred thousand!

Perhaps nothing looked so forlorn as those portions of the walls on which the amusements are *affichés* all together. The bills of the theatres were still up, but they all bore the date of the Friday on which the *émeute* commenced. Strange changes had taken place since that night. The Theatre Historique of M. Dumas was now an *ambulance*, for the wounded; and all the actresses of the Gaieté were nursing the Garde Mobile. Real soldiers and cavalry bivouacked on the stage hitherto appropriated to sham encounters; and the mortars which sent the gerbes and shells flying to explode in the air, on fête nights at the Chateau Rouge, had been planted on the barricades to fire bullets, nails, broken glass, and pebbles, against the troops.

In the Champs Elysées some of the wandering *marchands* had pitched their stalls, in the hope of re-establishing a little of the small commerce that supported them. But they found few customers. The plaster images revolved gravely round and round, to be shot at, "*quatre coups pour un sou*," but remained unbroken; the "*grand débit des macarons*" could not attract any one to fire the spring wooden cannon for the cakes displayed; and the little beer and lemonade tent inscribed "*Au Petit Repos*," in spite of its stools and tables in the shade of the trees, did not entice the passers by. They were too restless and excited to think of repose. The revolving swings, and see-saws, nearly opposite the site of the Prasin tragedy, were also deserted; and nothing but the wind wandered about the empty amphitheatre of Franconi's Cirque National.

The only place of amusement open was the Hippodrome, beyond the Arc de l'Etoile. Picture a large open-air arena, with grass in the centre, and seats for many thousand people round it, protected by a continuous Moorish pavilion from sun or rain. A splendid military band occupies a raised orchestra at the side. At one end is the entrance, well built in the Alhambra style; at the other two large curtains withdrawn when the horses enter. Gay streamers float from a dozen gilded masts; waving trees throw their shadows on the circus; and everywhere the details are carried out with that attention to producing a perfect *ensemble* which characterises all the French amusements. The entire area is, I should conceive, equal to that of Vauxhall Gardens.

As I entered, twenty young ladies, attired, or rather unattired, à la Godiva in the Coventry procession, were riding *en cavalier* on as many horses, in a scene called *La Course Phrygienne*, and performing the usual evolutions of circus cavalry. They all wore the republican head-dress, in compliment to the position of affairs. There was no programme of the entertainments, for none of the other spectacles being open, the newspapers had given no place to them; and, as it was, several of the journals still appeared only in half sheets, these being entirely filled with anecdotes and details of the revolution. The attendance, too, was very limited. As everywhere else, soldiers formed the greater proportion of the assemblage; what few civilians were present were mostly in mourning. Nothing showed the melancholy state of Paris so clearly as this Hippodrome. Here was a lovely day, and that day Sunday; not a single amusement of any other kind open to the public; the most favourite promenades occupied by troops or entirely closed; and yet so unsettled and altogether upset were the Parisians, that a sufficient number could not be found to fill even two rows of the amphitheatre. Of much greater interest to them was the never-ending stream of cavalry and infantry that kept flowing from Neuilly into Paris, by the Barrière de l'Etoile.

At the aforesaid barrier, the most rigorous examination of every parcel or basket was insisted on by the guard. A light inspection is always made, to see that the *octroi*, or entrance-duty, is not being evaded; but now the search extended to, apparently, a ridiculous degree. Umbrellas, melons, and images were all suspected; cartridges being the articles looked after.

On my way back, to get rid of a little more heavy time, I turned into the Jardin d'Hiver, a vast conservatory capable of covering lofty tropical trees; and diversified by thickets, small grassy glades, water

falls, and rock-work, all enclosed with glass—a realization of the wildest notions of fairy-land, and the wondrous palaces of the Arabian Nights. There were not more than a dozen visitors about the walks and terraces, and of these two-thirds were in military attire. The adjoining beautiful Château des Fleurs was also closed; so was the glittering Bal Mabille. It was wonderful to think what the ever pleasure-seeking population would do with themselves that evening.

Next to all this the most depressing spectacles were the "trees of liberty" which the *ouvriers* had planted, and bawled round, and got tipsy about, in the early days of the Republic. No such melancholy exhibitions can be readily imagined. They are mostly lanky, leafless poplars, stuck up in all sorts of inconvenient places, chiefly wherever the aspect of a fine area could be spoiled, and hung round with every kind of cheap trashy decoration, in the way of rags of tricoloured cloth, *immortelles*, and dead garlands. Their festive look on the first few days of their establishment, and miserable ragged appearance so soon after, may be considered an apt satire on the liberty of "*notre jeune et belle république*," as they call the present wretched condition of France.

The day would not get on. I was too tired to walk about any more, and there was nothing to amuse me if I sat down. It was "slow" enough to go back to the hotel and look into a court-yard like a well; whilst abroad, the drums and clank of arms, the screaming of the newspaper boys, and eternal humming of "*mourir pour la patrie*," almost drove me mad. I had formed the resolution, at one time, of setting the authorities at defiance, and leaving for Amiens by the mail-train that night, when I saw a comfortless paragraph in one of the journals, to the effect that too much praise could not be given to the National Guards of the *banlieu*, for their indefatigable exertions in arresting all travellers whose papers were not absolutely *en règle*. This was of course a settler. I tried to make my dinner last as long as I could, but I was out of temper, and not hungry. Then I went to Galignani's, and read the English papers, and thought what a glorious thing it must be to be in London, and go where you pleased, without being shot. After that I sat on the Boulevards, and had some coffee with a *Garde Mobile*, who gave me his *bouchon de fusil*, a sort of cork to fit in the muzzle of the gun, with a gilt head of Liberty (!) on it. Still it was too early to go to bed, so I strolled on to the Café de la Rotonde, in the Palais Royal, and had some more coffee, poured out by the waiter with the deep voice, who looks as if the power of his lungs were forcing his eyes out of his head. After that I repeated the pastime at the Estaminet Hollandais, until the accumulation of *demi-tasses* when, at length, bedtime did come, kept me staring and wide awake until three in the morning. And everybody knows how wretched it is, if you are but even lightly annoyed, to lie awake in the night and brood upon it.

I was up again at seven o'clock, and on my way to the prefecture, in a drizzling rain. It presented the same appearance as on Saturday, with the exception that the *queue* was already longer, and there did not appear much chance of getting in before mid-day, if I waited where I was placed. So I went up to a reasonable-looking National Guard, and making a grand bow, asked him to be so good as to conduct me to the English *bureau*, as I was to meet the chief clerk there at ten o'clock, upon business that would be dispatched in one instant, but about which it was not necessary for me to be kept waiting.

"Ah," he said, "it is M. Georges you want, is it not?"

I took a wild shot, and replied that it was, albeit I knew as much about M. Georges as the Emperor of China. The guard asked me for my ticket, which had been given me in exchange for my passport, and then, to my great surprise and joy, passed me through the gate to the very door of the passport office. I slipped by a crowd of persons in waiting and went in, sitting down at the end until my name was called out in its turn.

"*Albare Smiss!*" cried the officer, being as near an approach as he could make to it. I caught the flimsy document very joyfully: and first being sent to the prefect, who scribbled an unintelligible name on it, and then passed on to an *employé*, who set a red post-mark-looking stamp below, I found I was permitted to depart.

How everything changed in appearance now I was at liberty—escaped from the prefecture without being shot, guillotined, or imprisoned in the Conciergerie—I cannot tell why, save from the feeling of indefinite arrest that the French police inspires you with. How lively and bustling the court-yard looked with its troops and glittering arms; how picturesque were the bivouacs in the Palais Royal; how romantic and pretty was a real *vivandière* marching after the drums at the head of the battalion! But I had not much time to loiter. I ran back to the Hotel Michodière, rammed my things into my carpet-bag with my foot—which I hold to be the best way of packing that peculiar article of luggage—and got to the terminus of the Amiens and Boulogne Railway at seven minutes to twelve.

All that confusion and gabbling which characterizes every French movement was in full swing; and I was hustled about, taking my ticket and registering my luggage—which you are obliged to do very carefully, and then leave it with the authorities—until I contrived to get on to the platform as the bell was ringing for the train to start. I felt for my pocket-book to put my tickets in; when, to my horror, I found that somewhere between the cab and the pay-place I had lost it, and my passport at the same time!

There was no time to run back. I had paid my fare; my luggage was in the van, and all the doors were being finally slammed to. The platform bristled with bayonets; and the National Guards had evidently been looking after the passengers. The engine squeaked, and the train very slowly began to move, when, with a neck-or-nothing desperation, I opened the door of the last carriage, and rushed in. Almost at that very instant we stopped again, after going a yard or so: and a man with a musket, in full uniform, got into my carriage and sat down opposite to me. We then moved off in earnest.

I can perfectly understand what the feelings of the malefactors used to be when they rode with the hangman in a cart from Newgate to Tyburn. I felt all my pockets over-again in hopeless agony, well knowing the result. I then got a newspaper, and tried to look cool, and read; but the letters danced before me like sun-specks in the eyes, and I could not fix my attention to a single word. I only saw myself forming the chief object of a military procession through the streets of Paris when I was taken back again, stared and gazed at as a foreign *insurgé*.

The train stopped at Pontoise, near the blackened shell of the station burnt in February. I made sure that this was to be the scene of my arrest. But no—two soldiers got out and we went on again—my

sentinel hanging up his shako in the straps, and pretending to go to sleep. We passed one or two other stations, and then I made up my mind that the junction at Amiens would be the dreaded spot.

As we approached it, I had worked myself up to a pitch of nervousness that was absolutely frightful. Just as we entered the fine building where the Boulogne line branches off from the Nord, the soldier opposite took his gun, removed the bayonet, which he placed on the seat, and then reached down his cap. "Now it's coming," I thought; but, to my surprise, he gravely took a small bouquet from the shako, pushed it into the muzzle of the musket, and then brushed up his hair with his fingers.

What could he be going at? The only time I had ever seen such a thing done before was in the "*Elisir d'Amore*," where Belcore first pays his respects to Adina. My curiosity was soon satisfied: when we stopped he got out, and was warmly welcomed by two exceedingly pretty women on the platform, to one of whom he presented the bouquet, in the regular opera fashion. Then I saw several more girls, and numbers of soldiers similarly festively inclined, got out and greeted them. I ventured to ask the porter what this meant, and he told me they were simply members of the Amiens National Guard, returning from Paris, now that the insurrection was over.

My feelings were relieved as rapidly as those of the happy gentleman in the pictorial advertisement who has been cured in an instant of his dreadful toothache. I did not care what they did with me at Boulogne, for I should be comparatively close to England; and if I was compelled to stop there under *surveillance* for a short time, it would be rather pleasant than otherwise; so that the three hours and a half, between Amiens and that place, were anything but wearisome after my anxiety. When I arrived, two men in cocked-hats asked for my passport. I simply told them I had not got one; when, upon giving the name of Roberts's Boarding House, to which I was going, they allowed me to pass without further question.

There was only one more ordeal to go through; and that was the application for a permit to embark. A harmless lie, to the effect that I had been in Boulogne ever since I crossed over, got me this document without any trouble; but I never felt so comfortable as when I had climbed up the gangway of the "Queen of the French," and was once more, safe and sound, upon the pier at Folkestone.





THE LUCK OF INIGO DOBBS;

OR,

LIVING FOR SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE HODDER.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

I AM an idle man, living upon my means—that is to say, I have the misfortune to be possessed of a small independence, and my only occupation is to get rid of it as fast as I can. It has often been remarked, that a man who has nothing to do does a great deal that he ought not to do, and the benefits he confers upon his fellow men are so few, that were his entrance into society to be decided by the ballot, he would most assuredly be black-balled. In the majority of cases this may be very true; but I contend that I am an honourable exception, and that society has done more harm to me than I have done to society. I have lived for society so long, that it seems resolved to kill me in revenge. I am already numbered among its “victims,” and I feel my end is approaching. As my funds decrease my friends grow less mindful of me, and it appears too evident that in the course of a brief space of time I shall have nothing but my own society to fall back upon. A very sad prospect, certainly, but it is the fate of all who study the convenience of others, instead of doing the best they can for themselves. As to the fair sex, it has used me cruelly, so much so, that I begin to entertain very ungallant opinions respecting the daughters of Eve. I have spent more than half my fortune, and worn out the patience of all my tradesmen, in my endeavours to confer obligations upon the frail tempters, and, at the same time, to render myself an ornament to their society. Yet no one can fairly charge me with dissimulation, album-writing, love-making, or any of those fashionable vices which lead to plighted vows, disappointed hopes, and broken hearts. I am, however, so completely devoted to the “best wishes” of my fair friends, that they cannot enjoy an excursion-party without me, and no wedding breakfast or funeral feast is considered a good entertainment unless I am a participator in the merry-making. In short, I have rendered myself so useful a member of society, that when I am called upon to throw off my mortal coil, a most important link in the chain-cable of social life will be snapped asunder. In order that the reader may be warned by my example, I must relate to him a few instances of the mischief I have done to myself by living for society, and he will find amongst my best friends as many real enemies as any man need be blessed with.

In the first place, there is the Widow Plinlimmon! Her departed husband was a captain in the Guards, (at least, so report says,) and she has been enjoying the exclusive right to his pension for upwards of six years. Look at her! You would not take her to be more than forty, so well does Art assist her in keeping Nature in the shade. Yet, take my word for it she is fifty-nine, according to the calculation which the respective ages of her children necessarily suggests. If she die a widow, it will not be her own fault; for, although it is not the province of woman to court, but only to allow herself to be courted, she has adopted every possible means of gaining a second husband,

short of absolutely popping the question. As soon as propriety allowed her to throw aside her weeds, she bedizened her cap with the gayest flowers, in order that she might the more successfully set it at some forlorn bachelor or widower, who might take her to his bosom notwithstanding the encumbrances which troubled her. These encumbrances consisted—and still consist, I believe—of four daughters and three sons, the latter of whom have not yet commenced their career of manhood. Now, it is pretty well known that in the stream of life unmarried men are often to be caught by a single bait; but, if they find the hook overcharged, and there is something to swallow besides the *gentle* which appears on the surface, they will not suffer themselves to be tempted. Thus it turned out with the widow Plinlimmon. She had angled with infinite dexterity, and had experienced many a nibble, but she had not succeeded in catching a victim; for, though the temptation held out by her small pension might have had great weight, the consideration that there were seven children to partake of it had still greater, and hence the old lady (what would she say, if she heard me call her so!) remains to this day a widow. Having failed then in her attempt to get a husband for herself, she has latterly been making exertions in favour of her daughters, three of whom have arrived at that critical age when young ladies are called marriageable. My love of society was the means of my being introduced to Mrs. Plinlimmon and her family, and as accident frequently brought me in contact with the eldest daughter, I was polite enough to pay her a little more attention, perhaps, than she had ever received before. What has been the consequence? I have been worried to death by invitations to Mrs. P.'s house, and whenever I have ventured to decline them, a tempting present of some sort has been sent for my acceptance, or the Masters Plinlimmon have called upon me to express their dear mama's fears that she has offended me. In vain I asseverate that mama has done nothing at which I could be offended, but that I have been prevented from visiting her by urgent engagements.

"Mama insists on my coming to see her on the following day, to spend the evening with her." She will no longer brook a refusal, and go I must, though my peace of mind may be destroyed for ever by so doing.

"There are a few friends coming to tea, and Adelaide (that is, Miss Plinlimmon,) has been learning a new song on purpose to please me." This may be true, or it may not; but, as Adelaide does not wish to remain a spinster all her life, the probabilities are in favour of the former supposition. Well, I am fond of society, and there is after all a charm in making oneself agreeable to the gentle sex, even though it may cost one something more than a few sighs or tears. Without further persuasion, I accept Mrs. Plinlimmon's pressing invitation, strengthened as it is by the fact that Adelaide has learnt a new song on purpose to please me,—and on the following evening I make my appearance at the widow's house.

There I am! seated on the sofa between Miss Plinlimmon and Miss Julia Plinlimmon, while Mrs. Plinlimmon herself is occupied with Signor Violini, a musical professor, in looking over some favourite airs, which one of the young ladies says Adelaide plays divinely. Signor Violini suggests that Miss Plinlimmon shall sing her new song, and Mrs. Plinlimmon immediately exclaims,

"Ah do, Adelaide, my dear! I am *so* anxious for Mr. Dobbs and the professor to hear it."

This entreaty on the part of mama is of course affectation. Adelaide would have been much disappointed and sorely vexed had she not been solicited to sing the new air. But, such is society! Miss Plinlimmon is led by me to the piano, and, whilst Signor Violini arranges the music-stool to the proper height for the lady's accommodation, I take an opportunity of reading the words of the new song. And, if I mistake not, the title is "Why don't the men propose?" but of this I will not be too sure, as my recollection is sometimes treacherous. My hand is on one page of the music, and that of the professor is on the other, whilst Miss Plinlimmon is occupied in playing the symphony, which happens to be unusually long. Suddenly the harmony is interrupted by a noise on the staircase as of the treading of mighty footsteps.

"Good heavens!" exclaim the ladies, "what can be the matter?"

"I really think the house is on fire," cries one of the gentlemen, "for there is a dreadful smell of burning."

The doubt, however, is soon cleared up by the affrighted housemaid, who rushes into the drawing-room with tears in her eyes and distraction in her aspect, exclaiming,

"Oh, Lor', mum! here's the kitchen chimney been and caught fire, and we can't 'stinguish the flames no how!"

The room is instantly filled with smoke, and the whole company with alarm and astonishment.

"What is to be done?" cries one.

"What *shall* we do?" says another.

"Send for the fire engines," exclaims a third.

"No, no! the fire will burn itself out when the soot is all consumed," says a fourth.

"But we shall all be suffocated," screams Mrs. Plinlimmon.

"And our best dresses completely spoilt," cry the Misses Plinlimmon.

"Oh, Mr. Dobbs, can you do anything to help us?" says the widow, in the loudest tones of a voice not particularly melodious.

"Anything in the world," I reply, "if you will only mention it, my dear madam."

"Don't you think," rejoins the shrewd lady, "*somebody* might go to the top of the house, and throw buckets of water down the chimney?"

There is no time to be lost, for the fire continues to blaze, and the smoke in the drawing-room has become so thick that the people can scarcely see each other. So, acting upon the delicate hint conveyed to me by the insinuating widow, I,—easy man that I am,—exclaim,

"Oh, I will go, with pleasure," looking at my white waistcoat and embroidered shirt-front; and away I start, treading on several corns, and knocking down sundry china ornaments in my assumed anxiety to play the part of a fireman "for this night only." Twice I stumble on the staircase, and each time produce a rent in my garments, and in getting through the trap-door leading to the roof, I break my head, and almost dislocate my ribs. Notwithstanding these small inconveniences, I commence proceedings against the offending chimney, and in less than half an hour the flames are completely extinguished, thanks to my exertions and the penalty I pay for being too fond of society.

I will leave the reader to imagine the appearance I presented on my return to the drawing-room. He is just as able to conceive it as I am to describe it; for, in these railway times it is really by no means difficult to imagine the effects producible from a combination of smoke

and water. Suffice it that I was no longer "fit to be seen," and the ladies ran away from me, to save their dresses from contamination. There was no alternative for me but to hasten from the scene as speedily as possible, and as I descended the stairs I thought I heard the widow say, "Kind, obliging creature! how I should like him for a son-in-law!" It may well be imagined that when I arrived at home, and began to reflect on what had passed, I did not feel very amiably disposed towards the Widow Plinlimmon. Confound the woman! thought I, if she had not tormented me to be a guest at her house, this would not have occurred, and I should doubtless have spent the evening in a manner much more agreeable to my own tastes, and at a much less cost to my wardrobe, for I found that my best suit of clothes was rendered unfit for use except by a member of the colliery profession, or by one of those smoke-devouring gentry who pass their lives amongst the engines of a steam-boat.

Some weeks afterwards I was meditating in my own room upon the propriety of giving up society altogether, as one of the worst enemies to man, when two of my hair-brained friends, with whom I was in the habit of indulging at a neighbouring tavern, suddenly made their appearance, and insisted upon my joining them in the performance of some practical joke, which they intended to perpetrate at "The Crown and Thistle." The said "joke" had been suggested to them by a ghost story which they had heard in the morning, and they explained to me that they could not carry it out successfully without borrowing one of my sheets. I did not clearly understand why one of *my* sheets in particular should be so much desired, but as I had lived for society so long, I thought I would appear in the same character "for one night more," and therefore I denuded my bed of one of its appurtenances, and consented to accompany my friends on their expedition. The consequence was, that instead of going to bed at an early hour, as I had virtuously intended, I did not return home until daylight, when my brain was so overcharged with strong waters, that I had only sufficient sense left to curse my unlucky stars for having made me sacrifice my own comforts to the inconvenience of living for society.

On the following morning I was resolving in my own mind never again to heed the temptations of friends, when the servant at my lodgings brought me a letter, the contents of which were as follow:

"Mrs. Plinlimmon requests the pleasure of Mr. Inigo Dobbs's company on Thursday, the 25th inst., at 10 o'clock in the morning, to celebrate the nuptials of Miss Julia Plinlimmon and Mr. Augustus Pitman. An answer will oblige."

"So, so!" thought I; "the widow has succeeded in providing for one of her daughters, and poor Pitman is the victim. Shall I go to the wedding? I suppose I must; for the happy couple will be miserable if I do not. Besides, Pitman is not a bad fellow. I knew him long before he got that situation of 120*l.* a year, which now enables him to marry." I was interrupted in my reflections by the sudden appearance of my landlady, who came to complain that one of the sheets was missing from my bed. I explained to her what had become of it, and was endeavouring to satisfy her mind that it was in safe custody, when a loud voice from the bottom of the stairs caused the name of "Towzle" (the landlady in question) to reverberate through the house, and Mrs. Towzle, alarmed at the sound, hastily quitted the apartment. I found that she had received a visit from an *attaché* of the "Crown and Thistle."

"The very thing I was talking about," were the first words I heard Mrs. Towzle address to this person, "and a pretty mess it's in!"

"Can't help it, ma'm; 'taint my fault," was the reply; and the voice which uttered it was that of Bob, the deputy-waiter at the aforesaid tavern, who, it seemed, had been instructed to convey the sheet to my lodgings immediately after breakfast.

Mrs. Towzle made some reply, but the only words I heard were, "I shall have a little talk with him about it," (heaven forbid! thought I to myself,) and immediately afterwards the slamming of the street-door proved to me that Bob had taken his departure.

The good Mrs. Towzle would, doubtless, have put her threat into execution, had she not been prevented by the timely arrival of a visitor, who knocked at the door the moment after Bob left.

"Mr. Dobbs at home?" and I recognised the voice of my friend Pitman.

"Yes, sir; will you walk up?" said Mrs. Towzle, in a tone so different from that in which she had addressed our friend Bob, that, had I not been aware of her dexterity in the management of her vocal organ, I could not have believed it was the same person who now spoke.

"Pitman, my boy, how are you?" said I, as my friend entered the room. "Have you come for condolence or congratulation?"

"For neither," he replied, seating himself close by me, and squeezing my hand so firmly, that I felt assured the object of his visit was one of some importance, at least to his own interests. "But what mean you?"

"Why, you are going to be married, are you not? I have just received an invitation to the wedding, and I was beginning to think something very extraordinary must have happened to induce you to enter the matrimonial state. What is it? I always looked upon you as a confirmed bachelor."

"So I am; but what can I do? Let me have your advice."

"My dear fellow, you have chosen rather an unfortunate time to ask my advice, for I am now paying the penalty of a night's indiscretion. The deuce take it; I wish I could give up society altogether, for it is always getting me into difficulties. I have been trying for the last six months to lead a quiet life, but my friends will not leave me alone; and now, to make matters worse, you want me to be a party to a matrimonial arrangement. Of course, you would like me to be your groom on the occasion. Am I to have the pleasure of *giving you away*? Only say what I can do for you, short of taking your place as bridegroom, and it shall be done?"

"Well, the fact is, my dear Dobbs, I have got myself into a mess, and I want you to help me out of it."

"Do you wish me to take a challenge for you? Has anybody tried to rob you of your intended?"

"No such luck. I am only afraid that having gone so far, there is no opportunity for me to retreat."

"What! has the Widow Plinlimmon been deceiving you about her daughter's fortune?"

"Not exactly; but the sly old woman never told me that the girl has *no fortune*, and I had always been given to understand that each of her daughters had five thousand pounds."

"And having found out your mistake, you want to cry off, eh?"

"Precisely, for I begin to think that my salary of a hundred and

twenty pounds a year is not quite sufficient to keep a wife, particularly as I am likely to be called upon to assist in maintaining her sisters."

"The prospect is not a brilliant one, certainly," said I; "but what the deuce is to be done! The wedding is to take place in a fortnight, and I dare say the bridal dress is already ordered. My dear fellow, surely you never could have told the widow what your income is, otherwise she would not have been so willing to receive you as a son-in-law."

"I told her," replied Pitman, a little confused, "what my *expectations* were, and she seemed perfectly satisfied; but the fact is, I have no desire to throw myself away, and I want you to go to the widow's brother, Major Plinlimmon, who is the guardian of her daughters, and endeavour to get the match broken off."

"A pleasant office truly!" said I, to talk to a fire-eating major on such an affair as this. He will be sure to challenge you, and if you refuse to fight, he will kill me perhaps, as the unhappy mediator. However, I will do the best I can for you, and should the major become exasperated, you must make your appearance in time to receive a bullet instead of me."

"Agreed!" cried Pitman; "but I do not think the major will go to extremes."

"In my opinion," said I, "there is nothing more probable, for the major has been living a life of peace so long that he would be glad of an opportunity of declaring war."

"Well, there's no time like the present," said Pitman, rising from his seat, and giving me a friendly tap on the shoulder by way of rousing me to a due sense of the important part I was about to play. "Let us be off directly; you will catch the major at home, and in the event of my presence becoming necessary, I will remain within ear-shot of you."

"While I stand within pistol-shot! Not a bad idea, but should occasion require it, you will come at once to the rescue?"

"Certainly, by all means; so off we go, and if you succeed in bringing the affair to a satisfactory termination, I shall always consider you the cleverest, as well as the most obliging of friends."

After this little speech, I had nothing to do but to prepare myself for the encounter, and in less than half an hour Pitman and I were on our way towards the lodgings of Major Plinlimmon in Pall Mall East. As we approached the house we observed the major himself standing at the door, and fumbling in his pocket for the key. "You had better not be seen, Pitman," said I; "Leave me to myself and wait for me in Carlton Terrace, close to the Duke of York's monument."

Away he went, and I arrived at the major's door just as he was about to enter. "I beg your pardon, Major Plinlimmon," I exclaimed, somewhat familiarly, "but I've a little business to speak to you about, if you will permit me to walk in."

The major appeared greatly surprised at being addressed in these terms by a stranger, for although I had met him two or three times at the widow's, he did not recollect me. In short it was not to be expected that he should recognise a young man whom he had scarcely ever spoken to, for the major was one of those intolerant men who take a delight in being abrupt to everybody younger than themselves.

"I have not much time for business now," he replied, "and besides, I expect some visitors this morning."

"I shall not detain you many minutes," said I, "and the object of my seeking this interview is highly important to the interests of your family."

"Hem! hem!" grunted the major; "what do you know about my family interests? But step in, sir, step in."

And I followed the major upstairs. On entering his sitting-room what was my astonishment and vexation when I found that the "visitors," of whom the major had spoken, had already arrived, and that they were represented by the Widow Plinlimmon, Miss Plinlimmon, and the fair Julia herself! The reader will imagine the embarrassing situation I was in; for it was impossible I could discharge the duty I had undertaken, in the presence of third parties, and those parties the very persons most interested in the result. After paying my respects to the ladies, and receiving a gentle rebuke from the widow for my inattention in having been "quite a stranger of late," I addressed myself to the major in these words, "I dare say, major, you will wonder what can be the object of this unexpected visit, but the fact is—"

"Now girls," said Mrs. Plinlimmon, stepping in most opportunely to the rescue, "we had better retire into the next room, while these gentlemen arrange their business," and the mother and daughters rose to leave the room.

"No, no, sit where you are," said the major; "the young man will come with me into the dressing-room. I shall not detain him long."

This was a hint which I was perfectly willing to act upon, for I began to think that my good nature had again led me into a difficulty, such as none but those who have known what it is to live for society can properly estimate. I tried to make an apology to the ladies for disturbing them, but finding that the attempt was quite unsuccessful, I slunk out of the room, followed by the major. The dressing-room into which the major invited me adjoined the sitting-room, and there was a door communicating between the two apartments, but it appeared to be kept fastened. I found the room decorated with muskets, swords, horse-pistols, pocket-pistols, powder-flasks, military caps, cocked-hats, and every description of instrument or accoutrement appertaining to the sons of Mars. "Well," thought I, "if the major should feel inclined to quarrel with me, he has every convenience ready at hand." The major was not polite enough to ask me to take a seat, and therefore I *helped myself*, acting upon the principle that when you are amongst unceremonious people the best way is to follow their example.

"I have taken the liberty of calling upon you," said I, "on behalf of my friend Augustus Pitman, who, I understand, has made an offer of marriage to your niece, Miss Julia Plinlimmon."

"Well, what of him?" replied the major, "is he not capable of managing his own affairs, eh?"

"Oh, perfectly," said I, at a loss to know how to carry on the war, for I felt assured that 'as soon as I came to the point an explosion would take place, which must alarm the ladies in the next room, and expose me to their accumulated wrath.

"He was not afraid to come to me himself, was he?" inquired the major, already becoming impatient.

"No, no," said I; "but, in a matter of such delicacy, he thought it better to entrust his interests to a friend."

"Does he want the wedding postponed?" said the major; "or have you come to arrange the preliminaries?"

"Neither one thing nor the other," said I; "but, to be brief with you, major, my friend Pitman begins to entertain doubts as to the propriety of his marrying."

"What do you mean, sir? explain yourself!" exclaimed the major. "The wedding is appointed to take place in a fortnight's time; and Sir Joshua Pitman, the young man's father, has not only given his consent, but has promised to settle a handsome fortune upon him, provided he marries within the time specified."

"Oh, oh!" thought I; "this has been your game, eh! friend Pitman? To represent yourself as a baronet's son, with a large fortune! A pretty dilemma you have got me into by your false pretences!" What was I to do in such a predicament as this? My object was to set aside the marriage altogether, and if I still suffered the Plinlimmons to labour under the delusion that Pitman was a man of property, they would most assuredly threaten him with an action for breach of promise, whilst, on the other hand, if I opened the major's eyes to the truth, I should be betraying my friend, and at the same time exposing myself to a charge of falsehood; for it is astonishing how credulous people are respecting the fortune of a young gentleman whom they are about to receive into their family. In my reply, then, to the unexpected information which the major had given me, I thought it better to compromise matters by disclosing one half the truth, and leaving the other half at "the bottom of the well" of Pitman's imagination. I therefore said nothing about the baronet (although I knew perfectly well that Pitman's father had recently emigrated to Australia, because he could not make his fortune, or pay his debts in this country!) but I at once denied that my friend was a gentleman of property, and I suggested to the major, that if, in a moment of indiscretion, the young man had been induced to state that he was possessed of wealth, the better course would be to release him from the engagement, with a slight reprimand for his misconduct. "Unfortunately!" said I, "poverty is such a sin now-a-days, that people are afraid to confess it."

"Poverty! poverty!" exclaimed Major Plinlimmon, in a tone of indignation. "Don't talk to me about poverty! Do you think I'm to be made a fool of in this way? I know Mr. Pitman is a man of property, and I begin to suspect that you have some interested motives in representing him otherwise."

"I beg your pardon, Major Plinlimmon; the only motive by which my conduct is actuated is an honest and friendly one. Mr. Pitman has been foolish enough to contract an engagement with a young lady on the supposition that she was possessed of a fortune, and now, having discovered his error, he has requested me to explain to you his true position, in order that you, as the nearest male relative of the lady, may see the absurdity of encouraging the match. Let me assure you, Major Plinlimmon, that, so far from Mr. Pitman being a man of fortune, he is only a clerk, in the receipt, of one hundred and twenty pounds a-year—a very poor stipend for a wife and family!"

"Such talk as this is ridiculous," said the major, rising from his chair and pacing the room. "Don't tell me, sir. Do you think I'm fool enough to believe that a baronet would allow his son to remain so badly placed in life as you represent?"

"Allow me to tell you, sir," replied I, thinking it better that the whole truth should out, as affairs had taken so serious a turn, "that Augustus Pitman is not the son of a baronet, and if he has told you so, he has acted in a manner deserving of the strongest reprehension."

"Pooh, pooh!" said the major; "I must have some stronger proof of this than what I receive from you."

"What stronger proof can you have, sir, than the word of a gentleman?"

"All very well — all very well!" exclaimed this uncouth specimen of jaundiced humanity. "How am I to know that you are a gentleman? I have a suspicion that you are little better than an adventurer, and that your object in telling me this story is, rather, to injure your friend, as you call him, than to confer any benefit upon him."

"I have told you nothing but the truth, major."

"I doubt it," said he.

"What! do you doubt my word?" cried I.

"Of course I do," growled the major.

"That is to say, you accuse me of falsehood," said I, stifling my indignation.

"You interpret my sentiments properly," replied the Major, with all the coolness of a man who utters an insult as if he intended it.

"Then this interview is at an end," said I. "Major Plinlimmon, you have given me an insult which I am bound to resent, and you will hear from me before to-morrow morning."

"As you please," said he,—"as you please!"

The latter part of this dialogue was carried on in so violent a tone that the result was precisely what I had anticipated. The ladies, who remained in the adjoining room,—doubtless in a state of intense curiosity as to the subject of our conference, had heard distinctly the offensive words above quoted, and, as ladies often imagine that they have a peculiar aptitude for settling the quarrels of men, they immediately hastened to the scene of action.

"Gracious goodness! what is the matter?" exclaimed the Widow Plinlimmon.

"Goodness gracious! what has uncle been doing?" cried Miss Plinlimmon and Miss Julia Plinlimmon.

"A thousand apologies, ladies," said I as I crossed the landing, "for my abruptness in running away so hurriedly, but something has occurred which renders it impossible for me to remain. Major Plinlimmon, this affair cannot end here!"

With these words, which doubtless fell like a stroke of thunder upon the astonished ears of the widow and her daughters, I hastened out of the house, and went to meet my imprudent friend, who had been the cause of all the mischief.

On the following morning Major Plinlimmon and I met on Wimbledon Common, and I was rewarded for all the trouble I had taken on behalf of my friend by a bullet-wound in my shoulder, which laid me up for six weeks! Such was my luck!

Whether the marriage ever took place between the romancing Augustus Pitman and the confiding Julia Plinlimmon I am unable to inform the reader, for, as I was removed to the sea-side in the course of a few days, I had neither inclination nor opportunity to concern myself about *my friends*.

I think my story has gone far enough to convey this moral:—that "living for society" is a most unprofitable mode of existence, and that if a man would avoid the penalties which good nature imposes on itself, he should have sufficient discretion to know when to practise it.

PARA ; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE
BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY J. E. WARREN.

Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the sunshine of the torrid zone.—MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER IX.

The Caripe Hummer.—Shells.—Death of a Naturalist.—Island of Marajo.—Trip to Jungcal—Our Indian Captain Gaviono.—His romantic Character.—Living on Board a Brazilian Schooner.—A thrilling Adventure.—Curious Game.—Mexiana.—Mysterious Mound.—A Night in the Stream.

AT sunrise on the ensuing morning we emerged from our hammocks, and having fortified our stomachs with a strong cup of coffee, we sallied out into the adjoining woods. We spent about two hours in the forest, at the expiration of which time we returned to our breakfast, well-laden with game. Among the curious birds that we had killed, was a small humming-bird, different from any we had ever seen before, and peculiar in having its bill singularly turned upwards, and flat at the point. We took upon ourselves the responsibility of naming it, calling it, in commemoration of the spot, "The Caripe Hummer." If it has ever been named before, which we very much doubt, we beg the original discoverer's pardon !

Rambling along the beach at low tide, we gathered quite a number of heart-shaped castalias. These muscles were of a dark appearance externally, but of a pearly iridescence within, and are much esteemed by conchologists.

In the afternoon we took our departure, and arrived in the city about nine in the evening. A lamentable occurrence took place at Caripe some few weeks afterwards.

Among the number of persons whose acquaintance we had made while in the city, was a young Englishman by the name of Graham, who had left his native country in quest of health, accompanied by his lovely wife and only child. During his residence in Brazil he had devoted a great portion of his time in prosecuting the study of natural history, and had succeeded, by industry and untiring perseverance, in acquiring an extensive collection of birds, quadrupeds, and shells. His younger brother had recently arrived from England, for the purpose of escorting him back to his native land—his boyhood's home !

The elder Graham, being desirous of giving his brother a glimpse of the country before their departure for England, suggested a trip to Caripe, whither, in company with a faithful black who had been his constant companion, they all went. Wishing one day to cross over to the island of Marajo, he started out in a little canoe, for the purpose of gaining a larger one, which was lying at anchor in the river, about half a mile from the shore. Through some carelessness or mismanagement, the frail boat was upset, and Mr. Graham, together with his wife and child, all plunged into the water. Every exertion was made by those in the larger vessel to save them, but

without avail. The three were drowned! This tragic scene was witnessed by young Graham from the beach, but, alas! he could render no assistance. What tumultuous throes of anguish must have wrung that orphan brother's heart on beholding those most dear to him on earth swallowed up in a moment by the relentless wave, leaving him alone in a land of strangers! Mr. Graham was himself an excellent swimmer, but he lost his own life in a vain endeavour to save that of his wife. Their bodies, tightly locked together, floated ashore. Surely, "they loved in life, and in death they were not divided." A rude grave was dug in the sand, and the sad remains of worth and beauty consigned to its bosom. Here, amid the solitude of beautiful nature, and on the banks of the king of rivers, they sweetly repose. No tear of friendship bedews the spot, but the rising tide of the mighty Amazon daily weeps over it. Martyrs to the science they so nobly prosecuted, they are calmly sleeping at Caripe!

"There breathes the odour of summer flowers,
And the music of birds is there."

Having passed another agreeable week in the city, we decided on making a visit to the beautiful island of Marajo. This island lies directly in the mouth of the Amazon, and is somewhat more than a hundred miles in length by from fifty to eighty in breadth. On account of its rare beauty and the infinite variety of its flowering plants, it has been significantly called by the natives "The isle of flowers." The island abounds in large campos, or extensive meadows, covered with tall grass, which are frequented by immense numbers of wild cattle and horses. If a census were taken of the former, the amount undoubtedly would be considerably above half a million; but as no census has ever been taken, we cannot, therefore, state with exactness the number of the horned population. The horses, too, were so abundant some years since, that they were killed by hundreds, merely for the sake of their hides. At that time, well-trained horses could have been purchased in the city for the trifling sum of ten dollars, and the best ones seldom brought more than twenty-five. A malignant disorder, however, finally broke out among them, which destroyed a great proportion of their number, and seemed to threaten extermination to the entire race. Since then they have been comparatively scarce, but many thousands still exist and roam over the fertile plains of Marajo!

Jungcal was the name given to the estate which we proposed visiting. Being situated on the northern side of the island, we were obliged to take a wide sweep in order to reach it, and thus make a voyage of from four to five days' duration, to accomplish a journey the direct distance of which could not possibly have been more than fifty or seventy miles.

The vessel in which we sailed was a queer-looking schooner, being used exclusively in the transportation of wild cattle from Jungcal to the city. It was manned entirely by natives, and the captain himself was an Indian, and decidedly the most intelligent and entertaining one that we had previously encountered. He was both a skilful musician and an inveterate story-teller. His name was Gaviono. Throughout the day he was as lively as a lark, and appeared to take a peculiar pleasure in recounting to us the many

strange adventures with which his memory was so well supplied; the singular incidents he had himself met with; the various love-scenes in which he had faithfully acted the part of Romeo; the dangers through which he had passed; and the numerous startling legends of the province, with all of which he was perfectly familiar. But when the shades of night fell on the river, and the fragrant and soothing breeze from the land blew freshly over the waters, and the stars of heaven beamed brightly in the sky, then a perceptible change came over the spirit of Gaviono's dreamlike life. All gaiety then vanished from his mind, and for hours together he would swing in his grass-woven hammock without speaking a single word, but all the time playing a succession of plaintive airs on his musical, though rudely constructed guitar.

Sometimes, too, when in a merrier mood, he would favour us with a song. His voice was powerful, and of surpassing richness, but wholly unfettered by the rules of singing art. He sang but few songs, and these were chiefly of a national character. They were deeply characterized by a wildness of sentiment and strangeness of melody, that could easily be felt but with difficulty described.

Music is at all times pleasing to the ear, and seems to exert a very beneficial, although mysterious, influence upon the human soul! What a soothing power it has over the troubled spirit when appeased by sorrow, or overburdened with grief? Like oil poured out upon the tempestuous waters, it calms the heavings of the soul; modifies the turbulence of excited passion; elevates the intellect; smooths the temper; and restores universal peace and placitude to the perturbed faculties of the mind. Is it not then a gift direct from God?

But he who would feel the full potency of music must hear it while gliding over tranquil waters; when the atmosphere is balmy and pure, and the scenery around of that wild and romantic character so well calculated to call into action the sublimer emotions of the mind. Let it be at night, when the stars are shining brightly, and the moon in silent majesty is moving swiftly through its azure pathway in the sky, and then he who can listen unmoved to the sweetest strains of music as they steal softly upon his senses, must have a heart too cold for earth—oh! let him never hope for heaven!

It was under such circumstances as these that we loved especially to listen to Gaviono's voice; and nothing appeared to afford him more gratification and delight than the sincere praises we were in the habit of bestowing upon his humble, although none the less admirable performance.

Owing to the dangers and impediments of the river navigation, we invariably anchored at night. At early morn we were again under weigh, sailing along shores gemmed with flowering rushes, and fringed with the most magnificent shrubbery, which hung in heavy masses over the placid surface of the water.

Our repasts were by no means epicurean: a miserable dilution, familiarly styled coffee, was our daily beverage, and coarse farinha and jerked beef our only edibles. The latter consisted of long strips of meat that had been thoroughly dried by exposure to the sun. There being no stove on board, a fire was made on some large stones, and the process of cooking performed by securing a piece of

the dried beef on the end of a forked stick, and holding it directly over the blaze, until it was sufficiently roasted and smoked for agreeable mastication!

While our schooner was at anchor, we frequently went ashore in the small boat, in quest of natural curiosities and game. On one afternoon, I remember, I remained on board, while Jenks, my constant companion, started off in the little boat, accompanied by several of the men, he intending to hunt for birds, and they to seek for crabs.

On arriving at the beach, the men separated from Jenks, and followed up a small stream, looking eagerly for shell-fish, while he, solitary and alone, wandered along the outskirts of the forest, listening attentively to every sound, and watching with a sportsman's eye for any movement that might be made among the branches over his head. I occasionally heard the report of his gun as it came booming over the water, and began to regret that I had not gone ashore with him. The schooner was moored at least a mile from the shore, so that we were unable to see anything of our companions, except when standing by themselves in bold relief upon the sandy beach.

But to return to Jenks. For two hours he rambled along the margin of the dark wildwoods, occasionally penetrating for a few rods into the thicket, as the voice of some strange bird attracted him thither. Having killed quite a number of richly-plumaged birds, he at last issued from the forest and descended to the beach. To his infinite amazement and consternation the small boat was nowhere to be seen. "What! had his companions deserted him! or, had they become intoxicated, and, in endeavouring to reach the schooner, been drowned." These were the thoughts that broke upon his mind, as he reflected upon the horrible idea of being abandoned, and necessitated to pass the night upon that lonely and gloomy shore.

It was near sunset, and in half an hour more the dark mantle of night would be thrown over the beautiful landscape around! No time was to be lost; he exerted his voice to its utmost capacity, but it failed to reach our ears. We were then lounging sluggishly in our hammocks, and our senses being somewhat blunted by Morpheus, we neither saw our friend nor heard his voice. Scanning the surface with a hawk-like eye, Jenks finally caught a glimpse of the small boat floating at some distance from the shore. It had been carried away by the tide. At this fortunate moment the men emerged from the woods; as soon as they perceived the condition of the boat, one of them jumped instantaneously into the water, and being an excellent swimmer, soon reached the boat, into which he got, and paddled it again ashore. They then returned to the schooner. Jenks related the incident with considerable warmth: "Never," said he, "shall I forget the feelings I experienced during those few moments of anxiety, were I to live until every hair on my head is grey."

Among the birds which Jenks had killed were several handsome parrots, a couple of glistening jacamars, a variety of little manakins, with their white and crimson crests, together with a red squirrel and a small black monkey.

"Upon my word," said I, "I regret very much that I did not accompany you. You have had much better luck than I anticipated."

"I wish myself that you had been with me," replied Jenks, "you would have seen as splendid an ornithological spectacle as you ever gazed on before. While walking along the forest I frightened up a flock of tall scarlet flamingoes from a marshy thicket, where they had been feeding. I fired at them instantly, but, on account of the distance, my shot had no perceptible effect."

"It must, indeed, have been on account of the distance," replied I, "for never did I know you to miss your mark when within a suitable shooting distance; but, by heavens! I would have given up all my hopes of pleasure for a week to come, to have had a moment's glimpse at these flamingoes; for, to tell the truth, I never saw a live specimen in my life. It must truly have been a gorgeous sight."

"I have some curious shells in my pocket," said Jenks, "which I picked up on the shore; also several fine guanas, which I preserved particularly for you,—here they are," continued he, at the same time handing me several of this well known fruit. They were about the size of a peach, with a bright yellow skin; within, the pulp was of the deepest crimson, and of a very agreeable taste.

"Let us try and get something to eat," remarked Jenks, "for I'm as hungry as an ogre." Saying this we went together into the cabin, where we made a hearty supper on jerked beef and farinha; humble as it was, we enjoyed it much more than the reader can imagine or we describe.

During the evening we swung in our hammocks in the open air, and chatted with each other on the events of the day, and of the delights we anticipated on Marajo. Gaviono, also, favoured us with several of his admirable songs.

At an early hour on the following morning our worthy captain, Gaviono, pointed out to us a charming island, whose tall palm-trees in the distance appeared like tufts of verdure rising above the watery surface. It was the lovely island of Mexiana, concerning whose beauties and various attractions we had heard many graphic accounts, and of whose splendid birds and curious animals we had seen several extraordinary specimens.

The island is from forty to fifty miles in extent, and from ten to twenty in width. It has but one house of any consequence, which is quite large, is of two stories in height, has several commodious rooms, and is surrounded by the most enchanting scenery imaginable. The beach, which lies within a short distance in front of the house, is of snowy whiteness, and abounds with many varieties of pearly muscles, and other valuable shells. The campos, like those of Marajo, are well supplied with cattle, numbers of which are periodically exported to the city. The forest is noted for the abundance of its fierce jaguars and brilliant birds, and the streams teem with alligators and singular fish. Mr. Graham, the enterprising naturalist, whose unfortunate death at Caripe we have heretofore alluded to, collected, during a residence of three months on this island, upwards of two hundred distinct species of birds, besides an infinite variety of insects, shells, and other natural curiosities. He spoke in glowing terms of the various charms of the island, and said that the attractions it offered to the lover of natural history were unrivalled by those of any spot he had ever before visited.

There is a considerable mound in the centre of the island which

has especially attracted the attention of visitors. It is partially covered with trees and rich shrubbery, and, on account of the prominence of its situation, it commands a fine view of the picturesque landscape by which it is surrounded.

For many years an inexplicable mystery hung over this place, and various wild conjectures were entertained respecting its origin. By the natives it was regarded with superstitious reverence, who had strange scruples against having it disturbed.

Mr. Graham, however, determined at all hazards to satisfy his own curiosity regarding it. Having hired several blacks, he proceeded to the place, and commenced operations: digging vigorously for some time, their efforts were at length rewarded by finding, at the depth of about twelve feet, a number of earthenware cups, and other utensils. Resuming their work, they afterward found several immense jars of earthen ware, which, on being opened, were found to contain a quantity of dust resembling ashes; musty bones; the remains of bows and arrows, and trinkets of various descriptions. These were all carefully treasured up by their fortunate discoverer, and sent by him to England as sacred mementoes of an Indian race that had once lived and flourished, but which has long since passed away and been forgotten!

In the afternoon, the magnificent island of Marajo was distinctly visible, and seen through a strong spy-glass, which we had taken the precaution to bring with us, it seemed to realize all our brightest dreams and imaginary conceptions of a terrestrial paradise!

Towards evening we entered a small river, which, at its mouth, spread out like a lake, and was studded with numerous little islands of the most exquisite beauty. We could not sufficiently admire the richness of the foliage, which drooped in gay festoons over the surface of the water, or the splendor of the flowers which gemmed the shrubbery along the shore. A gloomy forest, mantled by the solemn flush of a brief tropical twilight, added sublimity to the imposing scene, and filled us with strange emotions of awe, mingled with feelings of indefinable delight. The same odoriferous fragrance we have remarked before, now filled the air, and imparted an irresistible sweetness to the gentle breeze which was delicately fanning our cheeks.

Having sailed up the stream to the distance of three or four miles, we took in our sails and suddenly dropped anchor. A gloaming light overspread the beautiful landscape, and the evening birds were sweetly singing amid the thick branches the parting song of another day!

Soon the queen of night arose, and distributing her benign rays through the interstices of the clustering foliage, enveloped us in a wilderness of moonbeams! The narcotic state of the atmosphere, the low whispering of the breeze, the caroling of the birds, and the monotonous rippling of the stream, induced a desire for repose; so, jumping into our hammocks, with pleasing anticipations for the morrow, we bade "good night" to the world!

CHAPTER X.

Reality contrasted with a Dream.—Our Baggage and Stores.—Trip in a Canoe to Jungcal.—Alligators by the Way.—Appearance of Jungcal.—Our Head-quarters.—Singular Encounter with a Bird.—The Tuyuyu.—The Natives.—Mingow.—Evening at Jungcal.

A SUDDEN flood of light, bursting upon us like a meteor, while we lay unconscious in our suspended hammocks, aroused us at length from our dreamy slumbers. It was the first glorious smile of morn! In our dreams we had wandered back to home: a dear friend had been carried to the silent tomb, and we were among the hopeless number of the bereaved; the cold and snows of winter, too,—the leafless trees, the blighted plants, and the howling winds,—deepened the gloom of our spirits, and rendered us nigh broken-hearted. We awoke; but how changed the scene! The brightness of the sunlight almost dazzled our eyes—the most inconceivably beautiful scenery surrounded us—the surface of the water shone like a highly-polished mirror, and, on some neighbouring sandbars, tall birds of splendid scarlet plumage were seeking diligently for their natural food, while small halcyons, of exceeding beauty, darted occasionally from their coverts, and flitted along unsuspectingly under the delightful shade of the tangled masses of shrubbery which overhung the stream; really, it seemed as if our compact on earth had been dissolved, and we transported to another world, of far greater magnificence and beauty. Coming, however, at last, to a true sense of our real situation, I remarked to my companion,

“This is, indeed, a wonderful world, and if it were entirely free from the tyranny of human passions, and inhabited only by men of incorruptible morality, and women of spotless virtue, what a paradise it would be.”

“The truth of your proposition cannot be denied,” responded Jenks, “but still it is my belief that every thing is ordered for the best by the inscrutable wisdom of Providence, that the human passions are divine legacies, and intended for the happiness of men, and that even vice is of importance in the grand scheme of life, in intensifying the beauty of virtue, and in depicting the almost celestial happiness of its votaries.”

As soon as Jenks had delivered himself of the foregoing lengthy sentence, Gaviono called us to breakfast.

“The small boat is now ready,” said he, “and as soon as the tide changes we will take a trip up the stream to Jungcal. The distance is about four miles, but you will be there in less than an hour from the time we get started. You had better, therefore, get your luggage all in readiness, in order that we may take advantage of the flood.”

Shortly after breakfast, the tide began to flow strongly up the stream, and we commenced stowing our luggage away in the boat so that we might get off as soon as possible. We first let down two baskets of farinha and one of tapioca, which we had precantiously brought along with us as a security against absolute famine. These were placed snugly in the bows. Next we handed down a small keg of pickled pork, and a large bottle of salted butter, also a bag of Portuguese onions, a hamper of potatoes, and a basket of beans. This was the extent of our edible stores.

Besides these, we had a variety of other necessary equipments, consisting of several bags of shot, a dozen canisters of powder, ten pounds of arsenic, which was of great use in preserving the skins of many of our birds, a large trunk of clothes, two double-barrelled guns, a couple of well-sharpened tracados, and a pair of revolving pistols.

These different articles being all put in the boat, last of all we ourselves got in also. A paddle was then given to each of us, at our solicitation, which we immediately began to use with extraordinary spirit, if not with equal dexterity. In front of us were two of the sailors, who used their paddles with astonishing quickness and skill, while Gaviono, who was comfortably seated in the stern, with an Indian pipe in his mouth, and an immense paddle in his right hand, guided our little craft with remarkable accuracy through the various narrow passages and sudden windings of the streamlet.

This was our second canoe excursion on a Brazilian stream, and we enjoyed it exceedingly. The scenery was quite picturesque. Now, the banks would be covered with thick foliage overhanging the stream, while, a little further on, light groves of young palms drooped over the water on either side, through whose interstices we caught occasional glimpses of the grassy campos beyond.

Many were the small alligators that we saw basking along the shores, while, sometimes, the loud snort of a full-grown one, as he sank with a heavy splash beneath the surface, would strike upon our ears. These wonderful animals are very abundant on Marajo, and while lying on the surface of the water, with their capacious heads alone exposed, their general appearance is somewhat similar to that of a floating log of wood. Although they move with great awkwardness while on land, and can make little progress except directly forward, yet, when disturbed in the water, their motions are characterized by extreme rapidity. Their "coat of mail" covering is a complicated piece of mechanism, and is of sufficient solidity to repel even the force of a musket ball.

Coming at length to an open part of the stream, Gaviono pointed out to us the leaf-thatched cottages of Jungeal. They were mere huts, being constructed by means of poles driven in the ground, the interstices of which were filled up with mud. The leafy roof constituted an effectual protection both against the severe rains of the island and the scorching rays of the noon-day sun.

The huts were located about forty rods or more from the bank of the stream; on one side they were bordered by a dense thicket of bamboos and trees of various kinds, while, in the opposite direction, the grassy table-land stretched out for many miles, dotted here and there with patches of verdure, and groves of waving palms. The view in front of the dwellings was cut off by a dark wilderness, which extended as far as the eye could reach along the opposite side of the stream. The whole formed a beautiful scene, and, for your sake, beloved reader, I shall earnestly pray that you may at some time be blessed with a glimpse of it, if only in your dreams.

Paddling our canoe up to a rude platform, that was evidently intended as an apology for a wharf, we disembarked, and were received in the most hospitable manner by Senhor Anzevedo, whom we knew at once to be the superintendent of the place, being the only man at Jungeal who did not either have African or Indian

blood coursing in his veins. Ordering a couple of the natives to take charge of our baggage, we walked up with him to his house, if such, by courtesy, it may be called. It was made in precisely the same manner as the others, but was larger and far more commodious. A row of bamboo stakes was fastened in the ground within ten feet of the house, over which the leaf-matted roof of the cottage drooped, thus forming a Robinson-Crusoe-like kind of a verandah, nor was it the less pleasant for its rudeness, as we afterwards found it a delightful shelter during the sultry hours of the day.

There were no chairs or sofas in Marajo—the innocent natives had never heard of such things; so swinging our hammocks under the verandah, we lounged in them for a short time while holding a desultory conversation with Senhor Anzevedo, chiefly respecting the natural history of the island.

"You have probably," said I, "lived many years on the island, and made yourself acquainted with most of the birds and animals which abound in its dense forests, or which are to be found on its extensive meadows?"

"Why, as to that," said Anzevedo, "it is about two years since I came to this place, and eight since I left my native country, Germany. It was there I was born, and it is there—notwithstanding I am happy and contented here—yes, it is there, I wish to die. My situation here of superintendent gives me considerable occupation, for not a day passes by without the capture of new cattle, which on branding, however, we immediately let go. All this I have to attend to. Besides, all the natives who are employed here receive their supplies from me, which I am obliged to deal out to them regularly. You will perceive, therefore, that I do not have much time for sporting, although I occasionally take my gun or rod, and go out into the woods for the purpose of procuring for myself a meal, either of fish, flesh, or fowl; with most of the singular animals and handsome birds of the island, however, I am familiar, and you may rely on me for whatever assistance I can in any way afford you."

"We are much obliged to you for your kindness," replied Jenks, "but hope to be of very little trouble to you. We are accustomed to roving in the woods, and think nothing a hardship that does not impair our health, or nothing a privation that we can do as well without."

"You are right, Jenks," said I, "all who maintain such views will be happy under whatever circumstances they may be placed. I, for one, coincide with you exactly."

"What say you for a walk?" suddenly exclaimed Jenks, starting up from his hammock, and looking out eagerly towards the forest, near whose borders some tall egrets were stalking quietly about. "I should like very much to bring down one of those fine fellows."

"You may go and try your luck," replied I, "but for my part, I would prefer keeping as much as possible out of the sun, on account of a slight headache with which I am now troubled."

"Very well," said he, "I will go out alone and see what can be done. It will require some cunning, methinks, to get within gunshot of those quick-sighted birds on the open campo, but, however, I'll give them a trial."

In a few moments he had equipped himself, and, with gun in

hand, stealthily proceeded out towards the spot where his feathered victims were feeding. We watched his movements with considerable interest, as, with quiet steps, and crouching attitude, he gradually approached his intended prey. Finally, the birds evidently became alarmed, and were just about to take their flight, when Jenks suddenly halted, deliberately raised his gun, and fired. A white cloud of birds immediately rose into the air, but a gigantic crane, with a broken wing, was left behind. This bird, to my utter astonishment, instead of endeavouring to make his escape by running, as any stranger would of course suppose, turned about and began to pursue my friend. Jenks did not much like the looks of his feathered adversary, and, probably, thinking that in this case "discretion was the better part of valour," commenced running with amazing velocity towards the house. Convulsed with laughter at a spectacle which rivalled in ludicrousness anything I had ever before seen, I seized my gun, and having loaded it as speedily as possible, rushed out on the campo, with the laudable determination of saving my inestimable companion, if not from the jaws of a wild beast, at least from the prodigious bill of a feathered monster.

As soon as I had got within a proper distance, I fired, and, lo and behold, kind reader, (and I hope you will forgive my egotism,) the wounded bird fell prostrate and dead upon the ground. We secured the body and carried it to the house. After a vast deal of laughter, Jenks skinned it, and we have it in our ornithological cabinet to this day.

It was called by the natives the *jubini*. There is another variety which frequents these solitary campos styled the *tuyuyus*. These birds when full-grown are sometimes above eight feet in height, while their beak is often near eighteen inches in length. This is truly a formidable weapon, and the birds use it with incredible skill and power. An instance was told us of a native who met his death by having been pierced through his back by the long bill of one of these mammoth bipeds, whom he had unfortunately wounded.

The English name of the *tuyuyu* is, I believe, the American Adjutant. The bird is particularly remarkable for the singular appearance of its neck, which bears some resemblance, when distended, to a huge bladder filled with air. Being entirely destitute of feathers, the surface of the skin is of a dark colour, and, on the upper parts, is covered with coarse scales, which give a gorgon-like ugliness to the head of the bird.

One would hardly suppose that such heavy and clumsy-looking birds could fly to any considerable height, yet such is the case, and so nearly do they approach the clouds in their flight, that they look like mere specks floating along the sky. During flight their neck is inflated to a great size, and seems purposely designed by nature to aid them in respiration.

The lower part of the neck of the *tuyuyu* is of a bright red hue, and distinguishes them at a great distance from the *jabirus*. The general plumage of the bird is white, variegated with black. The beak is powerfully made, and is slightly turned upwards. These birds are extremely shy, and can never be approached without resorting to stratagem.

Around the huts of the natives, we observed a variety of tame birds flying and running about. Several species of loquacious

parrots, young spoonbills, scarlet ibis, and white egrets; also large numbers of ducks and chickens.

The population of Jungcal was not less, nor more, than thirty persons; of this number about one half were blacks, the remainder half-breeds and Indians. Totally ignorant of all the arts and accomplishments of civilized life, they were alike sheltered from its many vicissitudes and sorrows. Indeed, they were as joyous and contented as if creation itself had stopped at the borders of their own luxuriant isle.

At sunset we regaled ourselves with a bowl of delicious mingow. This is an Indian luxury, made by boiling tapioca in milk, and sweetening it with either molasses, honey, or sugar, as best suits one's taste and convenience. It was our principal and favourite dish on Marajo.

The day had passed, and a most beautiful starlight evening succeeded. Swinging in our hammocks under the humble verandah of Anzevedo's palmetto-thatched cottage, we whiled away the hours in chatting with our friendly host—in curling wreaths of smoke from our long Indian pipes—in listening to the tinkling of rude guitars in the neighbouring dwellings—and in gazing on a landscape of tropical beauty, unparalleled and sublime.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF

"AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE."

DEAR SIR,

Aug. 1, 1848.

THE July number of your "Miscellany" contains an amusing review of the various Exhibitions of the season, in which the writer, while describing Miss Satchell's beautiful picture by the name of

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,"

adds, "a well-known song, *unfortunately by an unknown author.*"

The melody of the ballad in question is mine. When first printed, in the year 1822, many, many years before I became a writer of novels, the publisher required a second stanza to complete the song, at that time rendered popular by the exquisite singing of Miss M. A. Tree. Ignorant of the authorship of the words, (which I had accidentally heard quoted,) I myself supplied the second verse, usually sung at concerts. Soon afterwards, I found the whole ballad in the collected works of Robert Burns; whose second stanza is so superior to the one hastily supplied, that I subjoin it for the benefit of those with whom the ballad is a favourite.

"The mind whose every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me;
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and dee."

Believe me, dear Mr. Bentley,
Yours faithfully,

C. F. GORE.

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

PARIS:

THE CITY OF BLOOD.

"It is the ambition of France to be the world's guide,—it is her destiny to be its WARNING."—*The Times*.

THROUGH the scared city rings the sound of strife,
 Tumult terrific, and confusion wild,
 The rapid rush of feet, the sudden shout,
 The charging column, and resisting crowd—
 Clam'rous encounter, rescue, and retreat—
 The trumpet's signal note, the stern command,
 The sharp, quick volley, and the swift reply;
 And, loud amid its own destructive crash,
 The whirlwind uproar of the cannonade,
 Man against man, fierce, truculent, untired,
 Unwav'ring stands or falls; when ranks are thinned,
 New victims fill the void, the rampart hold,
 And lend fresh fuel to the frightful feud.
 While from the struggle, on their painful way,
 The wounded write their sufferings as they pass,
 And the red pavement owns the fatal scroll.
 And when, with harassed feature and soiled dress
 The hurried soldier tells his duty done,
 The battle o'er, the stubborn foe subdued,
 And scattered from each fastness of revolt,
 Slight cause for triumph his, such deed achieved.
 Her children slain, the capital bewails,
 All of one lineage, prisoner and guard,
 One common race, victor and vanquished.
 Paris, such toils are thine! and thou wert deemed
 The world's resplendent crown of pleasantness;
 Thyself a world of pleasure. At thy shrine
 Men sought and found all that was bright and fair,
 Gorgeous and graceful, mirthful and refined,
 Entrancing syren! well didst thou commend
 Thy beauties to our gaze. Who loved thee not?
 Thy terraced palaces, thy sprightly streets,
 Thy leaping fountains, thy gay theatres,
 Thy pictured porticoes, thy rich museums,
 Thy days of sunshine, and thy nights of dance,
 Where youth bewildered, measured not its joys,
 Successive as the minutes, and where age,
 With tripping air meandered on its path,
 Amused, enlivened, merry and content.
 Then the brisk artizan and cit polite
 Plied a good trade and prospered in their craft,
 Proffered their gaudy heaps of glittering toys
 Which science and invention, grace and skill,
 Combined to fashion, and adorned to please;
 Fresh modelled on the field of fertile thought,
 And perfected in handiwork as none
 Save Paris might, the world's emporium then
 For all that elegance and art could mould.
 And how the stranger marked with rapt amaze
 Thy marvels of surpassing excellence!
 How lingered he thy trophies to recount,
 And multiplied thy praises when at home!

Now, all thy guests are gone,—for who would dwell
 With doubt and dread and dark disquietude ?
 Who could repose when rest and peace are flown ?
 Who trust where confidence is banished ?
 Who trade where traffic droops and wealth decays ?
 Are thy streets tranquil ? Is there calm abroad ?
 Such peace as armed battalions must provide ;
 Such calm as banded warriors need defend.
 Commerce shall sleep while sentried citizens
 Secure each post and watch against surprise.
 All duties merged in one, the state to serve
 And the civilian gird in martial garb.
 Still sullen wrath outspreads her murky wings,
 Broods grimly o'er her discontented horde,
 So late discomfited but not destroyed ;
 Fosters remembrance, bitter and morose,
 Of losses past, bids vengeance bide the time,
 And start to action at the fitting hour.
 Woe to thee, Paris ! City of anarchy !
 Woe, woe to thee, metropolis of blood !
 A woe yet present tinged with sorrows past,
 Thick deepening shadows of a darker day.
 Oh ! tossed with tempests frequent and severe,
 Storms revolutionary nor yet appeased ;
 None but thyself this anguish hath provoked.
 No hated foe thy strongholds has possessed,
 Thy streets invaded, and thy warriors slain.
 'Tis thine own work. Thou hast thyself undone.—
 This fruit hath borne the tree of evil seed,
 False doctrine of licentious literature,
 False sentiment and sensual imagery,
 High wrought excitement, aimless of aught good,
 (Void ill supplied by passion's heartless gust,)
 And fostered by details of loathsome vice,
 Unhallowed plot, and criminal misdeed.
 This festering source of crime at length hath grown
 Into the moral ulcer of the state,
 Corroding innocence, and poisoning youth,
 Firing the blood, and flushing the hot brain,
 Till, sated with its own pernicious food,
 Mad with the impotency of nothingness
 Developed in such futile sophistries,
 The mind's firm balance looses from its hold,
 Sees nought to love, esteem, or venerate ;
 Deems chastity and temperance deceit,
 Virtue hypocrisy, and law th' invention
 Of tyranny unblest, a shameless fraud
 To chain the impulses of dauntless man.
 And poverty the while, with fulsome phrase,
 Flattered into a faith of better times ;
 Deluded with Utopian nullities,
 Promise impossible, and sham pretence
 Of easier life, short work, and ample wage,
 That never yet could human power supply,
 Or wisdom scheme, beyond all human scan,—
 Awakes to disappointment and revenge.
 In frenzied haste she piles the barricade,
 And meets her disciplined and valiant foes
 With all the furious recklessness of death,
 Which from the hope, if triumph be her hap,
 Of indiscriminate sack and pillage flows.
 —'Tis thou wouldst guide the world ! oh, hapless land,
 Thee in thy falling fortunes who shall guide ?
 Who rule, who govern ? whom wilt thou obey ?

In thine own council, murmurs and distrust
 Portend suspicion which they dare not own,
 In place of one harmonious accord,
 By which alone the state might gather strength.
 And when in fierce debate a factious throng
 Shall strive for mastery, what further tide
 Of unexplored contention shall relume
 The suburbs' rage, and light the flames of war ?
 What pilot then shall stem th' advancing surge,
 Expose the hidden quicksands of revolt,
 Ride bravely o'er the rocks of turbulence,
 And safely in the haven of repose,
 Harbour the vessel struck with many a wave ?
 Vain hope ! deceptive vision ! Thou art now,
 And still shalt be (and who shall say how long ?)
 A WARNING to the world thou fain wouldst guide,
 A warning of dire import, placed on high,
 To mark the perils of self-rule and will,
 Among the nations a bright beacon flame,
 Shewn far and wide that all may read their doom,
 Who, on that crimson meteor as they gaze,
 Would emulate thy sensitive unrest,
 Impatient of control, and prone to change.
 And shall not all the wondering nations own,
 With wholesome awe, the warning memorable,
 This gory page of history unfolds ?
 Conspiracy uncaged, and flung abroad,
 Caressed, encouraged, and in pœans hymned,
 To stride unfettered on its mad career.

At first, all honest aid to entertain,
 The cause of order revolution feigned,
 But disappointment of the real end,
 Community of means and property,
 Dispersed the sickly jargon to the winds,
 And woke the last rebellion from its lair.
 And what reward befits those orators
 Who first aroused the din, and meant to be
 The leaders in a "moral force" display ?
 The master-spirits of a mere reform ?
 Their's was the vein of faction unrestrained,
 Which prompts each frantic dreamer to impose
 His senseless and unsolid reveries
 Upon the multitude, for ever led
 By words that speak benevolence and zeal,
 But end, as they began, in empty sound.
 Such patriots hath the world for ages known ;
 Noisy declaimers, promisers of help
 And restoration to a better state
 Of social grade and fellowship, themselves
 Thriving and fattening on the fruitful theme.
 Such patriots hath the world for ages known.—
 But never yet such full experience,
 So sudden, prompt, and undeniable,
 Of misery and havoc that ensue
 Upon th' interpretation of their words,
 To certain issue brought and worked upon
 By their well-tutored, ripe subordinates.
 And what remains, this recent outrage quelled ?
 Upon unfed, unquiet crowds to force
 The irksome curb of order ; to reduce
 Into restraint those who must eat and live,
 But know not how nor whence the means to gain.
 Stern task ! unwelcome effort ! doubtful end !
 Mark it, ye nations ! Britain, mark it thou !

This social conflict at thy neighbour's hearth ;
 Look to thyself, for strangers love thee not,
 Envyng thy former prosperous industry,
 Thy laurels gained ! thy zeal for enterprize !
 Thy generous ardour to redress the wrong,
 Chastise the oppressor, and restore the fallen,
 High-souled enthusiasm and patient toil.
 Hence strangers love thee not, as none are loved
 Less than the true nobility of earth
 Who sin by excellence above the rest.
 And thus, among the human family
 Thou payest penalty for high desert,
 Thou mighty heart of vast dependencies,
 From every clime apportion'd to thy rule,
 By courage won, by just dominion kept ;
 Regions of untold myriads at thy nod
 Contributing their strength to thy increase,
 And swelling with their fame thy wide renown.
 But if this fabric we more closely search—
 This wondrous centre of circumference,
 Upon whose span the sun doth never set,—
 What see we here at home !—no ground for boast ;
 —To few, and few, indeed, that envied lot.
 Whatever tells of lavish luxury,
 Exuberant wealth, and free expenditure—
 To many scanty means and rare employ,
 To multitudes—distress and penury—
 Unhealthy contrast of deplored extremes,
 Sore pressure of domestic incubus,
 When pining industry shall vainly ask
 For fitting occupation, and be met
 With forced denial of its just demand,
 That to the willing artisan and labourer
 A fair employ and recompense may fall.
 Instinctive cry for toil and sustenance,
 That universal claim—to work and live !
 Let us not shun but face the growing ill,
 In mutual counsel remedies contrive,
 And to their use bestow our earnest aid
 For mitigation of our country's grief,
 Duty and interest both our service claim,
 Benevolence to safety points the way,
 Let holy principle the call enforce,
 And love fraternal stimulate the act.
 And oh ! fair Arbitress of many lands,
 Integral portion of our three-fold state,
 Time-honour'd in itself, and graced in thee,
 Gladly we hail that placid sovereignty,
 Whose rule bespeaks thy sex's attribute,
 Cheerful compassion, and prompt tenderness,
 The wretched in their adverse hour to soothe.
 Thyself in feminine supremacy,
 (Sweet mercy's handmaid, robed with regal pomp.)
 Presiding genius ! augury for good,
 Where pity sues and charity commends,—
 Guide thou the work and be the deed thrice bless'd.

THE PALE MAIDEN OF THE CASTLE.

A FRANCONIAN LEGEND.

BY H. J. WHITLING.

NEVER did the bright waters of the Pegnitz dance and sparkle more joyously beneath a summer sun than on the morning when Ludwig von Lindenhard rode forth from his patrimonial town in Franconia, which still bears his name, on his journey to Nuremberg,—and never did an evening close in more dark and cheerlessly than that on which he entered this valley at Ruprechtstegen. Now Ludwig was a broad-shouldered bachelor, of about forty years of age; one of more appetite than intellect. His *fancy*, if he ever had any, had all degenerated into *fat*. But the world had gone pretty well with him, and he liked the world. Though, as to the every-day matters and things upon it, he took but little heed of any object that was not either roast or boiled, and the idea of falling in love with aught beyond these, or his flagon, never once entered his head. He had lingered and loitered on his way, and now found himself belated. The night had been getting dull, the wind gusty, and it seemed to threaten a storm; but, the valley being at that time almost without inhabitant, there was but little chance of his finding either refreshment or shelter between Valden and Herzbruck, so he was forced to proceed on his way. He had dived his fingers again and again to the bottom of the wallet behind him. In his ravenous despair he actually disembowelled it; but not a crumb had insidiously concealed itself at the bottom. All the pockets of his ample buff jack-coat told the same empty tale,—what wonder, then, that he should swing round the wide mouth that hung at his girdle into his own, which was still wider, and thankfully ejaculate, ‘*a flask in need, is a friend indeed?*’

He forded the river at Fauzendorf, and arrived here late in the night. The goatsucker uttered his shrill cry, and the owl whooped joyously over his head as he approached. The *old* castle was standing then, broken and tenantless, save by those who loved not the sunshine. The ground is nearly level now, though a dry and deep moat in those days surrounded it; but, the chains which formerly had suspended the drawbridge having given way, access was at all times easy.

As Ludwig groped on his lonely way, he thought he perceived a light twinkling at a short distance before him. He crossed the bridge in that direction, and found it to proceed from a window in a corner of the courtyard. Could he be right? He had long thought the castle tenantless; and had as often wondered how it was that such a possession, with its broad belt of lands, was suffered to remain without an occupant. It was true it had been reported that the only remaining scion of that house, who was said to have fallen in the service of Charles the Bold at Nancy in 1477, was alive, and on his way to wed his betrothed, from whom he had been long separated, and who, unknown to him, had died of grief on learning the

tidings of her lover's death. But nothing that he had heard of occurred to confirm the news of his return. Yet, there was the light now burning clearly enough; it was all right; he *must* have come back again. Dismounting, therefore, and tying his horse to the gateway, which he was rather surprised to find standing open at so late an hour, he proceeded across the quadrangle, and presently stumbled over some stone-steps, which apparently led to the lighted chamber. Recovering himself a little, he ventured to ascend, and, passing along a narrow gallery above, he came to a low doorway. Faint rays glimmering through the chinks convinced him he had not erred. He knocked for admittance; but no voice replied. Again and again was his summons repeated; but all was silent. So at length he, though with some little difficulty, pushed open the door, and walked in.

Entering, he saw sitting at a table, upon which stood a small lamp of curious workmanship, a maiden, young, and of noble form, clad in a long black mantle. Her head was partly covered with a fine white veil, and secured at the back by a blazing sapphire. She wore a faded garland, and a profusion of jet-black hair fell in full ringlets over her beautiful but snow-pale countenance.

She slowly raised her head and looked upon Ludwig, but without manifesting anything like alarm or even surprise, at his intrusion.

"Pardon my freedom, noble lady," said he, bowing low; "but darkness, the hour, and the uncertainty of my route, lead me to seek a lodging for the night under your roof, to which the distant glimmer of your friendly lamp invited my wandering footsteps."

The maiden continued steadily to regard him, but without changing a feature, or uttering a word; and to his repeated request for shelter she merely nodded her head, in token of acquiescence at his claim upon her hospitality.

Her guest then spoke of his severe exertion, and long fast, and she appeared to pity him. He ventured to hint at the desirableness of supper, and some wine. Scarcely was the wish expressed when the maiden rose from her seat, and noiselessly quitted the room, making signs to him that his wants should be attended to.

Ludwig gazed after her in wonder and admiration. Her lovely face, albeit so pale, had, for a wonder, already found favour in his sight; and now her elegant figure, and graceful movements,—for she appeared rather to *glide* than to *go*,—captivated him still more. But she was as strange as beautiful. The singularity of the whole affair greatly puzzled him. 'Who can she be? living here all alone, too,—if she be alone,' thought he. Then what can be the meaning of a silence so unusual? And then all at once the idea struck him that she might be doing penance,—or was perhaps bound by some sacred vow,—or was perhaps otherwise speechless. When she shortly returned again with a supply of various kinds of food, she appeared in his eyes more charming than ever. He caught sight of a well-filled and lordly flagon; and when she placed these before him, and made signs for him to commence his repast, she so won upon his heart that he positively felt himself already over head and ears in love with her!

To a man like Ludwig, of few words and much appetite, no second invitation was necessary. Her half-famished guest sat down,

and zealously betook himself to the agreeable duty of lessening the stock of provisions, without troubling himself to observe that both bread and salt were wanting.*

Meanwhile the pale maiden, who had silently resumed her seat, now looked at him with some surprise, and, had she been but *mortal*, must have thought the efforts he made would be likely to end in something serious. It was one of his peculiarities that the more he ate (except when sick, and then he was ravenous from the first,) the sharper his appetite became; his plate was never empty, and yet it was never full. Yes, she *must* have wondered, and have found no end in her wondering, at the unaccountable disappearance of what had been placed before him.

When Ludwig could persuade himself to abate his attention to what was immediately under his nose, and regard for a moment the being who sat with him at table, he could not help thinking her face more resembled that of a marble statue than any living and breathing creature. He was somewhat troubled at her presence; so much so, indeed, that he forgot to say his grace—a duty which he would otherwise have fulfilled as well as any bishop. In the present state of things, however, he experienced a sort of paralytic obstruction of his will—all his good intentions were whirled away, like leaves on the wind; and, somehow or other, though he did not know why, he would have shuddered at it now, as at the transacting of some dreadful thing.

Thus it is that Reason and Conscience sometimes survive within us when their sovereignty seems to be shaken, and, though they overlook, they cannot always control, direct, or even regulate the wild works and waywardness of human passions. Thus it is that, though they know they are commissioned to this, they cannot achieve it, and notwithstanding they still retain the *privilege*, they have lost the power. But, to proceed with our story:—

Having done his best to discuss the merits of the good cheer submitted to him, and taken an extra draught or two of wine, which seemed to be of a particularly excellent quality, Ludwig found both leisure and courage to inquire if she was the sole occupant of the castle? This he said, not that he cared, at the outset, whether she was or not; but, in truth, because at that moment he knew not what else to talk about. In itself it appeared an innocent question enough; but it led to others, which in their turn produced more, and awakened thoughts to answer them,—and the consequences that followed were such as to teach poor Ludwig an important lesson,—that when once a not over-youthful bachelor begins an after-supper conversation with a young and interesting female, there is no knowing to what extent he may find himself committed in the course of the first ten minutes!

In reply to his enquiry the maiden—nodded.

“And your parents are absent—are perhaps’—he looked at her mourning-robe. No, he couldn’t for the life of him find it in his heart to ask if they were—dead?”

* Bread and salt were esteemed benedictory emblems. With regard to the latter, it is a pity that Ludwig never had the advantage of reading “Tom Cringle’s Log,” or he would have learned that “Duppy doesn’t like salt,” and perhaps have stood more on his guard than he subsequently appears to have done.

The lady, however, saved him the trouble by quickly nodding twice.

"And those are their portraits?" continued he, pointing towards two gloomy-looking old pictures which hung on the wall, representing a knight in a full suit of back armour, and a lady attired, like herself, in a mourning-dress.

The maiden nodded!

"And you are quite alone here?"

She nodded thrice, and this time more earnestly than before.

Ludwig sat musing like a man intent upon some great scheme. It is not easy to say exactly what he *did* contemplate, seeing we are not in the secret; but, perhaps, some idea of it may be gathered from what took place afterwards.

"You are the only representative of—of those—beautiful portraits?" said Ludwig.

A nod!

"And the sole possessor of the castle?"

Another nod!

"Hem!" He was not at all pleased at her singularly obstinate silence, and tried by various means to induce her to speak; but finding every attempt useless, he gave up the point, and endeavoured to soothe his disappointment by deeper appeals to the flagon, which, like his trencher, never seemed to get empty. The wine was as if charmed. The more he drank the more lonely did that maiden appear; and matters even went so far, that at length, dismissing every other idea, he determined to ask her to marry him. To any one else the thought would have seemed frantic, but Ludwig considered it would be no bad thing to get such a wife. That she was kind-hearted, was fully testified by her ready hospitality to the stranger: she was evidently an heiress,—that was another recommendation; and although, perhaps, the castle in which she dwelt might be a little dilapidated through temporary neglect, it was of course capable of restoration: beautiful, too, she was as an angel. What more could he desire? To be sure, she was dumb, but there was some comfort even in *that*; for there was no fear of curtain-lectures, and domestic squabbles were altogether out of the question. The idea was excellent: the more he cogitated the more desirable it became.

Having taken another solemn pull at the wine-cup, he approached her as gently as he could, and stammering out a few preliminaries, he, amidst mute assent and denial, took her delicate hand in his, and ventured to inquire if her heart was still free?

The maiden nodded as before.

Now, though it must be confessed the wine had done wonders, Ludwig, nevertheless, could not help feeling—just for a moment—a shadow of something like apprehension lest he should be going a little too far. What if he should be about to offer himself to a—a spirit?—a demon?—a—he did not know what? Many doubts and fancies crowded upon his imagination; but 't was only for an instant. One look into those gentle eyes soon put them all to the rout. A ghost, indeed! It would not bear thinking about. Was not the hand which e'en now rested in his and returned its pressure warm flesh and blood? To doubt it was ridiculous. In fact, the last look

he had taken put it quite out of his power to doubt anything, so he proceeded in his mysterious wooing.

"Would you be disposed," continued he, "to resign your freedom into the hands of a lover who might be pleasing to you, should such a one offer?"

She nodded again, and with increased vivacity.

"And if I," said he, still holding her hand, "I, Ludwig von Lindenhard of Lindenhard, were to present myself before you,—he paused a moment, for, as he afterwards declared, the pressure she dealt him spoke so violently in favour of the wonderful progress he had made after so short an acquaintance, that for a while his emotions were almost too much for him,—'if,' continued he, on recovering himself, 'I, Ludwig von Lindenhard, were to pledge you my love and solicit your hand, would you accept the one and bestow the other?'"

The maiden slowly raised her lustrous dark eyes, and fixing them full upon our hero, regarded him long and steadfastly, and again she nodded a reply. Then releasing her hand, she stepped towards a black, antique-looking shrine, out of which she brought a small box of quaint form, inlaid with silver, and taking out two rings she beckoned him to follow her.

He now felt the matter was growing serious. Totally unprepared for so prompt a conclusion, he became positively alarmed at his own success. A sudden panic struck into his heart. Nevertheless, he mechanically obeyed her. The small lamp she carried but dimly illuminated them on their way. Uncouth shapes and shadows appeared to dance along the walls of the wide corridor they were now traversing; and notwithstanding he still tried to exhort himself to be of good cheer, a vague sense of some *uncarthly* danger surrounding him put the wine out of countenance. His courage forsook him, and he would certainly have done his best to bring his matrimonial speculation to a speedy end by taking to his heels, had not two figures, impersonifications of the forlorn old pictures of the lady's parents, stepped forth at this moment from opposite doors and advanced towards them!

Assailed thus both in front and rear by the ghosts of two old portraits, and with the devil himself, for aught he knew to the contrary, walking by his side, there was not the least chance of escape. He resolved, therefore, to put the best face he could on the matter, till a safer opportunity should occur of giving his newly-made friends a run for it.

There was something stiff, stone-like, and lifeless in the movements of the two last-named figures, and the stern, cold greeting by which they acknowledged the presence of the disconsolate bridegroom was not calculated much to encourage him. Taking the maiden between them, they solemnly continued their way accompanied by Ludwig, who now fascinated and spell-bound was constrained to follow them. Recollecting that spirits had no power to speak until they were themselves addressed, he turned over in his mind all the usual forms of adjuration, but his parched tongue obstinately refused to articulate a single syllable; he, therefore, obeyed the tacit invitation he had received, and walked with the unknown as silently as themselves.

By the feeble and uncertain ray emitted from the lamp in the

maiden's hand, he now found they were preparing to descend an old and, as his footsteps soon informed him, broken staircase, which wound deeper and deeper, and round and round, till his head grew giddy. On reaching the bottom they turned through a low archway, and Ludwig discovered to his horror that he now stood in what appeared to be the funeral vaults of the hereditary possessors of the castle. What could they all want with him amongst the tombs? Had they come here to spend the honeymoon when the ceremony was concluded? or did they mean to murder him? He was all tumult and anguish. He again thought of retreating, but a supernatural impulse restrained him.

While, therefore, the interesting trio seemed to be holding a mute conference, meditating, as he thought by their looks, how they might conveniently dispose of him, the pale maiden nodding at him all the while most vehemently, poor Ludwig stood in the greatest embarrassment, resting first on one leg, then on the other,—now looking on the daughter, now on her parents, towards whom he already entertained sentiments of the most profound respect, if not veneration,—and occasionally stealing fearful glances at the mementos of death which were scattered around, and when they again passed along, seemed to be ogling him from every part of this dismal sepulchre.

Old monuments, grave-stones, broken tombs, skulls, and bones lay before him, profusely mingled with coffins of various sizes in copper, stone, and glass. At a short distance further they paused again. They were standing before the steps of a tomb on which rested a bronze effigy with a venerable beard, and bearing a mitre and crozier. The lamp, which now threw a brighter flame, shewed the vault to be much dilapidated, the tomb damp and mouldy, and in a recess opposite, Ludwig thought he could trace the faint and indistinct outlines of an altar. They evidently meant to marry him.

The pale maiden now approached the bronze figure,—alone,—bent forwards and kissed the hands which were folded across its breast. It arose gradually from its couch of stone, and with ponderous footsteps went towards the shadowy altar, on which two candles in massive antique candlesticks all at once revealed to the terror-stricken bridegroom two empty coffins. The lamp was then given by the maiden into the hands of the female portrait, who had so kindly taken the trouble to walk out of the frame where Ludwig first made her acquaintance for the sake of being present at his wedding. No sooner, however, had she touched it than it flared suddenly and became instantly extinguished.

She majestically motioned Ludwig forwards, who, more dead than alive, advanced towards her.

The bronze figure at this moment turned round to the pale bride and trembling bridegroom, now standing side by side before the altar, and, in a deep and hollow voice, solemnly asked the former whether she was willing to take Ludwig as her wedded husband?

Upon her nodding as before, the figure then placed on her finger one of the rings, and casting upon Ludwig a fixed and chilling gaze, said in the same monotonous tones, "Sir knight, will you consent to take this maiden as your wedded wife?"

Ludwig felt that his hour was come. He was nearly at his last

gasp. He thought of the position on the tomb five minutes before of that figure whose voice now resounded in his ears; and when he looked at those staring fish-like orbs below his iron brow, his joints trembled, his knees smote violently together, his hair began to rise on his head, his teeth to chatter, and the cold sweats of death to break forth all over his body. He tried to speak, but in vain,—his breath grew thick, and the muscles of his throat became violently collapsed,—he could not utter a sound. The mitred man, without stirring or turning a look, kept a dead, steady glare upon Ludwig, as if waiting his reply; but it came not,—it wouldn't come!

Suddenly the brow of the bronze man darkened with anger, and the various members of this ancient and interesting family, to whom he felt he was already more than half allied, assumed towards him a menacing attitude.

Ludwig was not naturally a coward, but he had been brought up in the most devout belief in ghosts and goblins. Nevertheless, he had borne all these things long and patiently enough, and if it came to a push, was not one to yield even to Beelzebub himself without giving a taste of his arm. He, therefore, doubled his ponderous fists with the most determined energy of a desperate man, and was concentrating all his powers for a last struggle with the chief master of the ceremonies, when suddenly was heard above their heads the long continuous booming of a bell, which evidently produced the greatest consternation amongst his company. The unexpected and deep reverberation caused Ludwig to recede a little. He saw the bronze figure slowly resuming its former recumbent position; the father and mother of the bride uttered the most piercing cries,—the pale maiden herself rushed towards him, her face awfully distorted and nodding at him more violently than ever, till at length, to his dread and dismay, her head fell off and rolled at his feet. At that moment a strong blast of wind extinguished the lights, and roared and drove through the now impenetrably dark and gloomy vault, and Ludwig fell senseless amongst the coffins.

After a while came consciousness. When he recovered, the night had passed away and the dawn had appeared; the sun had climbed the horizon, and the earliest matin-bell was sweetly pealing from the neighbouring steeple. But Ludwig lay sprawling at the bottom of the moat, into which he had evidently just rolled. A large round stone which he had brought down with him in his descent lay at his side. He got up and rubbed his eyes, but knew not what to make of it. He felt hungry and faint; but, thank heaven! if his supper had been a dream, he had also escaped being married to a goblin! He sought his horse, and presently found it secured near the entrance to a vault, which he had no recollection whatever of having visited the previous night; there he stood neighing cheerfully to his master in friendly recognition.

A CONTRAST.*

THE appearances of Englishmen and Englishwomen, in fiction, still continue to be as new, vigorous, and remarkable, as if the croakers, who are perpetually announcing the end of the world of Fancy, and the echoes, who can do nothing save ape their dreary note, were not crying in all quarters of the habitable world, their lament over the exhausted estate of Fairy-land. Here are a new candidate for honours, and an established public favourite, in every respect as wide asunder as Macedon and Monmouth;—for this their very diversity of gifts, training, position, purposely selected to illustrate the strength of England during this year of disorder,—and her riches at a period of all but universal famine.

We speak first of the lady, as one whose appearance is extraordinary, even in these days of extraordinary "female development" (as Mrs. Ellis might phrase it). Last year, in the midst of a heap of novels of a stupefying mediocrity, we were startled by the opening pages of an anonymous book, with a strange name, "Azeth." Now, diligent novel-readers as we are, we confess to a general disinclination towards romances of the ancient world. Such themes are too often the resource of persons, who possess scanty knowledge of life and small power over creative character, but who presume that grand words and elaborately prepared descriptions will suffice to establish their reputation for originality. On the other hand, exquisite specimens of the antique and classical romance are in existence to deter all, save the very strong, or the callously audacious. The "Valerius" of Lockhart—the cumbrously gorgeous "Salathiel" of Croly—the breathlessly fascinating "Pompeii" of Bulwer, must, we apprehend, stand on the threshold as shapes of discouragement to any one meditating excursions upon the holy ground of the past. Nor can we forget another example or two, differing in manner,—Mr. Ware's American "Letters from Palmyra"—Mr. William Howitt's "Avenger of Blood" from the "Pantika," as illustrating that great power, strong pathos, and vivid interest will not always suffice to secure those who exhibit them their due reward; if they select what is remote and unfamiliar—requiring also, peculiar preparation, and peculiar sympathies in the reader—as subjects for their art.

In spite of all these predilections, prejudices, and experiences, "Azeth" was not to be laid down, when once begun. We felt that it must have been no piece of task-work on the part of the writer, no heavy congestion of facts painfully gathered: but the reflection of the eager, ardent, impassioned mind of one who had lovingly looked towards the tombs and the temples of the ancient East, till their depths and their colonnades had become gradually peopled with life and passion; and the gazer had told her vision. The descriptive passages in that novel possess a glow, a colour, a resemblance, such as no mere closet-study could have given—the persons a distinct vitality and occupation. That "Azeth" is long, cumbrous, over-wrought, is true: a young painter rarely knows when to cease from the work of which he has be-

* "Anymone; a Romance of the Day of Pericles," by the Author of "Azeth;" and "Vanity Fair; a Novel without a Hero," by William Makepeace Thackeray.

come enamoured—but it is a book, which the reader most timid in judgment, most devoutly in fear of the coteries, could not look into, without perceiving that a fresh, and vigorous, and poetical writer was added by it to the brilliant list of English novelists.

“*Amymone*” will confirm the impression. It justifies Miss Lynn in selecting a second remote and classical subject as the theme for a romance. This she tells us, love, not conscious pedantry, incited her to do: and (what too seldom happens) the explanation in her Preface, is fully borne out, by the book itself. The invention is simple:—being merely the rise, triumph, and downfall of an ambitious woman, whose magnificence of beauty and intellect and hypocrisy, absolutely gives a dignity to imposture and crime. Her audacity is successful for a time: and with its failure the book closes.

So much for the invention of “*Amymone*.” It has been prompted and shaped by a generosity of purpose, which, whether well placed or misplaced, in a case where illustration avails itself of forms, customs, and characters, widely different from those of our own time, gives the story a value and a meaning. The heroine is, as we have said, a magnificent Hypocrisy: a creature of fraud, crime, and arrogance, whose whole being is a lie: whose greatness was snatched by the agency of murder, who is chaste because she is cold; and queenly, because the gods have made her beautiful. For a while, as has been told, she imposes herself upon the fickle Athenians to the point of their accepting her as the superior to *Aspasia*, because the latter has preached an intellectual liberty, and held herself clear of the traditional superstitions by which the old mythology was encumbered. Here, then, is another example of the temporary triumph of conventionalism, and of the dominion which even the least worthy can for a time wield, if adroitly enough they address themselves to the vanity, weakness, and jealousy of those whom they would subjugate. It is remarkable, of how many women of genius, the denunciation of such social injustice is now the leading idea. They are beginning at last to feel, that many of the evils of which they have so long complained, are not of Man’s so much as of their own making;—they are beginning to understand that in their support of one another, they do not support that which is worthiest so much as what will best minister to their own indolence or frivolity, or moral cowardice: But to tranquillize the nerves of some who read, having said thus much, let us hasten also to say, that Miss Lynn is not one of your scolding Britomarts, who make angry words cover strangely immoral tendencies in her argument. She is not one of those with whom attack is rendered a necessary measure. by as necessary an apology for their favourites. The warmth of her pleadings (if we read her novel aright) is not more remarkable than the purity of her principles. Therefore she must be set apart from others of the sisterhood with lively imaginations, who have flung themselves into the “*Wrongs of Woman*” question, with a volubility and an eagerness so confusing, that, in their desire to exterminate, they have ended in extolling the most frantic and selfish aberrations, the most irrational and eccentric sallies,—in trampling on primary duties, for the sake of some secondary sentiment. Well is it for them that they are not taken at their words, and allowed to legislate for themselves and *against* “*Woman’s Master!*” Well would it be for some, if they could keep the balance between the uttermost toleration and the most strict self-sacrifice, so well as our authoress

able to do, if in the least we apprehend the meaning of the sermon she preaches in "Amygone."

By this time another section of the public becomes uneasy; the very talk of a preachment being distasteful, and stirring up a prodigious bustle of words about "Solons in petticoats," Mrs. Trimmer, Miss Martineau, and we know not what other absurdities of like kind. Those who read for story and character, and who are shocked at the slightest idea of having any profit smuggled in, under pretext of their entertainment, may be at peace as regards "Amygone." So well-knit is the story, so rich its descriptions, so glowing its characters, that there is no occasion for them to notice the high-toned argument of the tale—if it *rumpled* them. For the merest romance reader, what can be more acceptable than the melancholy love-story of poor *Chrysanthe*? a love-story as intense as it is pure, told without "a yea" or "a nay," without one misgiving or second thought. Rarely has an engrossing passion been more openly or earnestly revealed, than in this sad episode of a maiden's love unrequited by its object. Yet we cannot imagine the reader who would raise a jest, or dismiss the melancholy history without a sigh,—or dissipate the simple and sincere, and *sisterly* earnestness, with which the case is handled. It was by way of foil, possibly, as much as for the sake of completing the picture of Athenian manners, that Miss Lynn introduced *Glaphyra*, the frivolous and cold coquette. She, in her turn, is painted in the trueameleon-colours of the creature; not a tint is spared, not a trait shrunk from. A woman wanting every virtue, rather than actively vicious, is no pleasant object for a woman's contemplation, unless she range with *Mrs. Candour*. But having accepted the necessity as part of her design, Miss Lynn is too sincere an artist to turn aside from the completest revelation.

The style in which "Amygone" is written bears out our idea of Miss Lynn's earnestness of purpose, and does credit to her taste. It is florid, without doubt; but our's are not days to which either mediæval angularity, or Augustan polish and succinctness, come naturally. And our's, alas! are days of bombast and trick in imaginative writing. Miss Lynn has fallen into the fashion of the time gracefully, without being seduced into its bad fashions. Though ornate, her diction is rarely turgid. She is given in her dialogue to longer speeches than we like, (who believe in such lightning-touches as Shakspeare has put into the mouth of his *Cleopatra*); but her words have purpose and probability, and we are spared those pitiful writhings—those ejaculations and broken sentences—by which too many of our novelists now-a-days fancy that they are enveloping their auditory, in the storm of real terror and emotion. It was well remarked by one of the most acute and experienced critics of the time, that it is hardly possible to read some of the most widely-vaunted and popular scenes of modern fiction aloud. Whereas (save for tears) no difficulty is experienced over the last days of Richardson's *Clarissa*,—or over the interviews between Scott's *Rebecca* and *Bois-Guilbert*,—or over the return of *Ravenswood* to the signing of *Lucy's* marriage-contract. The stricture is but too just,—the art of finding in good English adequate resources for the utmost exigencies of tragedy and comedy is in too great danger of being lost; and, therefore do we dwell on what was hardly a distinction when the Lees, and the Opies, and the Porters were fiction-weaving. Miss Lynn offers us no indication for others to fill up; but a graceful, self-consistent, well-sustained expression in words, of her thoughts, fancies, and feelings.

She has studied, or possesses an instinct for, her craft, such as many of her contemporary brethren and sisters might do well to emulate.

By the above, it will be seen that we think highly of "Amygone," and yet more highly of its writer. That, in a style of fiction so encumbered with difficulties, she should have produced a book so individual and so instinct with vitality (casting aside all regard for the scholarship which must have gone to its composition,) augurs a rare amount of power. One day, if Miss Lynn can widen her sphere of observation without losing her energy and enthusiasm, she may surprise even herself,—she will hardly surprise us—by yet more forcible and glowing creations. And we are prepared to attest the sincerity of our praise, and of the more than usually favourable tone of our anticipations, by an objection or two, as frankly propounded as our commendations have been.

The book is too diffuse. Some of its best scenes suffer by their prolixity of richness. Perhaps, too, *Amygone*, is too frequently brought upon the scene, in her wicked pride. The vision of her walking in her sleep may be thought to savour too much of the stage: and yet more the one or two junctures in which she is confronted with *Aspasia*. The two talk, not Woman's talk—but discuss the principles of which one is, and the other *acts to be*—the impersonation. Rarely are such scenes successful,—the apocryphal meeting between *Mary Stuart* and *Queen Elizabeth*, in Schiller's tragedy, being the exception which proves the rule.

Then, excellent as is Miss Lynn's championship of woman, we cannot, therefore, excuse her for having made her male characters, as a body, so subordinate. "Amygone" we own is, like "Vanity Fair," a novel without a hero: and *Pericles* and *Alcibiades*—accessary figures, however, sparingly produced, are most difficult personages to treat. If even Mr. Landor does not wholly satisfy us in his delineation of the former,—if that moving and bright series of pictures of the latter, published some years ago in "Blackwood's Magazine," had still, (may we use a familiar word?) a certain *Brummagem* dash, which we can endure from, or *for*, a *Janus Weathercock*, but not as belonging to one of a people in whom coxcomby and licentiousness took forms of grace,—it is unfair, perhaps, to reckon with Miss Lynn too strictly for deficiency of dignity and spirit in this part of her delineation. But, reckon with her we must. Then *Amygone's* husband, *Methion*, is a mean wretch, whom no mortal *Amygone* could have endured for even a year and a day; while *Cleon*, the tool, is the established coarse melodramatic compound, who stands for ruffian, tempter, villain, in all true histories of those who only wait for the voice of the Foul Fiend at their elbows to break out into open wickedness. We have now discharged our consciences.

With one of the youngest, most romantic, most eager of the romancers who ever loved to deal with difficult subjects and dead languages, we have associated one of the most practical, plain-speaking, *nonchalant* novelists that ever piqued himself upon dealing with the commonest circumstances and characters of modern every-day life. And why not? Without paradox or exaggeration, there is more of similarity between the two writers, than either would admit. Nothing but every-day truth and every-day simplicity, such as imply knowledge of, and trust in universal humanity, could have given any life-breath to the lady's Greek fable. Nothing but a poetry which speaketh in humour no less than in serious sentiment, and which finds matter for its exercise wheresoever human affections stir, and human

meetings and partings are to be endured, could have carried the man through his chronicle of hard, mean, vulgar, cruel, yet still *human* real life, without its becoming utterly repulsive. As it is, in place of a trifle to be laughed at by the world above stairs, thumbed contemptuously by the world below, and then tossed aside, we have a tale which more fairly promises to become a classic, than most works which we have opened for many a day. We may be thought late in welcoming "Vanity Fair;" but, as *Toots* says, "it's of no consequence." For the twenty-first critic who took it up, had a score of predecessors as caustic as Croker, as judicious as Jeffrey, as sardonic as Sydney Smith, as fine as Fonblanque, as strict and sententious as Senior, shewn him the way, must still (if the creature has a head and a heart of his own) find something individual to say about it. The book is a true book; rich in character, for the most part natural in incident; carefully executed, without over-care. It is a book, therefore, not to be dismissed with a single reading, nor to be despatched with a single penful of ink.

Those whose experience of Fiction ranges over some dozen years, and implies comparison, must be aware how, of late, Mr. Thackeray has been "stepping on" in public favour; quietly, quaintly, but resolutely. The "Parisian Sketch-book" began the march; the Irish Tour" marked another move forward, of many a mile's length; the "Mediterranean Steam Voyage" was a still further advance. Then,—though the Saints forbid that we should pry too curiously into the mysteries and meanings of contemporaries!—we noted, while they were appearing, those capital sketches of "Men's Wives." We laughed in due course over the "Physiology of Snobs," thinking the while (for Truth like Murder should *out*,) that such eager and angry pains, bestowed upon such a subject, was of itself more than a trifle *snobbish*. When "Vanity Fair" began, we saw, or fancied we saw, a strong man taking his ground patiently and quietly—not selecting the most promising or attractive figures, it is true, but perfectly competent to manage and manœuvre them to the last. We waited with some curiosity for the effect which would be produced. And historical is the fact, that the book which at first was scouted, yawned over, ignored as merely dealing with littleness, follies, &c. &c., gradually as it went on, became more and more looked at, more and more listened for, its incidents more and more talked over as real things; its people more and more canvassed as well-known acquaintances, until the chorus swelled by a gradual *crescendo* (as the musicians say) into a full cry of admiration. And from the "Fair of May," to the "Fair of Bartholomew," from the Fair of Leipsig, to the Fair of Nishnei-Novogorod—in spite of such stirring topics intervening as King O'Brien among his cabbages, and King Charles Albert beaten back to his own capital, every articulate English man, woman, and child, has for the last two months been saying to his neighbour "Of course, you have read 'Vanity Fair.'"

Under such circumstances our "*of course*" will spare the reader any detail of the plot, or any deliberate drawing out of the *dramatis personæ* for his edification; nor will we indulge in a homily on the animus of Mr. Thackeray's tale, nor display a long-drawn protest against his manner of calling attention to the plague-spot in every society—the canker at every core. Yet a word must be said on this matter. Though his is a novel "without a hero," *Dobbin* is its only personage (with the excep-

tion, perhaps, of dear *Mrs. O'Dowd*) who is not, more or less, cruelly, inconsiderately selfish. Now, the world is *not* so exclusively made up of Egotism "in many masks," as this would imply. There are holier spots of repose, purer bursts of sunshine, than *any* Mr. Thackeray has chosen to dwell upon; and, inasmuch as we mistrust and despise that maudlin optimism which, trying to make us love everything indiscriminately, corrupts our taste, hoodwinks our experience, and ends in plunging us into severe and cynical injustice against those who really bear Life's burdens; so we cannot but deprecate that perpetual tendency towards the practice of morbid anatomy in which our author indulges. The saw, the scalpel, even the magnifying glass applied to the Venus or the Antinous themselves, would produce strange disenchanting results. But is the world, for this, to have no dream of Perfect Beauty?

This said, and taking "Vanity Fair" for what it is, we have little else to do, save to offer a few peculiarly pertinent notes of admiration on the story and its writer. We have here coupled it with a book of different argument and tone; and the transaction has a certain fantastic justification of its own. Would we find match, foil, or prototype for Miss Lynn's magnificent criminal, we know not where we could point out one more striking than the "Modern Greek" revealed to us by Mr. Thackeray. We have had to do with few such thorough-going traders as *Becky Sharp*, though many is the clever woman we have met with in novels; and, albeit, in the nature and performances of she-*Satans*-incarnate (we hope the ladies will do honour to our delicacy!) Balzac and others of the French school had left us little or nothing to learn. But *Becky's* endlessness and elasticity, her power of accommodating herself to all circumstances great or small, her resources under emergency, her even good-humour when the excitement of conquest was over and meaner practitioners would have exhibited fits of temper or failures of spirits—have surprised, and, we may as well at once say, charmed us. For if it be true that there is a naughty corner of sympathy in every human heart for power, the same which attracts us to *Lady Macbeth* and *Medea* (when you broach dangerous doctrines, dear reader, be sure you choose the most august of examples!)—if skill commands attention and consistent energy respect after its kind, then we *must* follow, like fascinated folk, the career of Mr. Thackeray's adventures, curious, interested, and not so wholly revolted as peradventure we ought to be. Lest, however, our clients among the Graveairs and Goodchild family should misunderstand the above, it must be pointed out that, by the very key-note struck, Mr. Thackeray prepares us for the strains to come. We must not say that circumstances were too hard for *Becky*—that "the stars were to blame" for her cheerful heartlessness and passionless profligacy. Such excuse is for the maudlin lovers of maudlin fictions—for those who decorate convicted criminals with camelias in the button-hole, and would bolster up the corrupt by props plucked from under the sound and the upright. But Candour's self must admit that *Becky* had enjoyed few good chances. The clever child of a gin-drinking painter and an opera dancer, born with gipsy blood in her veins (so to say), and bred to every predatory gipsy art, poor *Becky* came into the world for one of two things—a weary struggle with her disadvantages, either within or without. It was easier—more natural, we fear—for her to prefer the latter. Mr. Thackeray, however, is in a mistake with regard to *Becky's* last great exploit. We do

not think that even vagabondizing about among the gaming-tables of Europe, or keeping up a colour and keeping out care by gentle tipping, would have permitted or forced *our Becky* into upright, downright murder. She would have got her money out of *Mr. Jos*, and held it fast; but not through the agencies of bowl and dagger.

Becky's mate, too, is (to quote *Audrey*) no less of "a true thing" than *Becky* herself; another victim of Society, dulled—whereas she was sharpened—by bad education. Old *Mr. Osborne*, though a trifle too ferocious for the stern father of domestic drama, is also well done: so are the *Sedleys* under misfortune. And may we never hear the brogue again if we do not pay hearty, loving, jovial homage to the tedious, jolly, masculine, womanly, pompous, good-humoured *Mrs. O'Dowd*. Her dialect and dialogue are no less delicious than her strong sense and feeling are admirable; and we must have introduced her formally to the reader (not forgetting her relations in "Muryan Squeer, Doblin,") had not every one that loves character already got by heart the whole scene of her entrance, not forgetting her little sentimental "'Twas there ye courted me, Meejor, dear!"—a touch worth its weight in gold!

The power in *Mr. Thackeray's* book is great. It is not the power which foams at the mouth and clenches its fist to shew you how strong it is—not the power which you see coming a great way off, with terrible things in its wallet, holding back the same, as *Mrs. Peerybingle* did the great fact of her justification in the memorable duett with her lord and master, that "the Cricket on the Hearth" might close with the expectedly-unexpected, dear, delightful stage embrace—but it is the power of reality. Our novelist knows that great words do not always come at great moments; that, in a crisis of terrible suspense or frightful emotion, lesser impressions strike, smaller feelings and fancies intrude (by surprise as it were) than the wholesale passion-mongers can either understand or reproduce. Thus, in his description of Brussels at the time of the Battle of Waterloo, there is not a solitary scrap of fine language—no greater sorrow dwelt upon than the fond, and intense, and childish restlessness of poor *Amelia Osborne*, to whom the fact that her husband had been neglectful and was gone, was so great a woe as almost to exclude the unfamiliar terror of the neighbourhood of a battle and its consequences. But let those who desire to follow out our praise, to appreciate its quality, and to test its correctness, conceive what other novelists might have committed during such a juncture. Fancy, for instance, the scene in the hands of the author of "The Diary of a late Physician." What spasms would there have been! what prayers, and what ravings, what broken sentences!—what cumbrous, and long, and intricate analyses of feelings, which none can analyse, so much of stupor pervades and fuses them together! But we doubt (or rather, we doubt *not*,) whether they could have enabled us "to realise" (as the Americans say) the tremendous days so intimately as *Mr. Thackeray* has done. *Mrs. O'Dowd*, poring over the book of sermons by the Dean,—her amulet against the torture of suspense—the dinner at which the sullen roll of distant cannon broke in, ere "grace" could be said—the frantic woman of quality sitting helpless in her carriage, for which no horses could be procured,—the appearance of *Pauline's* "homme à elle,"—the return of poor *Tom Stubble*, are all incidents so familiar, that *Abigail*s will despise them as mean. Yet how do they bring the time, the persons, and the vast event, home to us! Thus *Defoe*, where a less consummate artist would have lavished pages on an attempt to

terrify us, accomplishes the feat in a few of the simplest words ever penned—those merely which describe how the Recluse, sole tenant, as he believed, of his desert island,—“one day found the print of a man's foot on the sand!”

We must dwell on yet another scene, where the moment was one tempting for any person, in the slightest degree addicted to ranting on state occasions:—the return of *Rawdon Crawley* from the spunging-house, and his breaking-in upon *Becky* and her noble patron. The absence of all exaggeration, the instantaneous conciseness, with which the encounter is told (nay, *shown*) us, are of the highest order of narrative art:—a piece of deep domestic tragedy, if such a thing exists in ture. Let us cite the closing few words.

“You might have spared me a hundred pounds, *Becky*, out of all this—I have always shared with you.”

“I am innocent,” said *Becky*. He left her without another word.

“What were her thoughts when he left her? She remained for hours after he was gone, the sunshine pouring into the room, and *Rebecca* sitting alone on the bed's edge. The drawers were all opened, and their contents scattered about,—dresses, feathers, scarfs and trinkets, a heap of tumbled vanities lying in a wreck. Her hair was falling off her shoulders; her gown was torn where *Rawdon* had wrenched the brilliants out of it. She heard him go down stairs a few minutes after he had left her, and the door slamming and closing on him. She knew he would never come back. He was gone for ever. Would he kill himself? she thought. Not until after he had met *Lord Steyne*. She thought of her past life, and all the dismal incidents of it. Ah! how dreary it seemed,—how miserable, lonely, and profitless. Should she take laudanum, and end it; have done with all hopes, schemes, debts, and triumphs? The French maid found her in this position, sitting in the midst of her miserable ruins, with clasped hands and dry eyes. The woman was her accomplice, and in *Steyne's* pay.

“*Mou Dieu!* madame, what has happened?” she asked.

“What *had* happened? Was she guilty, or not? She said not: but, who could tell what was truth which came from those lips, or, if that corrupt heart was in this case pure?”—*Vanity Fair*, p. 480.

To us this is one of the truest pieces of pathos, both as concerns wife and husband, ever penned; a thing, which it would seem a child might have written; but which grown-up men, somehow or other, fail to write often enough for our pleasure. The favourite passages, we know, are about *Amelia* and her boy; but the above is better, and of itself would entitle the writer to a mastership in art.

We had noted a dozen other heads for discourse and wise counsel from “*Vanity Fair*;” vulgarities, egotisms, delicacies of touch, fine and felicitous observations, &c. &c.; but while we are writing, its author is beginning his new novel, “*Pendennis*;” and it is more than probable (to judge from his past progress) that there his gifts and graces may be brought out into stronger relief, and his foibles, his *nonchalance*, his disproportionate taste for drolling, will be merged in that serious resolution to excel, and to satisfy expectation, which popularity must, and will bring to all generous persons. Let us wait, then, for a year and a day, ere we discharge the rest of our tediousness. The ball is at *Mr. Thackeray's* foot; it rests with himself which way it rolls.

THE CELLINI CUP.

BY SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD.

CHAP. III.

The name by which our young people were now known was not, as may have suggested itself to the reader, their patronymic. Their father was of a proud and ancient family of the name of Oldmixon, and inherited a fair estate in a remote part of Devonshire, together with a large portion of the family pride; but it was neither the pride of ancestry nor of wealth. It was the pride of noble independence, and an unsullied name. In all things he followed in the steps of his forefathers. He had been but once in his life in London, where he had neither connections or friends, and on succeeding to his property, had settled quietly down into that most respectable character, an English country gentlemen.

There was a young lady in the neighbourhood of his estate, who from possessing very fascinating personal charms, as well as from being peculiarly situated in life, had become an object of much interest in that part of the country. She was the descendant of an old and highly respectable family, who bore the name of Silverthong, and she was the last of all her race. She had lately lost her last surviving parent, and found herself a solitary being in the world, without relation or connection; not but she had many friends; cordial and affectionate friends.

Still there is something in the tie of kindred, a cognate bond, which, unless severed by neglect, or cancelled by unworthiness, is the purest, as well as one of the dearest sources of our best affections. To poor Cecilia Silverthong this source had been dried up, or, we may rather say, that, save to her parents, the fountain never had been opened; she felt herself an isolated being; a unit in a populous world; and envied the poorest peasant who could boast his sisters, brothers, and remote relations, though like himself the humblest servants of the soil, or even, possibly, the tenants of a workhouse.

Another peculiarity of this young lady's fate was also quite notorious. Her excellent mother, of primitive manners and unsuspecting nature, had suffered her animated and affectionate daughter when not more than twelve years of age, to make a sort of pet playfellow of a beautiful and noble boy, the son of a closely-neighbouring baronet, who might be not more than in his eighth year. This child attached himself to his elder sister, as he was wont to call her, with such romantic enthusiasm, as to render it a matter not of notice only, but of extreme amusement to their individual families. Nothing that childish affection could exhibit was omitted by the enthusiastic boy to prove his devotion to his *elder sister*. Whatever were his choicest treats were put aside to be offered to *her*. The finest products of the pilfered garden and invaded orchard, were offered at her shrine. The rifled bird's nest, and the "rewards of merit," were alone placed at *her* disposal; and being, as may be supposed in so proximate a neighbourhood, alike under the same masters in similar studies, such as the early elements of education, and music, drawing, &c., in an unlucky moment it was determined by the unus-

pecting, and, perhaps we may say, short-sighted parents, that the children so much attached should receive their lessons together at the house of Cecilia's mother.

A cool and calculating mind might have foreseen the probable consequences on the ardent character and precocious passion of a boy like Charles Rivers. But to his own parents (of whom he was the second son) might probably be traced the volcanic nature of his own temperament, and they considered only the pleasure of gratifying a mere childish *penchant* in affording him the indulgence of this arrangement.

The mother of Cecilia, who of course saw nothing in all this beyond the pleasure of contributing to her daughter's amusement, had earnestly encouraged the idea, as giving a motive and stimulus to her improvement. Briefly, this intercourse, in about three years, gradually changed from the character of brother and elder sister to that of mistress and pupil.

The boy, fiery and impetuous to all but her, with whom he was submissive and obedient even to the wonder of herself, sprang with surprising strides after acquirement, and with no less amazing precocity towards adolescence.

Another year elapsed; Cecilia had now advanced into her sixteenth year, and Charles Rivers had entered his thirteenth. For some reason or other, never noticed or inquired into, Cecilia now declined all further instruction, and begged to be allowed to study by herself. The request was instantly accorded by her mother, and the boy was, for the first time, sent by his parents to a regular school.

It were useless and childish to record the instances in which he pestered Cecilia with letters filled with the wild imaginings of an amorous boy—how he repeatedly played truant to awaken her in a morning with a tender lay under her well-known window—how, when absolutely denied admittance, he climbed trees and dropped from their branches in her path, scaled walls, and entered through windows, to present himself before her! The boy was mad, and mad for love. Letters after letters were returned unopened, but nothing could stop the insane career of this determined young lover. Poor Cecilia now discovered where she had been to blame. She had petted a young tiger as a plaything, who now, even in semi maturity, turned upon her to devour her.

Years rolled on, and this persecution still continued. Cecilia's mother made repeated remonstrances to the parents of Charles Rivers. They declared their inability to control him, and retorted by accusing her of having notoriously encouraged the attachment. They, in fact, saw no objection to their second son's union with a young lady of a high family, and of very respectable fortune, to say the least. They took, in short, no steps to abate the terrible nuisance complained of. Perhaps, in fact, they rather promoted it. At all events, the persecution became at last so notorious and so annoying, that the poor girl was compelled to seek refuge in a distant county, with some old friends of her family, in the hope of escaping the pretensions of a boyish but resolute attachment, with which her own heart had never for a moment acknowledged a sympathy, beyond the mere indulgence of a playful regard for a beautiful and clever child. The youth was mad, and mad for love; and that was clear as light to all the country!

Years, I say, rolled on; the mother and Cecilia removed from place to place. From time to time Charles Rivers traced and followed them

everywhere. At last, when he had just attained his twentieth year, he presented himself before her at Bognor, pleaded his love and constancy, implored her forgiveness and pity, and swore he was at length determined to possess her hand, or to die by his own. No woman, I apprehend, could fail to be touched by such symptoms of enduring affection and attachment, however romantic, however unreturned. Cecilia freely admitted all the childish affection she had felt for the child—all the growing friendship she had encouraged for the pupil; but ended by declaring her utter inability to accept his proffered heart, while she beseeched him still to consider her as a friend and sister, in which relations she should ever acknowledge him, in spite of his cruel persecution, as a near and dear connection. This scene occurred on the sands at Bognor, and, as he had contrived, there were no witnesses to the meeting. He now told her, in a resolute and determined tone, that the moment was arrived which was to decide his fate; that he had loved her from his boyhood; that she had encouraged his love; and that he was at length resolved to die at her feet if she still persisted in her refusal to make him happy. Cecilia had heard and read in plays and novels of these tremendous threatenings, but did not altogether believe in their intention. Not without some degree of scorn, therefore, she cautioned him against any attempt to intimidate her.

On this he started, drew a pistol from his pocket, deliberately cocked it, presented it to his head, and pulled the trigger; but the quick sense and presence of mind of woman had defeated him. As she noticed his action, as if purely in scorn, her hand by a backward movement displaced the pistol, and, though its contents grazed and severely injured the skull, they touched no vital part.

Enough was done, however, to prostrate the attempting suicide. He fell to the ground, and the shrieks of the alarmed girl soon brought effectual assistance to the spot: he was conveyed to the hotel, where all necessary aid and attendants were procured for him. The mother of Cecilia wrote off immediately to his parents, to apprise them of the event and of his present residence, and then hastily prepared to leave the place: but this was not to be. The shock had proved too powerful for the nerves of the poor girl. She was attacked with faintings and shiverings, and in a few hours was in a high fever, which for many days threatened her life, and from which she only slowly recovered after an alarming confinement of full three weeks, and as long a period of doubtful convalescence.

In the meantime, Sir William and Lady Rivers had hastened to the scene. Sir William lost no time in waiting on Mrs. Silverthong with anxious inquiries, condolences, and regrets. She declined seeing him, and he followed up his visit by a letter, in which he stated that they had found their unfortunate son in a raging delirium, that his skull had received a fracture, and that very slender hopes of his recovery were entertained. He apologized for his wife's not having paid her immediate respects with himself, but appealed to her own maternal feelings for her excuse; concluded with expressions of the deepest sorrow for her daughter's sufferings,—sorrow which, he assured her, could only be increased by the melancholy consciousness that his unhappy son had been the occasion of them; but that, should it please God to restore them both, he would take especial care should never be renewed by any person connected with his name.

Charles Rivers was restored to health, but not till long after the object of his love and persecution, and her mother, had left Bognor.

As recollections revived with his returning senses, he could hardly persuade himself that he was not awakened from a frightful dream. At length, he hesitatingly inquired after Cecilia—was told she had long since left Bognor, and from that moment he never named her more, save in his sleep.

Briefly, as he recovered, he became an altered being. All the wild extravagance of his boyish energies appeared to have subsided, and nothing to remain of the former wild and impetuous boy, but a tempered enthusiasm, a chastened vehemence, and restricted rashness, which now assumed the more manly character of unflinching courage.

It had so happened that a wealthy aunt, an elder sister of his father, had died about three years before the period to which our history has arrived, and bequeathed a very considerable property in the funds to her nephew and godson Charles Rivers, which property was to vest in him from the period of his attaining the age of twenty. He was, therefore, now independent of all the world, a circumstance which, while he disdained to urge it to his adored Cecilia, had no doubt, in a measure encouraged, if not suggested, the vigour of his last pursuit.

One day, while taking an airing in an open carriage with his father and mother, Sir William Rivers, in accordance with a plan settled between the latter, began gently to expatiate on the events of the last two months. The moment Charles Rivers perceived the drift of this preface, he calmly interrupted his father.

“If I am right in my supposition, dear sir, you are about to enter on a subject which I am resolutely determined never to discuss. I would not for worlds charge you with being accessory to follies which have nearly cost me my life, and, what is incalculably more valuable to the world, and more dear to me, the life, or, at all events, the happiness of one other being. I would not accuse my parents for the world’s purchase of having encouraged, or sanctioned, or even winked at my past enormities, all I will ever say is, that I wish they had been repressed, and my dangerous follies corrected. But the past is irrevocable, and I live henceforward only for the future. I am now, I believe, in a legal sense independent, and need be no longer a burthen to you.

“It is my wish to travel, to see the world; and it shall go hard but the spoiled child and incipient madman shall redeem the character which he leaves behind him, blighted, branded, and all but infamous.”

There is no need to pursue this conversation or its results. In less than a month Charles Rivers, after having sold a considerable portion of his funded wealth, bade farewell to his family, and retired to the continent.

BEFORE AND BEHIND THE BARRICADES OF JUNE.*

BY THE HONOURABLE CHARLES STUART SAVILE.

"Oh Liberté! que de crimes se commettent en ton nom,"

MADAME ROLAND.

It had long been evident to every one residing in Paris, or who took an interest in the affairs of the French Republic, that sooner or later a desperate struggle would arise between the moderate and red Republicans. By the latter must be understood those men who, throughout the reign of Louis Philippe, maintained the principles of Republicanism at an enormous disadvantage, and in the face of every possible difficulty and peril. It was they who made the Revolution of February; they cling to their principles with the zealous fervour of religious enthusiasm, and have proved their readiness to die in their defence; they look upon themselves indeed as the regenerators of humanity.

Many accounts have appeared, professing to be true descriptions of the late dreadful events in Paris; they are, however, for the most part garbled, or written by prejudiced pens. Several leading French journals have published details of the most disgusting atrocities perpetrated by the insurgents; the far greater portion, however, of these cases owe their origin to the fertile imaginations of the *redacteurs* of the *Constitutionnel*, the *National*, the *Siècle*, and the *Debâts*.

It is my intention to confine myself to the description of some of the events of which I was an eye-witness; and which may prove interesting from my having mingled both with the insurgents and with the partisans of the government, preserving, at the same time, a strict neutrality, for I felt that, in my capacity of a foreigner, I had no business to mix myself up with a *family quarrel*.

On Friday the 23rd of June, I was sitting, at half-past ten in the morning, in my breakfast-room, the windows of which face the Porte St. Martin, when I suddenly heard a tremendous shout, and on looking upon the Boulevard, a most animated scene presented itself to me: shoals of men in blouses were rushing forth from the wine-shops and *cafés* in the neighbourhood, crying out, "*Aux barricades!*" "*Vive la République!*" "*à bas Lamartine!*" "*à bas Ledru Rollin!*" "*à bas Marie,*" &c. As if by enchantment, barricades began to rise on every side, formed chiefly by omnibuses and *fiâcles*, which having been thrown over, were placed across the street, and filled and heaped up with paving-stones, torn from the ground by the infuriated people.

It was evident that a new revolution was breaking out, and as everything seemed to foretell that the fighting would be long and bloody,—for I was certain that the regular troops would not on this occasion hold back as in February,—I quitted my house, and proceeded as fast as possible to my banker's office, situated near the *Chausée d'Antin*, in order to supply myself with funds before the establishment should be closed, for it was difficult at such a period to

* This paper was written immediately after the events it describes, but for certain reasons was not then published. Those reasons no longer exist.

guess when it would be re-opened. On leaving the house, I found the whole of the Boulevard St. Denis in the greatest confusion; the shops were being closed, and the people were hurrying to and fro; some were armed with guns, but the greater portion appeared to be mere spectators. I scrambled as well as I could over the barricades which were being made, and hurried on towards the Boulevard des Italiens. On passing the *Corps de Garde*, opposite the *Théâtre du Gymnase*, I observed that it was closed, and apparently deserted. On reaching the Boulevard Poissonnière, however, the scene changed, for every one appeared to be walking about as if nothing particular was going on, while the shops and *cafés* were open, and the *habitués* of the latter quietly breakfasting under the awnings. A few minutes more brought me opposite the great gun-shop belonging to M. Devisme (the French Purdey), which I entered for a moment, in order to warn the shopmen; for during Revolutions in Paris, the armourers' shops are generally plundered of their contents, and in February M. Devisme was a great sufferer from that cause.

On entering my banker's office, I found the partners and their clerks perfectly unconscious of what was taking place, but on my mentioning the facts, the senior partner turned very pale, and exclaimed, "This will be a consummation of the ruin of commerce, commenced in February." At this moment the beating of the *générale* was heard in the street, confirming the inauspicious news I had brought. Having received the funds I required, I returned towards the Porte St. Martin, being desirous of arriving at my residence before hostilities should commence. On approaching the neighbourhood of the Porte St. Denis, I was surprised at not seeing a single soldier or National Guard, but, on the other hand, I was equally surprised at finding several thousand persons of all ranks, but chiefly of the lower classes, in possession of the whole of the district, and already strongly entrenched in barricades of the most formidable description.

Across the Boulevard, and quite close to the Porte St. Denis was an immense barricade formed of two or three omnibuses, several carriages, some huge waggons and paving stones taken from the streets, which were torn up for a considerable distance on both sides. A little beyond the Porte St. Denis was another barricade, fully as formidable as the first, and composed of about the same miscellaneous materials. Still further on, towards the Porte St. Martin, was a third barricade, sufficiently strong to be a powerful defence against a *coup de main*. The end of the Rue Faubourg St. Denis was also closed up by a large barricade, ready to prevent the approach of troops from the outskirts. The Rue St. Denis, the Rue Villeneuve Bourbon, and the Rue Clery, and the other streets abutting on the spot in possession of the insurgents, were similarly defended, and thousands of *gamins* were industriously working with pikes and spades tearing up the pavement. The mere enumeration of these extensive works shows how much time must have been spent in their erection, and it is wonderful to think that the authorities, who had been forewarned of what was doing, and who had frequently shewn much alacrity in calling out troops, when there was little or no occasion for them, should have allowed so many barricades to be completed without interruption.

The barricades were defended by some hundred people in blouses,

of whom many were not armed, they had a great number of tri-coloured flags, inscribed with the words "*Ateliers Nationaux*," "*Le Travail ou la Mort*," "*Vive la République démocratique et sociale*," &c. The Porte St. Denis, which was in the hands of the insurgents, was decorated with a black flag, and on the top were arranged heaps of paving-stones, apparently for the purpose of being hurled upon the heads of those who might attack the position.

I had just entered my house, when several shots were fired close under it, and on running to the window, I perceived a detachment of the sixth legion attacking the barricade in front of the Porte St. Martin, which, being feebly defended, was soon taken possession of by its assailants with scarcely any bloodshed, while its defenders retreated towards the Porte St. Denis. At this moment some insurgents fired from a barricade at the entrance of the Rue de Bondy to which the National Guard immediately responded, when a ball from one of their muskets broke one of my windows, and striking the wall close to me, a portion of the plaster struck me on the left temple, inflicting a sharp but not severe wound. A little sticking-plaster, however, soon set my hurt to rights and I was able to be an eyewitness of the attack made upon the barricades before the Porte St. Denis by detachments of the second and sixth legions and some infantry of the line. The fight lasted about a quarter of an hour; some insurgents had taken possession of the house in which is the great glove manufactory of Jouvin, and poured therefrom such a destructive fire upon their assailants, that they were compelled to retreat with great loss; having however obtained reinforcements they returned to the attack, and gained possession of the barricades, after having dislodged the insurgents from the adjoining houses. During the heat of the fight an *ouvrier* kept waving a banner upon the barricade until he was shot in the leg, when falling upon one knee, he continued to wave the flag, until he fell motionless to the ground; on going up to him a short time afterwards, I found he had been shot through the heart; a young and handsome woman, in all probability his wife or mistress, was killed close to him.

Troops now began to arrive in great numbers, composed of the line, the *Garde Mobile*, and the *Garde Nationale*. From every quarter could be heard the quick, sharp reports of musketry, and at every moment a *brancard* passed by with a wounded man thereon.

I was looking upon these scenes from my window, when an old woman, a neighbour of mine, entered the room and informing me that her son was among the insurgents on the barricade of the Rue de Bondy, entreated me to attempt to induce him to come away. Overcome by her prayers, I ran down, and getting through a ground floor window, I ran up to the young man, and said to him, "*Mon ami*, your mother is calling for you."

"I cannot leave my place," was his answer.

"Yes, for a moment," I said, "your mother wants to give you her blessing."

"In that case I will accompany you," he replied.

And we proceeded to enter the house, when just as we were getting through the window, a tremendous discharge took place, which killed a man close to me, while another was severely wounded upon the very spot, we had just quitted. Having led the young man upstairs, I took him to my apartment, where he found his mother anxiously

waiting for him; he embraced her, and was on the point of quitting us and returning to the barricade, when I exclaimed, "This way, my friend," causing him at the same moment to enter a large closet, the door of which I suddenly shut upon him and locked.

"He cannot join the insurgents now," I observed to his mother, "and you may keep him confined unless he promise to remain in this house until all is over."

The old woman thanked me most earnestly. "He is my only child," she observed, "and were I to lose him I should be alone in the world."

It must be observed that the young man was a provincial opera-singer, who had not long returned to Paris at the conclusion of an engagement in the south of France. In consequence of the impossibility of procuring fresh engagements, as almost all the provincial theatres were closed, a number of comedians had found themselves thrown out of employment. The government had, however, agreed to momentarily give every unengaged performer the sum of two francs a-day for the six week days, to earn which each of them was required to superintend the payment of a brigade of the "*ateliers nationaux*." The brigade superintended by the young opera-singer belonged to the Faubourg St. Antoine, and was commanded by a brigadier who was most ardently attached to the principles of the "*Republique democratique et sociale*." This person who was a most respectable and well-educated man, had easily gained over the young *artiste* to his cause.

Although a foreigner, I was a member of the National Guard, and as I was desirous of circulating freely, I took up my musket and went upon the Boulevarts, determined, however, to preserve a strict neutrality. The streets were now occupied by strong detachments of National Guards, engaged in demolishing the barricades, so as to allow of the passage of the artillery-trains. Having turned down the Rue Faubourg St. Denis, I entered the Rue de l'Echiquier, where I found a detachment of the *Garde Mobile* attacking a tolerably strong barricade, which was taken after some resistance, when the insurgents retreated towards the Rue Bleue.

Retracing my steps, I proceeded towards the Rue Vieille du Temple, where an old lady, a friend of mine, resided; I found her in a most dreadful state of agitation, for, about sixty yards from her house, some insurgents were engaged in raising five barricades at a point where five streets met. I had not long arrived before a company of National Guards came up, they were, however, soon compelled to retreat with the loss of a few men. They were reinforced by some of the *Garde Mobile*, who commenced the attack in right earnest, but without success, for the fire of the insurgents kept thinning their ranks at every moment, while about ten of their comrades, who had come too close up to the barricades, were taken prisoners. These were, be it observed *en passant*, treated with great humanity. On the other hand, several of the insurgents whom I saw fall into the hands of the National Guards and of the *Mobile*, were shot without mercy after they had surrendered. I saw, indeed, a *Garde Mobile* run his bayonet through a wounded and unarmed prisoner, who remained writhing from the effects of the stab for more than ten minutes, when death, inflicted by the butt-end of the musket of a National Guard of the fifth legion, put an end to the sufferings of the unhappy wretch. I was afterwards informed that the

barricade held out for more than six-and-thirty hours, and was then deserted by the insurgents during the night.

At one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the booming of cannon, and being unable to get to sleep again, I dressed myself and went upon the Boulevard, which I found occupied by two regiments of cavalry, lancers and dragoons, the horses belonging to which were picketed along the streets. The foot-pavement in front of my house was occupied by a large portion of the fourth (my own) company, of the fourth battalion of the fifth legion, with whom I did sentry and patrol duty until seven o'clock. Just before I returned to my house, a cannon ball fell close to the Porte St. Martin, and rolled through it; a National Guard, perceiving the ball moving along up the Rue St. Martin at a seemingly slow pace, imagined it to be quite spent, and before his comrades could prevent him, he attempted to stop it with his leg; the consequence was, that the limb was smashed. The ball rolled on until its progress was arrested by a heap of straw.

Aides-de-camp from every point now kept galloping along, some bringing tidings that the insurgents were gaining ground, others that the insurrection was being concentrated within several principal points, chiefly in the Rue St. Jacques, on the Place du Pantheon, on the Clos St. Lazare, in the Cité, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and at the top of the Faubourg St. Denis, towards La Chapelle. Several flags taken from the barricades were carried along the Boulevards, towards the *Assemblée Nationale*, on some of which I read the words, "*Le Travail ou la Mort*," and "*Mort aux Pillards*." They were all tricoloured, indeed during the whole of the engagement I did not see a single red, and scarcely any white, flags.

A little after ten o'clock, a man dressed in the uniform of a sergeant of the National Guard called at my rooms. He proved to be the brigadier of the brigade superintended by the young opera-singer, whom I had confined in the closet, and who had made a most solemn promise (which he kept), not to quit the house until all was over; and most fortunate it eventually proved for him that he was prevented from joining the insurgents, for shortly after the quelling of the insurrection, an officer of the National Guard, accompanied by two soldiers of the line and a *Garde Mobile*, came to the house in order to arrest him, and it was in consequence of his being able to prove that he had remained at home during the whole period of the fighting, that he was left unmolested.

The brigadier informed the young man that a suspension of hostilities had been proclaimed by General Cavaignac, and that profiting thereby, he had come down to the Boulevard St. Martin in order to learn the fate of some of his comrades residing in that quarter. I then heard him ask the young man, in a low tone, to accompany him to the Faubourg St. Antoine; upon which I interferred, saying, "that cannot be, he has promised his mother to remain here; not that he is against you, for he is devoted to the cause of the *ouvriers*."

"Are you against us, sir?" returned the brigadier.

"I am against your having had recourse to violence," I replied; "still, although in my capacity of a foreigner, I am neutral, I cannot help acknowledging that the *ouvriers* have great cause for complaint, as promises were made to them in February which have not been fulfilled."

As he perceived that there was no danger in confiding the truth to me, the brigadier confessed that he had been fighting behind the barricades ever since the commencement of the insurrection, and that, on the proclamation of the truce, he had put on his sergeant's uniform and come down, in order to see after some of his companions, "for monsieur," he continued, "my brigade consisted of ninety men, and I know that eighty-six are either fighting on the barricades or would be, were they not prevented."

It must be observed that the person who was addressing me was not a common *ouvrier*, but a man of education, and possessor of a well furnished and large apartment. Before the revolution of February he was in receipt of a daily salary of fifteen francs, being a head "*compositeur*." He had lately been married to a most beautiful and accomplished young girl.

Being desirous of seeing something of the insurgents in the Faubourg St. Antoine, I accompanied the brigadier to that quarter; the suspension of hostilities and our being national guards, allowing us to circulate freely. My conductor had informed me that it would not be difficult for me to return, and that in case of the worst, I could declare, if taken behind the barricades, that I had been made prisoner by the insurgents.

To be brief, after having proceeded along a circuitous route, we entered the precincts of the insurgents, by whom we were suffered to pass on my companion making a sign and uttering a password. We at length reached the Rue Faubourg St. Antoine in which the brigadier resided. It was bristling with barricades of every description, guarded by well-armed able-bodied men, chiefly dressed in blouses. Having proceeded to his own house, my conductor changed his sergeant's tunic for a white blouse, and filled his cartouche-box with ammunition, then bidding adieu to his lovely wife, who was weeping bitterly, he quitted the spot, and led me up to the chief barricade, situated at the entrance of the Faubourg, where it abuts upon the Place de la Bastille and the Rue de la Roquette. Never had I beheld such a formidable piece of fortification; it reached to the second stories of the adjoining houses, and was composed of every conceivable material; omnibuses, *fiacres*, waggons, trees, paving-stones, and bars of metal; it had evidently been constructed by persons acquainted with engineering. It was full of loop-holes, just large enough to admit of the defenders taking aim at their assailants.

Amongst the insurgents were a number of prisoners, chiefly belonging to the *Garde Mobile*, who were drinking and talking very merrily with their captors. Those who were wounded were attended to by the women with great tenderness. Indeed, the manner in which affairs were conducted, and the discipline observed, proved to me, beyond a doubt, that among the *ouvriers* were leaders possessed of great military science. Many of the insurgents who wore the blouse were evidently, by their manner, of superior rank, and although the hands of almost all were blackened with powder, the shape of many of those hands was that peculiar to those who work not.

As long as the truce lasted, I went over a great portion of the Faubourg, accompanied by the brigadier, who seemed to take great pride in pointing out to me the absence of all pillage. "*Mori aux Pillards*," was written on many of the shutters; and I am convinced

that, had any one been taken in the act of thieving, he would have been instantly shot.

The time fixed for the conclusion of the truce granted by General Cavaignac was now approaching, and as the insurgents did not appear desirous of profiting by the offers made by that able commander, although they were full of generosity and moderation, it was evident that the attack upon the barricades would be recommenced. The insurgents, who up to this time had some of them freely mixed with the soldiers of the advanced posts, began to return behind the shelter of their fortifications. Several attempts were made to induce them to lay down their arms, but all was in vain, and hostilities were renewed.

Some field-pieces, placed at the further end of the Place de la Bastille, now began to play upon the enormous barricade and the houses at the entrance of the faubourg. A detachment of *Mobile* then advanced towards the barricade, when a well-sustained fire from its loopholes, and from the windows of the adjoining houses, began to literally sweep many of the brave little fellows away; still their comrades came boldly on, some of them actually attempting to scale the barricade, although none succeeded in so doing. The *Garde Mobile* were gallantly supported by some regiments of the line, and by the *Garde Républicaine*. Some of the National Guards also behaved bravely, but the greater portion seemed dreadfully out of their element, and appeared to consider that "discretion is the better part of valour."

The defenders of the barricades fired with the surest aim, scarcely a shot from their muskets failing to take effect, and in a short time that portion of the Place de la Bastille near the faubourg was covered with corpses and wounded men.

But I must draw to a hasty conclusion, or I should fill volumes with the description of the barricades I saw attacked; of the *waggon-loads* of corpses that passed along the Boulevarts; of the wounded generals, officers, and soldiers carried by me; of the streets literally flowing with blood; of innumerable traits of courage shewn by the line and the *Garde Mobile* in general, and by the National Guards in individual cases.

I must, by the bye, observe, that deeds of courage were not confined entirely to the harder sex. I will mention one instance, at least, of female gallantry. On passing by the theatre of the Porte St. Martin on the last day of the insurrection, I observed a *Garde Mobile* lying asleep upon some straw; on perceiving the cross of the Legion of Honour upon his coat, I asked who he was. "*He!*" said a bystander, "why, it is a woman." This was perfectly true; her husband had been a *Garde Mobile*, and was killed during one of the first attacks made against the barricades; his wife, who was *cantinière* to the battalion, put on the fallen man's uniform, and for three whole days was continually in the thickest of the fight. She had taken with her own hands nine banners, and eight prisoners, and was at the storming of no less than forty-three barricades, yet, strange to say, she had received only one slight wound in the arm. General Lamoricière had decorated this heroine with his own cross, upon one of the barricades, the banner of which had been taken by her after a most furious struggle.

Wayside Pictures

THROUGH

FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY.

IV.—AN OLD NORMAN CITY.

THE appearance of Rouen from the Seine is highly imposing. The grand expanse of quay which lies between it and the river throws it back far enough to enable the eye to take in the whole at once, with its fantastical varieties of roof and gable, spires and towers, clustering in charming confusion amongst the dimples of the hills. The spacious quay, which is a grand modern improvement, interferes a little with the old-world tone of the place, it looks so new and fine; but, balancing the advantages of the open view against the provoking interruption of the crumbling and unsightly walls which formerly screened the city, the picturesque is a clear gainer by the change. The situation of Rouen is exactly what the French call *riant*—lying up the sides of a broad valley, backed by a chain of hills, broken into wooded ravines, and looking down upon the pleasant islands of the Seine, and its moving panorama of ships, masts, and streamers of all nations and colours. Never was a spot more happily selected for a great inland city, commanding the sea through a noble river, which can float vessels of two hundred tons burthen to its quays, and possessing, by its position, immediate communication with all parts of France. On the opposite bank of the river is the suburb of St. Sever, a densely populated place, horribly thronged and dirty in the interior, but making an effective picture across the water. At the extremity of the city, in a deep green dell, the pretty faubourg of Martinville, buried in trees on the border of the Champ de Mars, forms the romantic entrance to the old Paris road.

There are two bridges at Rouen close to each other. *Cui bono?* One is a suspension-bridge, handsomely built, and the other a solid stone structure, ornamented with a bronze statue of Peter Corneille. The necessity for these two bridges is by no means apparent, and the only satisfaction I could obtain on the point was, that they were designed as termini to the two principal streets,—a design which they by no means fulfil.

English travellers have a habit of abusing French towns for their dirt and stench. Rouen has had more than its fair share of this sort of criticism. Miss Costello says that Caen "surpasses all other towns, *except Rouen*, in unpleasing odours and filthy streets." This is rather a hasty verdict. The streets are narrow, and, from that circumstance, not very clean; but they are neither so narrow (except in the old quarters, where we should be sorry to see a foot of their ragged timbers removed) nor so filthy as they are described. Rising against an amphitheatre of hills, there is plenty of room for the sun and air to play upon the streets, and the rapid descent of the rains through these narrow conductors supplies a constant drainage, which offers by no means an indifferent substitute for sewers. The

health of the town is still further secured by the streams of the Aubette and the Robee, which flow through its environs,—a circumstance which appears to have escaped the notice of casual travellers.

But the imagination is so richly feasted in traversing these quaint streets, that one hardly thinks of anything but the wonderful combinations of forms that surprise you at every turn. From whatever point of view you look at the streets of Rouen, they are ready to sit to the artist. The broken lines, the projecting windows, the curious doors and dim interiors, the pendant ornaments that topple out over your head, the strange roofs, eaves, and corbels, and odd mixture of beams, stones, slates, and rubbish, with the dark mystery of antiquity brooding over all, suggest a perpetual succession of pictures. We involuntarily exclaim at every step, "Here is a scene for Prout!" You may repeat this a thousand times without exhausting the wonders of Rouen. And this is one of the pleasures of visiting an old continental city, which cannot be conveyed by any art of description. It *realizes* before our eyes all that which had been hitherto little more to us than the dreams of poets and painters, giving us in addition the actual life of the scene, of which we knew nothing beyond its costume.

Rouen has profited more than any other town by the introduction of gas-lights, in consequence of the peculiarity of its architecture. The effect of the lamps at night is very striking, lighting up the irregular masses of buildings, the roofs and upper stories of which almost meet across the narrower streets, and shut in the glare upon the stream of pedestrians below; bringing out into strong relief the single lumbering waggon that nearly fills the whole breadth of the causeway, with its huge horse covered with leather-housings and sheep-skins, dyed blue or red, fringed with cotton tassels, and a ring of bells round its great neck. The multitude of shadows, and endless diversities of outlines and patches of light produced by the inequalities of the *façades*, exceed in their startling variety all one's previous notions of the architectural romance of an ancient Norman town. The stranger who would enjoy this curious sight in full perfection, may be recommended to stand on the quay at the corner of the Rue Grand Pont, where he can get his view according to the angle he chooses; shewing the street apparently suspended in the air, and running in a straight line towards the *côte* of Ingouville, with the clear blue sky looking serenely down upon it—or taking an oblique direction, and emptying its flickering lights and shadows into utter darkness.

The impressions you get in these old towns at night may be more vague, but I am not sure, after all, that they are not, upon the whole, more true and characteristic than the literal revelations of daylight. You carry away, at all events, a profounder feeling of the strange style of such places, after exploring them through the uncertain light that falls about you in their mazy recesses; the very shadows help your imagination, and the vagueness itself is an element of wonder and enjoyment. Daylight is excellent for statistics,—excellent, too, for the ulterior business of the artist; but the poetry of the place, and all that imperfect picturesqueness which is so suggestive in its dimness, can only be got at when darkness has fallen over the scene, and given its deep tone to the odd nooks

and corners and inner life which the sun lays bare in palpable prose.

Wandering idly one night through the tortuous passages of the town, I found myself in a small square, ignorant that it was the Place de la Pucelle, and that I was standing close to the statue of the Maid of Orleans, and on the very spot where, to the disgrace alike of the English and the French, the fair enthusiast was executed. All around there rose into the air dark and heavy, roofs various in outline, and cutting against the sky in the oddest chaos of forms. As I passed a projecting corner, taking the direction of the quay, my attention was arrested by a vast Gothic arch inserted in a large ambiguous building. For a moment I was startled by the obscurity of the extensive interior, which lay quite open, and which would have been a mass of undistinguishable gloom, but for a single lamp suspended from the roof at a considerable distance within. It threw out just sufficient light, when the eye became accustomed to the darkness, to reveal a remarkable group. There were two horses caparisoned for the road; a girl occupied a position in front, firmly grasping the head of one of the horses, while with uplifted arm she menaced the other. Farther back, and scarcely discernible, stood a rugged man preparing some rude garments, apparently for the purpose of going abroad, although the night was already far advanced, and close to him a woman watching his motions with eager eyes: the rest of the scene was lost in darkness, even to the walls. My curiosity was excited, I hardly know why, unless it was by the odd association between the great Gothic arch and the curious group within. I examined the building a little closer, and discovered in the side three beautifully mullioned windows, with niches for the Madonna and Child, and an exquisite variety of tracery on the screen that ascended in front of the roof. It was impossible to mistake the original uses of this building—it had evidently been a church. With a view to ascertain whether my conjecture was correct, I entered into conversation with the owner, a woman. She was quite ready to accommodate me with post-horses; they had a capital stud, and carriages also for hire—the place was a stable. It had formerly been the church of St. George. Another church at the opposite corner had been converted partly into a *café*, and partly into a watch-house.

I turned away, musing, as an unenlightened stranger might be supposed to do, upon such a piece of intelligence communicated with indescribable *sang-froid*. A grand and noble tower sprang up before me in the next narrow street through which I passed. It was crusted over with elaborate devices, a perfect fretwork of carving, through which the moonlight played in gushes of silver. It also had belonged to a church—but what had become of the church now? I groped onward to the base of the tower, and found that it was occupied as a cotton-warehouse. Rouen is crowded with such instances, bedded in the densest parts of the town, and very likely to escape observation. This was the work of the first Revolution. There were then thirty-six churches in Rouen; now, with a population very nearly doubled, there are only fourteen. In the church of St. Ouen they shew you to this day the marks in the flooring of the nave where Robespierre set up stands for melting all the lead he could procure into bullets.

No incident in the history of Rouen, of which memorials are yet

extant, seize so forcibly upon the mind of the visitor as this secularization, or annihilation, of the old churches. This fact—for it is a fact in the driest and most oppressive sense—comes silently and gradually upon you, until at last, by repeated instances, the whole extent of the desecration grows painfully apparent. The profanation of these master-pieces of art, and their degradation to such base uses, appeals pathetically to our admiration of the beautiful and the antique, and to that devotional feeling which, whatever may be our differences of creed, unites us all in the common recognition of a Faith of some sort. The daily contemplation of the sacrilege has rendered the thing a matter of indifference in France. Happy the country where the integrity of the religious sentiment has never been exposed to such deadening experiences!

It is needless to say much about the existing churches of Rouen: the subject has been exhausted by pen and pencil. The Cathedral, as all the world knows, is a marvellous specimen of architecture, covered over with ornaments, and running into excess in the florid character of its embellishments, from which censure, however, the nave must be honourably excepted. The amateur of stained glass will be enchanted with the specimens he will find here, and at the church of St. Vincent. But the tower!—they have erected a cast-metal tower, one hundred and fifty feet in height, to replace the old tower which was destroyed by lightning. It looks like an extraordinary experiment in confectionary—like spun sugar running up to a point into the sky. It might harmonize somewhat better with the rest of the building if it were painted stone-colour; but it is impossible by any contrivance to reconcile it to the structure it surmounts. The ascent reckons some five hundred and sixty steps, and it is matter of absolute astonishment that the weight of such a mass of metal does not crush the whole building upon which it is erected. A glance at the exterior of the pile will be sufficient to shew that it could bear a still heavier burthen. It is as solid as a rock. The view from this tower of the river and the surrounding country, at such a depth below that a man becomes reduced to the dimensions of a filbert, will abundantly reward the toil of the ascent; but it is fearful work to get up these five hundred and sixty steps. The tower is composed to the top of open iron work, resembling lace at a distance; and while you ascend the wind whistles awfully round you, as it is caught in the numerous loops and forces itself out again. The vibration, real or imaginary, seems to shake the whole fabric, and at every step the fragile threads shiver round you, and you expect nothing less than that this gigantic piece of filligree will be swept away under your feet.

The most remarkable monument in the cathedral is that of Cardinal d'Amboise and his nephew. The devout calm of the figures, taken in the attitude of prayer, is very truthful; and the elaborate sculpture, partly in alabaster and partly in marble, spread over the surface of the monument, is full of power and variety. In the bas relief at the back we have St. George in the act of slaying the dragon; in the compartments above the whole company of the Apostles, and the Cardinal Virtues in a similar series below.

The Church of St. Ouen is infinitely grander than the cathedral. Some people doubt this—others are divided. The surprise is that there should exist any doubt on the subject. St. Ouen is, perhaps,

the purest specimen in the world of what is called the pointed style, and beyond all comparison more chaste, light, and impressive than the cathedral, where, under the span of the Gothic windows, some one has thrown in a few Ionic pillars, which have a most distracting effect. The windows of St. Ouen are exquisitely rich and delicate. Passing over the well-known features of this church, there is a really fine picture here by Martigny, a modern French artist, 1822. The subject is the Scourging of Christ, and it is brought out without any of the vulgar vices of the modern school. The man at the back with the uplifted lash, spreading his brawny muscles into the darkness to take a more deliberate aim, is admirably conceived. The head of Christ is profoundly beautiful, and radiant with that divine expression of suffering which it is the highest reach of historical art to attain. The grouping of this picture is chargeable with some slight excesses in the details; but it is cleverly imagined as a whole.

In the new Hotel de Ville there is a collection of old and new pictures huddled together with execrable taste. I happened to see the exhibition of living artists here, which was much as usual—masses of blue and vermilion and bright yellow—seas of amber, and skies of ultra-marine—and faces such as the artists never saw, and nobody else would ever wish to see. Taken altogether, however, the French painters are improving. That vice which Fuseli calls the “debauchery of colour,” is not quite so glaring in their pictures as it used to be; and although, here and there, you get, as usual, a heterogeneous burst of sensual heat, which absorbs form, subject, and expression, in its blinding focus; they are beginning slowly to recognize the principle that colour is the medium, and not the representative of character and passion. Occasionally, indeed, it seems as if these painters sent their pallets, and not their pictures, to the exhibition.

The Palais de Justice will always be an object of interest in Rouen; the Cour d'Assise is held in the very chamber where the Parliament of Normandy sat; the judge occupies the identical bench which was once filled by the Duke of Normandy in person. How these sights bring old histories back upon us, and renew the life of antiquity before our very eyes! The carved work of the massive oak ceiling in deep relief, and richly picked out with gold, is the same that was put up there in the fifteenth century: the wood has grown black with age. There are many such things to think about and write about here; but it demands leisure and opportunity, and an overruling of the reluctance with which a tourist retraces ground already so familiar to others. On the other hand, he who runs hastily over these scenes must feel himself losing every hour twenty new images and trains of ideas for one he is able to seize and secure.

Society in Rouen represents all the classes existing in France; it is a reflection of Paris, with a larger infusion of the mercantile spirit. On the promenades you see the fashion of the place poured out as it is in all the great towns, and the gaiety of the outdoor life may be accepted as a type of the hilarity and luxury of the in-door reunions. The upper orders exult in costly dinners, and there is no part of France in which the *cuisine* is cultivated with greater skill and outlay. But amidst all this tasteful profusion of the rich, one wonders what sort of life it is that prevails in the

weird, little, dizzy houses into which one peeps in scaling the dark streets up the town. How do those people live packed up in such tiny rooms, and clattering about in perpetual activity, like a colony of ants? The images you catch of domestic life through the *chiaroscuro* of these interiors do not certainly impress you with any very favourable opinion of the material prosperity of the inmates; yet the sprightliness of their movements in the dark, the sound of an occasional *chanson*, which now and then breaks upon your ear, and the bright, serious faces which may be seen peeping out of the upper windows, assure you that, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, the inhabitants of Rouen are a contented race, living miserably enough in dismal workshops on dry bread, thin soup, and Neufchatel cheese, but contented in their own way, nevertheless.

Something of this may be attributed to their religious enthusiasm. They take refuge against the common ills of life in their consoling superstitions. It helps them to spiritual resources—such as they are—in seasons of adversity, and strengthens them through their penurious toils. In past times Rouen was famous amongst the great towns of France for the special honours paid by the people to the Virgin Mary. She was the patroness of the town, and there was scarcely a house upon which her image, smothered in tinsel, was not displayed. This pervading homage of the Virgin at last acquired for the city the title of *Ville de Sainte Vierge*, which it preserved up to the time of the Revolution, when most of these mural baubles were destroyed. But the fraternity of the Immaculate Conception—a society instituted for the propagation of this particular worship—still survives, and its festival is expressly distinguished as *la fête aux Normands*. The gravity which forms the substratum of the Norman character is impressed upon their religious usages. They are perfectly in earnest in all these matters; their faith does not satisfy itself with processions and masses on saints' days, but penetrates the arcana of their households. There is scarcely one of these dark rooms in which you may not to this hour discover a figure or representation of the Virgin; and it is by no means uncommon to find the special divinity of the town doing humbler duty in various ruder shapes amongst the bedsteads, escritoirs, and chairs. The gospel furniture of this quaint old city might furnish a curious subject for the investigation of an antiquary.

There lingers, also, to this day amongst the people of Rouen something of that pride of power which has descended to them in their traditions; for Rouen once possessed privileges which, although since scattered to the winds by intestine wars, invasions, and revolutions, formerly elevated the city almost to the rank of an independent state. Under the Dukes of Normandy, and even under the Kings of England, the people of Rouen exercised extraordinary rights, which do not appear to have been granted to other cities. The mayor possessed complete control within his jurisdiction, and no citizen of Rouen could be arrested in his *baillage* except by him or through him; and the people had a right of refusing taxes if they pleased, and were exempt from the payment of all duties except the duties on wine; they enjoyed also the right of pasturage in all the domain forests of Normandy, and their goods were toll-free on the Seine, and passed free in like manner through all the royal customs. Nor could any ship sail from France to Ireland, (with a single

exception,) or from Ireland to France, without unloading at their wharfs; nor could strange merchants buy or sell in Rouen except through the agency of a citizen, so jealously were their privileges and interests fenced round by arbitrary regulations. It was no wonder that, at last, they carried their ambition to such a height as to elect a king of their own. But he was only the monarch of a nine days' pageant, and was glad enough to escape from the dangerous puppet-show as soon as he could. In spite of the vicissitudes of its history, Rouen is still a city of considerable political importance. Havre has materially diminished its commercial advantages, but it continues to wield a conspicuous influence in the National Assembly.

The literary memories of Rouen are preserved with almost ostentatious reverence. Pierre Corneille divides the honours with the Virgin Mary; and the city that is represented to-day by Thiers, boasts of having given birth to the two Corneilles, to Brumoy the translator of the Greek theatre, to Adam the chemist, Madame du Bocage, and Fontenelle.

It does not appear, however, that these memories have inspired much literary emulation. Rouen has reposed for the last half century on its laurels. It produces no more poets or historians; its genius has latterly run chiefly upon the railroad. There are lecture-halls and reading-rooms in Rouen; but the amusements of the people—with the exception of their marriage-feasts and religious ceremonies—are neither very numerous nor of a very high order.

There is an inferior theatre on the bank of the river, close to the stone bridge, which is worth a visit—not inside, but outside. In front of the building there is a small stage, retreating into the walls with a scene painted at the back. Here the actors exhibit a short play before the performances commence within, by way of tempting the spectators with a taste of their quality. Hundreds of people gather on an evening on the extensive quay to witness this humorous prologue, and, judging by their frequent roars of laughter, the entertainment is admirably adapted to the audience. I had the curiosity to stay out the whole of one of these preliminary exhibitions, and although it was rather difficult at such a distance to follow the speakers, I believe I succeeded in catching the subject of the little comedy.

A very comical scamp—a sort of Scapin—is in love with the daughter of a certain rich man; and after many unsuccessful but exceedingly funny attempts upon her heart, he is fortunate enough at last to make an impression. The process by which his final triumph is obtained does not appear very clearly; but matters of this kind must, of course, be taken for granted. The lady makes her escape from paternal bondage and comes to the house of her lover, where, full of the fears natural to such contraband proceedings, he hides her in a closet or cupboard from the wrath of the indignant father. The old gentleman gets a clue to her retreat, and makes his appearance before the house in an awful rage. The audience now expect a terrible scene. The exasperated father, hardly able to contain himself, stamps about in a towering passion, uttering horrible broken words, and flourishing his cane so desperately, that the least you expect is that he will knock down the lover the moment he can get at him. *A la bonne heure!* Out comes the lover, dressed up as a

barber, with the usual cap and apron, and full of that flutter and finesse which is always so effective on the French stage. The moment he appears the spectators burst out into acclamations of delight; but their excitement is increased tenfold when the impudent fellow asks the respectable old gentleman if he wants to be shaved. This is the climax of the joke. It is not enough that he should run away with the worthy man's daughter, but he must want to shave him into the bargain.

There is excellent dramatic skill in this, and no slight knowledge of human nature—especially of French human nature. Whenever the dramatist turns the jest against age and its decaying powers, its dreary sense, its blunders, and its dulness he is sure to succeed. The sympathies of the holiday-world are always with youth, and love, and its delusions—the bright side of things in preference to the dark. This is the secret of the popularity of the pantomime. It is this that gives it so dazzling a charm for the young, so much attraction even for the old, who like to see their youth reflected and reproduced in its airy and frolicsome round. But, *revenons à nos moutons*. The old gentleman is astonished, as well he may be, at the effrontery of the lover, and is threatening all manner of revenge, when the rejected suitor, the chosen of the father, a thin, superficial, empty-headed fop, enters. The lover immediately pounces upon him, and wants to shave him too. Another roar from the audience, and another poke in the ribs of the old gentleman. The animal spirits of the lover are in fact irresistible. He holds the stage from first to last. He knocks everybody about, defeats all their schemes, and shews such ingenuity and indomitable activity as to throw his adversaries into despair. His topping vivacity imparts incessant liveliness to one of the slenderest plots imaginable; and it is, therefore, not very surprising to find the father beaten in the end, and, fairly out of breath, giving up all opposition, and the discomfited suitor himself interceding on behalf of his rival, whose restless gaiety and invincible powers of face have completely worn him out. Everything in this little piece depended on the lightness and rapidity of the dialogue and the dexterity of the acting, which was really capital. The ease of the performers, the tact with which they ran up the jokes to the culminating point, and the buoyancy with which they kept the stage alive throughout, never flagging for an instant, might be imitated elsewhere with advantage in theatres of higher pretensions.

V.—THE FOREST OF ELBEUF.

LEAVING Rouen by diligence, at half-past six o'clock in the morning, we breakfasted at a ragged village with just enough of slated houses in it to raise a suspicion that it aspired to be brevetted as a town. Here, after paying for the breakfast, and giving a few sous to the attendant, all my French money was exhausted. The girl looked at me with an incredible air of astonishment and demanded more. This was a pity: firstly, because she could not get it; secondly, because she had already received more than she receives from diligence passengers once in a twelvemonth; and thirdly, because she was really a pretty, rosy-featured girl, and the sour looks she rained down upon me, till I effected my escape into the *coupé*, quite spoiled her beauty.

This is one of the penalties of travelling by diligence, that you must eat with the diligence, drink with the diligence, and put up with all the rough, miscellaneous usage of the diligence. Yet in some districts it is not so easy to get on without the help of this same great, commodious, obnoxious diligence. Post-horses in remote places were always scarce, and the spreading invasion of the railroads has not improved the accommodations in this particular. Nor is the *coupé* so indifferent a resource after all, with a slight exception, of which travellers by *coupés* no doubt entertain a vivid recollection. The *coupé* is generally roomy and airy, with a liberal expanse of cushion, and loops for your arms by which you can sling yourself to sleep. But the thing to be reconciled to is the heap of dust in which your feet are buried. The accumulation of that volatile material on the floor of a *coupé* can be accounted for only on the supposition that the vehicle, in addition to its other functions, is also employed as a dust-cart. The soil deposited by multifarious boots in this aristocratic division of the diligence appears to be preserved with scrupulous care, and forms, in some instances, a stratum of sufficient capacity to grow a small carpet of grass, if the disturbance to which it is exposed did not prohibit vegetation. Yet with all its drawbacks, the diligence is a conveyance of considerable merit. It opens a complete comedy in little of French life; priests, opera-dancers, bagmen, *avocats*, *littérateurs*, artists, farmers, and women of all classes and conditions are found here squeezed up in the stifling interior, or crushed into the *rotonde*; and when it empties its variegated contents at the door of a roadside *auberge* you have only to observe and listen if you want to pick up a few genuine traits of national character.

The road from Rouen to Caen realizes everything one looks for in the way of romantic scenery in Normandy. It is a perfect vision of foliage from beginning to end. After passing two or three insignificant villages, you plunge into the forest of Elbeuf, which, continuing for four miles, buries you in an abyss of trees. The road undulates perpetually. At one moment you are flying through the depths of a valley, at the next you are toiling over the summit of a hill, but everywhere the forest encloses you. In the course of your journey you get numerous peeps of the river, sometimes close at your feet, sometimes gleaming at a distance through the woods. At Brionne you see it for the last time. The curve of the river at this point is singularly picturesque. You see it silvering off through meadows and trees, until at last it vanishes in a mist of green as your carriage dashes into the precipitous streets of the town.

Once upon a time Brionne was a strong town—a town with massive walls and towers which wore an air of immortal strength. There are yet to be seen the remains of a formidable citadel sprawling in grass and weeds, in which a certain Count Robert, with a little garrison of 600 men withstood the whole army of the Duke of Normandy. The place could not now withstand an army of bul-rushes, and is in such a condition of dilapidation that the wild twigs and bushes growing through the masonry seem to be dragging it to pieces. Once upon a time, too, Brionne was famous for its manufactures, and, strange to say, is said to be at this moment more famous for them than ever. It is a very queer place this Brionne. The old narrow streets look as if they were crumbling away before your eyes; and at every gust of wind you expect to see the crazy houses

tumble down over one another. And in the midst of this visible decay—this untenable ruin—there is a rapidly-increasing living population engaged from morning till night in weaving, and milling, and handicraft, the loud reverberations of which threaten momentarily to bring the town toppling about their ears. Nor are there any signs of enlargement going forward to meet the new exigencies of these devoted artisans, except a few scorched brick huts in the environs, looking very like lime-kilns. What these people are to do by and by, when their numbers grow faster and thicker, and the old houses, in the natural course of rot, fall down upon them, as they must do, probably all together in one fell swoop, it is hard to conjecture. The revival of trade in such rickety hovels is a matter perfectly incomprehensible; and France is, probably, the only country in the world where people, in bringing back the sources of wealth, could not also contrive to conjure up a little of its comforts.

The next place of consequence is Lisieux, an ancient town built at the mouths of two gorges in the hills, which meet at this spot. The apparition of this large town in so secluded a retreat, full of old houses, old people, and old costumes, startles the traveller. The tall, lanky houses, built principally of wood, have an aged and melancholy air, which harmonizes with the brown shadows that eternally brood over these gorges; and the pictorial aspect of the place, lying in the depths of this Sleepy Hollow, (in which no less than eleven or twelve thousand souls are pent up,) is strikingly enhanced by the number of charming little villas, whose white façades flash out on all sides from secluded nooks in the hills. The gaiety of the contrast throws back the dim old town below into still deeper gloom. Lisieux has undergone in its time all the usual varieties of rapine and carnage. It was pillaged by the Normans in the 8th century; sacked and burned by the Bretons in the 12th; taken by Philip-Augustus in the 13th; by the English in the 14th; by the Leaguers in the 16th; and finally seized upon by Henry IV. in 1588. But this is nothing.

Every town you meet in France,—particularly in this part of the country,—has its history of sieges and confiscations, and it would be quite a relief and a curiosity to fall in with one that had been able to conduct itself peaceably and decently. The wonder is that a vestige of them remains to point the legend of their sackings and burnings. If the local chronicles are to be credited, there is not one of them that has not been re-produced, over and over again, after the manner of the phoenix. It was a sheer waste of gunpowder and battering-rams to reduce these places to ashes, for they were sure to spring into life again with a rejuvenescent activity that must have astonished the enemy. Lisieux itself, ancient as it is, is but the resuscitation of an older city, which, although effectually destroyed, still survives in its wonted fires. On the summits of the hills above these gorges, once stood the capital of the Lexovii, which covered a surface of quadruple the extent of the modern city. So far back as the fourth century it was annihilated by the Saxons, who laid the foundations of Lisieux with a part of the *debris*. And thus, in the civic histories, we are led up a genealogy of battles, through whose bloody mire and smoke we are to recognize successive races of builders at work upon all these Norman and Breton cities.

The valleys and wild prairies of Normandy, which spread them-

selves out before you with such charming versatility of form and hue on this little journey, are amongst the most fertile regions of Europe. The rich fields of beet-root, wheat, and grass stretching away amongst the hills as far as the eye can reach, the glancing of rivers through masses of verdure, and the towering forests that climb up the surrounding heights, and skirt the pastoral landscapes, afford constant evidences of the natural wealth and beauty of the province. The soil teems with vegetation, the air is salubrious, and the earth yields everything that can be required for the luxuries or necessities of life.

From Lisieux to Caen, having started in the morning, we plunge deeper and deeper into the twilight, and by the time we arrive within sight of the city, we can see the sun setting over the spires of St. Etienne, its far-famed cathedral. The different views we get of Caen, as we traverse hill and valley in rapid alternation, are curious and perplexing. Sometimes it is seen perched on the crown of a wooded height, and sometimes it lies in a hollow, but it is always above or below you, and never straight before you on the plain, like other cities. At last we thunder down the suburb streets, till we arrive at the bridge, where the huge diligence being duly weighed, and found not to exceed its legal privilege, crack, crack, crack goes the whip, and we gallop into the Rue St. Jean, after making a break-neck turn with a diligence and four horses, which seems impossible with a cab and one.

The distance from Rouen to Caen is ninety-nine miles, which is performed by the diligence in thirteen-and-a-half hours, averaging about seven-and-a-half miles per hour; and as the whole route lies through an irregular country, having frequently to ascend and descend heavy hills, and rarely knowing the advantage of a level road, the rate may be estimated as being equal to nine miles an hour, under more favourable circumstances. This diligence travelling is by no means so lingering as the English generally report it to be. In the old times it was, no doubt, tardy enough, but so was the old waggon and coach travelling of England. Within the last fifteen years, the diligences and roads of France have undergone a thorough reform, and will not now suffer in comparison with the few stage-coaches and highways that are yet left in England. The whole road from Paris to Caen is macadamized throughout, with the exception of occasional patches of stone pavement,—that most agonizing of all tracks for man or horse,—between Lisieux and Caen.

VI.—THE STREETS OF CAEN.

THE Hotel d'Angleterre is not the best hotel in Caen, although it is spoken of as the best. It subsists on a *souvenir*, which is industriously made the most of, as an attractive advertisement. Poor Beau Brummell lived here in his latter days, before he was transferred to the neighbouring *maison de santé*, where he died. They tell a great many anecdotes about him, and shew you the chamber where he lived. It is a miserable history from beginning to end, that of poor Brummell; and the descent from the fripperies of a court to this wretched exile, and still more wretched death, points the moral of wasted talents (for with all his folly and vain-gloriousness, Brum-

mell was not deficient in capacity) in a way that hits hard at the vanities of fashion. Latterly, he fell into habits of solitary dissipation, and, they tell you in the hotel, used to drink a bottle of brandy a-day; and thus he destroyed his powers, and became a wreck to be drifted out of sight amongst idiots and madmen. Yet, as long as a gleam of consciousness lingered with him, he continued in some sort to indulge his old tastes; and although he dressed carelessly, and sunk into slovenliness latterly, there was still a touch of style about his faded dressing-gown, and in that ornate negligence of tie, upon the perfection of which he is said to have expended so many hours of his butterfly existence.

People who travel only in their arm-chairs, acquire notions of foreign places which reality usually upsets at the first glance. Caen is a sort of *château en Espagne* in the story-books. The reader who has been in the habit of exploring the metrical romances and the rural statistics of French love and murder, has probably built an aboriginal town for himself in a sequestered district, filled it with a simple population, wearing towering caps and sabots, and noted it down in his imagination as Caen. But when he comes to see the place, he will be duly disappointed in finding that the scene of so many sentimental lays and tragedies of unsophisticated passion (for Caen has a celebrity of this description in the annals of romantic crime), is a large, bustling, well-paved town, of 40,000 inhabitants, with not a scrap of poetry about it except the hills and forests, its old Norman churches and sinuous streets. Caen occupies such an irregular site, that the streets run up and down, and in and out, in a very odd way, and the city partakes of the beauty as well as the inconvenience of that circumstance. The principal streets, wide enough for all purposes, are choked up with people from sunrise to sunset; and the moment you step out of your hotel, the deafening noises of the retail business that is going on in these thronged passages, as well as in the elaborately furnished shops, soon satisfies you that, instead of being a paradise of picturesque antiquities, Caen is in fact a hive of hard working industry.

In the citadel, up to which you must scramble by a narrow toilsome ascent, pleasantly relieved by clusters of women sitting at their open doors and windows making lace, you may read the history of Caen. But as this history is to be found in a hundred and odd books, and as the birth, adventures, and death of William the Conqueror can present no novel attractions to an English reader, let us hurry into the streets, and look at the people. We must even pass by St. Etienne, sublime in its lofty simplicity, and the old abbeys, and all the other ecclesiastical memorials, grand and beautiful as they are, to peep into the markets, and fill our eyes with coifs and aprons and tinsel caps, as deftly tricked out as if they were freshly mounted for the stage; and staggering old houses, and broken ends of streets, that look very much as if they were "got up" for the same purpose.

The markets throw out some picturesque materials to the eye; but the *ensemble* is distracting. The masses of men, women, and children, congregated about the booths and stands, filling to suffocation every speck of ground, and the odours exhaled from the animal and vegetable composite, arrest you on the edge of the stench. Fortunately it is not in the markets the market business is done, or that

we get at the *contour* and customs of the market people. Caen has a special way of its own in carrying on its daily traffic in vegetables and fish, flesh, and fowl. The affairs of the markets are not transacted in the places so called, but up and down through the streets. These ambulatory markets, during the hours of household preparation, give to the town the aspect of a great tumultuous fair. Sometimes there comes a donkey, pattering slowly along, heavily laden with panniers piled sky-high with all kinds of garden produce, and driven by women, with towering snow-white caps, shining and streaming in the sun, lemon-coloured shawls, blue petticoats and *sabots*. Immediately after the donkey, comes trailing up a great puce-coloured horse, toiling between shafts of such inordinate length that, being in advance of the wheels by at least four feet, the draft is thrown to a considerable distance behind him; while the shafts continue to run back to an equal extent beyond the wheels. In the centre of this rude contrivance is raised a kind of basket-work, bearing aloft a whole garden of flowers and fruits, or millinery work, or hardware, or the contents of a butcher's shop, or select extracts from the live and dead stock of a farm-yard. These carts are usually escorted by men in blue check frocks and dark trowsers, furnished with enormously long and powerful whips, and blowing cows' horns with most discordant energy to announce their approach. Within the cart is seated a woman perched up on a bundle, ready to serve the crowd, through which the lumbering machine moves at a snail's pace. Then comes a young man (sometimes a girl) with a semi-circular basket built up flat to his back, and ascending to a considerable height above his head, displaying an attractive variety of articles—geraniums in pots, flowering out tier above tier—crisp broccoli—turnips—beet-root—salad—cabbages; nor is he satisfied with the ponderous weight he balances so dexterously on his back, but he must needs increase his toil by shrill ear-splitting cries, describing his whole cargo in minute detail. He is not singular in this respect; all the itinerant merchants cry their goods—and their name is legion. It is easy to imagine the prodigious uproar of the scene—the braying of donkeys, dull recipients of blows and *sacrés!*—the rumbling of the long carts—the cracking of whips, like irregular volleys of small-arms—the Babel of cries—the shrieking of cows' horns—and the din of voices bartering, cheapening, clamouring throughout the length and breadth of the procession. But, happily, it lulls a little towards noon. By that time the townspeople have laid in their stores for dinner, and the occupation of the ambulatory vendors is over for the day. A few of them, with a surplus stock on hand, still straggle about, like drops after a shower, hoping to catch some late customer, or to tempt others, already supplied, with a bargain from the refuse. But the riot is comparatively exhausted, and, with the exception of the clatter of *sabots*, the reverberations of voices down the narrow streets, or an incidental whip or horn dying away in the distance, the town is tolerably tranquil for the rest of the day.

BABY BESS.

BY GREENSLEEVES.

BABY BESS was a gentlemanly-looking young lady, tall, stout, and broad-shouldered, with a jovial, rackety, bachelor mien and manner. Born "a boy," the girls would have pulled caps for her; ordained one of the softer sex, her black hair, handsome eyes, and winning laugh were lost on the daughters of Eve. Still, Miss MacMilligan was—Miss MacMilligan. Odd this, and she the only child of rich Hal MacMilligan.

Mrs. MacMilligan died when our heroine was in long coats; and the father, a sea-faring man, though a fox-hunting miller's son, took Baby Bess many a trip to Waterford, turning her into the meadows and corn-fields of Golden Farm, when it pleased him to leave her ashore. Trained alternately by mariner and landsman, Baby Bess grew up amphibious, a good sailor and crack equestrian; at eighteen could ride, drive, furl a sail, feather an oar, or plant a wicket with any lad in the shire; clear a stiff fence or a five-barred gate, follow the hounds, and cry "tallyho!" with the best man in the county hunt. Baby Bess slighted the tender passion, preferred a sou'-wester to a fine Dunstable, and made no scruple of wearing a pea-jacket in foul weather. Cupid pouted and took wing; Hymen lit his torch for maids less masculine.

Years flew by; her schoolmaster married; boys and girls grew up around her, and Miss MacMilligan waned into an elderly young lady, likely to be "a lone woman." Old Hal MacMilligan was stiff and proud; very proud when he looked upon Baby Bess, and very stiff when he rode over Golden Farm, and tied up his guineas in leathern bags.

"She's a *baby* yet: time enough,—time enough," muttered the old man; "and who's fit for *her*? Ay, I'd like to be learnt that." And he smoked his pipe, and sat in the chimney corner or out in the sunny field; and his hair grew whiter and whiter.—"Time enough,—time enough," muttered the old man; "marriage is best turned over."

Wonders never cease. Miss MacMilligan was but woman. Baby Bess found a lover; the farm on the far hill side a tenant. The village was amazed: both events were passing singular. The first Sunday the stranger appeared at church, and pretty eyes and demure peeped over their prayer-books. A farm would need a mistress,—an unmarried man a wife. The youth was straight and comely, and maidens there were to wed. Widow Measham's grandniece, eighteen to a day, and as fresh a flower as ever Mulready sketched on canvas, sat opposite to "the new young man:" by her side sat Baby Bess. What a contrast between the two! the tall, stout, broad-shouldered, black-browed daughter of old MacMilligan, and the delicate rose-cheeked girl, with her fair forehead half shaded by the prettiest little cap in the world, my lady duchess's not excepted, and her fair neck not wholly concealed by a muslin kerchief, white as the drifting snow.

The young farmer glanced at the Mountain-daisy, and then his eye wandered to the face of Baby Bess. There it rested. He stood, sat, knelt, rose, and departed himself "very respectably," according to the

lean pew-opener, "taking into reckoning there was a sight of pretty lasses at church;" but his eye ever returned to that jovial face and ample figure. "The fool was crazy;" so said the old dames and thought the young damsels. Baby Bess melted beneath the gaze. From that day she softened, looked bashful, and even blushed.

The village was in fits. By-and-by, Baby Bess and the young farmer were seen rambling through the woods and corn-fields, and threading lovers'-walks, *she* listening—*he* discoursing; *she* hanging her head in maiden modesty—*he* vainly seeking to commune with her downcast eyes. Old Hal, half blind and wholly deaf, saw little and heard less. How would he take it? Widow Measham, old Hal's near neighbour, was on this point "cruel anxious and cruel curious." She cherished a spite against old Hal: he had outbidden her for an orchard, and she now prayed that Baby Bess might run off and give him the heartache.

"The young scamp has a cast of that ugly cretur, long Tom Parkinson," observed the widow to her grand-niece.

"Oh! gran'aunt," cried the Mountain-daisy, looking up from her knitting, "Mr. Woodley is *rather* handsome—at least, some say so."

"Hold your tongue, wench! Don't praise the men; it an't maidenly." Down went the blue eyes and the blushing face. "You never saw long Tom Parkinson; how do you know *he* wasn't handsome?"

The Mountain-daisy listened eagerly, but with glance bent down. Lately adopted by her grandaunt, and come from a far shire, she was almost a stranger to the old dame's history.

"You were neighbours' children?" she timidly inquired.

"And own cousins likewise," answered the old woman,—"*more* than that, ought to have been man and wife, if kissing and courting have any meaning. Mind, lass! put no faith in men; never set your heart on 'em. They're fond of change, and love lucre more than woman. Long Tom Parkinson married a slut as had a fortune; so he thought—ha! ha! and broke faith with his old sweetheart as had not a sixpence—so he thought—ha! ha! Look what fell of it. Bet Dingle's father failed, and went into Lancaster gaol; *my* mother's brother came home from Chany, and *my* mother's daughter got 300*l.* in Indy gold the day she married soft Ned Measham. And if truth's spoken, Long Tom Parkinson hadn't much quiet at *his* fireside. Bet Dingle had a shrew's tongue, and never spared it, or she's a slandered woman."

"They had a son," innocently murmured the Mountain-daisy.

"How do you know that, hussy?"

"I—I—only thought it, gran'-aunt," pleaded the Mountain-daisy, prying more closely into her knitting.

"You're not wrong, girl; they had a boy, a worthless blade, I'll be bound. I've never clapped my eyes on long Tom Parkinson but once these twenty years; that was the Martinmas before you came home to me. Long Tom put out his hand; I slapped it aside, bit my tongue, and gave him a look that an honest man might have shook under. So we parted, and with my will I'll never clap eyes on his graceless son. He should have no girl of mine, if he'd as many bright guineas to buy him a wife as there's ears of corn in yon field. But, heart alive! there's Baby Bess coming over the stile like a trooper: she'll be here in a twinkling."

"Good evening, widow Measham; good evening, my pretty Nancy. It's hot yet, though the sun's down." And Baby Bess threw herself into a chair, and untied the strings of her Dunstable with an impatient hand. The Mountain-daisy crimsoned as she spoke—why, was not apparent; but she was mightily confused, tangled her worsted, dropped her stitches, and in a trice lost a whole row by the needle slipping quietly out upon the carpet. The widow Measham's keen eyes were riveted upon the face of Baby Bess.

"You're tired, Miss MacMilligan, and fretted, or I'm no judge of the red spot on your brow."

"I'm both, widow," cried Baby Bess; and then, dropping her voice, "I've a favour to ask and a secret to tell: come into the blue parlour." *Sans cérémonie*, the Baby moved off towards the room so dignified.

The Mountain-daisy turned red and pale, hot and cold, by fits, and her heart throbbed very wildly beneath the white kerchief.

"A favour and a secret!" chirped the widow, gaily. "Stay where you are, Nance; no need of young girls listening to what old women's called to counsel in—stay where you are:" and the door closed, and there in the bay-window, filled with balsam and lavender, and curtained with vine branches, Baby Bess unburthened her heart to her father's wilful neighbour, Mistress Measham.

"Thinking of marriage!" screamed the widow.

"It may be a weakness, widow, at my time of life."

"Tut, tut, Miss Bess! better late than never: Mr. MacMilligan may hold on a score o' years longer. I knew a man who stayed on hand to more than a hundred.

Baby Bess sighed and sobbed, and her colour came and went in a very pretty and particular manner, so thought Mrs. Measham; but the breeze fluttered the vine boughs over the lattice, and the hues of the setting sun painted the sky so rosy red that appearances were, then and there, very deceiving.

"Pa will never consent," wailed Baby Bess.

"Pa!—good heart, how genteel!" thought widow Measham.

"To be sure he won't. Take *my*' advice, Miss Bess, an old woman's ain't to be slighted;" here she stood on tiptoe, and whispered into Miss MacMilligan's ear.

"He's so handsome!" said the Baby, clasping her hands and looking up at the ceiling.

"Ay, ay—a likely young fellow enough, always puts me in mind o' that ugly cretur long Tom Parkinson. The hill-side farm is his, ain't it?"

"On lease," murmured Baby Bess.

"Ay, ay, on lease, to be sure; 't ain't worth buying out and out, I'm 'feared: no farmer, he, to take it," said she to herself. "*Rich*, I s'pose?"

"*Poor*," faltered the Baby.

"Hum!" said the confidante, "money's money, now-a-days, Miss Bess; but many a poor man makes a good husband, and riches in a wife give her the upper hand."

"It's a foolish step," sighed Baby Bess, "and I a woman of forty-five."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" remarked the dame; "years in a wife make a young man sober. Ned Measham was in his slobbering-bib when I was a bouncing lass of ten years old."

Baby Bess played for some seconds with the strings of her Dunstable. At last, putting her hand into the old dame's, "You're a wise woman," said she, "and can see through a stone wall I'll take him."

"For better, for worse, Miss Bess, that's it; do so, my dearee, and shew a spirit."

"You must help me," whispered the Baby.

The old woman started. "Lor' bless 'ee! how can I do that?"

"I want to borrow—"

"Not money, Miss Bess, I hope! Money's money, you know, and—"

"I'm not short of it," said the Baby, chinking a well-filled purse;

"I want to borrow—"

"A wedding-gown?—ay, ay; I've a flowered chintz, trimmed with cherry and lined with brimstone-yellow—"

"Thank you. Tom Woodley fancies me in my pea-jacket."

"The Lord love us! Well, well! what is it you want to borrow?"

"A bridesmaid!" answered the Baby. The words were heard in the next room, and Nancy Willmore blushed all over and let fall her knitting.

"Tut, lass! is that all?" said the widow; "my niece shall go with you. She's got a beautiful cambric with pink ribbons; and, only folk might fancy she was the bride, you couldn't do better than take her."

"I will!" cried the Baby; "she'll look like a bride, I'm certain."

"More than yourself, Miss Bess, I'm 'feared; and, heark 'ee, love! my Nance is reckoned a beauty—just the picture of what I was. Can you count on your young man?—men's minds run upon change. Long Tom Parkinson—ugly cretur!—left me to marry Bet Dingle."

"Tom Woodley will never change," sighed the Baby, looking into the glass and simpering.

"Well, Miss Bess, I'm glad to hear it, and my girl shall go with you."

"*To-night*," said the Baby. The cat, or something, started in the off parlour, and threw down a flower-stand.

"Lord 'a-mussy, to-night!—that is short warning."

"*To-night*," coolly replied the Baby; "the banns have been published three times. All is ready and settled: the wedding must be to-morrow. There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, Mrs. Measham; and if we stand shilly-shally any longer—"

"Who can tell what may happen? ay, ay. Well, to be sure!—who'd have thought of old Bess—" The dame pulled up very short; to think aloud in the bride's presence was somewhat ticklish.

To be brief: at dusk that evening a covered spring-cart, drawn by a prancing grey that champed the bit and pawed up the green turf, stood under the holly-hedge of widow Measham's garden. A strapping young fellow stood at the horse's head; his heart throbbed and his cheek burned. "So-ho, so-ho!" said he, and he patted the creature's nose, and then anxiously looked around. Old Hal was still up, his candle was moving about his chamber; would the old fellow never put on his nightcap?—would the bride with the heavy purse never come forth? Hark! the cottage door opens, and the widow, with the bride and bridesmaid, hastens down the path. Old Hal MacMilligan's candle still twinkled through the trees. "Quick, quick!" said the Baby; but the Mountain-daisy threw her arms round her grand-aunt's neck, and burst into tears.

"Good heart!" cried the old lady, "what's the wench about? one would think she was a-going to be married too."

The prancing grey neighed and kicked up the gravel. "So-ho, so-ho!" said the young man, and he beckoned eagerly.

"Quick, quick!" said Baby Bess, "my father's moving towards the window."

"Back to-morrow!" cried young Woodley, leaping into the spring-cart.

"Back on Thursday!" cried Baby Bess, with a burst of laughter, or something like it.

"Ay, ay! they may laugh that win," cackled the old dame, leaning forward on her crutch stick to peer through the gloom; "matrimony with an old woman is no joke, young greenhorn."

' For May and December can never ag-r-e-e-e! "

"Good-bye, dear gran'-aunt,—good-bye!" came floating on the air, like an angel's whisper. It was the farewell of the Mountain-daisy.

"A sweet lass,—a sweet lass!" chirped the dame, "and as like me at eighteen—lud, me! how like."

The next day the village was all a-foot, and news went that old Hal sat in his arm-chair rehearsing his sea-oaths with supernatural nerve. Baby Bess had run off, and Tom Woodley's farm on the far hill side was "to be let, with immediate possession,"—so signified a painted board on the top of a long pole that at day-dawn greeted the eyes of the villagers.

"Thinks of taking up with the old man," chuckled Mrs. Measham; "there's two words to that, or I'm no prophet." And the old lady put on her black mode cardinal, and away she went through the croft to Hal MacMilligan. The old gentleman stopped cursing when the widow, making an ancient obeisance, stood on the threshold.

"Bad news, I hear, Mr. MacMilligan."

"Pretty well, mistress. Sit down, old lass. How goes?—how goes?"

"Many thanks, Mr. MacMilligan. I hear the blight's took the apples in your orchard as you and I had some words about."

"Ay, ay, old lass. All right,—all right; not a better penny-worth in the parish."

"Hum!" said the old lady, with a wrathful recollection that the choicest pippins in all the shire had slipped through her fingers. "Ha! some as know the yield say the contrary; and I was thinking what a providence it was that a lone widow, like myself, hadn't to put up with the loss. *Miss Bess is off, I hear!*"

"Ay, ay, mistress!—a great comfort."

The old dame, acid as the apples, now hobbled on her crutch-stick, and putting her mouth close to his ear, screamed out:—

"*He's a beggar; but keep up your spirits,—she'll come home on her bended knees yet, a silly hussy!*"

"Ay, ay, mistress," quoth the incorrigible old man, knitting his brows, and looking hard at the dame; "it's a sudden squall. Never heed; I've seen worse weather, and stowed my grog for all that. How's pretty Nancy?"

"Pretty Nancy! hark to the old fool!" cackled the dame. "Listen, Mr. MacMilligan; there's none so deaf as them that won't hear. Tom Woodley's flitted from the hill-side farm, and run off

with Baby Bess. "That's enough to give you your hearing again, I reckon."

The shrillest sound in nature was the widow Measham's voice as she shrieked the news into old Hal's ear.

Scarcely had the widow made the communication, when a prancing grey was pulled up in style, a cart stopped, and Baby Bess flung down the reins, and jumped out.

"With your leave," and putting aside the bridegroom, she caught the Mountain-daisy in her arms, kissed her heartily, and led her up to the door. Never was there such a jolly, self-possessed, confident, ill-dressed bride—never so downcast, troubled, and timid a bridesmaid.

"Heyday! here's a kettle of fish," quavered the old dame; "I never thought of Baby Bess being——"

"Bridesmaid to pretty Nancy! Widow Measham, forgive me! forgive your grand-niece!"

"O grand-aunt! grand-aunt!" sobbed the Mountain-daisy, clasping her hands.

"Nancy Willmore!" screamed the old dame.

"Mrs. Tom Parkinson, junior," said the bridegroom, advancing blithely, yet with some slight confusion, and hat in hand.

"Mrs. Tom Parkinson!" shrieked old Mistress Measham, dropping into a chair.

"The same, cousin Madge," cried a tall, hale, handsome old man, walking straight into the parlour, and up to the old woman's chair. "Young Tom Parkinson will have houses, and lands, and a heavy purse, when that ugly cretur, old Tom Parkinson, is gone."

It was a wicked, wily old man, that long Tom Parkinson; and "married with Bet Dingle!"

"Ugly cretur!" gasped the widow, and she motioned him away with her hand.

"Come, come, Madge!" persisted her faithless suitor, "thou hast a tender heart as well as a witching face. Sisters' children, Madge! own cousins, lass!" and he stretched out his hand.

"Don't be cross-grained, neighbour," cried old Hal, blowing his nose sturdily; "give him your fin and have done with it."

"Ugly cre'tur!" groaned the old woman, and she clenched her hand and snatched it away,

"A sad dog, Madge, and never worth the clever, handsome, sprightly girl that turned him off to marry Ned Measham. Ah! Madge, thou hast much to answer for." The sly old fox heaved a dreary sigh, and clapt his hand on his waistcoat. It was well-timed, and the look and previous words mollified the old woman amazingly.

"Money's money," sighed she, and she glanced at her tearful, blushing grandniece, and at the tall, straight, well-looking young fellow, that dropped on one knee before her, and carried her hand to his lips.

"Now *do*, dear Widow Measham," cried Baby Bess, in her cordial, coaxing tones; "*do* forgive and forget. Tom Woodley had an old claim on the heart of our pretty Nancy: they loved long before the Mountain-daisy came to flourish in our hum-drum village."

"That ugly cretur, long Tom Parkinson; excuse me, Miss Bess, and push on." Long Tom winked wickedly, and Baby Bess proceeded.

"I am to blame for all that followed—I planned the wedding,

borrowed a bridesmaid, carried off the bride, and now restore her." She led the Mountain-daisy to her grand-aunt's arms. The old woman caught her to her bosom.

"Don't do so again, wench," and she hugged and kissed her.

"May I die first if she does," gaily cried young long Tom Parkinson, and he leaped his own height with joy.

"And now to dinner," said long Tom, drawing the arm of cousin Madge within his own "There's a first rate larder at the 'Lion,' and a very genteel parlour."

"Avast!" roared old Hal, "you dine in my house, every mother's son of ye! Did'n't my Baby Bess run off to be married to young Tom, the rascal? Isn't she come back on her bended knees, the silly hussy?" Oh how comically his eyes twinkled at the widow, and how comically Baby Bess plumped on her knees to beg pardon; "and, damme! where should she eat her wedding dinner but in her father's house?"

There was some remonstrance from dame Measham. "'T wout do, old lass," cried stout Hal, gaily flourishing his hand; "a-hoy, there!"

The door of the best parlour was thrown open; the room was made ready for a festival. Men and maids were there in holiday garb; there were fresh beaupots in every window, and clear curtains tied up with pink ribbons. A large round table, covered with snowy damask, groaned under the weight of good things; cold lamb and chickens, and pies, and tarts, and fruits, bottles of nut-brown ale and gooseberry wine, and a case of old particular usquebaugh for the grey-beards of the party. There were silver tankards and mugs, the best old china, and the long-hoarded green hafted knives and forks, and beside each plate was a fresh-gathered posy. But, oh! Baby Bess, with thy pea-jacket and sou'-wester, thy view-halloo and thy hearty "How do?" who would have given thee credit for the delicate little sentiment? a sprig of orange-blossom peeped out from the cluster of young roses and wild violets that marked the bride's place at table.

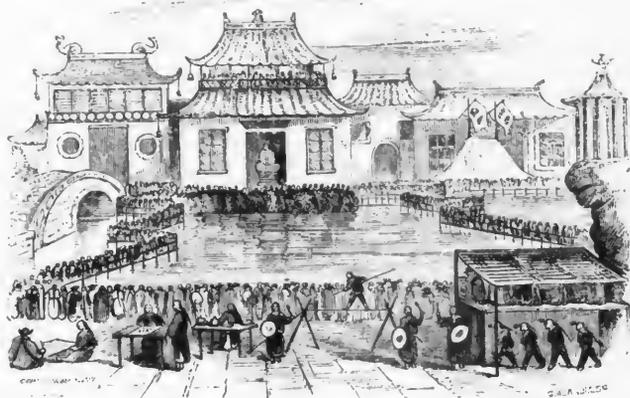
"All provided for, old lass!" roared stout Hal leading the way, and winking furiously; "everything seen aforehand, and measures took accordingly. A-hoy, there!" A violin and harp advanced from the orchard at this signal, and commenced playing by the open windows, while a group of neighbours, hastily assembled, came to honour the wedding-feast.

"Hurrah! this is as it ought to be," cried long Tom Parkinson when the company was seated; "let by-gones be by-gones."

"With all my heart, ugly cre'tur!" laughed cousin Madge.

"Always said it—the softest heart and prettiest face in all the shire!" cried long Tom, slapping the table; "though long Tom Parkinson's son had no chance of wedding the Mountain-daisy but by running away with—"

"My BABY BESS!" cried old Hal, with his eyes twinkling brimful of fun over the rim of the silver tankard. "Baby Bess" was toasted with all the honours; and the triumph of the bride was scarcely more complete.



CELEBRATION OF THE NEW YEAR AT SHANGHAE.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE jealous seclusion in which the Celestial Empire has been shrouded from the earliest period of its authentic history can no longer be maintained. Whether for good or evil, the barriers which severed China from all the other nations of the earth have been irretrievably destroyed; five hundred millions of people, if any reliance can be placed on official estimates of the population, are about to be received into the civilised cycle of commerce and diplomacy, introducing into that cycle usages, policy, and relations, which hitherto have been so imperfectly known that they may still be regarded as portentous novelties. Had the wise and statesmanlike views of Sir Stamford Raffles been adopted by the administration of his day, Java, in the hands of the English, would have become the centre of the commerce of the Eastern seas. But Lord Bathurst, to whom the destinies of the colonies had been in an evil hour committed, was too ignorant to appreciate, and too indolent to investigate the representations addressed to him. Indeed, it has been stated on some authority, and never yet contradicted, that one of the most important despatches sent home by Sir Stamford Raffles was found unopened in the Colonial Office several years after the date of its reception. Inestimable advantages to the commerce of England were bowed and complimented away at the Treaty of Vienna;—a treaty which we have lived to see torn to pieces, and its fragments given to the winds. Holland, however, still retains possession of Java, holding it as the Sultan

* Five Years in China, &c. by Lieut. Forbes, R.N.

does the beauties of his harem, by which he cannot profit himself, while the enjoyment is prohibited to all others.

The northern clusters of islands in the Indian archipelago separate the seas of India from those of China. These islands have long been the haunts of desperate pirates, mostly of the Malay race, whose cruelties and depredations have long been the terror of every mercantile marine. In these islands trees, with long and drooping branches, grow down to the very edge of a rock-bound coast; the boats of the pirates can be hidden underneath these natural harbours; they come out suddenly on the unwary voyager, and are often on board him before he can prepare for resistance. In the recent case of a Spanish brigantine, which only escaped from the Malays by accident, the captain on being asked why he allowed himself to be taken unprepared? replied by the very natural question, "Who, in the name of the Virgin, would have expected to see ships issuing out of a wood?" The interests of commerce, and, we may add, the interests of civilization and general humanity, require the establishment in the Indian archipelago of a naval supremacy, sufficiently strong to overcome the Malays, and sufficiently unselfish not to restrict its guardianship to its own subjects. The benefits which the Raja of Sarawak has conferred, not merely on the commerce of England, but on the commerce of the whole civilized world, must be viewed not with reference to the productive powers of Borneo alone; they must not even be limited to the Indian archipelago; they include security for European traffic with China, and probably, at no distant date, with the empire of Japan.

Most European writers have formed their estimate of the Chinese character from their limited opportunities of observations at Canton. Lieutenant Forbes justly observes that it would be equally fair to take the back-streets of Chatham or the purlieus of Wapping, as fair specimens of English morality and civilization. The population of Canton has been thoroughly demoralized, and the East India Company, during the days of its monopoly, had no small share in the work of corruption. Submission to the insolence and dictation of a mob can only purchase present security at the expense of future injury and degradation. France submitted to a provisional government, elected by about two thousand of the lowest rabble of Paris, admitted by the treachery of Ledru Rollin into the Chamber of Deputies. That general submission legalized the title of the Provisional Government, but it also gave reason and plausibility to the demand that a republic, formed *by* the rabble, should be administered *for* the rabble, and that King Mob ought to be an absolute dictator in France. In the same way the Company and its representatives servilely submitted to the petulance, the insolence, and even the downright violence of the people of Canton, ready at all times to sacrifice, for a cargo of tea, the honour of the British nation, until the people of Canton became thoroughly convinced that all Europeans were a set of cowardly poltroons, and treated them accordingly. The evil effects of this selfish and impolitic timidity will not disappear in more than one generation. We have, it is true, given some sharp lessons to the people of Canton; but in the East, as nearer home, the achievements of our arms have been neutralized by the errors of our diplomacy; too great haste has been shewn in patching up accommodations, and if the Cantonese have abandoned their preposterous notions of personal superiority, they have adopted in their stead the equally pernicious belief that they

could do very well without us, but that we could not possibly do without them.

Though we think that Lieutenant Forbes takes rather too favourable a view of the Chinese system of government, and its influences on morality and civilization, he still appears to have made out a case for rejecting the wholesale condemnation which it has been too much the fashion to pronounce, indiscriminately, on all the institutions of the Celestial Empire.

The government is not so much a patriarchy as a theocracy; "the divinity that doth hedge a king" is not in China a mere allegorical expression, but an essential fact in policy and administration. The subordination through all the grades of state is a hierarchy, and not a political or administrative arrangement. Mr. Forbes informs us that an *employé* is seldom or never appointed to any situation in his own province, and that he cannot be on terms of intimacy with any person of lower rank than himself, even though it should be his nearest and dearest relation. This isolation corresponds to some extent with the institution of celibacy in the Roman Catholic church, and is designed to serve the same purpose, to prevent the natural affections from interfering with the rigid discharge of official duty.

A theocracy is a form of government expressly instituted to keep things as they are, and to prevent any possibility of change or progress. It generally provides against physical wants, but it tries to prevent even the perception of moral wants. We unite with Lieutenant Forbes in admiring the great encouragement given to agriculture, and the gigantic roads and canals constructed for facilitating trade. But we must remind him that there is something to be set off in both respects; the agricultural implements of the Chinese are about the worst used in any country that has escaped from barbarism; and instead of the canals being accommodated to trade, trade has been forced to accommodate itself to the canals. A very slight acquaintance with Chinese history shews that famines have been of more frequent occurrence than Mr. Forbes seems to suppose.

Thus far only are we tempted to be critical. From the moment that Lieutenant Forbes enters on the description of social life in China, he carries his readers with him so completely that they are too excited and too interested to pause and criticise. What can be more delightfully graphic than the following picture—for a picture it is, though in words—of a silk-shop at Shanghai.

"The richest shops, both in appearance and reality, are the silk-shops, although their attraction, in some towns, is denied to the street, from their standing much in the rear. They are entered by a plain gateway, illuminated by several gaudy lanterns, and the sign alone directs attention, such as Chaw-twan-foo, silk and satin shop. Passing through this gateway, you enter a paved courtyard, fitted *en grotte* with several large vases of gold fish, and many exotics, often covered in with trellis-work and vines, hung with numbers of cages, containing singing and other birds, the most famous of which is the Soo-chow mocking-bird, a species of lark, which mocks all sounds.

"Facing the entrance are three apartments, hung with variegated lanterns, supported by splendidly carved pillars, &c., generally of polished wood; the centre apartment is fitted as a receiving room, with handsome furniture, and here one of the partners attends, to whom the

customer's wants are explained, and by whom a seat and tea are offered; the various articles are brought from the other two apartments, divided from you and the courtyard only by rectangular counters. The general contents of the shops are blazoned forth in gold letters, or varnished black boards, or painted characters, on light-coloured boards, such as 'Pekin satins, or Canton crapes,' 'Hang-chow rceled silks and Hoo-chow crapes,' 'Hoo-chow cottons and Ningpo senshaws,' 'Gauzes, lawns, pongees, and satins.'

Take again the travelling trades, among which we were at once amazed and amused, to find the dentist, the fortune-teller, and the craniologist enumerated.

"The dentist no sooner pitches his tent on arriving, than he unfolds to the admiring crowd a huge scroll, on which, at the left side, are set forth his home, place of birth, &c.; the rest of the scroll speaks of his fame and skill in cleaning, curing, and extracting teeth, and knowledge of the mouth in general; if this fail to obtain a customer, he opens box after box, producing hundreds of human teeth, on which he lectures, declaring each large and more decayed tooth to have belonged to a prince, duke, or high mandarin, who honoured him with his patronage, and saved himself from the most terrific tortures. Should a bystander at last be attracted and offer his mouth for inspection, the instruments are produced, and, if extraction be required, it is done with much expertness: he shews the instrument to the crowd, describes its use and power, and, as an illustration of it, draws the tooth, while the sufferer imagines he is merely going to shew how he would do it; if cleaning is required he exhibits his instruments one by one, and using each, keeps up a chaunt and lecture alternately; after the operation is performed he recommends his powders; I tried several, and detected a strong mixture of camphor in all. Thus he continues, until having remained a short space without a customer, he packs up and moves to another convenient spot.

"The fortune-teller is a cunning, mysterious looking rascal; he is seated at a table under an awning, before him his magic mirror, books, pencils, ink, &c. So intent is he on his studies, that the vociferations of a country looking bumpkin, which have attracted a crowd of gazers, have failed to awaken him. Slowly he rouses himself from the trance of his meditations, and with a mysterious shudder and start he excuses himself hastily, shuts his book with an air, talks of the spirits having deceived him in causing him to believe that a poor man, destined to fill a high office, humbly awaited him at the gate of celestial bliss; is much surprised when his clownish customer calls upon him to unfold his prophetic powers, and relate what heaven may have in store for him. Having asked him if he is sure they have not met before, which question confirms the bumpkin in the opinion that he must have been the cause of this extraordinary vision, he places a stool for him opposite, and then commences the divination of futurity. After asking a few questions, he places his mirror so as to reflect the heavens, and inscribes thereon certain mystic signs, these he continually changes (having referred to a number of books and talking all the time aloud), writing now and then on a slip of paper; he at last fills up all he requires, and hands it to the delighted and deluded simpleton; then falling into a reverie awaits the arrival of another, who is not slow in arriving: one fool makes many, and the trade is a good one.

"The craniologist unfolds his plates, and, if no one will come for-

ward, lectures on them at great length. One of these plates I bought immediately after a lecture as a curiosity. It is a representation of a face, with a head-dress that has not been in use for some centuries, inscribed all over with characters; every feature bears some development or other. The ears speak volumes; the forehead is almost an encyclopædia of organs, some denoting the qualities of the mind, others emblematic of the destiny of the individual. Some of the characters are in circles, surrounded by numbers and professional terms. From the forehead to the nose are seven. 'Heaven's Centre, or Zenith;' 'Heaven's Hall;' 'The Lord of the Firmament;' 'Just the Centre' (between the brows); 'The Seal Hall;' 'The foot of the Hill's Years' (between the eyes); 'Old Age' (the bridge of the nose). Two kinds of eyes are given, the one Ming-he, or 'clear opening,' the other Yen-he, or 'observed opening;' the lid intruding on the pupil in the latter. The interpretations do not exactly tally with those of our phrenologists, and when doctors differ, I cannot decide a point on which one is as likely to be right as another, with the chances, if any, leaning in favour of the Chinese, who have studied the matter for centuries before it was dreamed of in Europe."

We must not omit a brief notice of our old friend Punch, nor that favourite of our childhood, the Show-box, and least of all, the circulating librarian, a trade peculiar to China.

"Punch is all in his glory, native and to the customs born, though his birth-place, like that of Homer, may be a subject of controversy. Yet I am afraid that to China alone belongs the glory of having produced Pun-tse, that is the 'son of an inch,' from thence it seems he found his way into Italy under the name of polichinello, but resumed his old appellation on his further travels.

"Immediately under a huge highly-painted scene of a battle, stands a fellow with inflated cheeks, trying to out-sound a geng which he is beating with all his might; under the picture are small holes for ocular demonstrations of the mysteries within, and the bended form of some juveniles shews that all his wind and noise is not expended for nothing, which may mean, 'look a little farther, and you will see the discomfiture of the barbarian eye, by the son of heaven's general his excellency How-now, master-general of ceremonies, director of the Gabel, and tamer of the sons of the western ocean.'

"But the most novel travelling trade that I met with, was that of the circulating librarian, with a box filled with little pamphlets of dramas, tales, and romances. He goes the circuit of the town, and leaves, brings away, or exchanges his books as the case may be, bringing information and tittle-tattle home to every man's door. His trade is not a bad one, as his stock costs very little, and is in some demand."

We should have been glad if Lieutenant Forbes had furnished us with some specimens of these Chinese "Standard Novels." The few that have been published in Paris, under the superintendence of the Asiatic Society, are the wildest and strangest inventions that can possibly be imagined, and quite refute the notion that Hindoo and Arabic fictions have been imported from China. There is, however, some analogy between the Chinese and Hindoo drama, though it would be exceedingly difficult to settle the rival claims to antiquity and originality. We sincerely hope that some of the able men who are preparing to establish themselves in China, will devote their leisure to the study of the Chinese

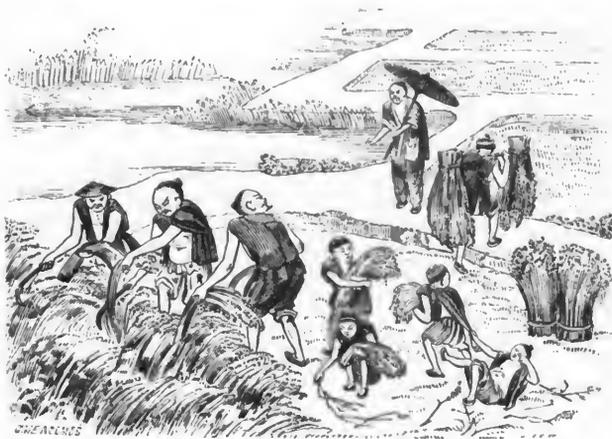
theatre, for the few specimens which have been translated are replete with incident, interest, and variety of character.

The cultivation of rice forms so important a part of Chinese agriculture, that the following characteristic designs will not be uninteresting to the European.



CULTIVATION OF RICE—SOWING.

Nor is the mode of reaping less peculiar to the country.



CULTIVATION OF RICE—REAPING.

Passing over the chapter on coins, which is replete with information; we come to the novel subject of Chinese cookery, and, in spite of its

length, shall quote the account of a Chinese tavern-dinner, which we believe has never before been described by any traveller.

“ Returning one day from Tien Thung, a party of five of us agreed, as a matter of curiosity, to sit down to a regular tavern dinner. By great good luck one of the party happened to be the consular interpreter, who induced his linguist and teacher to take the chair; to him, a fine old Chinese gentleman of convivial habits, and great information, we left the entire management, stipulating only that the dinner should be the best that the first tavern in Ningpo could produce. He promised to take us to one in the principal street which he himself frequented. He was to direct us in the most accomplished way of dining *à la Chinoise*, and to illustrate the courses, in order that our repast should be perfectly *à la mode*. No sooner had we entered than a pipe-bearer, with necessary paraphernalia, introduced a pipe (technically a hubble-bubble) into the mouth of one of the party, who, being told by our preceptor that it was *selon de règle*, drew a whiff or two and passed it on to another, and so on all round. After a few moments' delay tea was served, succeeded by six small saucers, containing separately sugar-candy, cherries, dried pips of melons, walnuts, ground-nuts, and brown sugar; these, we were informed, were for our amusement, while the landlord prepared a dinner worthy the reputation of his establishment.

Soon the advanced guard made its appearance, consisting of several small basins, filled with soups and stews of birds'-nests, *bêche-de-mer*, sea-slugs, and other light and stimulating delicacies, patties of shrimps, &c., fried in pork-fat, salted and boiled eggs, and boiled and stewed vegetables (salt, pepper, soy, and oil, in smaller saucers, were in every part of the table). These, we were given to understand, were mere provocatives of appetite, intended as a foundation for more substantial fare, they were ranged in a line round the table, leaving an open square in the centre. The best wines were now produced, warm, in small metal pots (not unlike coffee-pots), and poured into very small China cups; from our *maître de cérémonie* we took our queue, and, seizing the diminutive vessel in both hands, we half rose, and reaching across in direction of the person whom we wished to honour until both vessels met, when, each making a profound bow and *Chin-chin*, we reseated ourselves, and emptied the cup, which was no sooner empty than refilled by our officious Ganymede.

“ Before each of us were two or three small basins to serve as plates, and a pair of chop-sticks. The repast might be said now to have commenced in earnest, with the appearance of a large bowl of stewed mutton, by no means bad, which was placed at an angle of the square, at which each pecked with chop-sticks, and the more finished example was set by our accomplished friend breaking a piece with his own chop-sticks, giving us at the same time to understand that it was highly complimentary, and handing it over to me. After an interval of ten minutes, *viz-a-viz* to the stewed mutton, appeared a corresponding bowl with the tripes of a rare fish, found on the coast of Coromandel. Our Chinese friend was an epicure, and this a favourite dish with him, and he was now in his glory, and did full justice to it in no equivocal manner. The other angles, at equal intervals, were occupied by stewed fowl and puff-puddings, and these four surmounted by a dish of salted blubber. The pile of five dishes being complete, so was the course, followed by other piles of five dishes, consisting of stews of fowls, ducks, pud-

dings stewed in gravies, kabobs, sweetmeats, gelatinous soups and vegetables, to the number of thirty, in fact, every variety of fish, fowl, and pastry, when it was agreed we should move that the repast be brought to an end, upon which everything was removed but the salt, &c., when, all of a sudden, a stewed duck with some peculiar sauce appeared. We had all, with the exception of the Chinaman, long cried, 'Hold enough:' but when that worthy, after many vain attempts to cheer us up, told us of an extensive friend of his, who, having dined, topped up with six ducks out of compliment to him as host; we could not do otherwise than make an effort to help him out of his difficulty, and managed the one before us; a bowl of rice for each concluded the feast. Our officious waiter now appeared with warm water, and a very dark coloured and uninviting towel, which, to his astonishment, we rejected, when offered to us as a general finger-glass and napkin.

"On calling for the reckoning we were whisperingly instructed by our friend to fee the waiter and pipe-bearer who would stand our friend with the landlord; they received a rupee each; presently they re-appeared with a long account which, when totaled, amounted to five dollars, or altogether a most extensive feast for about twenty-five shillings in all for six.

It would take more space than we can command to discuss usefully the religions of China. The account given of them by Lieutenant Forbes is sufficiently accurate, and contains quite as much of detail as will interest general readers.

We feel, while reading the clever pictures of Chinese life, which Lieutenant Forbes has so agreeably sketched, as if we had been admitted to a gallery of most characteristic portraits, each the work of a master. In fact, they so charmed us, that, in spite of our utilitarian propensities, we had nearly forgotten his discovery of most valuable mines of coal in Labuan.

Its geographical position, and its coal-mines, promise to render this island one of the most valuable possessions of England in the Eastern seas. It will greatly facilitate the establishment of steam-navigation between England and China, a matter of great importance to all who are interested in the prosperity of British commerce. Brief as is the account which Lieutenant Forbes has given of Labuan, it is sufficient to shew that it possesses all the requisites for an important naval station; and when once England has taken such a position in the archipelago, her steamers will drive the Malay pirates from the ocean, and render those seas, hitherto so dangerous, a practicable and safe highway for the passage of commerce, civilization, and Christianity.

EL BUSCAPIE :

THE LONG-LOST WORK OF CERVANTES, RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN
MANUSCRIPT AT CADIZ.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH, WITH NOTES,

BY THOMASINA ROSS.

"This book," pursued my companion, "which you say is so diverting, and written with so reasonable and praiseworthy an object, appears to me exceedingly silly and irrational. Can anything be more absurd than the idea of curing the taste for reading books of chivalry, (which are objected to because of their falsehood and extravagance) by the perusal of another book still more false and extravagant? Who can imagine a man so infatuated as to put faith in the stories related in such books, and at length becoming so crazy as to sally from his home in quest of adventures, fancying himself to be out and out a knight-errant; and not even the many cudgellings he receives can drive the insane notions from his head. When did the luckless author ever see such lunatics wandering at large through the world?"

Hereupon the bachelor ran into a string of questions worthy of that most indefatigable questioner the lately defunct Almirante.* Can any one persuade himself into the belief that Palmerius of England, Florindos and Floriandos are to be seen going about armed cap-à-pie, like the figures in the old tapestry hangings on the walls of taverns.

"I would advise this author," pursued the bachelor, "to cultivate for better objects the talent he undoubtedly possesses, and to write no more such stupid books as this Don Quixote, which will never out-root from the popular mind the vitiated taste for books of chivalry. I would tell him this and much more, for I am not at a loss for words, neither am I wanting in memory or information; and I feel a desire to correct and castigate the faults of others, though unluckily I cannot mend my own. Moreover, you must know, that I am a philosopher, and that I have studied in the new school of Doña Oliva, the knowledge of myself; and whosoever acquires self-knowledge, may be said to possess no trivial attainment. Let me tell you, moreover, that the doctrine of Doña Oliva is not to be despised because it comes from a woman; for there are women now in the world whose learning entitles them to respect and admiration. For example, there is the Countess de Tendello, the mother of the three Mendozas, † whose names will be proclaimed to

* Cervantes here alludes to the questions addressed by Don Fadrique Enriquez (who filled the high post of Almirante of Castile) to Luis de Escobar. The object of these questions was to test the knowledge and ingenuity of Escobar, a Franciscan Monk. He published at Saragossa, in the year 1543, a volume entitled, "*Preguntas del Almirante*" (Queries of the Almirante). In 1552, he published a second part, which, as the quaint title-page sets forth, contains four hundred replies to the Almirante de Castilla, Don Fadrique Enriquez, and to other persons answered by the author; together with six hundred more, making in all a thousand. Of these answers, some are in verse, and others in prose. They refer to questions relating to points of religion, history, medicine, the phenomena of nature, &c.

† Doña Oliva de Nantes Tabuca Barrera is here alluded to. She was a woman of great learning and talent, and the authoress of a curious work entitled, "*Nueva filosofia de la naturaleza del hombre, no conocida en alcanzada de los grandes filosofes antiguos, la cual mejora la vida y salud humana.*" (A new system of philosophy concerning the nature of the human frame, not known or touched upon by the great philosophers of antiquity, whereby human life may be prolonged and health improved.)

‡ The three celebrated brothers Mendoza, Don Diego, Don Antonio, and Don

remote ages by the voice of Fame. Then there was Madame de Passier, whose rare genius and eloquence have been swept away by death, like the vine by the keen wind of October. In honour of her literary attainments she was buried with pompous funeral rites, and many learned men have written elegies to her memory. There is a book of letters by Madama de Passier, full of erudition and sound morality, which I would recommend to the attention of the author of *Don Quixote*.*

"How, friend bachelor," exclaimed I, "do you deny that knights-errant are existing in the world in this our age of iron? And does your memory so far fail that you forget how many persons implicitly believe all the extravagant stories related in books of chivalry,—stories which every one, down to the most ignorant of the common people, know by heart? Need I call to your recollection the mad exploits of that famous knight, Don Suero de Quiñones, who, with nine gentlemen, his companions, demanded leave of the most high and puissant King of Castile, John II. to depart from the court to rescue his liberty, (held captive by a lady) by breaking three hundred lances in the space of thirty days, with certain knights and gentlemen who were to enter the lists. And surely you must remember how the said knight, Don Suero de Quiñone, defended the Honroso Paso, near the bridge of Orbigo; and how he there took from his neck the iron chain which he wore every Thursday in token of servitude and captivity. And with him fought in defence of the pass, Lope de Estunigo, Diego de Bazan, Pedro de Nava, and other hidalgos, to the number of nine, all of them devoted knights-errant. They broke lances with more than twenty adventurers, who went thither to prove their skill and prowess. Surely these were knights-errant of real flesh and blood, and not mere puppets. The battle of the Paso Honroso is narrated in a book written by a friar named Pineda, who abridged it from an old manuscript work. Moreover, friend bachelor, have you not heard of the adventure of the Canon Almela, who was at the conquest of Grenada, with two horsemen and seven followers on foot. Such was his veneration for knight-errantry and everything connected with it, that he collected and preserved all sorts of old and worthless objects, which he believed had belonged to certain renowned heroes of the days of chivalry. He wore girded at his side a sword which he affirmed had belonged to the Cid

Bernardino. Diego, the eldest brother, the author of the well-known romance "*Lazarillo de Tormes*;" was alike distinguished as a satirist and a historian. His "*Historia de la Guerra de Grenada*" is a highly esteemed work. (See Bouterweck's "History of Spanish Literature.") Antonio de Mendoza was eminent as a statesman and a writer. He succeeded Hernan Cortes and the Licentiate Luis Ponce in the government of Mexico, and he was the first governor who had the title of Viceroy and Captain-general of New Spain. Subsequently he filled the same post in Peru. He was the author of a work entitled, "*De las cosas maravillosas de Nueva Espana*" (On the wonders of New Spain). Don Bernardino de Mendoza, the youngest brother, was a soldier and a statesman, and moreover possessed considerable literary talent. He wrote a "History of the Wars in Flanders."

* Madame de Passier was a native of Savoy, in which country her husband filled the offices of a judge and a counsellor of state. She was a great linguist, and she spoke and wrote several languages with perfect fluency and correctness. "She spoke Castilian," says her biographer, Dr. Francisco Garcí Lopez, "with such propriety and correctness of accent, that to hear her, no one could have imagined she was born among the snowy mountains of Savoy, but rather would have supposed she had been born in Spain, and had been all her life accustomed to the courteous conversation of noble ladies and knights in royal palaces." The book of letters alluded to in the text is entitled, "*Cartas Morales del Señor Narvezza, traducidas de lengua Francesa, en la Española, por Madama Francesca de Passier.*"

Ruy Diaz. This fact he said he knew from certain letters inscribed on the sword, though, in fact, those letters were perfectly illegible, and neither he nor any one else could decipher them."

"All that you say is perfectly true, Señor Soldado," replied the bachelor; "and I have only to observe that the events to which you have alluded are all of old date. Without going quite so far back, let us see what happened in the time of the Emperor Charles V., who directed a certain Bishop of Bordeaux, (and he would have cared as little for saying the same to Archbishop Turpin) to inform the King of France that he had acted with rudeness and discourtesy. Whereupon a messenger was shortly after despatched from the King of France, and another from King Henry of England, summoning the emperor to meet them in the lists conformably with the laws of chivalry. Now, I recollect having been told by my father, (who was a man well versed in all these points of honour, though he did not himself act upon them, for certain reasons of his own,) that the great emperor finding himself challenged with all the solemnity of the laws of the duello, took counsel of his cousin, Don Diego, Duke del Infantado, as to the course he ought to pursue. Don Diego advised him by no means to accept the challenge; for seeing the King of France owed his majesty a large debt, the consequence would be that all debts known and acknowledged would be settled by recourse to arms, a thing at variance with reason and justice. Rest assured that such absurd encounters have no existence save in silly books of chivalry, and in comedies which in our time have been taken from them, as, for example, in those of Lope de Rueda, Gil Vicente, and Alonzo de Cisneros.

"Nevertheless," pursued my loquacious companion, after a brief pause, "methinks I should like to see a return of the good old days of knight-errantry. How I should enjoy setting forth some fine morning to the chase, with hounds and huntsmen, dressed in a *cuero*,* lined with squirrel skin, such as used to be worn by great lords when they went a-hunting, and with a horn slung round my neck. And when in the thickets of the forest, suppose a storm should come on, the wind blowing and the rain pouring, and in the midst of the darkness, suppose I should lose my way in an intricate place, where no one can venture to penetrate for fear of the wild beasts that infest it. And there, perchance, I meet a courteous prince, comely and valiant, who like myself has lost his way. The young prince may have left his court and wandered unattended in quest of adventures. He may be named the Knight of the Griffin, or the Knight of the Red Scarf. He is courteous and fair of speech, and seeing in me a knight of noble comportment, he kindly offers me consolation in my trouble. And lo! all on a sudden there appears an ugly little dwarf, who says, 'Prepare, Knight of the Griffin, or of the Red Scarf, (or whatsoever surname he may bear,) prepare for the most marvellous adventure that ever knight-errant encountered. Know that the Princess Bacalambruna, who by the death of her father, Borborifon, (he of the wry nose,) has become mistress of the fair castle whose white walls rise in yonder tranquil plain, is deeply enamoured of you, whom she regards as the model of perfection in chivalry. When night draws her dark mantle over the earth, wend your way to the castle, whose gates will be open to receive you; there the beautiful princess awaits your coming."

* A sort of hunting-jacket made of leather, formerly worn in Spain.

“With these words the hideous little dwarf vanishes from our sight. Then the Knight of the Griffin, addressing himself to me, declares that he cannot go to the enchanted castle to visit the princess, because he is in love with the beautiful Arsinda, the daughter of King Trapobano Quinquirlimpuz. Hearing this I determine to go in his stead, and to present myself to the lovely Princess Bacalambruna. Mounting my fiery steed I gallop off, and speedily reach the gates of the enchanted castle. I enter without any one attempting to stop me, and, what is still more strange, without any one coming out to greet me, a thing quite at variance with the laws of courtesy. We will suppose that night has now set in, and I find in the court-yard of the castle a torch ready lighted. Straightway it places itself before my eyes, and moves onward to light me. The torch leading the way, and I following, I soon find myself in a splendid palace, all glittering with gold, silver, and precious stones. I enter a sumptuous chamber, covered with a carpet of silk, embroidered with gold, where I behold the Princess Bacalambruna anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Knight of the Griffin. She is surprised and alarmed on beholding me, and, enraged at the disappointment, she rushes from the chamber to give orders for my death. With this, I appeal for succour to a malignant old enchanter, who shews his malice by pretending not to hear me. But my lucky star ordains that a lady, on whom I never bestowed a thought, though, on her part, she is deeply enamoured of me, and who is one of the noblest ladies in all the realm of Transylvania, (Mari Hernandez or Juana Perez, by name,) at that moment enters the apartment. Taking me by the hand, she conducts me to the great hall of the castle, where several fierce-looking men are waiting in readiness to dispatch me. They are about to draw their swords, but good fortune once more befriends me, and Doña Mari Hernandez addresses them, saying, ‘Hold, Señores! this is not the knight whom the princess has ordered you to put to death. This is only a squire who is going to travel across the seas. When the knight comes out kill him.’

“With this the lady conducts me to the castle-gate, where I mount my horse. The lady heaves a deep sigh, and I promise to wed her when I return to the castle, which, however, in consideration of the danger I have so narrowly escaped, I resolve never to do.

“Once more I set out to seek my fortune. After journeying for a time I arrive in a town where the lists are prepared for a grand tournament. There I behold the emperor and his daughter. The princess is arrayed in rich brocade, and seated in a chair of state adorned with jewels. She is frightfully ugly, but in spite of that she has come to preside at the tournament, in the hope that some adventurous knight will enter the lists to compete for the possession of her superlative charms. Seeing that no one is in a hurry to offer, I propose to try my fortune. But at sight of me the spectators immediately begin to shout scoffingly, ‘Here comes the Knight of the Hump—the flower of chivalry!’

“Undismayed, I spur my horse and gallop into the lists, and I shiver a lance in the presence of the emperor and his daughter. With that the princess falls in love with me, and entreats her father’s leave to bestow upon me her hand. The emperor consents, and, calling me to the platform, he rewards my gallantry with the hand of the princess, who has for her dowry a kingdom, and for her subjects a nation of dwarfs. Thus, from a bachelor of Salamanca (and not of Alcalá), I become nothing less than a king.”*

* This imaginative flight into the region of romance would appear to have been

"Friend bachelor," observed I, "for the life of me I cannot comprehend how the just and reasonable reply of the Duke del Infantado to the invincible emperor, can warrant the inference that knights-errant were at that period banished from the world. On the contrary, we know that Micer Oliver de la Marcha was then living, though in a very advanced old age. He was a knight of the court of the Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, and he afterwards figured in the court of the duke's daughter, Doña Maria, the consort of the Emperor Maximilian, and the mother of Philip the Fair. Oliver de la Marcha married Doña Juana, a daughter of the King of Castile, and he wrote a book entitled, *El Caballero Determinado*, which like many of the books of chivalry then circulated, was very clever, though full of extravagances. La Marcha wrote the *Caballero Determinado* in French, from which language it was translated by Don Hernando de Acuña, who transferred it into very graceful Castilian verse.

"Moreover, you must also recollect what is related of Mario de Abenante, a Neapolitan knight, who challenged another knight, Don Francisco Pandon, also of Naples. Both entered the lists furiously defying each other. Don Francisco made a thrust at Mario's horse, and wounded the animal, so that he was well-nigh falling. Mario was unconscious of his danger until his uncle, who was within the lists, beckoned him to dismount, which he did, and then with great alertness, he inflicted a wound on the horse of his adversary. The animal became restive, and began to kick and plunge in such a manner that Don Francisco found himself constrained to surrender. Mario's conduct on this occasion called forth severe censure from all who witnessed it, and he was declared to be a coward and a traitor. Neither can you have forgotten other feats of knight-errantry which have taken place in these present times; as for example, that passage of arms when a knight named Leres, challenged another named Martin Lopez. Both met in single combat in Rome, armed with lances and cuirasses. In the midst of the conflict it happened that the horse of Martin Lopez stumbled and fell. Lopez was stunned by the fall, and Leres, thinking it cowardly to strike his adversary as he lay on the ground, was preparing to dismount. But in so doing he also stumbled and fell. Seeing this accident, Martin Lopez, with an effort, raised himself up, and fearing lest fortune should not grant him such another opportunity, he turned upon Leres, and in this cowardly manner subdued him. Setting aside all these events, you cannot but recollect the happy journey of King Don Philip II. (now in glory), who, when he was Infante, travelled from Spain into his territories in Flanders and Brabant? The whole history is in print, related by Juan Calvete de Estrella."

"I know the book you speak of," eagerly interrupted the bachelor. "It is one of the most diverting that ever was written since the world has been the world, and since the art of printing has been known. It contains nothing but truth, and that cannot be said of the writings of all historians, some of whom give currency to falsehood by narrating events which never took place. My father was in the suite of the Infante in that journey to Flanders; but in consequence of an adventure with a lady in which he became entangled, he was forced to return in all haste to Spain. On his road, he encountered more adventures than ever befel interpolated by Cervantes after the *Buscapie* was written,—it has no direct bearing on the question under discussion between the two interlocutors.

that victim of ill-fortune, Antonio Perez.* Finally, he was returning home angry and fretful, like one stung by an asp”

Here I cut him short, for I was fearful that he was preparing to enter upon one of his tedious and inapt tales. So imitating the serpent, which, with curious perversity, closes her ears when she wishes not to hear the enchanter's voice, I pretended not to hear what he was saying, and I thus proceeded,

“In Binche, as you probably know, sundry knights who were in that town appeared in the presence of the emperor *Semper Augusto*, and the prince his son. They stated that a certain enchanter, a foe to virtue and knight-errantry, had taken refuge in Gallia Belgica, and somewhere near to the town of Binche.”

“Do you not recollect the name of that enchanter?” eagerly interrupted the bachelor.

“No, on my faith, I do not,” replied I; “but I doubt not he had a very hideous name, like all those evil spirits whose mischievous doings are narrated in books of chivalry. I have heard tell of a certain author who, during the space of several days, puzzled himself sorely to fix on a name for an enchanter whom he introduced into one of his stories. His object was to find a pompous high-sounding name which would be expressive of the enchanter's character. The author in question happened one day to be visiting the house of a friend where he and others were playing at cards. During the game, the master of the house calling to one of the servants, said,—*Hola Cœlio! trae aquí cantos!*”—(*Hola Cœlio, bring hither some stones!*)† These words fell with such sonorous emphasis on the ear of our author, that he immediately rose from the card-table, and, without taking leave of his friends, he straightway hurried home, where he wrote down the name *Traquicantos*, with which he baptized his enchanter

“But to return to the magician of Binche, of whom I was just now speaking. By his fiendish arts he spread dismay among the inhabitants of the neighbouring country, doing all sorts of mischief, and threatening still greater harm. The knights ascertained that the said enchanter had his abode in a palace which, being continually enveloped in a hazy cloud, was invisible even to those who had the courage to seek to discover it. But it happened that a virtuous princess, deeply versed in the sciences of foresight and foreknowledge, seeing the mischief wrought by the enchanter, declared that within a certain lofty mountain-peak there was hidden a sword possessing singular power, as was denoted by the following lines inscribed on it:—

“*Whosoever shall draw forth this sword from the stone within which it is hidden, will terminate these evils, and dispel these enchantments; and will restore to freedom the prisoners now languishing in cruel captivity. Finally, he will hurl to destruction the enchanter's gloomy castle, and he will, moreover, achieve many other good deeds which, though not here declared, are, nevertheless, promised and predestined.*”

“The knights implored the emperor's permission to undertake this formidable adventure. The permission was accorded, and the knights

* The celebrated Antonio Perez, Secretary of State in the reign of Philip II. He fell into disgrace by engaging in an intrigue with one of the king's mistresses, and, after a series of misfortunes, he was obliged to fly to France. He has left many curious works, historical and political. Don Adolfo de Castro mentions several that have never been printed.

† It was formerly the custom in Spain to use small pebble stones for counters in playing at cards.

passed two whole days in performing, in the presence of the emperor and the prince, certain crazy exploits similar to those we read of in books of chivalry—those mischievous creations of idle imagination. Now, I leave you to weigh and consider (with the sound judgment which must dwell in the mind of a Señor Bachelor of Laws) the fact that the said knights actually performed these feats, or rather these fooleries, and that they were approved of by the emperor and the prince Don Philip, who derived therefrom much entertainment. And will it be said that there are not other madmen in the world besides the ingenious knight of La Mancha, when such madmen find favour in the eyes of emperors and kings.* But the fools so thickly scattered through this Christian realm cannot endure that the reading of this book 'Don Quixote' should have the effect of convincing the unlettered common people that romances of chivalry are filled with improbabilities alike adverse to reason and common sense. This is the reason why they attack the book with such determined fury and perversity, picking faults in it, and seeking to prove that there are no persons in the world so mad as to put faith in the reality of the stories related in books of chivalry. But the courts of kings, to say nothing of more humble places, are full of such madmen, for courts are the birthplaces of madness of every kind. These people say and do all sorts of mad things. They enter upon insane enterprizes to their own injury, and there is no possibility of convincing them of their errors. And these, forsooth, are the persons who find fault with the illustrious knight Don Quixote, the mirror not only of all crazy La Manchians, but of all crack-brained Spaniards; indeed, it may be said, that he is the clear reflection of all madmen throughout the world. For these reasons, instead of being depreciated, the work deserves to be prized and esteemed by all right-judging persons, inasmuch as it is the only one of all the many stories of chivalry that has been written with an honest and useful purpose. After all, the delusions of Don Quixote are less absurd than many things related in those romances: and from time immemorial there have been numberless lunatics in the world who have not, in the general opinion, been accounted mad. The laudable intention of the author was to banish the false order of knight-errantry, by the highly-seasoned dish of diversion presented in his true history."

Just as I uttered these words, the bachelor's unlucky nag, by a sudden leap, snapped the reins by which he was fastened up; he had taken a fancy to sport with the mule who, tied to the trunk of an old oak, was quietly reposing on the grass. The mule, however, with becoming dignity, evinced her dislike of such familiarity by several smart kicks. One of them, aimed at that eye of the poor horse which still retained some little power of vision, rendered it as blind as the other. In another instant a severe kick laid him prostrate on the earth, to all appearance bringing to an end the miseries of the horse, and the falls of his rider.

At this unexpected disaster, and naturally expecting that the poor animal who lay struggling and gasping was about to draw his last breath, the bachelor vented his grief in a torrent of lamentations, at the same time bitterly reproaching himself for the little caution he had observed for securing the safety of the precious jewel which he had probably

* The Journey of Philip II, (when Infante) to the Netherlands, in company with the Emperor his father, written by Don Calvete de Estrella, contains an account of the festivities at Binche, alluded to by Cervantes. In these entertainments the feats described in various books of chivalry were accurately imitated and represented.

hired from the stables of Colmeneres.* He began to curse the hour when he had set out on his luckless journey.

I to console him said, "after all Señor Bachelor, this misfortune has happened not inopportune. But a minute ago you were observing that the book called 'Don Quixote' is full of absurd extravagances. Now, a truce with your lamentations, and recall to your memory that famous adventure of the Knight of La Mancha when he encountered the most disastrous of all his misfortunes—I mean when he met with the Yanguesses on his departure from Chrysostom's funeral, on which occasion Rosinante had a narrow escape with his life."

"*Lieveme al Diablo!*" exclaimed the bachelor in a rage. "Truly I wish you and your Don Quixote were a hundred leagues off. Since the moment when I first set eyes on you, as many disasters have beset me as though I were under the ban of excommunication." So saying, he made an effort, though a vain one, to raise up his horse, which was sorely hurt, and now quite blind; at every tug of the reins he slowly thrust forward one or the other of his feet, with a languid movement indicative of expiring life.

Seeing that the disaster was past all remedy, and that the sun was already receding over the mountain tops, and about to set in his ocean bed, I took a courteous leave of my luckless companion. But he, wholly engrossed by his great but useless efforts to raise up his horse, neither heard my farewell, nor saw my departure. There I left him venting imprecations and complaining of his evil star. I can fancy I hear him now. What afterwards became of him I know not, nor did I ever enquire. Mounting my trusty mule, I forthwith pursued my way to Toledo, and evening had set in when I entered the city gates.

I rode straightway to the house of one of my friends, where I for a time took up my abode. Turning over in my mind what had occurred, I resolved to write this my adventure, hoping thereby to undeceive the many persons who fancy they see in the ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote, that which the ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote is not. Therefore I give to this little book† the name of *Buscapié*, that they who seek to discover with which foot the Knight of la Mancha limps, may find (God be praised) that he is not lame with either; but that he stands stoutly and firmly on both, and ready to enter into single combat with the stupid and grumbling critics, who, like wasps, buzz about to the injury of society.

And now, Friend Reader, if I have given you any entertainment, or if any of the observations I have made be worthy your remembrance, I shall be much gratified, and may God have you in his holy keeping.

* "At the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, there lived in Burgos a tavern-keeper named Colmeneres, celebrated alike for his wealth, his social humour, and his witty sayings. Many of his jests are collected and published in a volume entitled, '*Dialogos de apacible entretenimiento, por Gaspar Lucas, Hidalgo.*' Barcelona, 1606; Brussels, 1610; Madrid, 1618. The inn in Madrid, known in the time of Cervantes by the appellation of the *Meson de Colmenares*, was probably kept by the witty *tavernero* of Burgos, or some of his relations." Note of Don Adolfo de Castro.

† Cervantes here uses the term *librillo*, the Spanish diminutive for *libro* (book).

ITALY AND IRELAND.

BY DR. TAYLOR.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF POPE PIUS IX.

“The fatal gift of Beauty,” to which a well-known sonnet of Filicaja ascribes all the calamities which have befallen Italy during a long lapse of centuries, has at least one compensating advantage; it has interested the sympathies of all civilised mankind in the fortunes and fates of that peninsula. At a time when all Europe is convulsed and menaced with anarchy, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the banks of the Vistula to the shores of the Atlantic, Italy and Ireland are the two countries which most engage attention: Italy, because her claims are the most just and her cause the most glorious of all the revolutionary movements around; Ireland, because the demands of its insurrectionary minority are not merely groundless, but utterly absurd, and their cause nothing but a revolt of lazy mendacity stimulated by the most unscrupulous mendacity. Under these circumstances, unusual importance attaches to the view taken of Italian politics by an intelligent Irishman, sufficiently versed in the history of agitation to be able to appreciate its tendencies from its symptoms, and at the same time so far independent of parties as to be above all suspicion of any warping bias.

Mr. Whiteside, of whose volumes on Italy we are about to give a concise account, acquired a European reputation by his eloquent defence of Mr. O’Connell and the other traversers at the memorable State Trials. His exertions on this occasion so injured his health that he was obliged to suspend his professional labours, and was recommended by his medical advisers to spend two years on the Continent, and chiefly in Italy. From the volumes before us we learn that he is an enthusiast in classical literature, a moderate conservative in politics, and that his religious views for the most part coincide with those of the Evangelical party in the Church of England. We mention these particulars because few travellers have infused so much of their own individuality into their writings. Ardent scholarship, tolerant statesmanship, and deep religious convictions, mark every page he has written; they even colour his dissertations on the legal codes of the Italian states, mingle with his historical sketches, and blend, not inharmoniously, with his descriptions of scenery.

Mr. Whiteside deems that Italy may be most pleasantly entered through the Tyrol, a country of which he seems as much enamoured as the late Mr. Inglis. We quote his description of Innsbruck, because that city has become the refuge of the Austrian Emperor, and seems to be the only part of his dominions which can now afford a sure shelter to the head of the haughty house of Hapsburgh.

“The view of the lofty mountains surrounding Innsbruck as you walk the streets is glorious, covered, as they are, with snow. The bright sun shines on the valley, while the air is cooled by a refreshing breeze from the snowy

* Italy in the Nineteenth Century contrasted with its Past Condition. By James Whiteside, Esq. Q. C.

heights. Then there is a broad, rapid river, the Inn, rushing through the centre of the town, crossed by a wooden bridge, the banks shaded by acacias and fine old trees, under whose friendly branches there is a pleasant promenade.

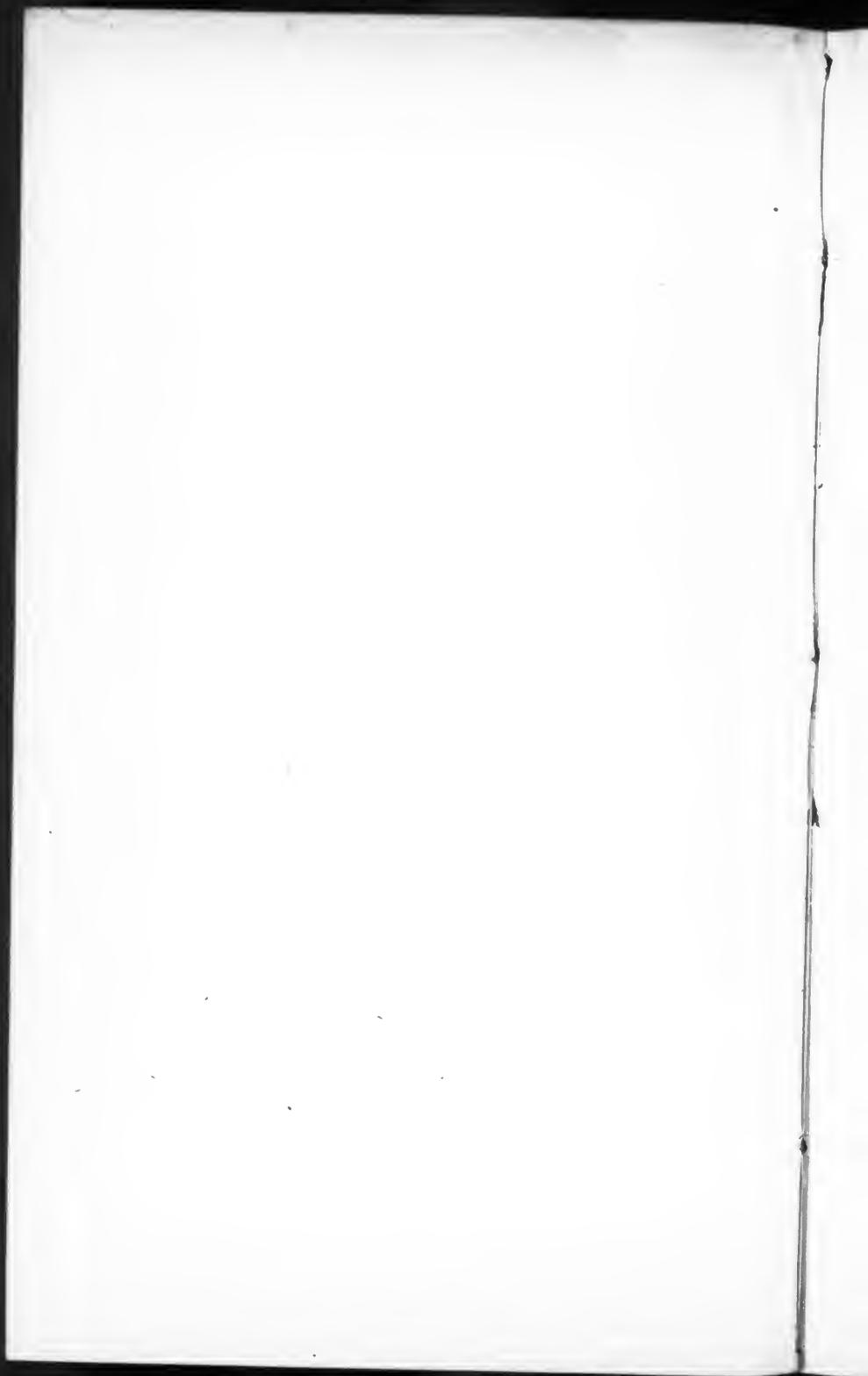
"The plain around Innsbruck is so perfectly cultivated as to gladden the eye whenever it rests upon so fair a scene; not one inch of ground is waste, and the industry of the people is incessant. I visited twice the shooting ground, romantically situated about a mile from the town. The Tyrolese soldiers and people may here be seen exercising at a mark, and certainly the accuracy of their aim is fearful, as the French often found to their cost. The mechanical invention of the target greatly amused me: whenever the small centre mark was struck by the ball at a considerable distance, two figures slowly moved round and faced you, they having been previously fastened behind the target; then a man, standing near the mark in a suitable and safe position, came forth dressed like a merry Andrew, tumbled and made antics before the target, and announced in a loud voice that the ball had hit; this was registered by a Tyrolese soldier, who sat at a table with writing materials and a book, near the persons who fired, and whose duty it was to register the successful shots according as the keeper of the target cried out. The scene was novel and entertaining. I visited several churches in the town and neighbourhood; one, the Franciscan, which contains the curious and splendid monument of the Emperor Maximilian I.; also the grave and statue of Hofer, which particularly interested me. The fabrics are clean and spacious, unlike the churches of Italy in their arrangement, in this respect, that rows of seats are placed for the congregation in the aisle. The people in the churches were evidently sincere, devout, and constant in their pious exercises. In no place does the Roman Catholic religion appear to greater advantage than in the Tyrol. There is a peculiar quietness, a decorum, and a devoutness in the congregations.

"In religion the Tyrolese are not superstitious, although sincere, many of the practices of the Italian church are repudiated by them. There is one prison for the kingdom containing 800,000 inhabitants: this is at Innsbruck, and seldom has eighty criminals within its walls. There is not a foundling hospital in the whole of the Tyrol, and if there were one it would present a ward of empty cradles."

The condition of Tuscany, the effects of free-trade on its national prosperity, the advantages and disadvantages of its landed tenures, and the benefits derived from the political and legal ameliorations are examined by Mr. Whiteside with great minuteness and fidelity of detail. Like most Irishmen who are familiar with Ulster, he regards "fixity of tenure" as one of the first elements of national prosperity, and is disposed to favour the system of small farms. These are questions too grave to be discussed incidentally, but we may intimate a suspicion that the first of them has often been discussed with too exclusive a reference to the power of the landlord; may it not be possible that where insecurity of tenure prevails no small portion of the evil should be ascribed to the incapacity and dishonesty of tenants? Unlike Mr. Laing, whose inferences are most sweeping when his inductions are least copious, Mr. Whiteside concedes that the good results from the land-system of Tuscany might not follow if the same system were adopted in another country, and he indicates the true solution of the difficulty when he informs us that the extent of the farm is proportioned to the capital of the cultivator.

Our traveller spent two winters in Rome, and thus witnessed the last of the old system under Pope Gregory, and the commencement of the new under Pope Pius. His description of the Eternal City is the most vivid and graphic with which we are acquainted.





Our limited space compels us to pass over the eloquent pictures of Pagan remains and Papal magnificence contained in the chapters headed "Morning Walks" and "Night Walks in Rome," and to devote ourselves exclusively to a consideration of the political changes wrought by Pio Nono. The *effete* but jealous despotism of the ancient system is well illustrated by the following anecdote.

"I became acquainted with a young, handsome, fashionable Count, who mixed largely in English society in Rome. During an evening's conversation he remarked, he had never beheld the sea, and had a great desire to do so. I observed that was very easy, the sea was but a few miles distant, and if he preferred a sea-port, Civita Vecchia was not very far off. The Count laughed. 'I made an effort to accomplish it, but failed,' he then said. 'You English who travel over the world do not know our system. I applied lately for a passport to visit the coast; they inquired in the office my age, and with whom I lived; I said with my mother. A certificate from my mother was demanded, verifying the truth of my statement. I brought it; the passport was still refused. I was asked who was my parish priest; having answered, a certificate from him was required, as to the propriety of my being allowed to leave Rome. I got the priest's certificate; they then told me in the office I was very persevering, that really they saw no necessity nor reason for my roaming about the country just then, and that it was better for me to remain at home with my mother.' He then muttered, 'The priests, the priests, what a government is theirs!'"

This passage sufficiently explains Pope Gregory's hostility to railroads, but the cause of his hostility to gas-lights is less generally known, and must not be suppressed. When the chairman of a company formed for lighting Rome with gas, waited on the Pope to obtain the required permission, Gregory indignantly asked how he presumed to desire a thing so utterly subversive of religion! The astonished speculator humbly stated that he could not see the most remote connection between religion and carburetted hydrogen. "Yes, but there is, sir," shouted the Pope, "my pious subjects are in the habit of vowing candles to be burned before the shrines of saints, the glimmering candles would soon be rendered ridiculous by the contrast of the glaring gas-lights, and thus a custom so essential to everlasting salvation would fall into general contempt, if not total disuse." No reply could be made to this edifying argument. Silenced, if not convinced, the speculator withdrew; the votive candles still flicker, though not so numerously as heretofore, and they just render visible the dirt and darkness to which Rome is consigned at night.

Mr. Whiteside's view of the character of Pio Nono is not so favourable as that which has been put forth by the journals of France and Italy, but we have reason to believe that it is far more in accordance with truth and facts. He regards him as a Reformer *malgré lui*, and he quotes as a proof the continuation of the *Index Expurgatorius*, the censorship of the press, the elevation of such a miscreant as Marini to the rank of cardinal, and the frequent seizures of British and other foreign journals at the post-office. He adds

"Reviewing dispassionately the foregoing facts, and balancing the evidence afforded by the conduct and declaration of Pope Pius up to 1st March 1847, it seems to me difficult to conclude the Pope had formed any real or comprehensive plan of reform in the frame of the papal government, or that he intended or wished to give to his people the blessing of constitutional freedom. On the contrary, his true political character appears to have been

that of a benevolent sovereign, who wished to govern honestly, but *absolutely*; to execute useful administrative reforms, but retain all legislative authority in his single person; to soothe the laymen, but confine the honours and emoluments of the state to his order—the priesthood; to permit a liberty of discussion, saving from its influence all corrupt institutions and the despotic character of the government; to preserve without alteration all the obnoxious privileges of the sacred college, and the unlimited power of the Popedom.

“Such, do I believe to have been the true character of Pope Pius in things political. He was shouted into popularity, without meaning to be the asserter of liberty. The bitter opposition he met with from some cardinals—his critical position—the circumstances of the times—the loud demands of his people, forced him onward in a track, glorious, I admit, but which I do not believe he meant originally to pursue. The good Pope forgot, when his oppressed subjects tasted the sweets of partial freedom, that they never would be content with less than the entire blessing, and that the acquisition of a little liberty the better enabled them to secure the whole.”

The Pope was not the author of the Revolution; he introduced ameliorations into his administration which had long been sadly required, but which were received as indications of a tendency towards political reform, simply because they were novelties. Innovations were regarded as revolutionary because it had been the habit of preceding governments to stigmatise them as revolutionary. Pio Nono saw and understood the mistake made by his subjects, but he made no attempt to correct it, because he took a weak pleasure in the popularity which the erroneous impression procured for him. But his ecclesiastical policy towards Ireland ought to have shewn that the liberality of his Italian policy was more apparent than real. Anything more offensive, more dominant, and more intolerant than his Rescript respecting the Irish Colleges cannot be found in the papal records since the age of the Reformation.

It has, however, been declared on very high authority that the Pope was deceived in this matter. The answer, we are told, was prepared by the Propaganda in the days of Pope Gregory, and was presented to the Pope as a document which had been unanimously sanctioned by his council. He was assured that it would give equal satisfaction to the British government and the Catholics of Ireland; it was not until he saw the comments which it provoked that he became aware of the nature of its contents. It is certain that the Pope feels a sincere respect and attachment for the government and people of Great Britain. When the news of the abortive Chartist demonstration reached Italy, he took the opportunity of the first English demonstration that waited upon him to express his great pleasure at the triumph of law and order in London, declaring that he had felt as much anxiety and interest in the result as if he had been a minister of the British crown. Not less certain is it that he views with equal indignation and contempt the conduct of the clerical agitators in Ireland. Some patriotic catholic, we have reason to believe that he was a priest, laid before his holiness a translation of Archdeacon Laffan's monstrous speech at the last Tipperary election, adding the significant comment of Richard I. on a similar occasion, “See, now, whether this be thy son's coat or not?” The Pope reprobated the coarse vulgarity and mendacious insolence of the speech in the most unmeasured terms; some intimation of his disapprobation seems to have

been conveyed to the rampant archdeacon, for ever since that reverend agitator has been remarkably quiet. But on the other hand, the Pope insists that national education in his own States should remain exclusively subject to ecclesiastical control, and on this very question he is at the moment in which we write, dangerously at issue with the legislative chambers he has assembled.

Nothing has tended more to throw Pio Nono into the arms of the liberals than the conspiracy of July 1847, when a re-actionary revolution was plotted by those who had battered on the abuses of the old system, and was deliberately sanctioned by Grassellini, the governor of Rome. Mr. Whiteside's account of this affair is the most complete and accurate which has yet been published.

"The way in which the plot was discovered was curious, although not surprising. A general uneasiness pervaded the public mind; it was suspected that some design was formed against the people, yet nobody guessed what it could be. The strangers of a doubtful class, who appeared in the streets of Rome, attracted some notice, and Cicerouacchio's* energies were aroused—the people almost instinctively discovered their enemies. One remarkable thing had excited attention: the letters S.S. were perceived to have been written on many houses of respectable citizens, and it was conceived that the letters meant *Saccheggio e sangue*, i.e. plunder and bloodshed, and denoted that the houses so marked were to be given up to pillage. This discovery, no doubt, sharpened the wits of the inhabitants. The mode in which it is said the plot was found out seems very natural. The 'Man of the People,' perceiving the strange characters referred to in the city, three nights before the intended Sunday fête of July, set a trusty follower to watch the conspirators. The spy, dressed as a countryman, lay down, as if to sleep, in a door-way leading to the place of meeting of some of the confederates. Late at night he saw many men enter, and afterwards leave the house stealthily. He suddenly sprang on a single individual, put a pistol to his ear, threatened to shoot him on the spot if he did not disclose what he knew. The villain confessed, and was made prisoner. Cicerouacchio instantly aroused the brother of Prince Borghese from his slumbers, and despatched him to Pius IX. with the dreadful tidings.

"The Pope was too well read in Italian history to doubt the story, or the malignity of his enemies; he immediately acted with vigour and promptitude—arrests were made, proclamations issued, the fête postponed, but the really important result was, the arming and summoning into activity of the mass of the people as a national guard. The formation of this armed militia, thus suddenly resolved and accomplished, was manifestly owing to the *force of circumstances*, which obliged Pius IX. to adopt a measure that rendered the future administration of government against the opinion of the people difficult—despotism impossible. The bulk of the respectable classes of society thus hurriedly armed, behaved admirably. The conspiracy was crushed, the traitors, foremost amongst whom was Grassellini, fled; Ferreti appeared at the right moment, to consummate the measures which had been taken, and the cause of the people was everywhere triumphant."

We agree with Mr. Whiteside in believing that the Pope will find it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile *infallible ecclesiastical power* with *political freedom*. He cannot be at once despotic over conscience, and constitutional over everything else; perfectly absolute as a spiritual head, but constitutionally restricted as a temporal prince. The problem is further complicated by the fact that the spirituality is co-extensive with catholicism, and the churches of France, Spain, and Germany, are not likely to submit to the behest of a Roman lay senate as readily as to a college of cardinals.

* The robust, or fat chopped man.

MRS. CRUDDLE'S ANNUAL ATTACK.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

EVERYBODY could not have lived where Mrs. Cruddle did. It was at the end of a court, that went out of a lane, that opened upon a street, that led into a great thoroughfare between St. Paul's and the river. It was furthermore in a locality that looked as if all the spare warehouses and private dwellings, left after London was finished, had been turned into a neighbourhood by themselves, without any regard to order; just as dealers in old furniture make up cabinets and davenport ports of any odd scraps of plain and ornamental woodwork thrown aside by them after their great design has been achieved.

Her house, moreover, was difficult to arrive at. First of all, the very cabmen were slow at finding it out, never, according to the habits of their race, stopping to inquire of any one; but driving on, and on, and on, as if they expected some inherent instinct would ultimately shew them, or their horses, where to stop. Next, if you walked and asked, your first hope, a pedestrian, would reply that he was a stranger in those parts, look wistfully around him as if he sought some index floating in the air, like the guiding hands in the White Cat, and then pass on. Your second, a policeman, would keep you some minutes in suspense, and finish the interview by admitting that he had heard of the place, but confessing his ignorance of its exact whereabouts; and your final chance, a baker at a corner, would not be sure whether it was the third turning or the fourth. Lastly, if you found it out, your journey was all the way one of great terror, from the chances that the overhanging wheels of the huge waggons would grate you to death against the walls of the narrow footway, which was only a kerb; or, that the mighty woolpacks and sugar hogsheads that hung from the cranes high in air over this edging of pavement, would fall just as you were passing under, and knock your head into your stomach beyond all possible chance of recovery.

When, however, you arrived at Mrs. Cruddle's house, it was not lively. It seemed to be all back rooms, go into whichever one you would, even up at the top, except the very attic, whose windows opened upon a widely-extended thicket of chimney-pots, ultimately lost in the smoke they were giving out, or a falling and rising prairie of roofs, reminding one of nothing but the view from a railway that runs into the heart of a great city. But here Mrs. Cruddle had lived for twenty years. We mention the lady more particularly than her husband, because his claims to be considered an actual resident were less decided, inasmuch as he was a 'commercial gentleman,' travelling for a wholesale druggist, and having as many homes, at all of which he was equally known and welcomed, as there were old commercial inns in principal towns in Great Britain. Mrs. Cruddle, however, could scarcely be considered a lone woman. Her house was always filled with lodgers,—clerks from Doctors' Commons, boys from St. Paul's School, and young men from Paternoster Row; and to all of these, as well as to her own family, scattered about in va-

rious parts of the city, Mrs. Cruddle was as a mother. But at one time of the year the domestic position of Mrs. Cruddle was considerably altered. Legal courts were closed; holidays arrived at the school, and even in Paternoster Row leaves of absence were granted between 'magazine days;' so that the house became comparatively deserted. Mr. Cruddle returned from his travels; the tract of chimney-pots became more extended in the clear air; theatres shut and gardens opened; boats ran to Gravesend for sums that it would have been dangerous to have sold a bottle-imp for; and everything proclaimed that the lazy end of summer had arrived.

And with it came a complaint to which Mrs. Cruddle had long been subject. It was not cholera, nor influenza, nor anything else that 'went about,' to the great delight of the doctors. It did not depend upon states of the air, or sanitary neglect; nor was it like the potato disease, general, being in a measure confined to England. It was, in fact, the very reverse of the Swiss disease of over-love for the fatherland, consisting in an irrepressible desire to get as far away from home as possible.

Mrs. Cruddle and her husband were such a happy couple, that she knew she had only to express her wish for a change of air, to procure permission and the means forthwith. But this did not do. From some incomprehensible organization of her woman's disposition, a request and a ready acquiescence would have taken away all the pleasure of the trip. It was absolutely necessary that the suggestion should come from her husband, and that then light reasons should be given for its impracticability that year, and doubts urged as to its judiciousness. And to effect this, she would at this period get up a sort of monodrama, and perform it in a very truthful manner, commencing by complaining of the closeness of the rooms, untying her cap-strings, and opening all the windows, as she hinted at the luxury of fresh air. Next she would envy Mrs. Saddler of Knight Rider Street, and Mrs. Egg of Addle Hill, and the Drivers of Great Carter Lane, for that they had all gone off somewhere in steam-boats, and were perhaps enjoying nice wet feet on the sands, or slipping off the green sea-weed into the holes of the periwinkle rocks at that very moment. And the number of minor diseases that attacked her, perfectly irreducible to any medical category, would have puzzled the British College of Health, whoever that gentleman may be. Into all these traps Mr. Cruddle would good-temperedly fall, in the same kind spirit in which one takes the card which the conjuror evidently forces on him, instead of brutally drawing one from the undisplayed portion of the pack; so that at last Mrs. Cruddle, satisfied that the sea-air alone would do her good, prepared to put it to the test. Her husband readily acquiesced in everything, always excepting that he should be expected to go too, for all the time. He enjoyed the holiday much more, he said, when it only came once a week; and so he settled to breathe sea-air from Saturday until Monday, keeping in town all the rest of the time. It is true during this space he was seen about at resorts, dining at Blackwall, or going to Cremorne, with certain old friends of his,—wags of the travellers' rooms; and these same friends would also, now and then, assemble at his house, upon the sly hint that "the broom was hung out," and smoke cigars in the drawing-room during a rubber of very long whist. But all

this was very fair ; and Mrs. Cruddle, even, could not be angry when she heard of it.

"And where did you think of going, my dear?" said Mr. Cruddle, to his partner, who, ever since the sojourn had been determined upon appeared to have been engaged in learning Bradshaw by heart, all the way through, including cab-fares and advertisements. "Gravesend?"

"Now, Cruddle! Gravesend!" answered the lady reproachfully. "Gravesend for sea-bathing! why, it's nothing but brackish mud and shrimps' tails. Besides—a shilling there and back: what can you expect at such a price."

"Well, Margate, then."

"No, Cruddle, not Margate: no." And here Mrs. Cruddle made that kind of face which people do when they get the first sight of the black draught they are about to take. "No, the last bedstead I had there was quite enough for me. Ugh!"

"What was that, my dear?"

"Don't ask me—no: a perfect colony of them. I never shall forget Alfie saying he saw a little black lady-bird on the pillow."

"Oh! that was it—was it?" replied Mr. Cruddle; "that's nothing at the sea-side, you know. You should see the fleas at Chester. Lor! he, he, he!—I never used to laugh so." And the recollection of them appeared so diverting that Mr. Cruddle chuckled again.

"Joe Robins used to say always when he got there, 'Now, Fanny,' he used to say, 'bring me the mouse-trap.'—'La! Mr. Robins,' Fanny used to say, 'what do you want with the mouse-trap!'—'What!' Joe always said, 'why, to catch the fleas with, to be sure!' And then how they used to laugh. Lor!"

And the mere reminiscence of the fun again threw Mr. Cruddle into such a state of hilarity, that he forgot all about the subject of conversation, and possibly would not have reverted to it again, if Mrs. Cruddle had not answered some imaginary question of her own, by observing, "No,—I never was so robbed as I was that August at Ramsgate. The moist sugar alone would keep me from ever going there again."

"Try Boulogne," suggested Mr. Cruddle, brought back to the topic. "It's very cheap, and uncommonly curious."

"Boulogne!" cried the lady, "my goodness gracious, Cruddle! What—to be made into a barricade, or blown out of your bedroom by artillery in the middle of the night, and then guillotined. I do declare I've thought of nothing but that room at Madam Tussaud's ever since the French revolution began."

"Well—I'm sure I don't know, my dear," said Mr. Cruddle.

"Now, look here," continued his wife, turning over her Bradshaw, "London and South-western—that's it."

"Cornelius Stovin, manager," read Mr. Cruddle. "Lor! what an odd name,—'Stove in.' How it puts you in mind of a horse-box got on the wrong line, and the express coming up."

"Now don't, Cruddle," exclaimed the other; "you quite make me nervous. See here; London to Southampton, second class, ten and six. Now then, turn to the boats, and read. There it is—Southampton—"

"Southampton to Bombay, on the 3rd of every—"

"No—no! to Ryde: there it is: all day long. Very convenient,

isn't it? and the Isle of Wight is so very beautiful—I think it must be the Isle of Wight.”

And the Isle of Wight was accordingly fixed on; and it was agreed that poor Miss Peers, who never had a holiday and thought so much of going out, was to accompany Mrs. Cruddle on her tour.

Miss Peers was the useful friend of the Cruddle family—one of those available persons who can always come whenever they are asked—which is usually when they are most wanted—and always look pleasant under the most trying domestic *contretemps*. She could do everything. Her Tarragon vinegar was pronounced, by competent authorities, to be more than superior; and no one could manage short-crust in a floured cloth so successfully. She was artful with pink saucers; knew where peculiar tints of worsted could be procured at the cheapest rate; and understood tea-making to a marvel. If a servant was discharged hurriedly by Mrs. Cruddle, Miss Peers always knew of the very one to take her place. She possessed in her head a whole library of secrets respecting rough-dried linen, pickled onions, grape wine, plate powder, and clear-starching; and, the day after a party, knew where everything was to go back to, what was left, and how it was to be disposed of, better than the hostess herself. Hence she was a great treasure—a real blessing to a mother like Mrs. Cruddle; and as Mrs. Cruddle never had any time to read anything, and Miss Peers, who was suspected of shaving her forehead to bring out her intellect, took in, or borrowed, all the cheap periodicals, and retailed their contents during the stringing of a cullender of French beans, or the repairing of a basket of the infant Cruddle socks, she was as entertaining as useful. Besides which, she was a great favourite with little Alf, who was to accompany his mother.

We pass over intermediate matters—how the strange parcel of umbrellas, cloaks, and spades of former years, for the sand industry of little Alf, quite astonished the guards on the railway—how they met a poor gentleman who had heedlessly got into the wrong train, meaning to go to Richmond and had been whirled down to Woking before he found it out, both starting at the same hour; and being, in reality, a reputable and harmless nian, had been looked upon as a swindler, made to pay excess fare, and kept out of a lucrative commission—how they enjoyed the sea-trip, and Mrs. Cruddle declared she was a capital sailor, and so was little Alf, and Miss Peers, too, Southampton Water and the Solent being as smooth as glass—and how Miss Peers shewed Mrs. Cruddle Netley Abbey, and Calshot Castle, the first of which she had seen in some dissolving views at the Polytechnic, and the last in a pocket-book, as well as at the top of an illustrated sheet of note-paper sent very appropriately from the Mile-End-Road. How they landed ultimately at Ryde, and found that Portsmouth would have been their proper line, but had been overlooked in a vague conventional reminiscence of the coaching-days, also formed a feature in the trip. But we omit all its detail; and plant our party at Ventnor on the same evening, after having crossed the island in, possibly, the only stage-coach left in England.

“Well, I declare the sea-air makes me feel better, already,” observed Mrs. Cruddle, looking upon her present condition of perfect health as a remarkable cure; “and I never saw a child eat as Alf did at tea. There's nothing like it.”

Mrs. Cruddle made this remark to Miss Peers as they started from the inn to look after lodgings. Miss Peers entirely coincided with the assertion, forgetting that little Alfy had made but an indifferent dinner on the railway from a dry sandwich with nothing to drink; and that this might, in some degree, account for the quantity of shrimps he had devoured, and the number of times he had been choked by their heads and tails.

There were many lodgings to let, but none that suited. Some were too dear, and others too dirty; and at all Mrs. Cruddle persisted in tasting the water, and telling a story of a friend of her husband's who turned light blue through drinking from a chalybeate pump constantly, and always got rusty in damp weather afterwards. The search would have tired many people, but Mrs. Cruddle was never so happy as when she was routing about after apartments, with no idea of where she should ultimately go to bed that night. And of course Miss Peers was happy, too; and little Alfy, being lured on from one to the other under false promises of digging sand that very night, was equally contented.

At last, quite at the end of the village, they found what they wanted. It was a comical little house, something between a Swiss cottage and a donjon keep, with a flag-staff at the door, and two wooden cannon on the roof, to which access could be obtained. This much delighted Miss Peers, as from it she could watch from the lonely tower, and see the rovers' barks in the distance, with other romantic pleasures. And, perhaps, the landlord might be a bold buccaneer. It was charming!

There was everything that was wanted. A sitting-room and two bedrooms, one of which, looking towards the beach, was appropriated to Miss Peers because she loved to hear the ocean's murmur. Little Alfy had a sofa, since it was his custom to go to sleep upon his hands and knees, with his head burrowing into the pillow, which, although agreeable to himself, was less pleasant to a bedfellow. There were no carpets, but, as Mrs. Cruddle said, that made the room more airy, and air was everything at the seaside; and the furniture was singularly scanty, which contented Miss Peers declared was half the charm of a lodging. So that it was all just as if it was made for them; and so very cheap, too, they could scarcely understand it.

Of course there was nothing in the house. There never is at lodgings; and it is wonderful to think how the real natives live without salt, vinegar, potatoes, or any other of the inevitable articles of consumption, the existence of which is always so calmly denied, if they are asked for, until the lodgers procure their own. There was not even a bit of bread for Alfy, so Miss Peers started forth to provide comestibles, leaving Mrs. Cruddle to unpack the boxes, which having done, she sat down to look around her. There was a curious air of desolation in the rooms. Everything appeared to have been carried off except the barest necessities. There were nails for pictures, but none suspended therefrom; and rods and hooks for curtains, but none attached. The only well-stocked part of the room was the mantel-piece, and this was covered with bottles of sand, vases of sea-weed, trifles from Shanklin, cockle pincushions, shell dolls, and cats made of putty and periwinkles—articles interesting from association but of small intrinsic value. When Miss Peers

returned and they wanted something warm, there was no fire; and when they wanted the fire, there were no coals. But Mrs. Cruddle was not put out; she said that they had come suddenly, so they could not expect to find everything as at home, and after all, health was the greatest blessing. Upon which they fell back upon cracknels and cold weak brandy-and-water, giving Alfy a little in a glass egg-cup; for there were no wine-glasses in the house.

However, they slept very soundly. Had they not been tired from the journey, the constant murmur of talk that went on in the kitchen nearly all night, would have disturbed them, and induced much speculation upon its import. But once off, their slumber endured until morning. Mrs. Cruddle dreamt that her husband came down on Sunday and brought a dozen friends with him, and that they had nothing for dinner but one duck. Little Alfy fancied he dug such a large hole in the sand that he tumbled into it, which awoke him with a start; and Miss Peers's visions were of becoming the bride of a bold buccaneer, more or less Grecian in appearance, varied with notions of being a mermaid in coral submarine caves, where lobsters and home-made pickled salmon could be had for the mere trouble of catching.

Very bright and beautiful was the next morning, when the ladies first looked from their windows—lovely as the first fine morning at the seaside always is to a Londoner. Not a cloud was to be seen in the blue sky, except a few white mists which occasionally rolled across the summits of the more lofty hills. In some places the downs were covered with small white dots, which a closer inspection would have proved to have been sheep; in others with long sloping wheat-fields, which as the wind came, waved gracefully in a thousand billows, revealing the corn-flowers and bright intruding poppies growing over them. Cockney architecture had been lavished on the village, but it could not destroy the beauty of the Undercliff; and seaward the tide splashed its sparkling foam upon the rocks and pebbles of the beach, with a sound perfectly musical. Mrs. Cruddle pronounced herself better than ever she had been in her life; breathing, indeed, with the greatest ease; and Miss Peers's was equally salubrious; whilst Alfy's appetite astonished them both as much as the traditional Jack's did the easily-imposed-upon giant, whose hospitality was so craftily taken advantage of at breakfast. They settled to go out directly after the meal and market; it was a sin to lose an instant of such lovely weather; and accordingly off they started. But upon their return, they found the door of the house fast closed; and Mrs. Grit, the landlady, looking out of the first floor window in great apparent anxiety, increased as she saw them approach.

"Just wait one minute—only a minute, ladies," said Mrs. Grit. "I am very sorry to keep you, but it can't be helped."

Mrs. Cruddle and Miss Peers looked at the landlady and then at each other, rather bewildered.

"I want my spade," ejaculated Alfy.

"A low sneaking fellow," continued Mrs. Grit, watching the retreating form of the man. "It will be quite safe directly, ladies," she added to her lodgers.

"Mama,—you said I might go on the sand as soon as you had bought the mutton-chops," Alfy went on.

"Now then, ladies—now then!" cried Mrs. Grit, hurriedly, as she disappeared from the window. "But please make haste."

"What can this mean?" thought Mrs. Cruddle and Miss Peers.

"That's the way to the sand," said Alfy: "and I know there's periwinkles, and starfish, and little crabs, like there was at Margate."

The door was here opened a little way as Mrs. Grit looked out. Then she allowed the party to enter, as soon as she was satisfied that they had not changed places with anybody else; and, finally, she slammed the door to again, with nervous haste, and shot the bolt.

"The beggars are abominable," said Mrs. Grit, when the feeling of security was re-established: "so unpleasant too, for you, ladies, to be kept waiting. But it is not my fault."

From the imperfect view obtained of the man who had departed as they came up, Mrs. Cruddle did not think that he looked very like a beggar. He was florid and hearty, well clad, and carried a walking-stick.

"I cannot understand this at all," she said to Miss Peers, as they entered their sitting-room.

"I think there must be smuggling going on; if so, the French brandy is remarkably good for cherries," replied the other lady, in whose mind romance and domestic economy were ever mingled. "A smuggler—dear me!—I wish I had taken more notice of him."

"Once I went on the sands directly after breakfast," hinted Alfy: "and was so good all day afterwards."

But the suggestion was unattended to, in the curiosity of the minute.

Anon new matter for wonder arose. The butcher's boy arrived with some meat that had been ordered, and instead of delivering it in at the door, in the ordinary method, was told by Mrs. Grit to wait until she got a long piece of string, by which the shoulder of lamb was pulled up to the bed-room window. And then, as little Alfy still kept indulging in allusions to the sea-coast, it was thought proper to indulge him. But just as they were about to start Mrs. Grit put herself before the door, in the attitude of a stage-heroine, who declares that if any body attempts to pass it shall be over her dead body, and implored them to wait a minute.

"He is here!" she exclaimed, but almost in a whisper. "It is not safe just now—pray wait a minute, ladies."

Mrs. Cruddle grew still more astonished. As for Miss Peers, she at once put down the object of alarm as a sea-chartist, or something equally terrible. Every attempt to procure a tranquil explanation from Mrs. Grit was a failure. She only replied that she was a wretched woman, but that they should one day know all: and then, beckoning them to the back of the house, opened the kitchen door, after a cautious survey through the window, almost pushed them out, and banged it to, as before, after them. Under these mysterious circumstances the walk was not agreeable; and although little Alfy was in high spirits, and heaped up shingles, dug holes, collected marine trash, and got his feet wet after the most approved fashion, and in a way that would, at another time, have called forth the highest encomiums, Mrs. Cruddle and Miss Peers had a cloud hanging over them which prevented them from fully entering into the spirit of his diversions. Their return was attended with still greater unplea-

santry. They were not admitted for half an hour, and then in a hurried manner by a French window, just as the mysterious stranger appeared round the corner of the house. All this was so bad, that Mrs. Cruddle determined to leave the place the next morning. Even the few hours of it, she said, were beginning to undermine her health.

The afternoon passed very uncomfortably, and at last they went to bed, sleeping less readily than on the preceding evening, but towards morning falling into a deep slumber. From this, Miss Peers was awakened by a noise in her room, and, opening her eyes, she observed, to her horror, that the dreaded man had opened her window, which she had neglected to fasten, and stepped into her chamber. He now stood at the foot of the bed.

"Who are you? Go away! What do you want, man?" cried Miss Peers, with a ringing scream.

"Don't be afraid, ma'am, it's an execution," replied the intruder.

"A what!" shrieked Miss Peers; and by this time her cries had brought Mrs. Cruddle into the room, who nearly fainted. She had caught the man's word, and expected nothing else but that everybody was to be put out of the way immediately.

"I'm sorry to intrude," continued the man; "but don't distress yourselves, now. Only I'm in possession, that's all."

"Oh!" gasped the ladies. Mrs. Cruddle having wrapped her form in the bed-curtain, and Miss Peers pulled the counterpane up to her very eyes.

The truth dawned upon them. They saw that the miserable state of the house was owing to everything available having been sold, and that their difficulty of egress and entry was accounted for by the presence of the man.

"Leave the room," cried Mrs. Cruddle. "Leave the room, and let us pack up our things at once, and go. Well—I'm sure!"

"Beg your pardon, ladies," said the man; "but you can't move a thing. I'm in possession."

"But everything you see is ours,—these boxes, and clothes, and linen even."

"Very sorry, ma'am," said the man; "but you morn't touch 'em. They all belong to me."

Mrs. Cruddle uttered a cry of despair, and threw herself upon the reclining form of Miss Peers. Little Alfy heard the noise, and came in, joining his screams to the confusion, as he clung to his mother. The *tableau* of horror—helpless, crushing horror, was complete.

* * * * *

The straits to which the unfortunate ladies were reduced,—how they could not even get a pocket-handkerchief; how they did not dare to write to Mr. Cruddle; and how he arrived on Saturday in the middle of it, will be detailed to anybody who passes the house at Ventnor, and may care to call. But Mrs. Cruddle is supposed to be cured. As violent remedies at times put a stop to long-standing diseases, this terrible adventure is supposed to have annihilated her marine propensities. At all events, she confidently told Miss Peers on the evening of their return to the court in London, that "there was nothing like home after all."

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JESUITS.

With one or two exceptions* the mass of publications devoted to the Jesuits may be comprised under the head of controversial, panegyric, or condemnatorial, pamphleteering. Indiscriminate praise on the one hand; indiscriminate censure on the other; these are the leading characteristics of the *laudatores et censores* of that remarkable order. The one party can discern no good in the actions of the Jesuits; the other, no evil. They are either angels or devils—black or white—according to the point from whence we direct our view.

The first appearance of the Jesuits on the active scene of the world was as the humble, devoted, and ardent, purifiers of religion and morality—as the renovators of the holy Catholic Church; and with this noble object in view they swore fealty to the sacred vows of obedience, chastity, and poverty. But they did not long abide by those vows. From the humble servant, they soon became the haughty master of the church; and, in lieu of purifying the mind of the faithful from its grossness and superstition, they were accused of entangling it in the fine-spun web of logical sophistry, and fanatic controversy, which caused them to labour under the imputation of being its debasing despots, instead of its enlightened directors. A short sketch of the character and career of the order may not be unpalatable at the present moment, when so much is written and talked about them; not only by the grave historian, but also by the gay romancer—not only by your popular preacher, but also by your prosy politician.

Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order, was a licentious libertine of the military class, in which that chivalrous age abounded. It was an accident that made him an ascetic agitator in re-moralizing the minds of his fellow-men. He was wounded in the foot at the siege of Pampeluna, which cut short his military career by disabling, and ultimately deforming, his person.

Towards the middle of the 16th century, the Church of Rome was ripe for renovation; that is, it was as corrupt as it well could be. The religious spirit—the pure, old, orthodox, spirit—had dwindled down to a mere shadowy existence, and had been replaced by a hollow, selfish, and thoroughly worldly feeling. In lieu of simple piety, pure rectitude, and honest benevolence, in high places, and among the more dignified of the Romish hierarchy, there were gross and ungodly desires, voluptuous aspirations, and sinful indulgences. The purple and the fine linen had completely superseded its beggarly antithesis; and the occupants of the papal throne had surrounded themselves with the “pomp and circumstance” of a highly intellectual and refined luxuriance. They had long forgotten the precepts, and only pretended to follow the footsteps of their pastor and master, the

* “The History of the Jesuits,” by Andrew Steinmetz, and the “Chute des Jesuites,” by M. St. Priest, for instance. The work of Mr. Steinmetz is an elaborate compilation of historical matter relating to the Jesuits, highly creditable to his industry and research. The work of M. St. Priest comprises the period of the decline and fall of the Jesuits, and throws a new and interesting light on the suppression of the order.

humble Nazarene. The image of their great prototypes, the apostles, who laboured so hard, and fared so meanly, was completely effaced from the memory of the Popes; and Paul, on Mars' hill, preaching to the Greeks the divine truths of the gospel, presents a very different picture to the mind's eye, to his namesake at Rome receiving the humble Jesuits in the full blaze and glory of the "scarlet abomination."

The whole religion, apparently, of the heads of the Church at that period, consisted in devising expedients to keep up their temporal power, and extend their political influence. They trafficked with the most precious part of man—and of consequence the most profitable—his immortal soul. His salvation, hereafter, was reduced to a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence; and not dependent upon good deeds, and virtuous thoughts. The house of God—the temple of the Most High—was turned into a common mart for the sale of that which ought to be esteemed above all price; and the Romanists in the 16th century—those soul-merchants—were worse than the money-changers of old, who were kicked out of the temple as common polluters of its holiness and sanctity. It was through the instrumentality of indulgences, dispensations, and absolutions, that that trading-abomination was enacted which filled the Christian world with disgust, and first lit up the flames of the Reformation. The evil and corrupt spirit pervaded every rank and condition of the hierarchy. The monks and friars, "black, white, and gray," imitating the superior orders, were equally eager in grasping at the good things of this world, and were not over-nice as to the conditions on which they received them. These mendicant-mummers by turns caressed, cajoled, and alarmed the people out of their property; and the bare contemplation of these saintly swarms cannot fail to conjure up death-bed scenes, masses, wax-lights, the confessional, relics, and a whole host of impostures, their stock-in-trade, which rendered them, at last, the objects of scorn and contempt, even to the ignorant and destitute. They were, as Cardinal Bembo racily remarked, *tutte le umane secleratezze, coperte di diabolica ipocrizia*, "all human rascality, covered with diabolical hypocrisy." The times, therefore, were ripe for a change; and, "when things are at the worst they sometimes mend."

Loyola and his nine followers appeared before Paul III., with the proposal to regenerate the Christian world, in the year 1537. After deliberating with his cardinals, he embraced the scheme, decided upon the name of the order, and issued a bull, which gave them full authority to act. Loyola took a great weight off the shoulders of Paul, which they were unable to bear with ease and comfort, as it interfered with his personal aims, and his secret desires. Paul was ambitious, but the mettle of his mind was not of that texture to second his ambition; and the ordinary difficulties of his position were sufficient for him to grapple with, even had he not created others which were of a purely selfish and personal nature. He, therefore, fell in readily with the plan of Loyola, which proposed to sap and undermine the many dangers which surrounded the papal throne; and he did this the more willingly, as it spared him the necessity, so repugnant to his nature, of confronting them openly. Paul was particular to distinguish the *Society of Jesus* from the Monks and Friars, who had become

the objects of contumely and reproach, and ordered them to be clothed in black, like the secular priests. This circumstance caused them, in after years, to be called the Janizaries of the Pope; or, the Black-band of the Church-militant.

The institution of the Order distinguished it from every other of the ecclesiastical profession. Loyola had based it upon the principles of military subordination, carrying the latter through every gradation, from the simple *novitiate*, to the *general-superior* of the body. The *general* had absolute control—he was a spiritual autocrat—and from his decision there was no appeal. He was subject to the Pope only. This was establishing the most complete *imperium in imperio* that the records of history furnish us with. The Monastic Orders had a dash of democracy in their institutions; they assembled in chapters, and elected their local superiors, and decided upon other questions concerning the community, by a majority of votes; and their respective heads residing at Rome, had but a limited authority over the convents of the distant provinces. Their chapters occurred frequently, and their generals and provincials were mostly changed every three years, which gave them something of a popular character. Loyola's, on the contrary, was strictly monarchical; and as the body developed its powers, and extended its ramifications over the world, it became like a vast web, from the centre of which all power must emanate and return; and no single point of that complicated structure could be touched without the whole instantly vibrating with the effect. The Jesuit-body were admirably adapted to the exigences of the times, and they most effectively aided the Papal authority, which just then urgently required aid; for Luther and the Reformation were thundering at the doors of the Vatican, and the reverberation of the blows echoed in the minds of men throughout the Catholic world, which fearfully foreboded the coming change. And what were the weapons which the dexterous Loyola proposed to wield against the bold and blatant German? We shall see. The soldier-saint took a sagacious view of the task he had imposed upon himself, and evinced a thorough knowledge of his fellow-workers, and the secret instincts of their minds. He did not enjoin upon them the necessity of first attending to old sinners—he left the latter to their course; as they were too stiff and unbendable in their thoughts and actions to effect any great change upon. Besides, they must soon die off; and the world is always young—generations are perpetually springing up—and the nascent frame is infinitely more supple than the worn joints and thews of advanced age; therefore he turned his attention particularly to youth, apparently with the conviction that—

“Whatsoever way the twig's inclined, the tree will grow.”

Accordingly, we find the first and imperious rule in Loyola's scheme is—“the education of youth;” and the second is devoted to the treatment of “elderly people and adults,” who are to be reasoned with gently, comforted in their afflictions, and advised in all temporal matters. The third denounces heretics, and their conversion is especially enforced for the good of the church; and to the heathen is devoted a similar injunction, the latter embracing a world-wide extent.

The plan of the society did not fully expand itself until Loyola was dead. He left behind him the frame-work, which he firmly filled in

the feelings and passions of his age : but the filling-up was delegated to abler hands and more subtle heads. Lainez succeeded Loyola as general of the order, and possessed a greater grasp of mind, and more elasticity of character, than his predecessor ; and to him was assigned the principal task of drawing up the *Constitutiones*, or rules of the society, which evince a great knowledge of the human heart, and the strength and weakness of our common nature. The *Constitutiones* are divided into ten parts ; and subdivided into chapters, which embrace the whole administrative policy of the order. The requirements in the *Novitiate* were good health, a mild temper and proper conduct. Any physical defect, either in body or mind, was objectionable. They who laboured under an immoral stigma, or degrading offence of any kind, were unfit for the sacred order ; and any defect in temper, such as being too obstinate, or too enthusiastic ; or any one in debt, or bound by civil ties of any kind, although not absolute impediments, yet were they rigidly scrutinized by the general or his subordinates before they could be overlooked, if at all. In the mental and moral discipline of the *Novitiates*, docility and obedience were inculcated, pride and obstinacy conquered ; the physical education—cleanliness, wholesome diet, proper exercise, &c.—was strictly attended to. In this way the Jesuit-founders picked out the flower of the youth, for their model-form for education ; and with these potent preliminaries they obtained a complete mastery over the minds and affections of the rising generations, which enabled them to penetrate every class of society, and imperceptibly plant their power in every possible direction. The young Jesuit went forth to the world as a subtle and refined instrument, with his mind bent upon one object—the advancement of his order through the medium of his religion—and so completely did he steal into the feelings of mankind, that no link in the social chain could vibrate without his instant perception, and too generally it was through his immediate direction.

During the two centuries which elapsed from their foundation to their suppression, the Jesuits rendered great services to education and literature. Nor were the sciences neglected by them. This was the prime feature of their character, and mankind owe them a debt of gratitude which they will never be able to repay. Throughout all the Catholic States they established the first national system of education. Their colleges were open to the noble and the plebeian, the wealthy and the poor ; all were subject to the same discipline, received the same instruction, partook of the same simple diet, might attain the same rewards, and were subject to the same punishment. They also inculcated an urbanity of manners, a pleasing and courteous demeanour, and the duty of avoiding all moroseness or affected pedantry. It is true that this mental training was enforced for the purpose of making effective instruments in the work of regeneration, which the Jesuits were bent upon accomplishing ; nevertheless, it has furnished after times with a model of what the mind may attain in its youthful development by careful training and judicious direction. Another peculiarity of the Jesuit mode of instruction, which pre-eminently distinguished it from their predecessors, is, that they studied the temper, ability, and tendencies of the youth committed to their care ; and by that means the respective qualities of the mind were more effectively developed, and individual greatness more cer-

tainly secured. In this matter they acted with consummate skill; and the power which they attained so rapidly, and held so tenaciously, may principally be attributed to that cause. We must now contemplate the Order in a new aspect.

With the aid of their educational machinery, we find the Jesuits spreading themselves over the surface of the globe, and participating in the power, either openly or secretly, in every people, in almost every clime, from those in the most civilized condition, to even the common savage in the woods. To the Church of Rome they lent invaluable services in their early career, and effectively stemmed the advancing wave of reformation which was topping all within its sphere. As their power increased, so did their ambition; and we soon find them forsaking the primitive paths of purity and peace, inculcating the moral virtues both by their example and their teaching, for the stately ways of the world, and its exciting passions and strife. Had they confined themselves to the simple task which they first set out to accomplish,—the purification of the Catholic Church, and the restoration of its power,—they would never have incurred the grave censures, and, in many instances, the just judgments which have been passed upon them.

The charges brought against the *Order* may be compressed into the following series:—

- 1st. The anti-social and immoral principles found in their casuists.
- 2nd. Latitudinarianism with regard to the conduct of lay persons whose consciences they directed, winking at their sins, &c. &c.
- 3rd. Great ambition of ruling over the consciences of people; tending to keep the world in subjection to the spiritual authority of the Church, and to the temporal authorities.

The first charge was founded upon the writings of one or two individual casuists,—Escobar, Mariana, Sanchez, Bauny, &c,—whose obnoxious principles were repudiated by the great body of the Jesuits. The doctrines of their greatest moralists and highest authorities,—Bourdaloue, Pallaracino, and Bellarmino,—are free from such extravagances. It was against the casuists that the shafts of Pascal, were directed, and with such killing effect; yet Father Daniel has unanswerably shewn that the wit of the *Lettres Provinciales* falls pointlessly as regards the great body of the Jesuits. Even Voltaire, no friend to the *Order*, has confirmed the truth of that. Their enemies gladly seized hold of so excellent an opportunity as such *lâches* presented, and unmercifully pushed the contest to the extreme point of audacity. For a time the Jesuits bent beneath the blows which their antagonists inflicted; but they soon recovered themselves, when passion gave way to discussion, and the heated mind had cooled down to the temperature of reason and argument.

The other charges are better sustained, and their truth may be readily inferred from the treatment which the Jesuits met with on all hands, and from such opposing quarters. Had we space to even glance at the details of the proofs proffered in support of them, we could do little, we apprehend, to remove the prejudice which exists against them; nor should we attempt to remove it, however we might wish to see it modified, for we are convinced, after long study of the subject, and without the slightest predilection, but with an earnest desire to discover the truth, that it is well-founded, and must ever

remain, so long, at least, as the mind is influenced by the instincts of reason and of right.

The *Order*, like other men, were actuated by the ordinary motives, and governed by the common passions of humanity; and the moment they tasted wealth and power, their ambition was fired to retain both, and to clutch even more. It is prosperity that tries men, and not adversity, as some moralists have pretended. "It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;" and with the good things of this life, and all the gifts of fortune showering upon him, it would be more than common humanity to suppose that an individual, or even a body of men, could abstain from exhibiting the ordinary characteristics of his nature. Out it will come, in spite of all the repressive power in the world. So it was, precisely, with the *Order of Jesus*. From the confessional to the cabinet there was but one step, and the Jesuit often took it, and planted a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. Some of the great ones of the earth, who have held the destiny of millions in their hands; whose single fiat frequently spread desolation and woe among mankind, have been secretly guided in their course by the invisible hand of the Jesuit. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the cruel slaughter of the Protestants which ensued, by the order of Louis XIV., was the handy-work of Letellier and Madame Maintenon, his confessor and his mistress; and as the Jesuit came out of the king's cabinet, on that memorable occasion, as St. Simon relates, "he looked like an old weazel after a repast, licking his bloody lips." History also accuses them of not only conspiring in the palaces of princes to uphold their power or to extend their influence, but, when they felt either menaced, of polluting the stream of justice, or defiling even the judgment-seat, by placing their own minions there, or by warping those that were already upon it. That they connived at abuses, and even winked at crimes, we have the most indubitable testimony in the easy, oily, conduct of *Père la Chaise*, as regards Louis XIV.; besides many other instances which are equally well authenticated. It was conduct like this that paved the way for their expulsion from every country in Europe in which they were known, and which, in its consequences, inflicted an infinitely larger amount of evil upon mankind than their education scheme, excellent though it was, had conferred a good.

There is one thing that must strike every dispassionate observer of the Jesuits, namely, that they had not a single friend to take their part at the time of their expulsion. The Reformers, of course, were their natural enemies; so were the free-thinking *philosophes*; the Jansenists hated them on the score of discipline, and the persecutions they had endured at their hands; but that sincere Roman Catholics of every grade should have aided in proscribing an Order which fought so strenuously for the rights and duties of the church,—which upheld them so pertinaciously,—surely indicates that the hidden and unavowed conduct of that *Order* must have been extremely repugnant even to their *quasi* friends, then how much more hateful and repulsive must it appear by inference to their avowed enemies?

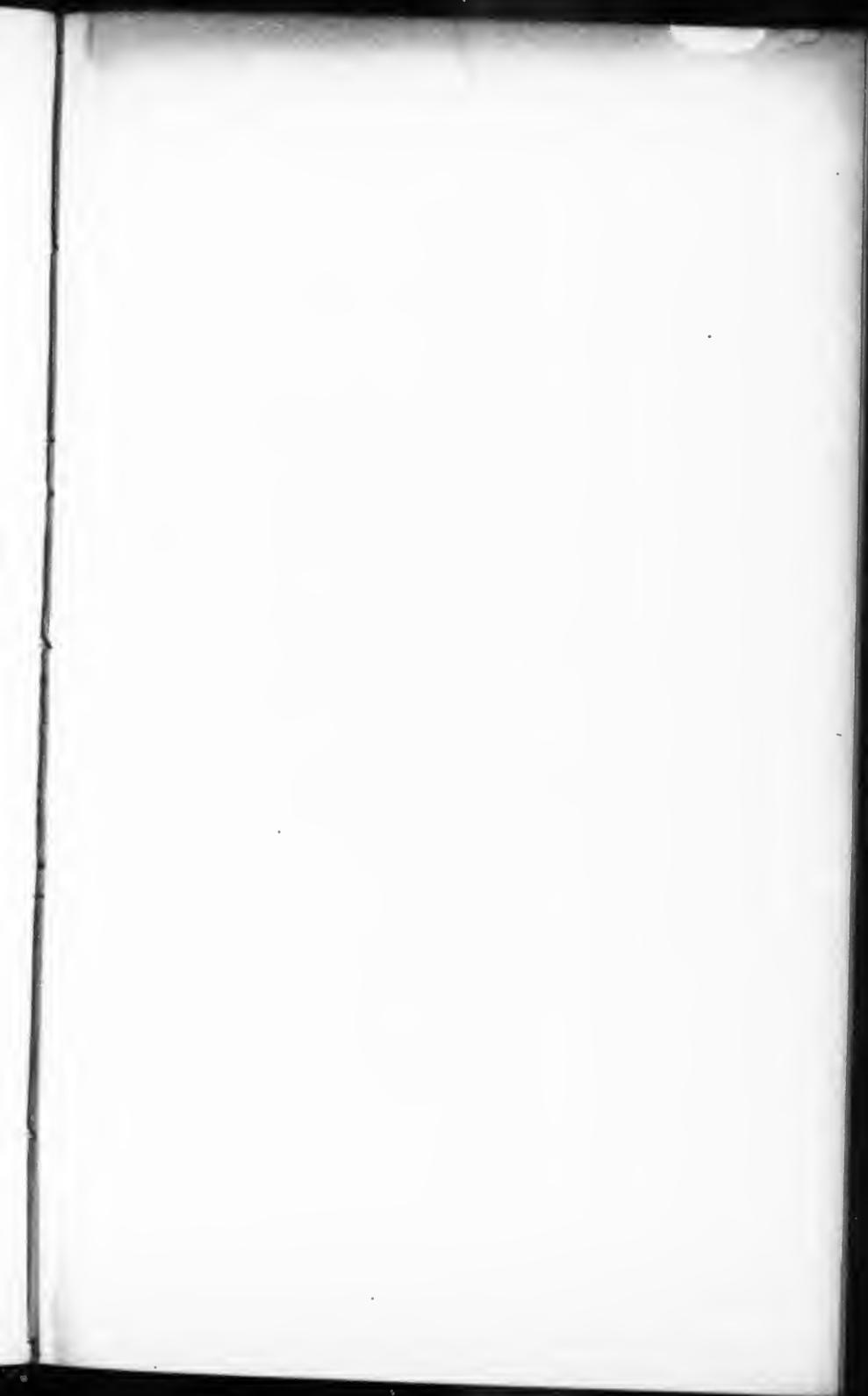
LATINÈ REDDITA: W. HOLLIS.

"THE GLASSES SPARKLE ON THE BOARD."

POCULA ut in mensà lucent! rubet, ecce, sodales,
 Vobis purpureum, gemma ut Eoa, merum.
 Sol cecidit; mecum, breve munus, carpite noctem,
 Mecum deliciis luxuriate novis.
 Otia donec erunt, regnet suprema Voluptas;
 Nil nisi lætitiã concipiente sinu;
 Ne premat anxietas, cor ne premat aspera cura,
 Sic, sic purpureo mergite utramque mero.
 Sunt qui (se credunt sapientes! stulta caterva)
 Talibus his monitis festa inhienda putent:
 "Vivere quàm miserum est!" quàm sollicitudine abundans
 Sors hominum! at nego: nil falsius esse potest:
 De pulchris oculis, ridentibus (ecce!) puellis,
 Num quid solliciti, de paterãve, fluat?
 Si quid (fata vetent!) contristet gaudia vitæ,
 Tristia purpureo mergite, ut ipse, mero.
 "Labitur occultè, fallitque volatilis Ætas:"
 (Qui sapit hæc Vatis dicta notanda notet)
 Fas, igitur, pennas paterã intinxisse; Fugacem
 Fas erit in mediã sic tenuisse fugã.
 Nunc, quoniam vobis nox est breve munus, amici,
 Spargite, quãque horã prætereunte, rosas;
 Pectora sin subeat quid luctus, quidve doloris,
 "Dixi equidèm, et dico,"—*mergite, ut ipse, mero.*

THE ROSE—WATTS.

EN Rosa suavè rubens! ut flores inter, Aprilis,
 Et paritèr Maii gloria summa, nitet!
 Sed decor à foliis citò (quàm citò!) totus abibit!
 Languescunt horã; sunt peritura die.
 Floribus ast aliis virtus una optima deficit,
 Scilicèt in solã conspicienda Rosã:
 Cui, folia ac molles quandò periere colores,
 Dulcis odor, dulcis perpetuusque, manet.
 Ceu Rosa, res fragiles sunt forma juventaque; quamvis
 More pari florent, haud alitèrque nitent:
 Cù servare diù studeamus? inutile pensum:
 Jam fugit, et fugiens tempus utramque rapit.
 Forma quidèm mihi non, mihi non jactanda juventa est;
 Quippe brevi intereant talia dona morã:
 At, rectè vivens, si famam adipiscar honestam;
 Hæc, vel post obitum, ceu Rosa, dulcis erit.





THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

BY GEORGE HODDER.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.

I HAVE been occupied all night and the greater part of the morning in thinking how I should commence this paper, and the only cause of my having experienced so much difficulty is, that I deemed it necessary to give the reader some account of the birth, parentage, and education of "our hero;" whereas, had I made up my mind to plunge, like Horace, Catnach, and other epic poets, *in medias res*, I might have got half way through my story, without rendering myself liable to the charge of being slow. Having said thus much, I shall endeavour to compromise matters, by explaining as briefly as possible what my friend *is*, and leaving the reader to guess what he *was*, which he really must do, for it is quite out of my power to tell him. Mr. Morley Raff is a gentleman of large connections and small means. Having lived upon the former as long as propriety allowed him, he is now compelled to fall back upon the latter, and he is often sorely inconvenienced in his endeavours to preserve an independent footing in society, for somehow or other, a man who receives a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and spends three hundred in six months, stands upon very tottering ground. Report says that Mr. Raff was once a man of property; but as Mr. Raff has always been his "own reporter," I do not believe the statement. It is quite clear that his property is neither here nor there, and I think it may be as safely said it is nowhere: he is, however, a very agreeable sort of a fellow, and as a man's passport to society is the coat he wears, it is a matter of very little consequence how he becomes possessed of it. Mr. Raff is amongst that large class of bachelors who spend the greater part of their time, and all their money, in taverns; but he is, nevertheless, addicted to that kind of society where the fumes of tobacco give place to the perfume of flowers, and where the noisy song of conviviality is avoided for the gentle music of love. (There is a touch of the romantic in this sentence which I never intended, but let it pass!) In short, the drawing-room is no less his sphere than the parlour; and although he never meddles with politics, he is essentially a "party man," for all parties are open to him. He never refuses an invitation, provided he thinks it may be the means of saving him a breakfast or a dinner; and he is very fond of all sorts of festive ceremonies, such as weddings, picnic parties, and other family *réunions*, which begin with merry-making, and end in disappointment or disaster.

At the time whereof I write, Mr. Morley Raff had accepted an engagement of considerable importance, not so much to himself, but to his intimate friend and schoolfellow Archibald Archer, who, having resolved to give up a life of single blessedness for the cares of wedlock, was desirous that Raff should be present at his marriage ceremony in the capacity of bridegroom's attendant. It was much against his creed to play so conspicuous a part in a scene which was to rob him of the companionship of one of his best and

earliest friends; but he nevertheless undertook the task, thinking it might be in his power to afford the bridegroom the consolation he would require on such an occasion. Accordingly Mr. Ruff put himself under immediate training for a grand display of attractions, for he seemed determined that there should be some difficulty in distinguishing him from the veritable bridegroom. He prevailed upon a confiding tailor at the West-end to make him a wedding suit, whose component parts were a plum-coloured coat with metal buttons, surmounted by a dancing lion, a pair of white kerseymere trousers, and a waistcoat whose brilliant qualities would have sparkled even at the board of green cloth. "With these decorations," thought Raff, "what a sensation I shall create amongst the fair bridesmaids!" In his opinion it would be impossible to withstand such attractions, and he felt that the eventful morning on which the doom of poor Archer was to be irrevocably fixed, would see him predestined to a similar fate! Spinsters are caught by a glittering outside, as moths are attracted by the flame of a candle. Yes, he had hitherto escaped matrimony, but when he donned his new equipments, and surveyed his person in the glass, he could not help thinking that the days of his bachelorhood were numbered;—the wings of Cupid were fluttering about him, and the torch of Hymen was blazing in the distance!

On the morning before the wedding-day he received the following letter from his friend Archy, who was not aware of the grand preparations he had been making for the occasion:

"DEAR MORLEY,

"To-morrow at ten! Don't forget, there's a good fellow, and if you value my friendship, as I am sure you do, pray avoid the tavern to-night, and go to bed in such a condition that you may get up fresh in the morning, otherwise the consequences may be extremely hurtful to

Your anxious friend,

"ARCHY ARCHER.

"P.S. Take my advice, and cut that sinner Larkins,—*he* never goes to bed at all."

The anxious bridegroom thought it absolutely necessary to give his friend the hint conveyed in this letter, for he was well aware of Raff's predilection for the late hour system; and Raff was not offended at receiving the hint, because he knew that it was deserved; and, *entre nous*, he was in Archer's debt to the amount of a few pounds. He, therefore, resolved to act upon the advice, and to avoid going anywhere in the course of the day where it was likely he might meet any of his social companions. He moreover ordered his dinner to be provided at home, as the best security against his visiting the tavern, for he felt that it was absolutely necessary for him to place himself beyond the reach of temptation. Having finished his solitary meal, (which he did not at all relish, for, on the last occasion that he had been induced to dine in his own rooms he was nearly poisoned by his landlady's cookery,) he went out to make a few purchases incidental to the coming event—such as a present for the bride, a few sundries for himself, and a bouquet for each of the bridesmaids, amongst whom he intended to create a profound sensation.

Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening he returned towards

home, and was within a short distance of his own door when he encountered Phil. Larkins, the very man whom he had been requested to avoid, and Ned Golightly, two of his most intimate friends, who soon proved by the thumps they gave him on his back how much they esteemed his merit (to adopt one of Cowper's definitions of friendship). He would as soon have met a sheriff's officer, or a dishonoured bill at that moment, but fate was against him, and he manifested no regret at seeing his two friends. They insisted upon his accompanying them to the place of their midnight carousals, and it was in vain he made a variety of excuses for preferring to go home. He might as well have attempted to convince a schoolboy of the necessity of corporal punishment, as to make those reckless Bacchanalians believe that he had any sound reason for avoiding their society. "Be happy while you can, and merry while you may," was their motto, and on the present occasion they had evidently determined to act up to it. Raff was, therefore, persuaded to abandon his virtuous inclinations, and in the course of a very few minutes he was safely ensconced behind a glass of pine-apple punch in the coffee-room of the "Cat and Fiddle," which it is as well the reader should know is situated in one of those populous streets between White-chapel and St. James' Park. This was a grand night at the "Cat and Fiddle." Glass after glass was ordered, the song went round, toasts were proposed and drank, and vows of eternal friendship pledged at the altar of Bacchus. Mr. Morley Raff made two or three efforts to leave the festive scene, but his friends Larkins and Golightly effectually prevented him by concealing his hat, or pinning him so closely in a corner that he could not move.

The evening's amusements did not terminate till daylight peeped in at the shutters to warn the company that the sun would be up before they went to bed. To say that any of the men were sober would be to undervalue the potency of the liquors they had imbibed; and, moreover, I am bound, as a faithful historian, to tell the truth. As to poor Raff, he was so completely *in nubibus* at the time the party broke up, that he had quite lost all thought of the wedding, and his moral intentions had long been drowned in the bowl. According to their usual custom, Larkins, Golightly, and Raff, walked, or rather *rolled* home together, but, from the circuitous course they took, it would have been a matter of extreme difficulty to decide in which direction their homes were situated.

They amused themselves on the road after the fashion which is, or was at the period in question, too often adopted by people under similar circumstances. After sounding innumerable bells and wrenching off several knockers, they were suddenly brought to a stand-still opposite to a linendraper's shop in Tottenham-Court Road.

"What are you going to do now, Phil.?" said Morley, observing that Larkins had conceived some mischievous idea, which he had stopped to carry into execution.

"Are you game for a grand finishing touch to the night's entertainment?" said Larkins, supporting himself against a lamp-post, and indulging in a loud fit of laughter, which his companions were at a loss to comprehend.

"What is it, eh?" inquired Golightly. "You are not going to propose a burglary, I hope?"

"Not quite so bad as that," replied Larkins; "we had better confine ourselves to *outdoor* work. Would you like to capture a prize, Morley?"

"If it's anything to eat I should not mind," said Morley, "for I'm as hungry as an alderman's dog."

"Do you see that respectable-looking animal over the doorway, there?" exclaimed Larkins.

"What, that melancholy old sheep, that looks as if he had been fattened upon saffron!" said Raff; "I have known him for the last ten years."

"Poor devil! he has been long enough in his present position to be a prey to all *weathers*," cried Golightly, uttering one of those miserable puns which drunkenness alone could excuse.

"They call it the *Golden Fleece*, eh?" said Larkins, referring to the name by which the linendraper had dignified his establishment; "can't we manage to carry it off without being observed?"

"Rather dangerous work," replied Morley; "I should not like to be the Jason on the occasion."

"It will be an act of mercy," said Larkins, "to rescue the unfortunate animal from his perilous situation."

"Come on then," cried Golightly, "I'm your man. Are there any policemen in the way?"

"No, there never are when they are likely to be wanted," said Larkins, whose long experience in police-courts and station-houses ought to have led him to a different conclusion respecting the guardians of the public peace.

"Here, give me a lift up," continued Golightly, and he put himself in such a position that Larkins and Raff might, by supporting him on their shoulders, enable him to tear the "*Golden Fleece*" from the iron bar to which it was suspended. How he contrived to accomplish this difficult feat was a matter of some surprise to Raff, but the fear that unfortunate gentleman was in lest they should be discovered (for by this time a portion of the intoxicating fluid with which his brain was charged had slightly evaporated), prevented him from making any inquiries.

"Now then," said Larkins and Golightly, as they handed the fleece down, and threw it on the ground, "take hold of it, Morley, and carry it away as fast as you can." Whereupon they placed the golden curiosity (which, be it understood, was made of nothing but hollow wood, and was, therefore, less weighty than might be imagined), on Raff's shoulders, and then covering it with his cloak, they walked close behind him until within a few yards of his own domicile. When he arrived at the door, he discovered that his fellow-culprits had disappeared, leaving him to take charge of the spoil without reserving any share to themselves. However, the worst part of the danger being over, Morley did not stop to reflect upon the disinterested conduct of his companions, but opened the door and safely deposited the golden fleece in his own sitting-room.

He went to bed, and for some time lay awake reflecting upon what had passed, and taking counsel of his conscience as to whether he had committed an offence for which he might be amenable to the law. His brain was in a complete whirl, and so rapidly did his thoughts run from one subject to another, that he could not arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. At length he tried to forget the past,

and was beginning to recollect that he had a duty to perform in the morning which would allow him but little time for repose, when, suddenly, the golden fleece came like a nightmare to terrify him. There it stood, he thought, in the middle of the room, fixing its dull eyes upon him, and shaking its weather-beaten head as if to impress upon him a due sense of the crime he had perpetrated.

Such was the maddening effect of this vision, that Morley's head spun round like a teetotum, and he felt that it was about to dissolve partnership with his shoulders. Presently the scene was heightened by the appearance of two men, decorated with certain insignia of office. One of them advanced towards Raff with an authoritative stride, and exclaimed, flourishing at the same time a sort of wand which he held in his hand, "You have stolen a golden fleece, and it is my duty to hand you over to justice!" These words rang like a death-knell through the bewildered ears of Raff, and he involuntarily repeated them several times,—“Golden fleece! Justice—justice! Fleece! Justice! Gol—den flee—” Nature was exhausted and sound slumber closed the dream. Alas! poor Raff! if he had ever studied the art of keeping good resolutions, he would not have become, as we now find him, one of society's victims.

He awoke in the morning in a state of feverish excitement. As he lifted his head from the pillow, in order to test his capability for rising, he suddenly bethought him that he had an engagement of some importance to fulfil.

"What is it I have to do?" said Raff. "Good heavens! the wedding! I am to be there at ten, and poor Archy begged I would not disappoint him."

He looked at the little Dutch-clock which ticked in the corner of the room, and found that it only wanted five minutes of the hour at which he was to join the party. This discovery produced some difficulty in his mind, inasmuch as the bride's residence, where the nuptials were to be celebrated, was not within three miles of him—a distance which he could not easily accomplish in five minutes, considering that, during the same time, it would be necessary for him to arrange his toilet—an operation of at least three-quarters of an hour—and to settle certain little matters with his landlady.

"What's to be done?" cried the enraged Raff, pulling the bell with such violence that the wire broke, and all the other bells were disturbed by the noise. "Confound those fellows, Larkins and Gollightly, and confound my poor resolution."

He would have said a great deal more, but was prevented by the arrival of Susan with the hot water.

"Please, sir," said the girl, as she opened the door, and gently insinuated the jug into the room (for the usual invitation to "come in" was never heeded by that virtuous damsel), "missis says, what am I to do with that sheep?"

"That sheep!—what sheep?" exclaimed Raff, for he had put his senses to bed in such a disturbed state that all recollection of the golden fleece was completely destroyed.

"Why, sir, that great yellow beast what's in the parlour. Missis says she can't have sich a thing in the house."

"No, that I can't, indeed!" ejaculated the landlady from the bottom of the stairs. "It's quite enough to be pestered by live cats and dogs, without being bothered by a gilded brute like this!"

"Ay, ay! just so—very true," replied Raff, as the recollection of the previous night's amusement broke upon his mind. "Well, let it remain there till I come down, and I will soon remove it from Mrs. Brown's eyes." Poor woman! (thought he), the sight of a *fleece* produces in her mind no very pleasant associations.

By the time Raff had finished his toilet it was nearly eleven o'clock; but he hoped that, although it would be useless for him to go to the bride's house, he should not be too late to join the party at church. He had adopted the usual means of restoring an overheated brain to its natural temperature, and was contemplating the beauties of his costume, when a policeman appeared before him.

"I must trouble you to come with me, sir," said the blue-coated intruder. "This is rather an awkward business, Mr. Raff."

"What, that golden fleece, eh?" replied Raff. "You are surely not going to take me into custody for that! I didn't steal the animal."

So saying, he took a hasty glance at the extraordinary piece of mechanism which served as an advertisement of the draper's calling, and wondered how he had ever managed to convey it through the streets.

"The property's found in your possession," rejoined the officer, "and you were seen bringing it into the house at an early hour this morning."

"But," cried the unfortunate Raff, "the man can have his property back immediately. It's like a 'crossed check,' of no use to anybody but the owner."

"I know nothing about what it's like," said the inexorable constable; "all I know is, that you are charged with stealing it, and you must come along with me to the station-house."

"But I am now dressed for a wedding, and not for a police-court."

"Can't help that—sorry for it. You can soon change them shiny boots and 'broidered waistcoat."

"Come—come, I say, be a little merciful, for heaven's sake. I brought the thing home whilst in a state of intoxication. Do you think I would so degrade myself if I were sober. You know me well enough, I'm sure."

"Yes, I do, worse luck; for you and them Cat-and-Fiddleites have been at these games afore."

"Well, but let me go to this wedding, and I will surrender to-morrow morning. The marriage cannot take place without me, for I am to give the bridegroom away."

"You should have thought of that last night, Mr. Raff." There was the rub! and Raff felt it more than he would have done a stroke of the policeman's truncheon. "All I can say is," continued the relentless functionary, "that you are charged with stealing this golden fleece, and it's my duty to walk you off to the magistrate."

It was in vain poor Raff continued to remonstrate. The policeman was deaf to everything but the calls of "duty," and at the very time when our hero should have been amongst the honoured guests at a wedding-party he was a prisoner at the bar of a police-court.

Reader! If you have an engagement to-morrow morning, take care of your wits to-night.

A MORNING IN THE GERMAN NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

BY THE FLANEUR.

IN the summer of this tumultuous and graceless year of grace, 1848, poor old father Rhine has considered himself very cruelly treated. He has been neglected and forsaken; his customary hordes of admiring and flattering visitors and troubadour tourists have not come to greet and adore him with their annual homage; they have been driven back, for the most part, careless and gentle travellers, by the noise kept up among the would-be political wasps and musquitos, that have this year swarmed upon its banks: and it seems to be the restless spirit of the determined and incorrigible *Flâneur* alone, that ventures out among all the angry buzzing of the swarms that fly hither and thither, without much knowing whither they would wing their flight, upon the political and social horizon of Germany. There has, however, been much beating of the tongs and shovels of German unity at Frankfort, to call together there the restless hive: and there, for the present, the swarm has somewhat settled down, although it still hums and buzzes angrily and noisily. The *Flâneur*, then, has left melancholy old father Rhine to weep over his diminished glories and his empty treasury in these revolutionary times; and he is at Frankfort, where the working and the gathering and the buzzing and the fluttering are the greatest and most restless, as it is the *Flâneur's* wont and avocation. He has taken a peep at the great German National Assembly, which is to change the destinies of Germany, and, in its own conceit, of all Europe, nay, of the world,—that Assembly, which, in the name of revolutionary liberty, desires to bring back Germany to the fiction of unity of old feudal times.

It is not the province of the *Flâneur* to enter into all the causes that have produced the present uneasy political position of Germany, nor to retrace all the events that are matter of recent newspaper history,—the first meeting of the Heidelberg revolutionary club as a dictatorial, although illegally constituted, body at Frankfort,—the success of its self-imposition upon the sovereigns of Germany,—the excesses of the select committee left in its place upon its dispersal, or the final constitution of the present more acknowledged and legal Assembly, by almost general assent, and the choice of its members by universal suffrage. It is still less his province to attempt to look into the future, and to speculate upon the destinies of Germany, as framed by the moulding of such hands, and under such auspices, or to doubt of the unity of the country, as a whole, when so much deeply rooted jealousy, and such strong national prejudices are constantly fermenting between North and South, or to suggest that the probable abasement of the various sovereigns of Germany to the condition of mere lieutenants or prefects to the head of the desired empire, whether he bear the name of Regent, Protector, or Emperor, can only end in their final, utter humiliation and overthrow, and in wholly republican forms. He has nothing more to do

than to ask his reader to take his arm, and come and have a peep at the German National Assembly, as now sitting in the church of St. Paul, in the ancient city of Frankfort, during one of its morning deliberations, and judge, in a superficial manner, by his own eyes, of what is there going forward. For this purpose he must be up and stirring betimes; for the German dines early, and he is too much attached to this important moment in his daily occupations, not to get all his parliamentary business over at a very early hour. When two o'clock comes, he can stand it no longer; and he breaks up from his debate upon the weal of the whole German nation, in all the disorder of a hungry stomach, to attend to its own more immediate welfare.

As we pass together through the streets of Frankfort, we cannot but remark that, in spite of its broad, modernized streets, its new public walks, its bustle of trade, and its prevalent Judaism, the old central and neutral city still looks as if it were worthy of being once more the stage of those historical scenes which were acted in it in days when emperors were crowned and councils held within its walls. By what process of gradual fusion it is difficult to say, but certain it is that the old Reichstadt and the modern Handelstadt dovetail into one another without jarring too inharmoniously, and that, somehow or other, Frankfort escapes, spite of the predominance of its commercial interests, that *parvenu* air, which many other German capitals, and especially Berlin, possess to the most notable degree. There still stands, surrounded by several old buildings of other times, the ancient Römer-Saal, in which the portrait of the last Emperor of Germany occupies its place in the *last niche*, as if the finger of Fate had there closed the line for ever, and marked that German Emperors there should be no more. There stands also the old Cathedral, in which those Emperors were crowned; and there now, not very far from it, stands the modern building of the Church of St. Paul, where preparations are being made to crown the people's sovereignty with the old crown of a new German empire. Strange amalgamation of ideas! strange confusion of hopes, and plans, and schemes! worthy of modern German politicians, those most vague and confused of modern politicizers—vague, ideal, and unpractical from temperament and education,—confused, uncertain, and still more impractical, from their green inexperience in the use of their newly acquired political privileges!

As we wend our way through the streets we shall find Frankfort somewhat changed from what we knew it last summer, or the summer before, in more peaceful times: there is an uneasy, fermenting, revolutionary look about it, which those who have studied Paris in the last few months can detect at a first glance. There are the revolutionary handbills and addresses posted up at street corners,—and the eager elbowing crowds before them—and the knots of people of all classes discussing politics in the highways,—and the swaggering young men, scarcely out of the age of boyhood, with their cockades and ribbons of revolutionary colours, who strut along, arm in arm, conceiving themselves to be the arbiters of the destinies of a great nation; and, as long as schoolboy-students are to dictate to nations upon barricades, with muskets in their arms, as the only true types of the nation's will, in truth such they are: and there is the multiplication to an infinite degree of modern liberal newspapers, and

pamphlets, and political caricatures at shop-windows; and, although this is but a faint and very miniature copy of revolutionary Paris, yet it has its unmistakable revolutionary tinge. Thankful, however, may Germany be that the sittings of its National Constituent Assembly are held in a city that is not a great capital, where a mob may be ever ready to overawe, invade, and overthrow. The neutral position of the free town of Frankfort, as not being the central point of a vast uneasy country, may go far to save it from the convulsions with which unhappy Paris has been torn.

The large circular building at which we arrive is the church of St. Paul, in which the sittings of the Assembly, that pretends to remodel and ameliorate the condition of a great part of Europe, are held. Without, it has nothing to attract the attention; when we enter, and take our place in the "diplomatic tribune," for which we have a ticket, we shall not find much to please the fancy or excite the imagination within. The circular, or rather slightly oval space of the interior, is dry, hard, harsh, with all that unpoetical, unimaginative stamp of dryness, hardness, and harshness which is peculiar to Lutheran churches. There are large, glaring, round-topped windows, and plain marble columns and balustraded galleries in all their due and becoming stiffness around; but of any ornament, or even any form, that might tend to an elevation of religious sentiment, there is not a trace. The building is more in its proper sphere as a debating hall; and the German parliament has done more than the Lutheran faith to give a faint colouring of sentiment to the building by painting, upon the space immediately above the president's tribune, which probably occupies the spot where once an altar may have stood, a great female figure in flowing robes, all covered with black eagles, intended, it would seem, to represent the new old German empire in its modern resurrection. Unfortunately for this figurative type of young re-constitutionised Germany, the rising sun of its new destinies, which is beginning to shed forth rays behind it, throws its face into the shade, and gives it a grim and dirty look which is anything but alluring. Verses, also, framed in circlets, emblematical of eternity, are traced on either side of this figure: they prophesy, it would seem, the glories of the future union of Germany; but they are of that confusedly vague, vapid, and inane description which, however well it may typify the present confused state of German politics and their incomprehensible tendencies, cannot be cited for its beauty any more than its sense.

The building contains nothing but the mere debating hall; committee rooms, and the many other accessories of a great house of parliament are all bestowed elsewhere. The galleries are given up to the public; the reserved tribunes, for which tickets are distributed, are ranged along the walls of the circular space in the body below. The whole arrangement is modelled after that of the French Chambers; the elevated tribune of the president and his acolytes, the tribune of the orator at a lower degree of elevation just before it, and the diverging seats of the members, in gradually rising amphitheatre in front of them, are entirely disposed after the French plans. In the fashion of the French Chambers, also, the German National Assembly has gradually dissolved itself into those distinctions according to seats, for which the French have given names, that play important parts in their parliamentary history.

"The Right," "the Centre," "the Left," and "the Extreme Left," are designations as distinctive and as full of meaning as in the French Chambers; and, be it said *en passant*, it is not only in this respect, but in many other particulars which may be passed in review, that we shall find the Germans treading, as nearly as they can, in the very steps of their still more unquiet neighbours beyond the Rhine, and imitating them closely—sometimes purposely, sometimes unconsciously—in their parliamentary manœuvres and political career. "The Right" is thus peopled, according to traditionary custom, by the old Conservatives, who, in these revolutionary times, endeavour to form a political makeweight to keep things, as much as possible, in the seesawing of the swing, from "vaulting over," "o'erleaping themselves," and "falling on the other side." These are said to be the heavy old "slow coaches," true to the exploded systems of old drivers upon the old political track, who have nothing but votes and no oratorical talent on their side; but, if their heaviness does no more than afford the required "make-weight" above alluded to, they may be proud of having done their duty to their country in the dangerous political balancing going forward.

The "Right Centre," "Centre," and "Left Centre," in their various shadings off, leaning on the one hand more to conservatism, on the other more to liberalism, compose, as in the present republican assembly of France, the influential majority of the body, and muster in their ranks chief of the leading spirits of the day. As in France, also, most of the members of this part of the Assembly belong to the former liberals, or even radicals, strong in opposition in the Chambers of the different German principalities under their old constitutions, who, in this present revolutionary assembly, have become conservatives or, to say the least, liberal conservatives. In the one country, as in the other, the rapidly rolling events of revolutionary times have changed entirely the position of these men. Now they belong to the majority, and may, in so far, be said to be "in power;" and now, consequently, they bear the position towards the ultra-revolutionary spirits that come roaring and rising with all the foam of republican surge behind them which those they once so vehemently and forcibly opposed bore towards themselves. Such is the destiny of statesmen and politicians in revolutionary times. Thus, in a similar position to the Odillon Barrots and such men of France, they similarly constitute a revolutionary conservative majority (if such an expression, so nearly bordering upon "a bull," may be permitted), and similarly endeavour to stem the torrent, the sluices of which their own hands have opened. It may be remarked, at the same time, *en passant*, that the application of the principle of universal suffrage has had a result similar in Germany to that which it had in France, by the return of a majority of members of moderate liberal principles, or such as, now-a-days, may be called moderate. These ex-liberals of the German "Centre" are the men who have clamoured so long for liberal constitutions for the several German states, with two Chambers, moderate freedom and liberty of the press, hemmed by certain necessary restrictive clogging wheels. In all this they have been, or rather supposed themselves, the supporters of the sovereignty of the people; and now they tremble before the sovereign, whom their own hands would have put up, as dangerous and terrible. They have been the enemies of princes, and declaimers

against their rights; and now they would support their ancient enemies on their tottering thrones. They have thought, more especially the Austrian liberals, that the fall of Metternich would open a new era of political constitutional freedom for all Germany; and now they would plaster up, as best they can, with shaking hands, a part of the huge gap that fall has rent asunder. Wavering between hopes and fears, trembling at what they have done, and still more at what they may be urged on to do, uncertain, vague in their intentions, not knowing any longer what they themselves desire, balancing between a past they have always opposed and a dark unknown future that they dread, feeling their feet give way beneath them upon the shifting soil of the present, these men form, in the German National Assembly, that majority which is to decide the destinies of the united nation. The supposed magical watchword of "Unity" alone still serves to keep warm their out-dying enthusiasm; but the enthusiasm grows paler and cooler; its very ashes begin to grow cold; and they may blow away at the last glimmer with the fictitious breath of "Unity," but they will scarcely now again blow it into a genial flame. The radicals have the habit of nicknaming the "*centre*" the "*ventre*," probably from the heaviness, obtuseness, and self-seekingness of which they so liberally accuse it.

Turn we our eyes to the benches on the "Left." There sit the active, stirring, uneasy, excitable, and exciting spirits of the age: there are the foolhardy bold in political maxims, the restless "run-a-muckers," who have neither the leading-strings of political education to guide them on their headlong way, nor the bridle of political experience to curb their energies: there are to be found the new names starting into life, and budding into prurient fame, which are held up to the people's admiration as those of their only friends: there are the men who, while they put themselves forward as the leaders of the people, are themselves necessarily led by popular caprice: there are the orators who, while in their journals they fulminate against the Assembly for losing its time, and wasting the public money in doing nothing, themselves take up the greater part of that precious time in making long, vapid, unmeaning, declamatory speeches, in which all consists of words—words—words "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing"—speeches in which, when the changes have been duly rung upon the words "*Despotismus!* *Patriotismus!* *Nationalität!*" and, perhaps also, "*Re-actionalität!*" and other such new-fangled, ill-coined, bastard, German words, the orators think they have said fine things and, mayhap also, done fine deeds for the good of their country. Any practical or tangible conclusions are generally totally absent from the declamations of these gentry; and, in all this again, they bear a great resemblance to their ultra-liberal brethren in the French Assembly. In their "kicking-up-a-row" spirit, also, for the sake of dominating the Assembly by noise and agitation, they bear a close affinity to the French ultra-republicans; and in this respect, again, in the occasional tumult and disorder, the entire German National Assembly may be said to be cousin-german to the French; although, be it said for the former, the unseemly confusion is rather occasional and exceptional, instead of being the constant "order of the day" as in the latter; and the long unmeaning displays of vapid oratorical power are listened to with greater patience by the more phlegmatic German, even ani-

mated as he now may be by the revolutionary fever in his blood, than by the more excitable Frenchman. Here, in these seats, then, are the Radicals of the Assembly; in the more "extreme left" are the Republicans, who still, and, perhaps, less hopelessly than may at present seem from their small minority, dream the dream of "Germany one vast united Republic." Here, in these "left" seats, are the men who are said to pack and even pay the "public" in the open galleries, who have these noisy spectators at their beck, and who use them in order to intimidate and overawe the Assembly by their violence. Certain it is that during their speeches these orators of the left will cast up glances at the well-packed galleries as if to direct their movements, and perform similar manœuvres during the speeches of their adversaries. One look or gesture says "Make ready!" another, "Present!" a third, "Fire!" and down comes from the galleries above the burst of hired applause, or the tumult of salaried execration. These outbursts of demonstration from the public tribunes, in spite of their strict prohibition by the regulations of the Assembly, have decidedly their influence and their effect; and, at all events, they are vaunted and trumpeted forth by the Radicals as the expression of that so frequently misnamed power, "the will of the people:" as if the noisy demonstrations of a few fellows in the galleries of the church of St. Paul at Frankfort, were mandatory expressions of the will of the whole German nation. What weight these noisy acolytes of the ultra-liberals may have in the future proceedings of the German National Assembly may be a serious question; as yet, in spite of the energy and activity of the President, it has been found impossible to control them altogether; and these demonstrations by clapping of hands or hissing, as at a theatre, are continued almost daily. The members of the Assembly themselves, it must be owned, however, set the example by the same methods of evincing their sympathy or opposition, which have a most completely unparliamentary sound to English ears. One of the great objects of the members of the "Left" is to prevent the present legally constituted Assembly from deviating from that ultra-revolutionary line of policy pursued by the first illegally self-constituted assemblies, and more especially by the more radical *Ausschusz*, or select meeting, which took into its hands the direction of the second phasis of the German Revolution. As yet, however, as in France, the "out-and-outers" form but a small minority in the Assembly, although they doubtless make up for their comparative parliamentary insignificance within the walls of the church of St. Paul, by their intrigues and manœuvres among the popular elements without them. As in France again, many of them have been long oppressed, and even imprisoned, for the violence of their political tendencies. The amnesty of these revolutionary days has again set them free to work their will upon the political stage of the country; but *quasi*-conspirators all their lives, they can scarcely now give up that line of action which has been so long their dream, their purpose of existence, their stage of life.

If now, from our position in the diplomatic tribune, we take a general survey of the Deputies, who now fill the hall, one fact cannot fail to strike the eye, namely, the number of grey and bald heads among the members of the "Right," and the untouched colour of the hair and beards among most of those who sit upon the "Left."

How completely in opposition are the experienced grey heads of political life and the young bearded, ardent, hot heads of modern impatient expectation! It is curious even to see how gradually the tints of grey go shading off in typical harmony through the various gradations of the "Centre." And now, after this general survey of the interior of the church of St. Paul, let us turn to the individual component parts.

That tall commanding figure in the President's tribune is the President himself, Von Gagern. He is the true type of the revolutionary Moderate of the day. Long one of the most firm, conscientious, and energetic Deputies, upon the opposition side, in the Darmstadt Chamber, he retired with disgust from public life when he found that he could not carry out his theories of constitutional liberty, and, like another Cineinnatus, lived apart "in the farm," and "at the plough," until, when the stormy wind of revolution began to blow, and threatened to sweep down every bulwark of the little state, he was suddenly called upon by his prince to take the helm, and direct the vessel through the angry waves in that track which he had as yet so vainly attempted to follow. One of the chosen Representatives in the National Assembly, he has since thrown up place and power, and refused a post of weight in the new cabinet of the new German Empire, in order to direct the movements of that new vessel in which the destinies of all Germany are embarked, the General Assembly. He is in truth the "man of the day;" and, perhaps, he is, among all the numerous Deputies, the only one capable of directing the tempest of parliamentary violence and dominating the storm. He has energy, presence of mind, good sense, and the commanding manner, that does so much towards imposing and directing. He is tall and stout; his face is intelligent and dignified without being handsome; his brows, more especially, are strongly marked, and are full of the essence of calm, self-conscious energy. There is a dignified boldness in his appearance, manner, attitude, voice, language, all. Again, he is the "man of the day;" and, perhaps, as President of the National Assembly, he may be said, alone, to have grasped the convulsed materials of which it was composed, and moulded them with powerful hand from their first chaotic state into a whole, which bears a more dignified, impressive, and practical form. One of the Vice-Presidents, by the side of Gagern, is Andrian from Austria. With his dark beard and carefully trimmed hair he looks more like a "*lion*" than a parliamentary hero. He has been chosen, it is said, in compliment to Austria which, otherwise, had found no weight whatever in the Assembly; the South German Deputies—those of Austria and Bavaria—having, it seems, little distinguished themselves by their talent or energy, and, generally, only came forward with silent votes on the side of moderate conservatism. The other powerful-looking Vice-President seems chosen to defend the Assembly, like another Samson, and pull down the temple upon the heads of those Philistines the ultra-radicals, by embracing the marble pillars. His name is Soiron.

Look we along the benches of the "Right." That dark old man, with his yellow, deeply-marked face, his black moustaches, his grey hair and wrinkled brow, who looks like a Velasquez picture of a warrior-monk, is General Radowitz, an ancient ally of the Jesuits, an ancient friend of Metternich, who now comes forward as a con-

stitutionalist. He is no great orator; but he always, when he speaks, knows how to make an impressive effect; and, when the voting comes on, he commands his party to rise or reseal themselves—"up" or "down"—with stentorian voice and military manner. See how stern and silent he sits, speaking never to his neighbour. That stout, self-satisfied looking man, with his long red beard and hair, and his eyes half closed with fat, and surmounted by spectacles, is Von Vinke, a jurist, who tries to manœuvre between the sovereignty of the people and the sovereignty of princes with all due legal acumen; formerly of the Opposition, he has now retreated to the Right, in affright, before the democratic results of the revolution. In this respect he may be taken as a type of the German National Assembly, as represented by its majority. He has been caricatured as the Bullfinch (*Finke*) of the Assembly; and, in truth, he chirps, and chatters, and witticises in a small way, and in piping notes, very like the dainty bird he represents by nature as by name. That handsome young man, with his dark moustache, who is continually rising up and down in the most restless manner, now talking with one member, now discussing with another, never sitting still a moment,—the desultory rover of the Assembly, as he has been the rover about the world,—now fighting the battles of Don Carlos,—now acting the Parisian *élégant*,—now doing the liberal in Germany, and affronting half its sovereigns,—by turns a soldier, a dandy, and a politician,—and perhaps, after all, most of the second,—is Prince Felix Lichnowsky, famous for his duels, his debts, and his *bonnes fortunes*. How he defends the rights of princes on the "Right!" He speaks often, with emphasis, energy, effect, and that sort of ready, off-hand talent which has characterized his restless life.

Now let us move our eyes on to the "Centre." There we have the former Liberals and present Moderates, already described, the orators of Prussia, such as Scheverin, Beckerath, and Mewissen; and Schmerling and Moring, of Austria; men of much patriotic feeling, doubtless, but chiefly imbued with a sort of professional, magisterial, pedantic manner, which would combine the university philosopher with the statesman. These ex-Liberals are the *Doctrinaires* of the German Assembly now. Among them also are old Dahlman, the historian, and Gervinus, his friend; and Lassaulx, the supporter of the church,—that funny-looking man, with his long hair, sunken eyes, red face, and high collars; and Arndt, the good old man, the old poet and composer, the author of the well-known German "*Vaterland*" song, the present "*Marseillaise*" of Germany; and Beissler, and Bassermann, and Jahn, from Bonn, the father of the Gymnastics, as he is called, who still persists in wearing his long white beard over a braided tunic, and a broad, fallen white collar, and surmounts his white mane with a black velvet skull-cap. The attire, manner, and oratory of this old actor of young-studentism are burlesque in the highest degree.

The personage who most strikes us on the "Left" is a very ugly man, with a broad mouth in a broad face, surrounded by a broad red beard; a little, flat, upturned nose gives him a likeness to Socrates, although the whole effect of the ugly face is rather that of a satyr. To increase his ugliness, as if intentionally, he makes most ferocious faces, as all Republicans seem to consider it their

right and duty to do. This is Robert Blum, the leader of the ultra-Liberal and Republican party, the chief of the public in the galleries. He blusters much as he speaks, uses very figurative language, and evidently strains at being poetical: he thus really makes a certain effect upon his less educated hearers, and leads them away by those swelling phrases which, after all, only contain "words, words, words." The two who sit side by side, pale and poetical looking, are Raveaux and Venedey, from Cologne, moderate Republicans,—Girondists they call themselves. The former is sickly and weak, yet passionate; the latter, a well-known author, is less fantastical than his friend, but still a *Schwärmer*: both are perfectly impractical in their views, like most or all of the German liberals. The middle-aged man, with the mild blue eyes, is Rüge, said to be a "Red Republican" and terrorist: in spite of his reputation, however, he puts on the softest airs, and says the most abrupt and violent things in the coldest, slowest, mildest manner. The dark-eyed young man, with his black beard, is Simon of Treves, the most striking in appearance of the democratic faction, young, fiery, inconsiderate, running madly counter to everything that is, taking the French democrats as models. Along with the men of the "Left," the bold humorist Zimmermann, of Stutgardt, and Itz, the people's tribune from Mayence, who aims at an O'Connell look, and many others of modern note, sits also old Uhland, the poet, with his plain, discontented face, still, in his old years, the uncompromising democrat.

While looking thus around us, the debate has been going forward; but it has been too long-winded and dull to awaken much attention. The subject has been the division and annexation of a part of Posen. Rüge alone has awakened a storm, by an attack upon the Austrians in Italy, which the President Gagern has been with difficulty able to allay by the exercise of his customary energy; and a tumult of hisses from the "Left" and from the galleries has attended the speaking of a fair young man, of animated and intelligent appearance. This was Giskra, of Moravia, one of the insurgents of the revolution at Vienna, who has seceded, by conviction, from the "Extreme Left" to the "Centre," and is now always received with all this violent reprobation by his ancient allies. The other speakers scarcely were worthy of our attention. But the debate will not be closed to day, and German stomachs are already grumbling angrily at their dinners' delay; the deputies are getting positively ferocious. Let us close our "Morning in the German National Assembly," and go too. Let us go with the hope that with their now popular Protector of the Empire, and his new moderately liberal cabinet, the Germans may make a few steps in peace towards the unity of their dreams, which to mere lookers-on seems as fantastic, as unrealizable, and as "far off" as when the Germans first met in parliament-general.

THE DEMON OF THE STEPPES.

It is now somewhere about four years ago that, as it was growing dusk on a rainy evening, I wrapped myself in my *burka*, and set out from my lodgings, in the house of a German apothecary, in the Russian town of Fanagoria on the Enikale Strait, to get rid of an hour or two of my irksome and involuntary abode there, in a ramble on the wild and gloomy sea-shore. I had been walking some time, and not caring much about the incessant but not very heavy shower-bath I was receiving from the clouds, was standing still, gazing in a somewhat listless mood on the opposite Taurian coast, half veiled in mist, when I suddenly heard myself addressed in very good French. Delighted to have once more found an opportunity of conversing in a language with which I was familiar, I turned to reply to the salutation, and saw before me a Cossack officer, whose uniform, decorated with the second class order of Saint Anne, as well as his features, assured me that he was no *Chernomoriski*, but a Cossack of the Don, and, therefore in this country, a sort of half foreigner.

After a little conversation, I explained to him my traveller's trouble of the delay of my luggage, &c., and my new companion proposed three remedies, namely, first, patience; secondly, a stiff glass of punch; thirdly, a comfortable gossip over a blazing fire till the sky should be clear again, and the waters of the Black Sea once more tranquil enough to give me hopes of the arrival of my bag and baggage. To this end he invited me to return with him to his habitation, situated at no great distance from the spot where we stood, and where I could have an opportunity of drying my now dripping *burka*, whilst he, on his side, undertook to furnish punch and conversation. The proposal pleased me, and I followed my courteous companion to a tolerably neat white cottage, surrounded by some wretched-looking huts of reeds and mud. A bright fire went roaring and crackling up the chimney, on the left side of which stood a huge gilt image of a saint, while the right was adorned by the portrait of the Emperor Nicholas, and we were soon seated sociably along with a comrade of the Cossack's—a staff-officer of Stavropol—round an earthenware punch-bowl of colossal dimensions. My Cossack friend, who brewed the punch, and shewed himself a master in the art, now exhibited no less capacity for doing justice to its merits, swallowing glass after glass of the potent liquor with astounding rapidity.

"*Mais vous buvez comme une demoiselle,*" he exclaimed, turning to me, when he saw that I was inclined to be a little moderate in my libations "that's not the fashion of your German forefathers; you must be a most degenerate descendant of theirs, or, it may be, no better than a tea-totaller, and a disciple of the Irish Father Mathew. God forgive him!"

As I wished, however, to be able to find my way back in the darkness to Fanagoria, even this dreadful suspicion could not induce me to alter my resolution: but Heaven and earth! did not the Cossack make amends for me. He had the mighty bowl of liquid fire filled once more, and emptied three-parts of it to his own share, yet remained perfectly and undeniably sober. He was certainly the

most stupendous toper that I have met with in three quarters of the world.

The two Russian officers appeared to be on a journey of inspection, or some official business, but as they seemed inclined to make a secret of it I could not find out the real motive of their coming. The officer from Stavropol belonged to a noble family in Moscow, and was a man of refined and agreeable manners, though not over lively in conversation. As for my Don Cossack, it was easy to see that what culture he had had been received late in life, and gleams of the wild animal might be observed breaking through the superficial varnish of the man of the world. There was, however, a certain rough honest cordiality about him that pleased me far better than the more polished reserve of his companions.

His love of talk seemed as insatiable as his thirst for punch, and he served us up a variety of amusing stories, grave and gay, from his campaigns, besides recollections and impressions of France and Germany, characters of all the armies of the Grand Alliance, and their leaders, especially the Russian generals Platoff, Miloradovitsch, Kutosoff, and others of whom he had many curious anecdotes to relate, winding up with what interested me most of all, a circumstantial account of his early life and condition in his paternal home on the Don, and the character and exploits of his grandfather Vassili Igrioff, otherwise known as the Demon of the Steppes.

The hero of his tale was the last of a race which, in the opinion of those best acquainted with the country, the strict military discipline introduced among those tribes has now rendered impossible. This biography falls in the transition-period between the past and present condition of the Don Cossacks, and I will give it as nearly as I can in the major's own words, merely omitting the long accounts of the Cossack ceremonies of weddings, christenings, and funerals, with which he favoured us.

"If," he began, "the course of your journey should ever lead you towards my native country on the Don, do not be persuaded to stop at Novo Tcherkask, but go further south, and visit the Steppes of lake Manytsch, and the banks of the river Sal; there you will still have opportunities of observing the manners and customs of the old Cossacks, and, perhaps, meet with men who, in appearance and manner of life, may remind you of my grandfather, the genuine type of the Cossack hero of the old time. On the right bank of the Don, where the mass of our tribes have their abode, all is completely changed, and in Novo Tcherkask you will find nothing but a picture of degeneracy and corruption. It is the seat of a worthless, odious population, who have wholly abandoned the customs of their forefathers, and to whom"—here the major gave a deep sigh, and then took a still deeper draught of punch—"I myself unfortunately half belong. The pleasures and the vices of the more civilised nations of Europe have made their way even to us during the last half century, and swindling and bankruptcy, champagne, gambling, and adultery, may be found on the banks of the Don as well as on those of the Seine, though art and science, and the nobler accompaniments of civilisation have not yet reached these remote districts. But the further you go from the city and plunge into the interior of the Steppe country, the more will you perceive a certain rough bracing air of the wilderness blowing towards you that will do you more

good than all their refinements as they call them. On this left bank of the Don you will find Cossack families living in the winter in solitary huts of straw and reeds, but spending all the fine season of the year under a tent, and wandering about pretty nearly like their neighbours the Calmucks. To one of these families belonged my maternal grandfather, one of the most remarkable men who have inhabited the Steppes for a long time.

"I can imagine I have him before me now, as I last saw him, when I was quite a little boy, and he was considerably turned of seventy. There was something in his appearance terrible,—nay, with reverence be it spoken,—almost diabolical, that was likely to leave a deep impression on a child. He was so tall that in Europe he might have shewn himself as a giant, and he wore usually a high cap and a lofty plume of black feathers, that towered far above the other Cossacks, when thousands of them were assembled on the banks of the Don; the breadth of his chest, the Herculean build of his bones, muscles, and sinews (he had scarcely an ounce of flesh on his whole body), was even more remarkable than his height; and he was moreover covered from head to foot by a thick growth of rough bristly hair. When I saw him his brown face was deeply furrowed, a grisly beard fell down to his breast, his large eyes were strongly bloodshot, and their by no means agreeable expression was not improved by the effect of a broad, deep scar on the forehead. In his youth he was the best rider on the whole Don, and famous for his skill with the lance, and his capability of enduring hardship, no less than for his prodigious power as a toper."

And here the major stopped, and took a huge draught of punch, as if he had wished to prove that in this noble quality, at least, he had not degenerated from the virtues of his ancestor of happy memory. He then went on:—

"Well, you know, I dare say, that our people on the Don have been, from the most ancient times, a free people; that is, slavery has never subsisted amongst them; and though they do say we are made up of a jumble of Slavonic, Circassian, and Tatar tribes, with a good handful of Russian runaways, yet our social condition has always been entirely different from that of any of these races.

"We have never had any serfs, like the Poles and Russians; nor slaves, like the Circassians; nor yet a trace of the manners and habits of the detestable Mongol. Before the time of Peter the Great, the Cossacks beyond the Ukraine formed a perfectly free nation; the soil of our measureless Steppes was common property, and any part of it might belong to whoever would take the trouble to cultivate it, or, as herdsman or *tabououchik* (horse-herd), feed his cattle upon the boundless grassy plain. We had before the Russian time no hereditary nobility, supported on the possession of landed property; but complete equality did not exist among us, for certain families had, from time immemorial, exercised a predominant influence in all deliberations concerning the general welfare, and in the questions of peace or war.

"Amongst the first of these influential families were the Iguroffs my ancestors by the mother's side; but their influence rested on no patents of nobility, but only on their valour, the strength of their mighty fists, the multitude of their flocks and herds, their numerous kindred, and the troop of stout warriors that they could bring into the field on every martial expedition.

“ The Iguroffs would often declare war on their own account against the Tatars of the Golden Horde, or the Nogays, without thinking it necessary to ask permission of their Hetman ; and those who had a taste for booty or for Nogay skulls would often flock together under their banner. On the Don and the Manytsch far and wide the belief reigned that the god of war was favourable to our family, and that no one ever returned empty-handed who accompanied them on their expeditions. This fortune of war, however, which for so many years had smiled on the Iguroffs, took a sudden turn. Rendered presumptuous by continued success, they were induced to penetrate farther and farther into the Nogay country, to drive the flocks and herds ; and one day, when the season was far advanced, they advanced as far as Perekop ; but as they were returning home, laden with booty, they were attacked by a troop of Nogays, of twenty times their number, who had been lying in wait for them, and who now cut off their passage to the Don.

The Cossack horses were weary and hungry, as a heavy fall of snow had completely covered the grass of the steppe, and they had not been able to obtain any food. Those of the Nogays, on the contrary, were perfectly fresh, and indeed at all times superior to ours : there was nothing for it, therefore, but to settle the matter by hard blows.

“ A desperate conflict took place ; but it was of short duration, for our people were soon overpowered by the immense numerical superiority of their enemies. My grandfather was one of the first that fell, for his hard skull had given way before the still harder steel of a Nogay chief, and the business ended by the slaughter of the entire troop of the Cossacks. Above a hundred warriors, all bearing the name of Iguroff, and a still greater number of friends and comrades, were left on the field. My grandfather, however, though his skull was cleft, was not yet done for. As he returned to his senses, he saw that every man of his party lay massacred around him, and the enemy was busily engaged in cutting off their heads, as that was a kind of merchandize that the Chan at Baktshi-Serai was willing to buy and pay for in ready money. Fortunately for Vassili Iguroff, he had fallen close beside his faithful steed ; and to this circumstance he owed his escape. While the attention of the foe was occupied elsewhere, he contrived to burrow himself down deep in the snow, and cover himself with the long mane of his horse ; and the poor animal, who was fast dying, gave one roll over the spot where he lay, and then remained still. He was thus completely concealed from observation, and beneath his covering of snow he now again lost his senses for a time. The fight had taken place at daybreak, and when he again returned to himself, the midnight moon was shining over the Steppe. The snow had stopped the bleeding of his wound, and though he felt pain in the head, he had, in a great measure, recovered his strength. He worked his way, therefore, out of the snow, and, taking off his girdle, bound up the wound with it, and then rose to his feet. But a terrible spectacle awaited him ; the bodies of his friends and kindred lay naked and headless, scattered over the wide Steppe, and wolves and jackals were enjoying over them a hideous feast. Wounded as he was, my grandfather's thundering bass voice had still power to drive off these beasts of prey ; and he now sought out the body of his father,

which he knew by a scar on the hand, and before caring for his own safety, buried it deep out of the reach of the wolves. He then set out on his night journey across the well-known Steppe, and by great good fortune soon met with one of our horses, which had escaped from the Nogays after the fall of his master, and now, tormented by hunger, was scratching up the snow with his hoofs to get at the grass.

"Our horses always know a Cossack by a peculiar kind of whistle, so that the animal was easily caught, and soon carried him in a rapid gallop to the Don. But for this circumstance he would probably have perished, as, had he remained on foot, the Nogays would probably have overtaken him on the following morning.

"The loss of his father, and of so many of his kindred, brought to Vassili Iguroff a considerable inheritance in flocks and herds, besides a large treasure in gold pieces, and valuable ornaments, and a goodly store of skins of *wodka*, a spirit then greatly prized by the Cossacks, though the present generation gives the preference to wine and punch. Thousands of guests were invited to the funeral banquet given, according to Cossack custom, in honour of the fallen. Lambs were slaughtered for the feast, and for three days the company lay around our huts, drinking and smoking, and talking over the great deeds of the deceased, when Vassili, who had been lying during this time ill of a fever, rose from his bed, and coming into the midst of them, began to take his share of the *wodka* with the rest. Suddenly he sprang from his seat, and addressed the company, urging them with all the power of his eloquence, and his thundering voice, to immediate vengeance on the slayers of their kindred. Inflamed by the fire of his speech, assisted by the fire from the *wodka* skins, the Cossacks snatched the images of saints from their breasts, and swore with a terrible oath to have blood for blood.

"In the midst of a tremendous storm, accompanied by heavy snow, the horses were saddled, and thousands of warriors, heated with drink and passion, and thirsting for revenge, plunged into the cold waters of the Don, and swam to the opposite shore. My grandfather reached it first, and landed with a thundering hurrah. They rushed like a pack of wolves down upon the Nogay land, and, riding for a day and a night, reached a camp, where a part of those who had been engaged with the Cossacks were celebrating their victory. Before morning broke they were all slaughtered, for the Cossacks spared not the babe in his mother's womb, and they returned triumphantly home, each with a Nogay head decorating the point of his lance.

"Before the unlucky business of the defeat by the Nogays, in which nearly his whole clan had perished, Vassili Iguroff had been of a cheerful, social temper, fond of the women, a capital dancer and singer, knowing by heart all our old popular ballads, and he was even said to have composed some himself. Since this affair, however his friends knew him no longer. His countenance had a dark, gloomy expression; his songs had ceased; and, in the midst of the noise and frolic of the banquet he would sit apart, with a frown on his brow, and not uttering a word. Some ascribed the change to the shock he had received from the slaughter of his kindred; others, perhaps with more reason, to the injury done to the brain by the blood of the Nogay sabre, which indeed few skulls could have endured at all. Certain it is, that he soon after began to shew traces of

great eccentricity, if not of actual insanity, and I felt, I remember, no little fear of him, though he was good to us children, and especially to me, the son of his only daughter, whom he loved better than his thirteen sons put together. He did not, indeed, ever shew his affection by caresses, or kind words, but he used to give us many trifles that he obtained in bartering his cattle, with the Armenian merchants.

“Near the reed hut which he formerly inhabited, my grandfather, after his accession of fortune, built another and more spacious mansion, and in a corner of the largest room a deep niche was made, in which, on a wooden pedestal, stood a figure of the Virgin, surrounded by eleven saints, all gilt. You will see presently why I describe this so exactly. In this niche a lamp was kept perpetually burning, and above and below the images glittered many a gold and silver ornament,—suns and stars, and chains and rings, and wreaths of artificial flowers, which he had bought in Circassia, and brought home to decorate this sacred spot. The veneration of the Malo-Russians for their saints is well known; but in this point they are far surpassed by the Cossacks: and my grandfather insisted that every one who entered the apartment should cross himself devoutly before his images. Guests of a different faith, who might have objected to this, he never allowed to enter his doors; and, however kind and indulgent he was to his children and grandchildren, it would not have been advisable for any of them to omit bowing and crossing himself before the niche after every meal.

“Never, to the latest day of my life, shall I forget his terrible look when one day my cousin Michael, a boy of ten years old, happened, in playing with me, to strike the image with a stone. A strange ringing sound seemed at the moment to issue from the wood; but I paid little attention to it, for the look of rage in my grandfather's face, the grinding of his teeth, and the flashing of his bloodshot eyes frightened me so that I rushed out of the house. My cousin stood as if petrified, till he found himself seized by the hair, and flung out after me; and when the boy, a little while after, was drowned in a swamp of the river Sal, there were not wanting those who ascribed his death to the vengeance of the insulted saint. Some even went so far as to say that my grandfather had thrown him in himself; but this I am certain is a shameful calumny on old Vassili.

“From that time, however, he determined that no one should come near his saint. He had a rope drawn across the room, before the niche, and it was ordered that no one on any pretence should cross this boundary. The ever-burning lamp he took care of himself, and when after dinner every one had crossed himself, and quitted the room, it was the custom of the old man to remain behind an hour or more alone. What he did at these times no one knew; and, though we all had the greatest desire to watch him, no one dared to do it.

“Another of his eccentricities was the extraordinary veneration which he shewed for a certain *mohille*.* He had a large cross placed on it, and forbid any one in future ever to set foot upon it. It lay on his own pasture-ground, and, though it was covered with high

* These *mohilles* are ancient grave hillocks which are found scattered all over the Steppes, and which often contain sarcophagi from the time of Mithridates or of the ancient Greeks. Others have been ascribed to the Mongols; and German colonists who have opened them, have found knives, warlike weapons, arrow-heads, earthen pitchers, &c. and sometimes even stone statues roughly worked.

grass, no one of his herdsmen was ever allowed to drive cattle upon it. He himself visited it often; but always on rough, stormy days. When the thunder was beginning to roll, and the large drops of rain to beat against the windows, he would suddenly leave the room, saddle his horse, and gallop off to the *mohille*. What he did there was a riddle to everybody. Some of our people said they had watched him, and that he was in the habit of riding at a tremendous rate round and round the *mohille*, using many remarkable gestures, and that on these occasions his old taste for singing seemed to return, for that amidst the howling of the storm his voice would be heard, uttering the strange wild melodies of our forefathers. Then he would suddenly dash up the hill, dismount, and fasten his horse to the large cross. What he did after that no one knew; and, though I had often proposed to myself to find out the secret, I stood too much in awe of my grim old grandfather to put my resolution in practice. One of my cousins, Peter Iguroff, though, as well as myself, a great favourite, had very nearly paid for his curiosity with his life. One day, when he saw Vassili preparing to take his usual ride to the *mohille*, he ran out before him, and concealed himself in the long grass. The old man approached, made his customary gallop round the hill, then ascended it, and, drawing an axe from beneath his *burka*, began to strike it into the earth. Peter, however, could not see quite well enough what was going forward, and he ventured to change his position, when the lynx eye of the old Cossack perceived him where he lay, and, with a thundering oath, he launched the axe full at the head of his grandson. Fortunately it just missed him as he sprang up, and rushed home with the speed of lightning. For more than a year afterwards he did not dare to come in his grandfather's sight.

"This mysterious behaviour of Vassili Iguroff, with his colossal figure and strange hairy face, gained for him among all the tribes of the Don, the Sal, and the Manytsch, the name of the Demon of the Steppes; but in spite of this Satanic appellation, he was much respected, and in cases of dispute most of them would submit to his decision with unconditional obedience.

"My grandfather accompanied the army of Suwarrow to Poland, as well as to the Crimea, and in the storm of Baktshi-Serai dashed at the head of his troops into the midst of the burning palace of the chan, and on both these campaigns is said to have exhibited a merciless fury and bloodthirstiness to which he had formerly been a stranger. In the subsequent campaigns of the Russians in Germany and Italy he took no part, for his great age excused him from any obligation to do so. But in 1812, when Napoleon poured his legions into the heart of the Russian empire, and our beloved Czar Alexander called on all his subjects for help, my grandfather, though turned of ninety years of age, declared his resolution of joining the Russian army with his thirteen sons, and nearly half a hundred of grandsons, amongst whom was myself. I had at this time attained the rank of lieutenant; but I was willing to serve as a common Cossack by the side of Vassili. As he could neither read Russian nor write, he was only entered as a subaltern officer; but Platoff nevertheless gave him the command of a regiment, of which another was nominally the colonel.

"During the absence of Vassili, my mother was appointed to the

care of his house: the Chamber of the Sacred Niche no one was to enter but herself, and with the most solemn earnestness did the old man exhort her never to allow the light of the lamp to be extinguished, for he firmly believed that as often as that should happen, whether from accident or neglect, one of the race of Iguoroff would perish.

"We joined Kutusoff's army before the battle of Borodino. It was my third campaign; but it would take far too much time were I to attempt to relate to you the half of the strange things I witnessed in the course of our march from Moscow to the Rhine. Among all the extraordinary-looking figures whom the summons of the Emperor had called from all parts of his measureless Empire, from the wall of China to the Icy Sea,—there was, perhaps, not one more striking than the Demon of the Steppes. Yet there were many picturesque figures, as well as many frightful-looking goblins—hairy Centaurs of the wilderness, who pass half their lives in the saddle. The most remarkable of all, perhaps, were the Ural Cosacks, some of whom you could really hardly distinguish from Ural bears; but you probably never saw any of these in Europe, as the Emperor Alexander was shy of producing them in civilized countries.

"During all the hard service of this campaign, Vassili Iguoroff, old as he was, was as daring in battle, and as willing to endure hardship and privation as the youngest man in the army. Rain, and frost, and snow, seemed to affect him no more than it would a buffalo. No one was more frugal at meals, and no one required so little sleep: his sonorous bass voice was always the first to arouse us in the morning as we lay sleeping round the bivouac fire. The power and depth of his tones was astonishing. No bear ever growled so low a note; and his loud "hurrah!" served always as a signal to summon his sons and kinsmen around him, when, with lance in rest, and black plumes waving, he dashed across the snowy plains in pursuit of the flying foe. In the evenings, whenever it was possible, all the Iguoroffs used to assemble round the old man, and bring him whatever booty they had made in the course of the day; and when we came with our pockets full of ducats, he would give us a nod of approbation, which we valued not a little. I believe many an Iguoroff has put his life in jeopardy oftener than was needed, for the chance of getting some more gold pieces to bring to Vassili in the evening. At first we used to kill our prisoners, but when the Emperor proclaimed that he would give a gold piece for every Frenchman that was brought to him alive, the grandfather gave us a particular charge to be careful of them. We were all surprised that though he exposed himself to every danger, he never received the smallest wound. That blow on the skull in the Nogay country seemed to have rendered him impenetrable. Many and many a bullet whistled around his giant figure, which presented, of course, a conspicuous mark; but none ever touched his skin.

"We reached the Rhine, and witnessed the triumphant joy of the Germans that their country was once more free from the invader, and then my grandfather and two of his sons returned home. Six sons and two grandsons were left on the field, and the rest of us Iguoroffs accompanied our army to France. When we returned to Russia, I went to St. Petersburg and passed five years there, acquiring some of the education which it was impossible to obtain in

our native land on the Don, and after eight years absence, I once more beheld my home. My mother and many of my nearest relations were dead, but my grandfather was still alive, and, to all appearance, as strong as ever. His death did not happen till five years afterwards, when he was 103 years old, and the manner of it was as remarkable as his life.

“On the occasion of a christening of a great-grandson, Vassili had once more called together his kindred and descendants, now again amounting to a considerable number, notwithstanding the wide sweeps that death had made among them. It was in December, and the weather even wilder and stormier than it has been to-day.

“All had gone on as usual; the time for the ceremony had come, and the Pope was just about to dip the child into the baptismal font when old Vassili, all at once, uttered a terrible cry; his blood-shot eyes stared wildly at the sacred mitre, and we perceived that the lamp was extinguished. He seemed struck with a sudden terror, and we were no less terrified at the cry he uttered; indeed, the Pope in his fright actually let the child fall into the water. While some of the guests snatched it out again, others sprang to the assistance of the great-grandfather, who had now fallen in a swoon on the floor, with his clenched fist striking on the large scar on his forehead, which had assumed a dark crimson hue.

“After a little he came to himself again, and then he began to murmur in a low voice one of those old melodies that he had been often heard to sing as he galloped round the *mohille*. But the tone became fainter and fainter, and we soon perceived that he was struggling with death. The greater part of the company immediately took their departure, and only I and my eldest cousins remained.

“According to an ancient custom of our people, we opened, in spite of the storm, all the windows of the house, in order to give the parting soul room to escape. The wind rushed furiously through the building, the beams cracked, and, at the very moment when the old man breathed his last gasp, the figure of the Virgin, the pedestal, the saints, the curtain, and the whole mass of ornaments surrounding it, fell to the ground with a tremendous crash.

“There is no doubt that the wind had caught the curtain, twisted it round the chief figure, and that occasioned the accident, but we were much struck by its occurrence at the very moment of the old man's death. On attempting to replace the pedestal, we found it to be of immense weight, and on examining further, discovered a sliding-door, and that the interior was hollow, and contained a considerable sum in gold pieces.

“This was of course divided among his descendants, and after the funeral we repaired to the *mohille*, where, on digging, we found a large mass of silver coins. His mysterious visits to it were now explained, and the herdsmen of the neighbourhood declare that they still often see in stormy weather my ancestor, on his black horse, riding round and round the hill, and looking exactly as he did in life, except that his raven plumes are still higher and have a motion like the wings of an eagle.

THE CELLINI CUP.

BY SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD.

CHAP. IV.

THE last act of Charles Rivers before he sailed was to address a long and touching letter to the object of his boyish adoration. He acknowledged, in the language of deep humility and shame, the cruel and ungenerous persecution to which he had subjected her; earnestly imploring her forgiveness, and solemnly assuring her that, although he carried with him the indelible impression of her beauty and her virtues on his heart and memory, she never with his consent should hear again on earth the name of her penitent and devoted servant Charles Rivers. We need not inquire what effect this letter produced on the heart of Cecilia. The hearts of women are not made of marble; but the tenderest pity, though akin to love, and sometimes mistaken for it, is not "love indeed." Cecilia, in short, never could separate the idea of the lover from the boy, and in the latter light even at this moment she saw him only. It was at this eventful period of her life that Cecilia lost her mother, and became the solitary being we have described. It was at this moment also, when the romantic adventure was ringing with all its changes through the county, that Mr. Oldmixon became more especially acquainted with Cecilia Silverthong. He had known her, indeed, as country folks know one another generally, for some years, that is to say, he had met her at certain assemblies, races, county balls, &c. but now, independent of personal attractions which all the world admitted, she had become an object of universal interest.

Mr. Oldmixon shortly became one of her many admirers, was preferred to all, and led his charming bride to the altar within twelve months after the events we have just recorded.

With the offsprings of this alliance the reader is already acquainted, and we dare to hope in some slight degree interested; but the reader has still to learn events which reduced them to that rank of society in which we find them, and the adoption of the maternal name.

It may be well to mention here an occurrence, which, though it forms only a simple link in our history, connects its whole chain, and becomes important from its relative results.

We have already stated that the noble pride of Mr. Oldmixon sprang from the possession of an unsullied name. He had, unfortunately, a younger brother who was less scrupulous in maintaining this high distinction. Thrown on the world, as the younger branches of much higher families usually are, to seek their fortunes, after a competent education, in one of the much-overstocked liberal professions, this younger brother, Gilbert Oldmixon, had removed from the university, where he learned anything but *wisdom*, to the chambers of a barrister in Lincoln's Inn, where he studied anything but *law*; and having eaten the prescribed number of dinners in the hall, was in due time called to the bar. It was his deep misfortune to have been launched early on the ocean of life without a pilot to steer or compass to guide him. His bro-

ther, much older than himself, had, indeed, acted the part of a father as well as guardian to him; but having no connexions or friends, either at Oxford or in London, to whom he could personally introduce the young student, he could do no more than procure him certain letters of introduction from others, none of which, however, conveyed authority to direct his conduct, or even to suggest the friendly caution, which might have assisted him in the choice of his associates. Unhappily, he fell among a dissolute set at college, and the friends of Oxford became afterwards his choice companions in London. By these he had been gradually, and almost imperceptibly, led into every species of ruinous debauchery, and, as a last resource, by his libertine associates, to that of gambling; retaining the appearance and manners of a gentleman, he had found no difficulty of obtaining admission to what is called respectable society. To one of those houses where gambling is permitted to a ruinous extent he entered one evening, after having been during the day threatened with several arrests. He entered, in the wildness of despair, with about twenty guineas in his pocket, which he instantly staked at hazard and won. "Again and again he staked and won." Fortune on this night appeared to have decided to retrieve his character and replenish his purse. With trifling fluctuations he won the whole evening: at last a young nobleman, whom he well knew, and who had been playing for some time on I.O.U. documents, declined farther play, and desired to know the amount of debt. The I.O.U.s were handed over immediately, and were found to amount exactly to one thousand pounds. The young nobleman, who was well-known to be extremely wealthy, having just escaped from a long minority and succeeded to a vast property, immediately wrote and handed over a cheque on his bankers for the above-named amount; our young profligate received it with as much *nou-chalance* as it was presented, and well satisfied with his good fortune, returned to his lodgings. He retired to rest, but not to sleep. He knew he was indebted to more than three times the amount of his newly and ill-acquired wealth; for his brother, on whom he had long solely depended (after he had squandered his family portion), had at last dishonoured his drafts, but not without many and serious remonstrances and warnings, and peremptorily refused to contribute any longer to his extravagance. He now, therefore, cursed fortune who had not done more for him, at least enough to extricate him from his difficulties. With these thoughts he passed the night; with similar thoughts he arose in the morning; and his mind might be said to be thus prepared for the seduction of the tempter.

While at breakfast one of his libertine associates, Bearcroft by name, was announced. Gilbert, in a glow of exultation, boasted his good fortune, though deploring his not having pursued it, and displayed his cheque. "Zounds!" cried his friend, after having carefully examined it, "this is luck, indeed! This is a bank-note; for I heard only yesterday that Lord B— has no less than 300,000*l.* in his bankers' hands, with the view to purchase some particular property." He then again and again examined the paper. At length he said, "I know not how you feel inclined as to a trip to the Continent, but if this draft was mine, I'd be in Dover in five hours, Calais in seven, and then where I pleased in Europe with 20,000*l.* in my pocket."

"Are you mad?" or what are you dreaming of?" exclaimed Gilbert Oldmixon.

town, and borough throughout the United Kingdom, giving a full description of his person, and offering a reward of one thousand pounds for the apprehension of Gilbert Oldmixon, who had committed forgery to a large amount on the house of Messrs. ***** and Co. So active were the police, that, in less than twenty-four hours after, the detection officers with special warrants, backed by the county magistrates, had entered the house of Mr. Oldmixon in search of the culprit, and brought to his distracted, and long incredulous mind, the first announcement of his family's disgrace. The tidings fell upon his brain with all the paralyzing effects of an apoplectic effusion, and many weeks elapsed before severe medical discipline restored him to returning consciousness.

That consciousness, alas! returned only to embitter the remaining years of his life. He was unceasingly haunted by the vision of a gibbet, from which his brother was suspended, over whom was inscribed, in letters of blood, the name of Oldmixon! He felt and believed that this ever present spectre was equally visible to every one who approached him. He complained in secret to his wife that, go where he would, the finger of scorn was pointed after him, and that on every face he could discover the curled lip of contempt, or the still more degrading expression of *pity*. He regarded his children, who had now attained their respective ages of eleven and eight, as wretches doomed to inherit his shame, and to carry with them to the grave the brand which he declared was visibly marked on their foreheads. In this state of half-bewildered reason so closely bordering on insanity, he continued to suffer for more than three years, during which his health was seriously affected, his affairs entirely neglected, and even his beloved children confined almost as prisoners to his house, lest their ears should be contaminated by the knowledge of their uncle's crime, or their persons insulted by the curses which he believed were everywhere coupled and associated with his name. At length, while evidently revolving in his mind some plan of retiring from the world, he received a letter in the well-known writing of the self-exiled delinquent.

The first impulse of human frailty was to spurn the letter from him, and to trample it beneath his feet. The second emanated from a higher source. Had he repented? Had he made restitution? and thus attempted to make his peace with heaven, and now sought to make his peace with him? Restitution! could he ever restore the unsullied lustre of a name he had tarnished, blotted, and disgraced to the end of time? Oh, never—never! The once-honoured name of Oldmixon was now coupled throughout the civilized world with the proclamation of an act of felony; a reward, still extant, being set upon the head of an Oldmixon,—not for a political offence, in which an error of *opinion*, however baneful that error, might have qualified, if not extenuated guilt,—but for a low, vulgar, mercenary crime, the perpetration of which tended to sap the foundation of all social order, and in a commercial country to eradicate the very source of confidence between man and man.

Briefly, after a still-prolonged struggle the letter was torn open, and at intervals he read what follows:—

“Vienna, Feb. 16.

“You know my handwriting. It is the only mark of my existence which remains unchanged since last we parted. I say nothing of the ravages which sickness and poverty, during the last few months, have

wrought upon my frame. It is not those that I lament. It is not those which I urge as a motive for your compassion and forgiveness. I seek your compassion not for my miserable state, but for the indescribable pangs of a heart-consuming remorse. I implore your forgiveness, not so much for the crime to which I was accessory, as for the misery it has entailed upon your noble nature. The mere transfer of a few thousands from the coffers of the wealthy to the pocket of the needy man, is not, perhaps, a crime of so deep a character as should for ever exclude a penitent delinquent from the honourable and protecting pale of society; but, if so deemed, and so decided, by a sanguinary law, which even awards the punishment of death to such an offender, and thereby annuls the possibility of *reparation*, what shall be said of the deliberate gamester—the knowing, calculating, and well-practised gambler, who coolly watches and marks his prey amongst the unwary young; who, under the mask of *equal chances*, despoils the unsuspecting heir, perhaps in one evening, of his entire patrimony; who promotes the circulation of the champagne and Burgundy, to throw his victims off their guard, while he himself evades the intoxicating draught, for the sole purpose of deriving his superior advantages from their excited state? To me, the one crime appears a venial error compared with the blacker dye and deeper villany of the other. Do not for a moment imagine that I say this with a view to palliate the former crime, which, if it had no other result, must, as a mean and despicable fraud, entail eternal shame and disgrace on its misguided perpetrator, and, above all, on his degraded name! I allude only to the inequality of laws which *hang* the minor culprit, and suffer the major, but still meaner scoundrel, to carry his unblushing head into the courts of princes, and to hold his station amidst the highest of the high.

“Shame and misery have long delayed the communication I am now resolved to make. I have long burned to tell you that the act of iniquity was no sooner consummated than repented. The subtle villain who suggested, and *himself executed*, the fraud for which I am alone responsible, had also presented the cheque, and received the money with undaunted effrontery, while, as he afterwards assured me, I stood looking on, with a pale face and stolid gaze, which, had a doubt arisen, would at once have betrayed us. This, he told me with some vehemence immediately after leaving the banking-house. It did not strike me at the moment; but I subsequently recollected that at this time he betrayed strong emotion, which strongly contrasted with his perfect coolness while standing at the banker’s counter. I did, however, observe that we were walking, or rather striding, on at a most unusual pace, and I suddenly checked him, and called a hackney-coach. ‘No—no!’ he exclaimed, and with some violence shaking my arm from his, made two or three steps onward. I flew after him, and caught his arm again with a firm grasp, demanding if he was mad. He fancied something in my manner which certainly was not there, and stepped before me into the coach. In so doing, the bank-notes, which he had rolled tightly together, and rammed into his waistcoat-pocket, fell on the straw, and I being fortunately close behind him so as to intercept the view of the coachman, saw them fall, and instantly clutched and deposited them in my breast-pocket. He saw the act, and, as I then thought, made a movement as if to snatch them from my hand; but it passed as an act of extreme agitation, from the risk he had run of having our treasure exposed. He now laughed heartily at

his awkwardness, and applauded my dexterity ; but on our road to Dover shewed, or affected to feel, perpetual alarm lest we should be pursued and overtaken. "In which case," he at last added, "remember, my dear fellow, that *you* alone are their object, *for of me they know nothing* ; but when the bank-notes are found on your person there will be an end of all hope." Highly excited as I was, as conscience had not yet made me a coward, I laughed at his apprehensions of pursuit, which only made him the more serious. At length, after repeatedly returning to the subject, he in plain terms suggested that the notes would be far safer in *his* keeping than mine. I confess that this direct proposal startled me ; yet, fool as I was, I instantly concluded that his fears were real, and that he naturally wished to secure himself from want, in case I should be actually taken, when the money could no longer be available to me. Still, more from a feeling that I should betray a weakness, than any suspicion of a bad intention on his part, I jeered him again, and told him that it would be no easy matter to overtake us at the rate we were travelling ; for, without urging the post-boys to any extraordinary speed, I had more than doubled their usual gratuities—a language better understood by that intelligent class than all the persuasions of entreaty, or the louder denunciations of angry oaths or threatened vengeance. This was his last attempt, though I now observed him silent, restless, and evidently disconcerted. In this state we proceeded until we found ourselves safe in Calais.

"Here let me record another act of folly. Though less restless than my companion, I had been more excited, and, after indulging freely at a late dinner in the excellent champagne and burgundy which we found there, some feelings which you would not have condemned supplanted those of joyous hilarity, which are generally produced by such potations. I became first dull, then dejected, and at last melancholy. My companion rallied, and attempted to rouse me. This only depressed me more ; and I shed tears. Bearcroft proposed more wine. I called for brandy, of which, not more diluted than by one-half of water, I swallowed several tumblers. It did not intoxicate, but it stupified me ; and at length I was put to bed in a state of absolute unconsciousness. What with the heavy apoplectic sleep, which probably continued for several hours, some succeeding hours of feverish and restless dreams, and at last those deep lethargic slumbers, from which attempt to rouse is vain, it was three hours after noon of the following day before I rang my bell. When answered, I complained of dreadful headache, and asked for coffee. While taking it, I inquired if my fellow-traveller was in the house, as I wished to see him. The *filie de chambre* returned in a few minutes, saying that Mr. Stranger (the name in which he had taken out his passport,) had left Calais at five in the morning, and had gone to Paris, as his business pressed, and left word that there he expected I would join him at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*. I thought this very strange ; concluded that I had said or done something to offend him on the previous night, and that he had left me in dudgeon ; but my head was in such a state of confusion that I was unable to combine any two rational ideas. At last, when I attempted to rise, I found my limbs trembling and my head giddy, so that I was unable to stand. I dragged myself back to bed, rang the bell, and sent for medical assistance. The gentleman who attended me turned out to be an Englishman, and told me in less than two minutes that I had swallowed a large dose of laudanum.

This I denied, but he was positive; and soon, after certain depletions, he convinced me that I *had*. As I had never known the use of laudanum, and had none in my possession, I immediately concluded that it had been *administered* to me, and, if so, with some sinister intention. A dreadful suspicion crossed my mind. My head throbbled as though it would burst, and I could hardly articulate the order to bring me my portmanteau. *It was unlocked*, and the key, which I had carefully deposited in my waistcoat-pocket on the previous day, was *left in the lock*. With a desperate effort I raised myself in bed, and thrust my hand into the corner in which I had deposited my ill-gotten treasure. It was gone! I saw the frightful truth in an instant. His anxiety to obtain possession of it on the road to Dover,—the laudanum which had been administered,—his sudden departure, were now all explained. The tempter had doubly sacrificed his victim. Beareroff had robbed me.

“I pass over the agonies of my rage and despair! I had still sufficient presence of mind to keep my secret to myself, well recollecting that the subject would not stand the test of investigation, and that to seek the assistance of the police would in a few hours, or days at most, entail upon me the shame of inevitable detection.

“I felt on the same grounds the necessity of moving on. As I began to collect my ideas, one solitary ray of hope presented itself. Had Beareroff been sincere in the motives he expressed for wishing to take charge of the money? had he felt the danger of its remaining in my possession so forcibly that, with an honourable intention, he had resorted to a ruse to serve me in spite of myself? The suggestion was a happy one! It was possible, and just enough to rest a hope upon. I had still a considerable sum of money in notes and cash in my pocket-book and pockets, the produce of the gaming-table. He had spared me those, and that at least looked well! I now purchased a light carriage, as I found Beareroff had also done, and posted on to Paris with all the speed that quadruple pay to the postillions could produce, and that speed was by no means contemptible. I drove direct to the Hotel d’Angleterre, where my first enquiry was for Mr. Stranger. No such person was known there, and here my last hope expired.

“I hastened from Paris with the desperate resolution to trace and punish him, and determined to traverse the whole habitable globe until I accomplished my revenge. In this pursuit I thought from time to time that I was on his track, but, as if conscious of my search, he evaded me still. For upwards of two years I wandered through all Europe, and part of Asia; in short, wherever I heard, or dreamed, of English residents, or travellers, thither with unresting toil I repaired. By the most rigid frugality, amounting almost to parsimony, I had hoarded my means up to this period, and now they were exhausted! Since that time I have known *actual want*. I have herded with the swine! I have feasted on the leavings of the well-fed dog! I have satisfied the cravings of nature with the beggar’s orts! Surrounded everywhere with abundant plenty and by bloated wealth, I have dug the wild roots from the earth and fed upon them!—have fed and lived, but never *stolen* or *begged*! What has sustained me through such awful suffering? Is it the thirst and hope of revenge at last? No! however blindly I pursued that phantom while the means lasted which enabled me to do so, I pursued it as a principle of my nature: I pursued a victim to be sacrificed on the altar of my polluted name! And why? It was

to lull and hush the deeper murmurs of unendurable self-reproach! for since sharp misery has worn me to the bone, remorse, which even in the Hotel at Calais set its scorching, never-cooling stamp upon my brain and heart, has become the master feeling of my soul. Should I now meet Bearcroft face to face, I would upbraid, but would not injure him. I would not shed his blood, but would less mercifully consign him to the life of torture which I now endure—a life of hopeless, un-availing, heart-devouring remorse.

“Wherefore, you will ask, this late appeal? I will be brief.—A few weeks ago, on entering the celebrated city from which I now address you, I was accosted by a gentleman on horseback, who from idle curiosity, or some better feeling, asked me in the English language, my destination. I should have told you that, amidst all my poverty and wanderings I had contrived to maintain some appearance above that of a beggar, and such *now* was my only pride. To the enquiry of the stranger I merely answered that, *like himself*, I was a traveller—an English traveller. I did not look him in the face as I spoke, for I had long lost that human habit, especially when I thought I might encounter the gaze of a countryman!

“‘And English travellers in a foreign land should at least be known to one another,’ he said, ‘whether in wealth or poverty. I am not very rich, but have enough to give a lift to any honest countryman who has less good-fortune than myself.’

“‘Provided he *be honest*,’ was the reply ready to pass my lips; but I could not utter the sentence. The sound of his voice struck me as familiar and well-remembered accents,—for the first time I stole a glance at his face. I recognised it in a moment, though I had not seen him for fifteen years. There was no change there, save the expanded lineaments of boyhood into graceful manhood! I instantly recognised the playfellow of my childhood, for we were about the same age. That he knew me not was clear, and his offer was therefore one of pure and innate benevolence. Absolute want like mine has no refuge but in crime or self-destruction. The former I had abjured for ever; the latter I had contemplated with trembling apprehension. In fine, I visited the man who had thus importuned me; he knows me not as yet, but from him I have borrowed (not begged) the means of sending you this letter—I *beg* to you alone. I beg, I implore your pardon; pardon and forgiveness. I beg you to enable me to discharge a debt of a few pounds sterling to my friend in Vienna. I beg of you to keep me from future want, and its dire associate temptation, by an allowance of the humblest pittance you would accord to the humblest labourer on your estate; above all, I beg, and on my knees implore you to forgive, if such forgiveness be in the nature of man, the deep dishonour and disgrace I have entailed upon your family.

“Should you condescend to notice this appeal at all, which I scarcely dare to hope, remember that you must address me *poste restante* at Vienna, by the hated name of Bearcroft, which I have long since assumed, from the knowledge that he has a brother on the Continent, equally a *roué* with himself, who might be allured by that appellation to seek me, and equally to attract the notice of the traitor, should he by accident encounter it.

“I will not disgrace your name by signing any other than that of
“GILBERT.”

QUEEN'S BENCH SKETCHES.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

"The law of arrest for debt, is a permission to commit greater oppression and inhumanity than are to be met in slavery itself—to tear the father from his weeping children—the husband from his distracted wife—to satiate the demoniac vengeance of some worthless creditor."—*Lord Eldon's Speech on the Slave Trade.*

THE extent of the *encinte* of London, shoved out east, west, north, and south, as it is, would set any topographer at defiance, for none can define the circumference of the great metropolis. Fields erstwhile of desperate reputation, are now gas-lit streets; lanes are non-existent where some Jerry Abershaw cried, "stand, to a true man"—the leathern conveniency is replaced by the grunting locomotive; and old mansion houses have become "establishments" on the cheap and nasty system, where genteel youths are lodged, boarded, and indoctrinated in useful and polite literature, for the small consideration of sixteen pounds a year; with the valuable assurance that morals are carefully attended to, and a liberal table kept.

And who may inhabit this "mighty mass of wood, and brick, and mortar?"

Their name is legion.

And where can the *matériel* with which this monster mob is constructed be best seen, understood, and analysed? In the west?

That is but a sectional portion of the body politic. Do you seek fashion, frivolity, disguised debauchery, and polished swindling, go thither. Yonder house is a den of infamy, masked by a dress-maker's brass-plate,—and there you will find a hell under the appellation of a club. At the next corner, a direct descendant from some follower of "the bold bastard," jostles against a self-created count; there, a senator is arm-in-arm with a sporting man—and him, to whom when a boot-boy he gave a shilling he now terms his dear friend.

In the east perchance a full development of the modern Babylonians can be found?

No; that portion of London society is also sectional. The city is tenanted by a mixed swarm from the human bee-hive, and reigned over by Mammon and a Lord Mayor. As the general business of western life is to dissipate money, the sole object of existence in the east, even from the cradle to the crutch, seems to lie in its acquisition. Men from every region under heaven unite in the one pursuit. The smooth-faced Quaker endeavours to weather the sallow Israelite; and in the scrambling race after riches Turk, Greek, and Infidel elbow the true believer.

Where, then, is the best assorted specimen of London life to be seen?

In the Bench.

The Bench!—Bah! a debtor's prison.

Ay,—and to be legal and classical at the same time—in Banco Reginae.

Even in noon-day I am a dreamer; and can it be supposed, then, that in the night-season Queen Mab will not occasionally perch upon my pil-

low. I dreamed, not that I was "in marble halls," as the poet Bunnsingeth, but a two-pair chamber, looking upon a parti-coloured wall of lofty height, whose summit was crowned by a *chevaux de frise*, while the base was eternally battered with racket-balls, launched against it by shabby men, in tasselled caps and "marvellous foul linen." Among these persons, the mode of dress appears to be a devil-may-care *des-habile*, and in their general costume there was a bold departure from the rules of art, as laid down in the poetic effusions of the Messrs Moses and Doudney. In cut and colour, none could be termed the prevailing one. Frocks, which erstwhile might have been blue or black; and Paletots and Petershams were numerous; indeed, patronage was graciously extended to every garment, from a decayed Macintosh even unto the ghost of a dressing-gown. Touching the outward man of these interesting personages, there was another peculiarity; as a contrast to some favoured gentlemen, whose hirsute honours had attained a luxuriant maturity, a youth, in Albanian cap, and with laudatory emulation, was watching, day by day, in "hope deferred," the dilatory progress of a sickly imperial.

On the Rialto—to wit, the flag-way, there were men of certain age, composed and steady citizens, whose rubicund complexions, and amplitude of waistcoat, gave token true that the permitted pot of "heavy" in the Bench is meted in the widow's cruise, a vessel in quantity held to be illimitable. Two or three of that class called "gents," with ringlets escaping in flowing curls beneath the undyed thing ticketed in fashionable hatters' windows in the New Cut, at eighteen pence, and called in aristocratic parlance "the Artful Dodge." In bare necks and soiled ducks, Byron and T. P. Cooke were closely imitated. I fancied, at a cursory glance, that the organ of locomotion was finely marked in these interesting juveniles, and would be sorry to offer long odds that they did not visit New South Wales within a twelvemonth, and the country stand the expenses of the voyage.

But there was a neglected corner in the area,—beyond the reach of racket-balls, and shunned by fools and rogues; and there two plain, unassuming, broken-hearted looking men, tradesmen, no doubt, are walking by themselves, and, by a sort of mercantile free-masonry, are holding a sad communion. They look and walk like persons conscious of ruined prospects and moral debasement. The depressed eye—the foot slowly quitting the ground,—broken sentences, and heavy sighs, all betray the mental depression that scarcely dares to hope. Their story, differing in detail, is the same in effect. Both have been rudely torn from their homes by a merciless creditor, one who will have his pound of flesh, even to the scruple. Dragged from their homes and business, they are for a temporary embarrassment, remediable probably within a month, and one neither to be foreseen or averted, thrown now among rogues, vagabonds, hell-keepers, and bill-stealers. If the secret of their incarceration transpire, their history, as men of business closes; nothing but instant enlargement can save them. The question lies in a nut-shell. As free-agents, emancipation from existing difficulties can be achieved—encage them, and while the pound-of-flesh man and his lawyer may problematically succeed, the debtor and his hundred creditors will all be left lamenting.

A woman advances—and the unhappy tradesmen separate. She and her husband sit down upon the bench,—God knows, poor soul! she requires repose, for her's is a heavy heart and wearied limbs. Her

beauty is faded ; but once she must have been handsome ; and no doubt that attenuated figure in youth was one of excellent proportion. She has been mediating between her husband and his creditor ; and comes she now dove-like with the olive branch ? No ; the vulture has pounced upon the carrion ; the debtor's body is within his grasp—he has referred her to his lawyer, the bond must be fulfilled to the letter, and the attending harpy have another cut of flesh for himself. The wretched man listened for a moment, raised his eyes, and murmured " I am ruined ! *Heaven* pity you ! from *man* none will be extended !"

They have retired to his cell—for though not iron-stanch'd it is vaulted ; and there she will weep, and he sit in moody silence, until the warning bell is rung, and the crier's hoarse voice summons her to leave the house of bondage for the night, and him to seek such repose as a burning brain and racked bosom may expect to find.

Nor is his companion in misery left long without a visitor. He is joined by what, in the parlance of the place, is called "an outsider." He is a short, stout, smirking, over-dressed man, with abundant curled locks, and a profusion of mosaic jewellery. Though fair in complexion, the caste of countenance is decidedly Hebraic, and the character of the face presents an unruffled composure, impassive to indignity, as the heart is to the softer feelings of humanity.

" I fear you found Mr. Dangerfield unfriendly as before ? " said the timid creditor.

" Why, no. He said he had a personal regard for you, and mentioned the long time you had had transactions. He would be the last person to press you at this time, but, as he said, Mr. Edwards must remember that business is business."

" I know it," said the poor creditor. " You told him I only wanted time ? "

" I did, and he is willing to grant it."

" Then, may God bless him ! although, when he sent the brokers in, I thought that my heart would break. He'll take the men out, won't he ? " and the question was put with the hesitation that betrayed some doubt existing in the quarist.

" He will, and send you a discharge before twelve o'clock to-morrow. You will give him a judge's order ? "

" I consent."

" And a bill of sale on stock and furniture ? "

" These are hard terms, and, as regards other creditors, I dread, more than honesty would warrant. But if I do err, tell them I have a wife I love, and seven children, for whom I would take the highway. When men pride themselves on principle, and boast that their's is incorruptible, ask them whether it had been tested by a trial such as mine." He paused, and walked a step or two. " To these conditions I assent, and I will sign the necessary documents as early to-morrow as you can fetch them."

With the poor creditor the sacrifice was consummated, as he fancied ; but the Jew had only brought the victim to the horns of the altar, and without fresh villany, the offering would have been incomplete. He played with fingers, extensively *ringed*, through ample tresses of light-brown hair, as if to challenge attention to the richness of his jewellery and the whiteness of his hand. Among that rejected race to which he appertained, there is now and then a singular anomaly. Besides

"Dark brows and long proboscis ;"

and the swarthy dirtiness of the skin that bespeaks a total repudiation of soap and tepid water, still, now and again, a fair Israelite may be discovered so ultra-white, as to lead to an inference that the milky fluid of Christianity had been accidentally introduced into the veins, and utterly expelled the filthy puddle indigenous to the twelve tribes. Such an exception was the King's Bench solicitor. Again he passed his fingers through his hair, and thus resumed the conversation.

"As you say, Mr. Edwards, other creditors might interfere. Men are wonderful people ; and a friendly arrangement between you and Mr. Dangerfield, might be twisted by an unprincipled lawyer into what he would call 'undue preference.' I blush, at times, for the profession ! But we can guard against it. Should your assignment to Mr. Dangerfield be questioned,—and Smart, Playboy, and Sackall, are said to be what we call sharp practitioners,—why, this life transfer of Mrs. Ed'ards,—mind ye, it's mere form,—will be what we call collateral security. I think I have rightly designated the numbers ; Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9, houses Holman-street, Edgeware-road ; and a reversion to 2365*l.* consols, failing Mrs. Margaret Mossop, aged eighty-one, widow of—"

The creditor, who had impatiently waited the development of Mr. Abraham's proposition, suddenly interrupted him.

"What ! Is not property three-fold the value of his claim already placed at Dangerfield's disposal ? What more, in the devil's name, would he require ?"

"Why, nothing, than that your wife should join you in security—and—"

"That I who swore at the altar to protect her, should become directly instrumental to her ruin ! Back to him. Tell the vile scoundrel to work his worst. Sooner than injure those who look to me for bread, or her I hold dearer than the world, I would submit to be impaled upon these spikes." He pointed to the *chevaux de frize* upon the wall. "And now the Rubicon is crossed, and I shall put myself in the 'Gazette' to-morrow."

He sprang from the bench.

"Stop, Mr. Ed'ards, stop. We may still manage matters. I may succeed in getting Dangerfield to take the security, my costs, of course, paid down."

But the creditor was now out of hearing, or, at least, he made no reply.

The lawyer passed his fingers once more through his well-oiled ringlets. "Ah, very well. Let him flounce a little ; he's safely hooked. We have him well in hand, as far as his own effects go ; and my name is not Judah Abrahams, or we'll collar his wife's property too."

He said, pulled on a brimstone-coloured kid glove, settled satisfactorily his collar, and if not pleased with the result of his interview, perfectly pleased with himself, he took his departure.

The rapid action of a dream brought fresh characters before me, and a second Asmodeus appeared at my elbow, and pointed out a group.

Mark ye four men ? They stand apart ; and if uproarious laughter were a proof of happiness, there are not lighter spirits within the four seas of Britain. That tall man is well connected, handsomely pro-

vided for by his relatives, calls himself of no profession, but actually is a trader in bankruptcy. Through its different ordeals,—start not, for the thing is true,—he has passed through different courts eleven times; glories in his successful evasion of penal consequences; and boasts that he understands the insolvency laws better than any lawyer of the whole. He coolly tells you what he has netted on each transaction; mentions that by one grand *coup* he white-washed for 7000*l.*, and considers his last appearance almost a waste of time, the schedule being a mere bagatelle, something short of 3000*l.* “And fancy,” he addeth indignantly, “a man sent back here six months for such a trifle!” When out of prison he lives in the west, occupies expensive lodgings, drives a pair of horses, and, to use the expressive language of the place, “comes it particularly strong.” Gentlemen in trouble who are tender regarding their debtor and creditor arrangements, consult him in the fabrication of their balance-sheets, and difficulties which have puzzled a lawyer to overcome, he hops over in a second. In fact, he frames the insolvent’s schedule, mystifies credits and debts, and,—what an advantage!—the insolvent has no trouble but to swear to it. “He will be a loss here,” added *le diable boiteux*, “and many a poor rogue, for a blundering *exposé* of peccadillos, will be sent back by the stern commissioner to the place from whence he came, whereas, had he but the assistance of that experienced gentleman in the fancy hat, he would have crept smoothly through the ordeal, and, like a duck emerging from a horse-pond, his plumage would have been unsullied by a spot. But six months from the date of his deliverance will restore the regretted lost one. By that time, the instructions he will have given tradesmen in book-keeping, will entitle him to re-admission here. Great will be the joy at his return—for O’Connell never smashed a state prosecution to *smithereens* with more ease than Mr. — can demolish an opposition.”

For want of language to express astonishment, I thought of Dominic Sampson, and exclaimed, “Prodigious!” Turning to my demoniac friend, I ventured to inquire the history of a thin, impudent, young man in a flash undress, who stood by the wholesale dealer in insolvency.

“Oh, bah! it’s mere common-place; there are thirty of the class within the *enceinte* of this prison,—*ex uno disce omnes*,—and I may as well briefly describe the person.”

The aristocracy are altogether guiltless of him; for his father is a country publican. As a devil tenacious of veracity, I will not say whether he carried “heavy” to the customers, or even did “spiggot wield,” but his sire, having yearnings after gentility, determined to breed his son to a learned profession, and selected surgery for the field. The scamp—observe his air, dress, and manner impersonify that caste—came to town, but instead of walking the hospitals, he betook himself to the hells. Of course, he was cleaned out in double quick time; and poor Boniface at the Red Lion, exhausted by fresh demands, was at last unable or unwilling to come to book. His son’s history might be considered to be closed, for in Pandemonium they rarely pluck a common customer bare, but they quoit him out “like a shove-groat shilling.” But in that sallow young gentleman the hellites discovered latent ability; the ore was in the mine; and they honourably determined to afford neglected talent an opportunity for display. He was taken into service, indoctrinated in the manipulations of cards and

dice, raised to the dignity of "a bonnet," and with a supply from the poet Moses, and an extensive addition of Mosaic gold, the tyro was started upon town.

As a west-end establishment requires smartish girls and nice young men to form its executive, so also, a hell must be occasionally indebted to feminine assistance. Mr. Brown, in his vocation, had divers married ladies who had mislaid their certificates; and two or three "maids who loved the moon," to cooperate with; and while his course of male instruction rendered him "wide awake," a close communion with lovely woman gave him the last polish and completed the gentleman. He was speculating on a cab for the Derby day, and while "lovely Thais sate beside him" in the form of Julia Hamerton, would his own father have recognised his lost heir, or even the pot-boy of the Lion sworn to his identity? Julia was to sport a duck of a bonnet; and he, the *bonnet*, would come it *spicy* in a pearl-coloured paletot. Alas! two nights before the Epsom day, the head of the bank bolted for America with the capital—and all, like a theatre burnt out, in their various vocations were "left lamenting." Mr. Brown, in a week afterwards, was accommodated with an apartment in the Bench, and Miss Julia Hamerton allows him an honourable maintenance. Think of the extent to which human degradation may reach, when a fellow who, at twenty-six could earn an honest crust, or failing, become food for powder, sneaking scoundrel as he is, absolutely existing on the filthy produce of female impurity. Oh, it is sickening! And yet that degraded dog will stare you in the face. I groaned but answered not.

"Pray, my dear devil, may I enquire who is that nondescript man? Is he 'an Ebrew Jew,' or an excellent Christian imitation?"

"Oh," exclaimed Asmodeus, with a laugh, "Verily he appertaineth unto the twelve tribes, and is here for no crime except that of being one of the children of promise. All come out here in different characters, and as necessity produced invention, every man has, in this place, to act a different part. That fat swindler beside the Jew, whose history shall close this chapter, calls himself "Captain." Now, *entre nous*, he was originally a valet, was dismissed for speculation, and, in the absence of honest calling, of course became a gentleman from sheer necessity. But number three is an Israelite without guile,—a second Sheva,—and a regular philanthropist. Attend.

"Mr. Levi,—or as it pleaseth him to change Levi into Lewis,—I believe, once stood A. 1 in the synagogue, and multitudinous were his dealings. He operated in St. Mary Axe, rusticated at Putney, and while he trundled into town diurnally in an omnibus, his wife and daughters,—they were called at Putney 'a carriage family,'—visited the great metropolis in a yellow chariot and pair of browns. Mr. Levi, by the infidels, was considered safe; but there was a whisper in the tabernacle, that for years he had been rather queer. A life-struck animal is generally abandoned by the flock, and left to die alone; and a done-up Jew is avoided by the people, as if the plague-spot marked him. A crisis came—the bubble burst—and down came Mr. Lewis.

"The child of promise was no fool in his generation, and he had made preparations for the evil day. 'Coming events cast their shadows before.' His wife was amply dowered, and certain houses and tenements of his own were, in good time, assigned away, to prevent them from falling into the possession of the Nazarenes. Caution may

be carried too far, and Mr. Lewis overdid the thing. A lynx-eyed commissioner penetrated the means taken to effect the alienation of this property from his creditors, and he had the alternative allowed of surrendering what he had assigned away, or becoming resident 'in banco.' He chose the latter—while his lady and daughters migrate from town to sea-side in the yellow chariot, and at the proper seasons, *selon le règle*, as fashion indicates.

"It would be unnecessary to remind you that Mr. Lewis is amply provided with what

"Rules the camp, the court, the grove,"

not meaning love, but money. But still, and even in captivity, a Jew will endeavour 'to turn the penny.' Mr. L. eschews dealing in prohibited liquors,—that trade here being profitable but perilous,—and he would have no more fancy for a month's solitude in the strong room, than to commence brick-making without straw. A safer field is open for his operations,—and, as the advocate of the distressed, he fills up his leisure time, and enacts "the Man of Ross."

"Well, really, friend Asmodeus, you bear honourable testimony to the Israelite. He had done, no doubt, much harm, and is it not commendable that he should, as a set off to the account, do a little good? By heaven! I would share my crust with him, unbeliever as he is, while I should take some trouble to visit Woolwich dockyard, were the unblushing knaves besides him placed where they should be, and trooped in a convict gang."

The little demon indulged in a sly laugh, and then, drawing a snuff-box from his pocket, took a pinch himself, and offered it to me. I hesitated: I remembered the old Scottish saw which insinuates, that the man who shares soup with the devil, should be provided with a long spoon, and to take snuff with him, might possibly be as dangerous. Asmodeus smiled.

"Don't be afraid, *mon ami*. I suppose you think that I use nothing less pungent than red pepper. Now, if you will but condescend to nip the dust, you'll find it veritable black rappee. But to return to Mr. Lewis. There are divers descriptions of charity, that which, on an extensive scale, embraceth the human race, and that which, prudently, commenceth and keeps at home. Of the latter order, is your smug-faced philanthropists, and he, the Jew, administers to the wants of the necessitous, as Goldsmith's man of feeling daily clad the naked,

"When he put on his clothes."

Attendez. Mr. L.'s field for operations is limited to what is called the receiving-rooms; that is, to the apartments allotted to prisoners for a night, until they can be located in the prison next day. He waits upon the new comers, and his story is pathetic. There is an honest tradesman incarcerated by a ruthless creditor: he is both a husband and a father: his young and handsome wife is nursing an interesting first pledge: she, poor soul, is sinking into consumption, and the infant rapidly fading from existence—for the means of sustaining life are wanting. Men, heart-sick themselves, naturally feel for the wretched—and what picture of human misery can surpass that of a youthful mother sinking to the grave for lack of nutriment, and vainly endeavouring to supply the calls of nature, conveyed to her in feeble cries from the pallid lips of starving infancy? He has paid his customary visit, and met with

unusual success. Two respectable tradesmen, and an improvident young gentleman from Ireland, were lodged within the prison gates last evening. From the former, Mr. Lewis extracted a shilling each and from the latter, obtained half-a-crown, and an apology for inability to contribute more."

"And where is this miserable family?" I asked.

"*Voilà!*" replied he of the two sticks. "Look at the tap, and, sitting on a bench, with a pewter measure of stout in his right hand, you may remark a large, coarse, vulgar-looking fellow, a beastly sensualist of the lowest order, one who only lives to eat, and drink, and sleep, and no matter from what base channel the money to obtain his 'grub and heavy,'—I speak in the parlance of the place,—may come, he takes the coin, and would answer, did you say the means were dirty, '*non olet.*' The Jew has given him a shilling, and while it lasts, he will lounge like a *lazzaroni* in the sun, until he swills out the last farthing."

"But his wife—his infant?"

"See you that squalid, bloated, woman? She is hurrying to the gate, and will cross the road to the opposite gin-shop, for she too has received a shilling, the Jew,—modest man!—being contented with pocketing the half-crown."

"And of course, deserted by the monsters who gave it birth, the wretched child will perish?"

"No fear of that, my friend," returned the little man. "Mark you an imp knocking a racket-ball against the corner of the wall? His appearance might warrant you in calling him a five-year-old, but that rickety wretch has passed twelve years. He lays his racket, or rather the wood-work of one, aside, and commences pitch and toss with the potboy. The little reptile will beat the man of beer—for the *leprahavn* manipulates a halfpenny, as well as 'the bonnet,' Mr. Brown, could operate upon bones or pasteboard."

Again I testified surprise, and used the Dominie's phrase, "Prodi-gious!"

"And now," said the little devil, "before I introduce you to unfortunates, let me finish my scamp sketches with an out and outer. I have a particular engagement at twelve o'clock for a hell, and will drop in to the viscountess's *bal costume* in time for supper. To-morrow night I may have an unemployed half hour, and I shall be happy to let you into a secret generally hidden from the world,—what life is, *as it is.*"

"Of that *partie quarrée* you must remember the characteristic distinctions. Number *one* dealeth wholesale in insolvency, while *two* is a gentleman at everything in the ring; *three*, lives upon his humanity, and, as occasion offers, sports 'the benevolent Jew.' But number four, after his own fashion, impersonates the admirable Crichton, for in every department of the profession he has tried his hand, rung every change, and proved himself an adept.

"Number *four* calls himself 'Alfred Pierrepont Lumsdale,' before which honourable patronymics, he is graciously pleased to prefix the modest title of captain. To the name he has a right, inasmuch as his reputed father did not repudiate the alleged paternity, and to the title he can produce as good a claim as any of the five-and-twenty commanders in the place, the dates of whose commissions are unfortunately omitted in the army lists. His parents were of the Godwin school, and aware that love

“ —At sight of human ties,
“ Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.”

prudently rejected the hymeneal bond, and were contented to be fettered only by a wreath of roses. When the gallant captain saw the light, his papa,—a son of the Earl of Dumfries,—was still a minor, and his mamma,—as Sir Percy Shafton would express it,—in the ‘bucolical line,’ she being the youngest and prettiest dairy-maid at Elton Castle.

“ Alfred Pierrepont led a scampish sort of country life; received the last literary polish at the village school; lived with his mother, who had been honourably united in holy wedlock to the under-gardener; and at seventeen was sent to London by Alfred Pierrepont Lumsdale the elder, who had obtained a small appointment for his putative son in one of the public offices.

“ But a clerk’s stool, and the daily labour of skimming the morning papers, were far beneath the ambitious aspirations of Alfred Pierrepont, junior. For three years he managed to hold his small official situation, but at last, and for repeated misconduct, he was discharged, and became,—what he had been regularly preparing for,—a man upon town.

To acquire a perfect knowledge of every trick resorted to by low hellites, and confederate with the swindlers who infest the metropolis, was his first step. But that field was limited in the extent of its operations, and already overstocked. The turf held out a better opening for a neophyte, and Captain Lumsdale wormed himself accordingly into felonious associations with the lowest blacklegs of the day. The honourable branch of the order now called ‘nobblers,’* was unknown; and unprincipled scoundrels cheated by false riding, but in that blessed age of ignorance, were unacquainted with the art and mystery of making all safe by the administration of a drug. The light of science, however, was about to break forth—and as body-snatching was rendered obsolete by the simple process introduced by Mr. Burke, so, for the means of rendering any race a certainty, the turf should hold themselves eternally indebted to Mr. Dawson, although Captain Lumsdale might honestly claim the merit of the invention, and complain, ‘*tulit alter honores*.’ In a word, the gallant captain devised, and Mr. Dawson executed; and while the former was hanged, the latter evaded a halter.

“ The perfect conviction, however, that Alfred Pierrepont was ‘the great unknown,’ routed him from every race-course. The lowest blackguards were afraid to acknowledge a man *tabooed* by the sporting world, and hell-keepers, in self defence, were obliged to exclude him altogether. That others, and, *proh pudor!* men of a high, nay, the highest *caste*, were indirectly connected with this black affair, was more than whispered; and certain it is that Captain Lumsdale received a trifling sum of money, with an intimation, that until the thing blew over, he ‘must make himself scarce.’

Stale and bloated as he is now, he was then, as far as looks went, considered handsome. Banished from the turf, chased as a leper from every hell, he must seek dame Fortune through some other channels than the old ones, and he decided that the safest dodge would be that of matrimony. He chose a remote watering-place for his scene of ope-

* Ruffians who drug or lame horses to prevent them winning.

rations ; and among the fashionable arrivals at —, his name was recorded in due time.

Captain Lumsdale, in search of a wife, opened the campaign as a dashing Colebs ; Mosaic gold was then undiscovered, but clumsier gilding would pass current. He came to — with the customary supply, patronised the best hotel, swaggered into every library, and bought trifles in the fancy shops. He was artfully seeking her whom he should devour ; and, eschewing heiresses, whose property may not be immediately convertible, his wiser Cupid

“ —Took his stand
“ Upon a widow's jointured land,”

and he laid siege to Mrs. Henry Richards.

Mr. Richards was a stockbroker, died wealthy, devising ten thousand pounds and six hundred a year to his bereaved relict, and God knows what beside to hospitals, charities, &c., with diamond rings to lawyer and physician, and not one farthing to poor relations, “ whose names were legion.”

Captain Lumsdale, being of the wide awake school, had arranged with a most respectable solicitor—*mem.* he was transported next year for writing an old gentleman's name, merely to save his client trouble—to ascertain at Doctors' Commons the disposition of effects when necessary ; and by return of post he, the future Australian, reported that Mrs. Arabella Smith, relict and sole administratrix of Peter Smith, deceased, had all, as aforesaid set out, with divers goods and chattels into the bargain.

Now Mrs. Smith at — was not Mrs. Smith ; for Mrs. Arabella Smith was mourning in sackcloth and ashes, while the other Mrs. Smith, discarding weeds and widow's cap, took diurnally pleasure in the sea, and exercise on a donkey upon the common. To poison a horse-trough is easy, to entrap a jointured widow is more difficult. Now Mrs. Smith, the donkey-rider, was one Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Smith, relict of Peter Smith, was another ; and of this, and in due time, Captain Lumsdale made a discovery.

To insinuate himself into the same boarding-house, and also into the widow's affections, were promptly effected ; and Captain Lumsdale might have written to his London correspondent, “ *veni, vidi, vici !* ”

How the gallant captain wooed, and how the widow, after

“ Vowing she would ne'er consent—consented”

to be led a second time to the hymeneal altar, would be a fitter theme for a sentimental novelist than a gossiping devil like myself. It will be enough to say, that at the altar the captain pledged his vows boldly like a man, and the relict of Peter Smith was as collected as could be expected ; that the happy couple started with four horses for a village hostelry, where the bride could “ blush unseen ; ” and that the joyous event went the regular round of the newspapers.

Now, slyly did the gallant captain chuckle that his conquest, like a fox-hunt, had been “ short, sharp, and decisive.” His purse exhibited sad symptoms of decline ; indeed, it had reached the last stage of consumption, and a couple of guineas alone could be discovered in the network after the nuptial dues had been discharged. No temporary supplies could be obtained, the village did not possess a pawnbroker ; and, even were “ mine uncle ” resident, would he “ stump up ” upon a paste ring, and a chain that would turn green at the very mention of aqua-

fortis? There was nothing for it but to frame a cock-and-bull story—his pocket was picked in the crowd at the church-door; and his loss equalled Jack Falstaff's when, sleeping behind the arras, he was feloniously despoiled of "a bond for a thousand pounds, and a seal-ring of his grandfather's."

Lumsdale, even in youth, was gifted with unlimited assurance; it is a valuable quality, and generally available.

"My dear love," said the happy bridegroom after breakfast on the fourth morning, "can you muster courage to return, and brave the *table-d'hôte*?"

"With you, dearest, I could dare anything, and venture anywhere

"From Egypt's fire to Zembla's frost."

"Which means," observed Captain Lumsdale, *sotto voce*, "go the whole hog, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter."

"What were you saying, dearest?"

"Nothing, pet of pets; but, that with you, a desert would be a paradise. A slight annoyance has teased me, loved one! I am careless; you must correct it, and let your lecture commence with a kiss."

"Instantly, thy recklessness shall be reproved. Dear Alfred, what has disturbed your tranquillity? But, before I enter on the jobation, the penalty shall be thrice inflicted. I shall not," said the little demon, "enumerate the kisses preliminary to the lecture."

"Carelessly I flung my purse into my coat pocket—they picked it at the church door; sixty guineas, with a little silver, at the other end, for turnpikes."

"How careless, dear one! but, thank heaven! you carry, as I perceive, your case in the breast pocket. Had your bank-notes been taken!" and the lady raised her eyes in horror at the very thought.

Captain Lumsdale had a note-case, certainly, and there were sundry bank-notes in the same. One was on the bank of love for one hundred pounds, and five others undertook that John Snobbins should cut hair against any man in England for a cool fifty. These looked extremely pretty in silver-clasped morocco; but would the host of the "Golden Lion," for three days' entertainment and a carriage and four, accept a promissory note upon either the banks of love and fashion?

Captain Lumsdale smiled, and dipped his hand into his left breast pocket. Did an adder sting him there?

"Heavens, Arabella! I have left it in my dressing-case! Dearest, thou shalt be my banker."

Mrs. L. opened her reticule, extracted a lace-edged pocket-handkerchief, a smelling-bottle, and divers keys. Was ever such chapter of accidents inflicted during the first week of the honey-moon upon unfortunate lovers?—Arabella, in matrimonial excitement, had forgotten her purse upon the dressing-table!

An *éclaircissement* followed; the lady turned her eyes upwards to the ceiling, as she slowly and emphatically exclaimed,

"Was there ever—"

"Two wide-awakes so regularly done brown!" added Captain Lumsdale, completing the unfinished sentence.

"How strong you drew it," observed the lady; "upon my soul, I took you for a moneyed snob!"

"And, by this virgin hand, I believed that you had 'the tin,' and no mistake!" was the rejoinder.

"My dear Asmodeus," I exclaimed, "in your own name—to wit, the devil's—how did the gallant captain manage in such a fix?"

"I once happened to call into a flash public-house *professionally*," returned the little demon; "for, observe, my dear sir, Tony Lumpkin's friend who ground the organ, had not a stronger antipathy to everything vulgar than I," and he took a refreshing pinch of the black rappee. "Well; there was a yokel from the country, who, to an inquiry from an acquaintance touching his errand to the great metropolis, intimated that he had come to town in search of useful knowledge.

"Will you stand a pot of heavy?" inquired a ragged blackguard in the corner, "and I'll give you a wrinkle."

"The knowledge-seeker assented.

"Then," returned the gentleman with the soiled shirt, after first securing the pewter, "when you are put upon the mill, be sure to take the corner next the wall."

"I cannot see the point of your anecdote, Master Asmodeus," I observed.

"Well, I shall explain it, and narrate the *finale* of the captain's hymeneal adventure, in order that, in a similar emergency, you may have the benefit of example. The happy pair, after mutual interrogatories and replies, found themselves similarly circumstanced; neither dare return to the place from whence they came; and, on a comparison of the value of their joint effects, it was candidly admitted that the contents of the carpet bags would scarcely pay the expenses attendant upon picking the locks. The lady proposed, under pretence of taking a rural stroll, that they should quietly sneak away; but the captain recoiled from the bare idea. Their advance upon the "Golden Lion" had been made in style, and their departure should be marked with even a superior *éclat*. The landlord was summoned to the presence; and, after a most respectable bill of fare had been submitted, revised, and accepted, Captain Lumsdale carelessly inquired whether the lady of his love would "take a morning drive to Kenilworth?"

"Oh, she so longed to see it!"

"Ah, let me calculate time; say dinner, seven—four horses will do it comfortably. And put something cold in the carriage, with a bottle of champagne."

The landlord smiled, bowed, and departed; and, in twenty minutes afterwards, Captain Lumsdale was lolling in the corner of a yellow landaulet, and

"Lovely Thais sate beside him."

The ruins were visited and admired, lunch paraded and discussed, the post-boys directed to order what they pleased at the inn, and the happy pair left to themselves to bill and coo in peace.

Hours passed. "Lord!" muttered a sexagenarian post-boy, "what can these lovers find to talk about?" and the younger assistant was despatched to hint that the old scytheman will not wait for Cupid.

The ruins were searched in vain; and where were Captain Lumsdale and his lady? Perched outside on the Birmingham "Defiance," which they had gained by a cross-road and an hour's walk; and, lest any accident should befall the forks and silver spoons, Captain Lumsdale had prudently put them in his pocket.

THE AMERICAN IN PARIS.

BY I. MARVEL.

Paris, 1848.

PRAY, have you forgotten, my dear F——, our dining together, some three years since, at the Palais Royal, and our strolls under the Arcade, or up the long asphalted walk of the Champs Elysées?

Have you forgotten the black-eyed brunette *au premier*, and the cigar-woman at the corner,—do you remember sweltering under an August sun, across the great, bare Place du Carrousel?

—Well, here I am again, under just as broiling a sun, and taking my after dinner strolls, in the same lazy and speculative humour.

Our last encounter was, you know, in a little fifth floor room of a dark street, near the Via Condotti, at Rome. You had taken your place for Civita Vecchia: your arm was covered with rosaries, which the good old Pope Gregory had only that morning blessed: the clock at Monte Citorio had sounded three past the Ave Maria; and in an hour you were to set off. I promised to meet you at the little court of the Vetturino. At the appointed hour, with our common friend, Sorsby, (what on earth has become of him?) I was on the spot. There was no one stirring. At length the cry of "*bottega!*" roused a man in a red night-cap, who said that a carriage had set off for Civita Vecchia a half hour before. So, I lost the last shaking of hands.

From that day to this your face has been a stranger to me. Yet, so strange are the passages of our changing American life, twice at least, since that time, have we been domiciliated in the same city, four thousand miles from Rome; and once, I was a personal intruder in your bachelor room, in the quiet of New England, and left my card for you in the hands of a very spruce-looking, middle-aged lady, who, they told me, was your housekeeper. Now, again, at the old spot where our acquaintance was begun, three thousand miles from your home, and as many from my own, am I waking the old remembrances, and so weaving a little chronicle of the past and present, that next week will be riding over the ocean toward you, and with which, next month, you will light your pipe under the shade of the elm-trees of Newhaven!

You wonder, I dare say, what on earth can have brought me to the focus of these blood-letting times, and are half-amazed to catch sight of the familiar hand, and the old name at foot, associated with such date;—most of all, when you were dreaming that I was busy with my oat-crops, and Bakewell sheep, in a shaggy valley of Connecticut, wearing off the sunny days in true field-work, and "i' the cloud" dropping, as was my custom, a worm in the brook.

To tell the truth, the same roving humour brought me here, which led us both, on a fine September day, three years gone, over the glorious pass of the Dent du Jaman, looking down on sweet Lac Lemman, and the gaunt frosted mountains of Savoy,—far over, a tedious day's walk, into the mouldy, cheese-smelling town of Gruyere.

Even sometimes now, when events lag, and Assembly, and soldiery, and blouses seem getting rationally disposed, I take down my knapsack, and see to the buckles, and fastenings, and flask, and tell my landlady that in a day or two I shall be cruising among the water-courses of Brittany, or upon the Pyrenees. But, before I can get fairly cloaked and hatted for the venture, and my passport *en règle*, comes some delirious interval over the Paris world, which sets them all agog; and then, they play me such tragedy, and long-faced comedy in the streets, that I forget all about the mountains, and wayside inns, and am as deeply occupied in the spectacle before me, as even you, in your by-play, over a smuggled *fibula*, or at the Clinique. Though you will scarce believe it, I was half tired of the city even before the advent of the murderous days of June;—tired of everlasting knots of blouses, and twilight processions, and papers growing bitter at the government, and bitter at the rich. It was all, to be sure, very different from the quiet and orderly Paris which cherished us and our little schemes three years gone by; yet I should have turned my back upon it, and been measuring the *marais* of the old Vendean battle-ground, at the time the Parisians were arranging their *Republique Sociale*, had it not been for the merest incident.

Listen, but do not laugh until you have heard me through.

It was, I think, the 19th of June, that I had occasion to pass, one evening about twilight, in one of the back streets in the neighbourhood of the Madaleine. I met a man in blouse, dirtily dressed, in low slouching cap, with head slightly grey, who gave me such a look of fiendish hate, as absolutely frightened me. How I happened to catch his eye, I know not; but, with my glance once fixed, his look was so peculiar, I could not give it up, till he had passed. I unconsciously edged off from the *trottoir*, and gave him full arms' length. After leaving him three or four steps, I turned; he too had turned, and was following me with his eye, and with such fiendish expression, as I think I never saw before on a human face.

I turned at the first corner, and then doubled round another, to elude any possible pursuit, and when fairly upon the open Boulevard, I felt as grateful for escape, as when we heard the crashing of the last thunderbolt on that dreadful night we passed together in the mountains above the Chateau of Chillon. I could have sworn to the mischievous intent of this man, and felt a presentiment that trouble was somewhere brewing. That very night, the hideous face and starting eye-balls, shaded by the same slouching cap, appeared in my dreams.

The dream and the man kept me loitering in Paris. Now, see the oddity of the sequel: four days after, and I saw the same face, blackened with burnt powder, the grey hair now all singed, passing under my window, in the midst of a company of closely-guarded insurgent prisoners.

I felt as if relieved of a personal enemy; and an occasional fear even now harasses me, lest the villain should have escaped, and be still lurking in the narrow streets of the city. I have set down this little *rencontre*, all simply as it occurred, to give you some idea of the existing difference between this Paris and the laughing Paris of old. You know very well that faces in side-streets were not to be looked at then, with dread; I think I could recall some such face-meetings at twilight, which were almost anything but frightful.

You surely have not forgotten old faces ; they must come trooping upon you, sometimes out of the smoke of your evening pipe. Even now, ten to one, your thoughts are busier with the past, started by this careless gossip of mine, than with anything present, though it be a half-score of orders upon your progressional slate. Times, places, faces come crowding on your thought, and so, your quiet room, the shadow of the curtain, its fringe playing in the light summer-breeze, the sweeping green, the long line of red college buildings—all is vanished, and you, spite of yourself, are here, present with me, upon the noisy and bustling Boulevard. From a little not very unpleasant experience of my own I know what a truant imagination will sometimes do for a man ; and that before now it may have set your thought drifting away from scalpel and forceps, and moored it high over the house-tops of *la belle ville*. It was so with me not two years since ; and in as pretty a valley as girts up from the marge of the Connecticut, a name, or a date even, would set my busy fancy sailing hitherward swift and earnest, and my poor brain would work away from the summer or the harvest labour, and be fearfully taxed with the tide of drifting memories.

If these in the green tree, what then in the dry ?

If before this tempest of change you could wander back at a trifling word, how now, when your thought comes striding the stormy blast of revolution ?

Pray, how does your fancy paint things now ?

Have you handled your map till its edges are all furred, tracing the line of the barricades, and marking the progress of our war ? Have you brought to light your Paris portfolio, and looked again earnestly at Pont Neuf, and the Palais Royal, and the garden of the Tuilleries, and, taking your uninitiate companion by the button-hole, said to him, with a *quasi* Humboldt air, "Here I sauntered on such a day ; here I dined on a Sunday ; here I wandered many a night in the moonlight ? And, have you taken out your old amputating-case, —alas ! too rarely in demand in your quiet corner,—and wiped the bright blades, thinking what harvest of legs and arms followed upon that fearful *quartette* of days, the insurrection of June ?

In your old quarter of the Rue de L—y, you know you would have been in the midst of the insurgents and capitally convenient to the Clos St. Lazare. As for myself, with the same run of good luck which has kept my head upon my shoulders up to the date of my present writing, I was out of all bullet reach, though still near enough to have a very definite notion of the progress of the fight, and sometimes to estimate with some degree of care the means of escape in the rear.

Two of my windows commanded a view of the Boulevard, and two looked upon a deep and dark court. Whenever possible, and danger did not seem imminent, my post of observation was, of course, at the windows in front. Thence, I saw the passage of all the troops, the detachments of prisoners, and the sad convoys of the dead and wounded. But it not unfrequently happened, on my showing my head on the little balcony overlooking the Boulevard, that one or two of the detachment of Guards at the corner would point their muskets at me, and cry "Fermez les fenêtres !"

The truth was, the Guard had been fired upon from windows in various parts of the city, and the order had gone forth that all win-

dows should be scrupulously closed. Under such circumstances it would have been very injudicious not to yield to the demand accompanying the levelling of a musket.

For the next half hour I would betake myself to the window looking on the little court in the rear. While there, I could not help noticing two large green boxes, filled with very thrifty "morning glories," in a window on the other side of the court, and which, I observed, were attended very assiduously by quite a pretty girl, in a blue and white dress. I am sure she must have watered them eight or ten times on the first day of the insurrection, and fifteen or twenty times on the second day. As for the number of times that she examined the leaves, to see if any speck was upon them, I kept no account of them.

You will smile at my speaking of a mere box of flowers; but, I assure you, imprisoned as one was day after day, denied even his little front balcony to rove in, he gladly seized upon the slightest relief. Sometimes I gave up the "glories," and stole back to catch another sight at the Boulevard. Peeping out slyly, I would frequently get a fair look before any of the truculent guards would catch sight of me. Then it was directly the old story—"Fermez"—then an angular, threatening gesture with the musket,—"*fermez les fenêtres, monsieur!*"

When, however, a detachment of the Provincial Guards made their appearance, we were allowed breathing-time to add our voices to the applauding *vivas*. Above, below, opposite, all around, the windows filled with women, and superannuated old men and boys, and the street resounded with "*Vive Rouen!*" or "*Vive Orleans!*" and the strangers replied "*Vive la Garde Nationale!*" I wish I could give you some idea of the effect of these simple cries. All you remember of the old "*Vive le Roi!*" on a fête-day is nothing—the mere chirp of chimney-swallows, compared with the shout of an army.

You must remember, in the first place, that the streets were as empty, save the patrol, thirty strong, at each corner, and the passing legion, as the streets of a plague-stricken city. Not a shop was open; not a wheel stirring; scarce the clash of a single hoof. The patrol formed in line as the legions approached. When the front ranks were opposite the officers raised their swords, and at the signal the shout of welcome rose, as if the voice of a hundred were in ten. Then came the louder cry of the thousands passing, shouting by battalion. Scarce had the rear passed when the van were exchanging other greetings. So the hoarse roar, once wakened, came back from interval to interval in harsh gusts of sound, and only ceased as it mingled in the distant crash of the conflict.

As every Frenchman capable of bearing arms was ordered into the street, and as there was nothing in my appearance, as seen at a third-story window, which would forbid, *à priori*, my being taken for a subject of the *vraie République*, I felt a little delicacy about too great exposure. It happened, however, that my next neighbour was a Turk, who sometimes took position, with turban and long pipe, in the next window to my own. By good fortune I was myself possessed of an Egyptian cap; so that, by studying a little the arrangement of my *robe de chambre*, and adjustment of my blue tassel, I succeeded in passing for one of the same family with my demure neighbours of the turban.

To get one's dinner under such a state of siege required not a little strategy. During the day we were allowed the range, in the side-streets, of what you call, *chez vous*, a block; that is to say, if you were upon a street at right-angles to the Boulevard, you had the freedom of so much of it as lay between the Boulevard and the next parallel street.

A single little restaurant by good fortune lay in my free quarter; but, unfortunately, so encumbered with guards and officers, that it was sometimes quite into the evening before I could secure a place.

On the third night, if I remember, it was past nine before I entered, and my dinner was but half finished when the guard ordered the door to be closed.

"But," said madame, "a gentleman is at dinner."

"It is no matter," said the guard; "our orders are positive; and you, madame, if you do not step within the door, may be struck by a ball!"

All this was communicated to me some fifteen minutes after, when I had finished my dinner.

The position was embarrassing; if I escaped a ball, still I might be taken to prison, orders were positive to take into custody all who could not give a satisfactory account of themselves; and it occurred to me that possibly it might be unsatisfactory to say I had just been dining, at half-past ten.

I went to the door. Muskets were cracking but a little way off; and at either end of the street I could see the dark groups of the soldiery, and hear their watchword singing between the houses, like an angry bark—"Prenez garde à vous!"

I hardly knew whether to risk a run, or to brave a leisurely walk. Madame advised the last; so I set off, with as firm a step as I could command, toward home. Good luck took me unchallenged to my very door; but, just as I was arrived opposite came the demand, like a sudden blow, "Qui vive?"

It was the work of an instant to spring within the doorway; and the next I was passing, two steps at a jump, up the dim and greasy stairway.

On the second day of the outbreak I was compelled to pay a visit at some distance from my quarters, and it would fill a sheet to tell you of all the numerous arrests and counter-arrests of which I was the victim; and what chicane and manœuvre left me free from final capture, and restored me to my old neighbourhood, beside the smoking and turbaned Turk.

As for the little streets I passed through, they presented a singular spectacle: all noise of business was silenced; no milkman's horn; no greasy *marchand d'habits*; no long car of *haricots verts*. Scarce a man, save the red-epauletted guard at the corners, was to be seen; on all the door-steps, and out even into the middle of the street, seated on chairs, and stools, and boxes, were old women, and grisettes, and children, with long strips of linen cloth, plucking off *charpie* for the wounded. Sometimes their labour would be broken in upon by the approach of some litter with a mangled body; then, the women would crowd earnestly around, and the guards would question earnestly the bearers; a moment or two of rest, and the wounded would pass on, and the women resume their labour.

Here see how naturally, and inadvertently, as it were, I am back

to the story of our bloody struggle ; of which, I dare say, you have already heard *ad nauseam*. Yet the jottings down of an old companion of travel will, I cannot doubt, commend themselves, even at the eleventh hour, to your indulgence.

You, who have walked the Prado, and sometimes lit your pipe in an alcove of the Mabil, know that such scenes of intestine war could not pass over the Paris world without some sketchy bye-plays of French romance. In the hurry, and bustle, and blood, they have hitherto been smothered ; but are now finding the light.

Some two days since a great crowd was collected about the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. I pushed my way through, and having entered, and mounted upon a chair, I saw over the heads of the multitude a number of white dresses and bridal-wreaths, and two or three very smart uniforms of the National Guard.

Presently, there passed down the aisle a pale, delicate-looking bride, and a stout fellow for a bridegroom, with a huge, red epaulette on each shoulder ; as they passed out of the door, the crowd gave the bridal party one or two very hearty cheers. I wondered what it could all mean ; and after asking one or two of the loiterers, as well as the sanctimonious old fellow with the horse-hair brush and holy water, beside looking over the evening columns of the "Estafette," I came at the following little romance :—

Some four months back, and there came to live in the Maison Garnie, No. 30, Rue Neuve St. Pierre, Jean Battiste, a locksmith, and sergeant in the National Guard.

Now, at No. 30, Rue Neuve St. Pierre, there had been living a long time a pretty *couturière*, named Clemence D——. Jean was a *brave garçon* (you know what that means), and soon came to be the favourite of the whole neighbourhood.

Nor was it strange that Clemence should have her heart-failings, though a very industrious seamstress, and though she conducted the household arrangements for herself and her mamma with the most admirable *ménage*. She had been heard to say, at any rate, that Jean was *fort gentil* ; and she would sometimes linger at the Conciergerie, in her best crape hat, at an hour when everybody knew that Jean was about leaving his work.

Jean was a true Frenchman ; always gay ; making the best of every day's trials ; and not subject, as seemed, to any very desperate affairs of the heart. He had always a very graceful *bon soir* for Mademoiselle Clemence ; but, unfortunately, always as gracious a one for another little *couturière* who made her appearance at the third window of the *entresol*.

In this state of affairs, broke out our war of June (who can yet tell how many other little romances were dissipated, or how many shaded with blood, by that dreadful storm ?) Jean was ordered into immediate service. Clemence, and her rival of the *entresol*, both saw him take his departure. Jean kissed his hand to the little third window, and a small figure in pink and white kissed her hand in reply, and then put a white cambric handkerchief to her eyes.

As for Clemence, poor girl, she had not lived long enough in Paris for such feeling. She loved Jean, but she did not kiss her hand to him, nor did he see her put her handkerchief to her eyes. No one saw her : she did it all alone by herself, in her little chamber. Then smoothing her hair (you have not forgotten how prettily these Paris

girls smooth their hair with the flat of the hand?) she reflected that Jean might be wounded or killed; and at this, the handkerchief would go again to her eyes.

So annoying was all this, that she determined with a true lover's resolution, to follow Jean's battalion. This was not easy, unless she dressed *en cantinière* (or as, perhaps, you will better understand it, as *fille du regiment*). Nor could this be effected without a little secrecy and blinding her old mother's eyes. But when did a Frenchwoman's strategy fail? Clemence procured her dress; stole away from her home; attached herself to Jean's battalion; and, unknown in her disguise, ministered to his comfort.

In the evening of the first day, the company to which Jean was detached, was detailed on some special service. Clemence unnoticed, accompanied them. In one of the revolted districts they were attacked by a party of insurgents. Three bayonets were advanced at the same moment against poor Jean; a little more, and the locksmith would have ceased his mortal *travail*. But at the instant our little *cantinière* was between him and the insurgents. Even now, so ruthless were the rebels, the weapons were not stayed; one only was diverted. Two of the bayonets pierced the bosom of poor Clemence; and she fell bleeding on the pavement.

Jean, confused by the incident, saw her in a place of safety; the subsequent events of the battle almost drove it from his mind.

At the end of the fifth day he returned to his old quarters still ignorant who had saved him. He was met by a smiling face in the third window of the *entresol*; but there was no Clemence.

"Where is she, then?" said Jean.

"*Ma foi*, I do not know," said the *concierge*; "her mother is crazy; she has not seen Clemence since the first day of the insurrection."

Jean thought then of the poor *cantinière*, and recalled all the looks and words of Clemence; now, she might be dead.

Jean ran to the hospital, the *Hôtel Dieu*; but a great crowd was waiting, and two long hours he was obliged to keep his place in the *queue*.

You do not know, by the way, what a singular and impressive sight these long *queues* at the door of the hospitals presented, on the days immediately following the insurrection. You remember the old laughing *queues* at the *Variétés*; and the long, strong-smelling *queues* at the *Ambigu Comique*; and the moody, white-gloved *queues* at the *Italian Opera*; but this was something different from all. Here, was a poor mother, anxious to get one peep at a wounded son, and standing patiently in the broiling heat for hours, for that one little look. There, was a child, perhaps an only daughter, who had learned simply that her father was shot, and at the *Hôtel Dieu*; but whether severely wounded, or whether, even now, he might not be in the *salle* of the dead, she knew not! The poor thing waited there for hours in the hot sun to learn. You may be sure there was no joking! It was all dreadful earnest: and as they entered one by one, and announced the name of the person of whom they were in search, it was painful to watch the earnest expression with which they attended a reply. Perhaps, it was a direction to such a ward, or such another; or, perhaps, the wound was too dangerous to allow the admission of any friend; or, perhaps, the reply would come crushing in the cold tones of the *concierge*, "*Il est mort!*" Then

what utter anguish in that exclamation, with the clasped hands, "Oh, my God! *que je suis malheureuse—malheureuse!*"

But to return to the story of Jean: he at last found his way into the hospital; with a little tremor, he asked for Clemence. She was not there. And Jean went to another and another: at length in a special *ambulance*, he found his *cantinière*. It was, indeed, Clemence! She pressed his hand: Jean bit his lip, and turned his face; but kept her hand till the nurse forbade it. He asked no questions; he knew it all now. The wounds were serious, and might be fatal. She had need of quiet, and must not be disturbed by visits.

Jean went back to No. 30, Rue Neuve St. Pierre very thoughtful, and the little figure in pink and white, at the third window of the *entresol*, was disappointed in his reception of her welcome. The next morning, and the morning after, and every morning for a week, Jean was at the hospital to inquire after Clemence; and it was observed that he looked up less and less at the third window of the *entresol*.

In a month Clemence was at home and well, but pale and feeble. One morning Jean presented himself at the apartment occupied by Clemence and her mother. Clemence was hemming a little muslin cape, and her mother was dressing a dish of salad. Jean drew his chair near that in which Clemence was sitting. Jean said that he could never cease to regret that he had been the occasion of such misfortune to mademoiselle.

At this speech Clemence, like a sensible girl, kept steadily on with her work.

Jean wished he had been worthier of such sacrifice.

Still Clemence said nothing; though her fingers may have trembled a very little, and she may have taken one or two short stitches.

Jean wished he knew how he could make himself worthy.

Clemence plied her needle manifestly faster: whereas her mother had given up dressing the salad, and, having set down the stone bowl, stepped into the next chamber.

Jean watched the countenance of Clemence awhile very intently; it was pale, but flashes of vermilion ranged over it at intervals in a most singular manner, and which Jean thought could not be accounted for by her late illness.

"Clemence!" at length said he, in the way of question.

Clemence raised her eyes: what there was in them I don't know, but they seemed to give a full reply to Jean's short question. But what am I doing? Giving details of the hunt to an old stager!—Describing phenomena which must be as familiar to you as your scalp. But to finish my story:—As for Jean, he was the stout bridegroom I saw two days since at St. Germain l'Auxerrois. As for Clemence, she was the pretty bride in the white muslin dress, and with the white wreath of bridal flowers.

Don't think, I beg, that this is an episode of my own. It is one of the actual results of the late insurrection; for which I may refer you to an item among the *faits divers* of half the journals of Paris.

You would like, I know, to set a foot down some quiet evening in some of your old Paris haunts, just at this hour (it is sounding five by the clock *aux Chinois*); you would give all the freshness of your Derby-fed mutton, or Stamford steak, for the withered *bœuf braisé* at the up-stairs saloon of the Palais Royal. You would find

madame as stately as ever, flanked by her two piles of napkins ; and her bows now grown into mechanic inflections, as numerous and benevolent as before.

As for the master, age has not staled his infinite variety. His step is still firm, and his expression benign. He is as composed a republican as he was monarchist. Rebellion has not disturbed the equanimity of his temper, or deranged one whit the economy of his *salon*. True, the frequenters are diminished: you have now only tens where there were hundreds ; and I observed that there were fewer of the extra wines in demand than when we gossipped together under the last reign.

As for the sparkling brunette who presided over *abricots* and oysters, she has felt not a little the lapse of time ; and, from the presence of a little, waddling, black-eyed child, occasionally making plunges from behind the door, it is to be feared that our old friend has been shuffled off the coil of *grisette-dom* into the unsparing gulf of matrimony.

The two Cheeryble brothers, who always ate with their napkins tucked in their throats, are gone ; and in their place is a stern man with a grey, grizzly beard, to whom I observed the master twice offer (after a gentle tap) his old, long, black mulberry snuff-box. I am led to suppose that the grizzly beard stands well with the government if, indeed, it does not adorn the sitting of the Palais club.

Martin, our old *garçon*, I can find no trace of ; I fear he may have been shot in June.

The little fat woman who sold cigars at the corner, has given place to a lean, long, hideous body, who, I am told, was an active member of one of the *club des femmes*. It is needless to say that her trade is falling off.

As for the stall-girls at either extremity of the Gallerie d'Orleans, they are nearly all gone. I know you will heave a sigh at this, and say in 'your inmost heart, "Then, surely, is the glory gone from Israel !"

Some of the old stalls are mercilessly boarded over, and others are still more mercilessly tenanted by haggish, blear-eyed women, whose ugliness even cannot tempt your pity. One or two are occupied by array of plaster statuettes—little Aphrodites, and stout Diana, *assai piu naturale, che se fosse viva*.

In short, you would wander a stranger from end to end of the Gallerie d'Orleans ; the quick-footed *grisettes*, that tripped over its pavements, and glided round the corners, are glided off the stage. There is nothing to tempt them now: no such gay spendthrifts as you and S—, to win their smiles. Alas! alas! for this heavy, this bloody republic!

Where are you all, bright and gay spirits of the past, that lent such a charm, even to humble *trottoir*,—breathing life and animation—dispensing cheer and smiles, and by your presence consuming the leaden cares that now hang heavy on the spirits of the wanderer?

Thus ten times a day I break out in apostrophe ; and ten times a day roll under my tongue these Jeremiad genitives,—*tædet—tædet harum quotidianarum formarum!*

Is it, can it be, that two or three years have so altered the colour of a man's mind, that old beauty is now become hideous, and youth taken on age, and cheer grown dull? Do you think, that if you

were transported this instant, with all the seams and scars of your plodding bachelor years upon your head, that your eyes would be still young to what is gay, and your ears open to what is tender?

Shall I tell you frankly that I have had misdoubts, if there be not something in the passage of time, and not alone in the city-change, which has interposed a film; and though there be, as I know, great falling off from the old *laughing* air of Paris, yet these eyes have blinked at much wind and water,—at the storm-clouds of the valley of the Danube, and the spray of Niagara,—since they conveyed to this storehouse of the brain, the image that now comes back to harass me. It is Bruyère, I think, who says, “Un homme qui serait en peine de connaître s’il change, s’il commence à vieillir, peut consulter les yeux d’une jeune femme qu’il aborde, et le ton dont elle lui parle; il apprendra ce qu’il craint de savoir.” *Rude école!* I dare not make the essay until sure of some kindred sympathy.

Meantime, I lay unction to my vanity, in carping at the wasted manliness around me. If Paris has lost its grace, and its laugh, what on earth has become of its prudence and dignity?

But, I am too near the end of my letter to be setting down for you the madcap fancies of these hair-brained Parisians, and their spasmodic efforts to erect such system as at home we honour.

I will talk of this in another, and more sober vein. But, be sure, there is nothing in the new *régime* that an American would dare to lay his hopes upon: there is no manner of regret yet bred in my mind by any liberty-flourish, or boasted fraternity, or blaze of lampions, that my home yet lies in the barbarous country where God and nature ordained it. I find no Brougham-like inclination growing on my thought, to transport my *Lares*, and set them up under the protecting shadows of the slim, waving poplars.

No, depend upon it, that that little rough corner of country, named after its strong Saxon nurse, New England, and which you and I call mother, is, after all, in everything that can bring home contentment and joy to the hearts of the million, the most unmatchable piece of earth that is anywhere to be found under the face of heaven! And at this distance away, with three thousand miles of green ocean water tumbling and dashing between, I turn with a new sort of pride that is more grateful to my spirit than any liberty *furor* of the Parisian can ever be to his, to the institutions of New England; institutions of education and of religion,—institutions of family and of society, which would make of monarchy a far better thing than the French can make of a republic.

They do not, indeed, there cherish any very philosophic notions about the universal partition of property, and the absurdity of family affections, and the old age of Christianity, but they keep, instead, a restraint upon their own passions, an obedience to constituted authorities, an old-fashioned regard for family ties, a curious, traditional sort of trustfulness in the ways of Providence, and an assured belief that “*Except HE keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain!*”

You will excuse, I know, a little magniloquence in what lies so near my heart, and—so near the end of my letter.

Pray think of me sometimes over a cup of your Madeira; and I will balance the thought over Chambertin—wishing you health, and, as the Italians expressively say, “*ogni picinissima contentezza.*”

Truly yours,

IK. MARVEL.

Wayside Pictures

THROUGH

FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY.

VII.—THE CITADEL, THE CONQUEROR, THE CHURCHES.

If the streets of Caen are not altogether so picturesque as those of Rouen, there are some points of tempting interest for the artist. One of the most remarkable of these—on the Rue des Quaies—has hitherto escaped the honors of the pencil, while almost every other crevice of the town has been painted and engraved over and over again. This dusky, frowning old street runs down one bank of the Orne. The stream ripples past the back of the Church of St. Pierre, and is crossed at this spot by the Rue St. Jean, the houses of which being built over the bridge, cast the whole of that part of the water into deep shadow. The old church, with its vast illuminated windows, and lofty spire piercing the skies—the low black archway of the bridge, buried under masses of antique houses—the jutting roofs, tottering balconies, wooden terraces, relieved by an occasional growth of ivy, and shrubs in boxes, and irregular *façades* of wood and stone, presenting infinite varieties of light and shade—the *flotilla* in the gloomy river below, where the sisterhood of the *blanchisserie* perform their mysteries—and the enormous tower and crazy bridge which terminate that side of the picture—form a street-scene of a striking character. Visited by moonlight, or just before sunrise, you get at the artistical effects of the shadows falling on the river, and lying in the recesses of the quaint architecture.

Every step you take in Caen is upon historical ground, especially the citadel. Here you are treading a spot of earth which was trodden many centuries ago by William the Conqueror, and selected by him as the site of a fort, with a view to purposes he did not live to accomplish. At that time, the river was probably capable of floating up vessels of magnitude to the city, but the obstructions at its *embouchure* have long since rendered it unavailable on an extensive scale. At high tides they can sometimes bring vessels to the quays of one hundred and fifty or two hundred tons burthen; a resource utterly inadequate to the wants of the place.

You ascend to the Citadel by an abrupt, narrow, winding street, where you see a number of women sitting outside their doors making lace. These women are generally the wives of sailors and fishermen connected with the port, and being left to their own resources for several months in the year, they thus endeavour to beguile their time, and secure a livelihood. The rapidity with which the rollers round which the thread is wound fly through their fingers is bewildering. There they sit, chattering and gossiping, singing and scolding the urchins that are sprawling about on the pavement, and all the time they are probably working a pattern of flowers, or fruit, or foliage of such delicate tracery that the slightest error would spoil its elegance. Yet they never make a mistake.

They seem to work by instinct—such is the rapidity, apparent heedlessness, but absolute certainty of the process.

Having passed up this narrow street you gain the summit of a little hill. The military character of the scene now expands before you. Every incident in the picture indicates the uses of the place: the nakedness of the little hill itself—the broad, deep, dry moat, overgrown with glistening grass—the tattered bridge leading into the fort, with the solitary sentinel, who, having nothing to do, looks horribly tired—the guard-house, with nothing to guard, and the green exercise ground, which, sprinkled over with linen spread out to dry, appears to be appropriated by the soldiers' wives. You cross the tattered bridge, and, mounting a flight of broken stone steps on the right hand, find yourself on the summit of the highest part of the fortification. Here you have an imposing view of the descent into the moat. As you look down, a series of rocks seems to be toppling into the green abyss, and whichever way you turn you see nothing but monstrous battlements and terrible steps. Below you, on one side, you observe a bridge spanning the gloomy depths from an ancient tower and gateway to an artificial promenade on the margin of the opposite hill. Winding down the inner descent you reach this bridge, but you must not cross. The promenade, consisting of a bare gravel walk without trees, inserted between two strips of sward, is reserved for certain privileged persons; and, unless you have previously obtained special permission, you will not be admitted into their worshipful company.

Returning, after peeping over the bridge into the grassy gulf below, and gazing upwards at the fortifications, which wear an impregnable aspect to non-military eyes, and wondering how flowers could find their way into such precipices of stone, you make a *détour* out of the fortifications by the garden of the commandant, passing through a rich green meadow, which is used for the double purpose of military exercise, and a pleasure ground for the citizens, who in the summer weather collect here in crowds.

Although the names of William and Queen Matilda are as familiar as household words to the very peasantry here, not a single memorial of them remains except the citadel and the churches and abbeys they built, and a brief inscription. It is the same everywhere in Normandy—even at Falaise, where the Conqueror was born, and at Rouen where he died.

That history is the saddest of all the glory-histories on record. The eyes of William the Conqueror were closed by menials, who after helping themselves to his wardrobe, absconded, and abandoned his unburied corpse—as in his last hours he was forsaken by his friends and his family. A peasant took pity on the dead body of the king, and caused it to be conveyed to Caen for burial. As the bearers approached the city a fire broke out, and scattered the procession, such as it was. It seemed as if even this last miserable honour was interdicted by Destiny. Worse still happened on the way to the grave. Having reached the church at last, the form of a funeral *éloge* was got through with as much show of ceremony as circumstances permitted; but when the bishop called upon the people to pray for the soul of the deceased, a citizen sprang up, and vehemently protested against the interment. His father's house had

stood upon that spot, and had been illegally seized by William, and its inmates driven out into the streets. For this wrong the citizen demanded restoration of the ground as the property of his family, and refused to let the rites proceed. The justice of the demand was seconded by the unanimous voice of the people ; and the priests, after vainly remonstrating against the interruption, were compelled to compromise the matter, by purchasing from the citizen the little space of earth in which the remains of the monarch were about to be deposited. The burial service was suspended, while the price of the king's grave was debated and paid over in the nave of the church. This obstruction removed, all was now ready for the last office ; but a strange fatality still followed the corpse. As the coffin was swung down, it struck against the sides of the grave, and breaking open at the shock, flung its swollen contents so violently to the bottom, that the corpse burst. The effluvia which instantly filled the church was so overpowering that the people rushed out. Even the priests fled, and the last rites were left unfinished. The body was hastily huddled up in the earth, and lay there unmolested for nearly three centuries, when the Calvinists, who had heard that treasures of great value had been buried with it, tore up the grave, and finding nothing but the bones of the skeleton, collected them in a piece of red taffeta, and scattering them about the church, completed the desecration by destroying the gravestone. The relics were afterwards stealthily gathered, and placed for safe custody in the hands of a monk, who preserved them carefully in his cell, hoping to find an opportunity of restoring them to the rifled grave. But that opportunity never came. The same malignant destiny still pursued them. The town was sacked, the monks expelled, and the bones dispersed for the last time. And all that now remains of William the Conqueror is a hip-bone, which a Norman gentleman begged, or bought, from the insurgents, and deposited under his monument.

Yet this king, so opprobriously dealt with, was a most royal benefactor to the town ; and the indignities cast upon his dead body were perpetrated in the presence of those noble structures which owe their origin to his munificence. The churches ought to have saved him from neglect and contumely, if there was nothing due to him on his own account. The founder of the churches of St. Etienne and the Trinity—unsurpassed in the severe simplicity of their style—was entitled to the poor reward of being at least spared from insult in his tomb. These churches are amongst the miracles of Norman art. We here miss the airiness and grace which at first sight enchant the imagination in some of the florid erections of a later date, and as we glance along the columns, they appear heavy after the minute embroidery the eye has been accustomed to elsewhere ; but when you have fully entered into the repose of the nave and aisles, and become familiar with the majestic austerity of their proportions, the grandeur of the conception gains gradually upon the mind, and fills it with a feeling of profound awe. The recessed pillars—the groined roofs—the colonnaded naves—the vastness and elevation, are elements of a magnificence expressly characteristic of the highest forms of Norman architecture. The Church of St. Pierre, more modern by two or three centuries, is the perfection of the poetry of ecclesiastical art. For exquisite

beauty, elegance, and magnitude, the spire of this church is unrivalled; and the wonderful lightness of the interior—the tall, narrow arches, with their slender columns—the delicacy and fragility of the general design, and the great height to which the roof is carried without any visible means for its support, realize such a fabric as Keats or Spenser might have dreamed of.

But who can hope to convey any intelligible notion of these Caen churches? I have a bundle of notes (all of admiration!) about them, which I quietly consign to my portfolio. Whoever would obtain a true impression of such structures must go and see them.

VIII.—A PEEP INTO FAIRYLAND.

THE country between Caen and Avranches runs through the heart of the popular superstitions of Normandy. The character of the scenery harmonises to a miracle with the wild sorceries and fairy mythology which are still articles of faith amongst the peasantry, and which are derived chiefly from the Germans. The whole of this district is similar in its general features to that lying between Rouen and Caen, with greater variety and picturesqueness. It is more mountainous and abrupt, and the transitions are more sudden and surprising. You are perpetually fascinated by unexpected disclosures of charming bits of agricultural landscapes opening out of wierd solitudes and dark woods, and coming upon you like the lulling melody of flutes, when their sweetness hushes into silence the brass-mouthed clamour of the orchestra. The road pierces luxuriant valleys richly draped with foliage, or covered with corn and pasturage, and presents a constant succession of hill and dale; sometimes descending into the depths of a forest, sometimes emerging into orchards and wheat-fields, sometimes straining the summits of mountains which, at a little distance, seem almost perpendicular, and sometimes rushing down fearful declivities with a perilous velocity that curiously enhances the romantic interest of the scenery. But the road is in excellent condition, and there is not the slightest actual danger, alarming as it is to look upon the frantic gallop of the horses scattering over the highway, apparently beyond the control of the driver, who, to do him justice, is thrown at such moments into a delirious ecstasy, which divides your terror with the mad flight of the cattle.

It requires very little fancy to people this region with the fairies and were-wolves and apparitions which enter so largely into the superstitions of the people. The gloomy recesses of the forests, plunging down into green darkness many feet below the level of the highway, with fragments of white crags starting up here and there in their distant depths, so suggestive of the sheeted phantoms that are said to haunt them, supply you at once with a satisfactory machinery of witchcraft and ghost-lore. It is here that the *loup-garou*, who terrifies the lonely neighbourhood in the dark nights with his ravenous howl, may be supposed to have his lair; and here the unquiet spirits that find it impossible, for sundry unexplained reasons, to sleep in their graves, resort at midnight to wander about the dismal mazes of the forest, very careful not to wet their feet in the rills that run singing about the roots of the trees, although, accord-

ing to all well-authenticated traditions, they are not afraid of catching cold in the long, slimy grass steeped in eternal damps.

The most interesting of all the Norman ghosts that frequent these wooded dells are the *fetiches*, which must not be confounded in any way with the *fetich* of the Indians. The Norman *fetich* is a much more poetical affair. These gentle phantoms are as purely white as lilies, or flakes of snow, and move about as noiselessly as so many rays of light. Occasionally they flicker round the suburbs of villages, but being remarkably timid, and incapable of any great enterprises, they usually glide away into clumps of trees, or hide themselves in the valleys where even the moon cannot find them out. These melancholy sprites are unbaptized infants, who, being placed in an awkward dilemma for lack of the baptismal certificate, are not qualified even for purgatory, and are thus condemned till the day of judgment to float up and down between heaven and hell. Their appeals for admission to the former place are understood to be perfectly fruitless, but whether, in their infantine despair, they have ever made a similar application at the latter has not, I believe, been ascertained.

Here, too, in these shadowy glens on slender stretches of sward, under the shelter of lofty beeches and pines, you may see, or imagine you see, large rings marked out on the grass, and withered up with precision at the edges. These are the veritable *cercles des fées*. Bishop Corbett assures us, that the merry pastimes of the fairies went out in England in the reign of King James.

“ Witness these rings and roundels
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days,
On many a grassy plain ;
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later James came in,
They never danced on any heath,
As when the time hath bin.”

But it may be asserted with no less authority that they are not gone out in Normandy yet. The fairies still hold their revels here as royally as ever. An existence which derives its lease from the imagination of the people runs no great risk of being disturbed in this part of the world. The over-growth of population has not yet cut down the woods and reared manufactories in their stead. The progress of utility has not yet built tall chimneys in these poetical ravines. The peasantry have not yet been disenchanting into stokers and navvies ; and the old faith still lingers lovingly in their sequestered homesteads.

The fairy-legends of Normandy are full of a humanizing tenderness, which falls in gracefully with the sombre earnestness of the popular temperament. These fairies are not specially distinguished, like other fairies, for skipping about in the moonlight. Out of the exuberance of their fairy nature, they indulge in romps and dances ; but they have more in them of the genteel-comedy qualities of Titania, than of the mischievous traits of Puck and Robin Goodfellow. They are capable of the softest emotions, and have often been known to suffer severely under the blight of disappointed affections. The fairy, like beauties of another order, sometimes begins by playing with the passion of love, confiding in her own invulnerable

power, and ends by being taken in the very trap she had so ingeniously laid for her mortal lover. Once caught in this way, the poor fairy is even less able to extricate herself than the human sorceress whose divinations she so fatally imitates.

There was a famous knight in this country who flourished nobody knows how many years ago, and whose name was Robert of Argouges. His story has often been told, and is one of the stock traditions of the province; but it will be new to a great many people for all that. The grand achievement of his life was a single combat with a Teutonic giant, who had slain every man he encountered until he met Robert of Argouges, by whom he was himself slain. Upon an ordinary calculation of the chances between that prodigious personage and a middle-sized Norman knight, such a result could hardly have been anticipated, and it was, therefore, surmised that Robert of Argouges was sustained in this very unequal duel by superhuman aid. This opinion was strengthened by a device of Faith which he wore emblazoned on his shield and banner, and by the battle-cry of *La Foi—la fé*, which descended from him for many generations afterwards to his family. The real facts of the case were these.

Robert had become acquainted with a certain beautiful fairy in the woods, and had fallen in love with her. There is no accounting for such things. He knew she was a fairy, and no fit bride for him, but he fell deeply in love with her notwithstanding. At first he reasoned a little with himself; so did she perhaps, if beautiful fairies are capable of reasoning. He was well aware in a vague way of the fairy antecedents of her life, and of what he might expect if he suffered his passion for her to overwhelm his knightly judgment. But he imagined that, fortified by all this knowledge and good sense, and by his pretty extensive acquaintance with the nature of fairies in general, there was not much likelihood of matters growing very serious between them. He regarded it as a delectable pastime, and used to go to the woods to see her, thinking that nothing would come of it but the delight he felt in gazing into the depths of her lustrous eyes, in listening to the thrilling music of her voice, and pressing her soft hands, which he never touched without an admonitory vibration at his heart. And this fairy was endowed with wondrous beauty. Her head, exquisitely formed, with features as youthful as childhood, and locks crisped round them and floating upon the winds, combined the freshness of Hebe and the radiant joyousness of a *bacchante*; while her form was that of a voluptuous maturity. It was natural enough for Robert of Argouges to fall in love with her—fairy though she was.

The fairy, on her side, believed she was merely indulging in an amusement very common amongst fairies. She was conscious of a secret satisfaction in winning the affections of so gallant a knight. From the first, she was attracted by the peculiar gentleness of his manners, and was so pleased with his society that had she been but half as much on her guard as she foolishly believed she was, the danger that lay before them both must have been early apparent to her. But the fairy, like the knight, had fallen irremediably in love, and all her arts, and her self-control, and her command over the inspiration by which she had subjugated her mortal lover, could not save her.

As for the knight, he became more and more entranced every day.

He gradually absorbed her whole thoughts, and won her away from all her old associations. She no longer haunted the dells where she was once idolized as the gayest of the fairies, and she forsook the lively round to wander away with her lover in the sad woods. She bestowed upon him all the treasures over which her influence extended, the hidden riches of the mountains and the waters, and by her spells secured victory to him in all his battles. Thus, when he encountered the Teutonic savage, Robert of Argouges obtained an easy triumph.

His love was now at its height, and no consideration could restrain him from making a proposal of marriage to the fairy. In short, he felt that he could not live without her, and that it was better to incur all the mysterious perils of such a union than to pine into the grave in despair. She hesitated very much at first, for when matters come to that point with fairies they are proverbially shy and embarrassed. She told him very frankly that she had heard terrible tales of the inconstancy of men, and that, moreover, being mortal, he would be sure to die, while she would be left to an immortality of sorrowing widowhood. An immortal widow was an image that had never suggested itself to the imagination of Robert of Argouges, and it took him a little by surprise; but he soon overcame her scruples. Ah! that sophistry of love, how it deceives the wisest people! He assured her, that, though he was himself mortal, his love could never die; that in fact his love for her was more than human. She believed him, and she consented to become his wife on one condition, that he should never think of death, nor suffer the word *death* to pass his lips. He thought this a very easy condition, and agreed at once. She merely observed—but a shadow of sadness fell upon her bright face as she spoke—"Should you ever utter that word, that instant I must abandon you, and be wretched for ever!"

The fairy and the knight were accordingly married, and lived together as happily as the day was long. Years passed away, and neither of them ever thought that their bliss could have an end.

It happened that they were bidden to a grand festival, and the lady-fairy was more than usually scrupulous about her toilet. All her hand-maidens were busily employed in selecting her finest dresses and most costly jewels; while the knight, already in full costume, waited impatiently for her in the hall. Once, twice, thrice, he sent up his page to hasten her, and each time received an answer that she was coming. At length she appeared most gloriously attired, but Robert of Argouges was vexed at the delay, and instead of accosting her in terms of admiration, he exclaimed, "Fair lady! you have been in no haste at your toilette. You tarry so confidently that you would be the best of all messengers to send for *death*."

The fatal word was scarcely pronounced when the beautiful fairy turned pale, her full eye rested upon him for a moment with an expression of unutterable anguish, and she vanished from his sight. The space around him was vacant. He stood like a man bewildered. He was now conscious of what he had said, and of what he had lost for ever. A sudden sickness seized him, and he was carried to his bed, where he lingered for many days in profound anguish of mind. Every night the fairy flew round the tower where he lay, wailing with a piteous voice, "Death! Death!" till at last the knight

died. And to this hour, at midnight, the same melancholy voice may still be heard wailing round the old castle its passionate lamentation of "Death! Death!"

Such is the true history of Robert of Argouges.*

IX.—THE VAUX DE VIRE.

THE town of Vire is the first place of any consequence you arrive at *en route* from Caen to Avranches. The approach seems about as impracticable as the feat of a harlequin, when you see him preparing to leap up to the moon. You must literally scale the face of a precipitous hill to get into it. But the adventure gives you an opportunity of admiring anew the peculiar powers of the French horses. How they manage to keep their footing and scramble up the stony street which conducts you in a straight line to the summit of the town, not having even a zigzag to relieve their toil or help their breathing, is a veterinary mystery. The truth is, that gods, men, and columns are different in France from all other parts of the world.

I know not how it is, but neither English horses nor English drivers, with all their blood and dexterity, would attempt the things that are actually accomplished every day in France with the greatest apparent ease, and under, what we at least should consider, the most disadvantageous circumstances. The manner in which these creatures are kept at their work increases the marvel. Harness, properly speaking, they have none. One of the wheel-horses, perhaps, will have some fragments of a set of harness, picked up from the refuse of an English stable, head-stall, girth, and reins, so rusty, and tattered, and patched, and tied up, that you expect they will go to pieces every moment; the next horse will be nearly bare; while the three leaders will be governed by ropes and strings of different textures and strengths, knotted together after a fashion which shews that the whole affair is an *impromptu*, and that there is not the slightest attempt at preparation for the necessities of a journey. Yet wonderful are the exploits performed by the monstrous diligence which is whisked up and down the hills by these independent steeds.

The rate at which they gallop up the steepest ascents is incredible. The general system of the postillions in the management of their

* There are other versions of this legend, but we have wasted some laborious researches in the archives of Fairyland, if this be not the correct one. The fairy chroniclers, like all other early historians, have a perplexing way of contradicting each other, and, although we find them generally keep pretty accurately to the main facts, they exhibit strange differences in minor details. Thus, it is stated by some of these authorities, that Robert of Argouges never saw the fairy with whom he fell in love till he made proposals of marriage to her, that in fact he fell in love with her voice, and used to go into the woods to hear her sing, and that they used to respond to each other verse for verse, after the manner of two stage-lovers in an opera, supposing an impenetrable screen to be placed between them. It will be admitted that this version of the matter is neither very likely, nor very creditable to the common sense of the knight; and it must be satisfactory to the feelings of the Argouges family, who may be supposed to be deeply interested in the reputation of their illustrious ancestor, to know that if he did fall in love with a fairy, it was under circumstances to which men of even a more Platonic cast could scarcely be blamed for yielding. Another historian tells us that he lived many years after the disappearance of the lady, and, by the help of his invisible guardian, slew a great baron who made a descent upon his castle. But this is a sort of reflection upon the tenderness and fidelity of his character, which there can be no hesitation in pronouncing to be at least apocryphal.

horses may be thus described; and surely none of the evolutions in the circus at Astley's ever equalled it. On immediately turning the crest of a hill, the postillion goes gently with a caressing and encouraging voice. He and his cattle understand each other perfectly, and they know as well as he does what is coming. Towards the middle, he slackens his pace, and goes still more slowly; but he has scarcely reached the point of the greatest danger, where the dip of the hill gives a sudden and fearful rapidity to the sweep of the road, nearing the bottom, than he throws out that shrill jerking cry which is the token of impetuous haste, and cracking his whip some half dozen times in breathless succession, producing a volley of sounds like the sharp shots of a pistol fired close to your ear, he sets off his horses at full gallop. He now rears himself aloft in his stirrups in an access of ungovernable enthusiasm, and appears to enter fully into the wild career of the animals that are flying before him in a condition of insane excitement. Having thus impelled them helter-skelter with break-neck velocity to the bottom, he redoubles his efforts to gallop up the next acclivity. The horses, therefore, have to descend one hill, and instantly take the rise of another at the top of their speed. The postillion no sooner reaches half the ascent than, as before, he slackens his pace, and allows his panting coursers to take breath. But I have seen them at a heat of this kind take the whole hill without a pause, the postillion gathering them to a point with magical celerity and adroitness towards the crown of the summit to dash pell-mell over a narrow drawbridge, or through an archway which at the first glance appeared too small to admit the diligence. English postillions, also, take descents and ascents in a hand-gallop; but it is in the degree and continuity of the velocity that the French transcend all comparison. That, too, which may be conceived to be done with comparative safety by our trim coaches and artistically harnessed horses, becomes quite another affair when it is outdone by the towering diligence, and five or seven horses that look at least as if they were running away without a possibility of controlling their movements.

Vire is pitched on the pinnacle of a hill. The choice of such a situation is explained by the origin of the place, which was originally, time out of mind, nothing more than a strongly fortified castle. In the usual battering processes to which it was exposed, having been taken and retaken, sacked, blown up, and restored over and over again by the Bretons, French, and English, a little city gradually crept up round the blackened walls, under which the terrified inhabitants of the surrounding country had at various periods sought shelter. There is a river, called the Vire, which runs round about the city in a sinuous and tantalizing manner; and the city is called after the river; and the river is called after itself, in virtue of its many turns and windings.

Vire was formerly the capital of the Bocage, before the geographical, like the social distinctions of France had undergone a revolution; and by its position commands the whole of those delicious valleys which are known as the Vaux de Vire. The sylvan beauty of the scenery can hardly be surpassed. The hill is clasped by charming labyrinths of wood, intersected by walks and tracks that stretch downwards through endless ingenious mazes to the still valleys below. Here you may lose yourself at pleasure in a thousand

shadowy recesses, green slopes, and rural lanes. The dreamy hillsides with their deep foliage, and singing rills, are filled with all sorts of suggestive woodland sights, sounds, and odours. Descending into the valley, you come upon one of the prettiest streams that ever sparkled in a solitary dell. At first sight, it does not seem to have made a regular channel for itself, but to run through the trees at its own coquettish caprice. You catch it glancing now in one place, now in another, and always as if it were flirting through the wood with the birds and the water-lilies; and it is not till you have made your way to the banks of the stream, bowered over by trees, dipping their branches across in all manners of picturesque attitudes, that you are conscious of the presence of a river that turns several mills up the valley, besides serving other useful purposes which one must look after to ascertain.

The seclusion of these valleys lulls the senses like an enchantment, after the noises and scrambling bustle of the little streets from which you made your escape only five minutes before. You might easily imagine yourself hundreds and hundreds of miles away from that clattering, flinty high road which traverses the hill immediately above. There is hardly a sound to be heard, except the whirring of birds through the leaves, the ripple of the water as it breaks over its pebbly bottom, and, as you advance farther and farther, the clicking and splash of the mill-wheels. Occasional openings in the woods reveal scraps of the sweetest pastoral scenery, miniature gardens, sheltered orchards, and tiny vistas vanishing into the recesses of the hills. Tempting foot-paths run in and out amongst the trees, with pretty swinging gates and turnstiles, which you are at liberty to invest with what sylvan romances you please.

It is not to be denied that the operations of industry are beginning to break up the charms of the Vaux. A huge manufactory here and there shoulders the hanging woods, and unpleasantly reminds us that the green earth was not given to us solely for the uses of poetry, a wholesome truth which we are bound to treat with respect, but which we would rather reserve for consideration in other scenes and circumstances. Luckily we are able to compromise the matter by a peep at the rustic mills in which poetry and utility are pleasantly combined; and above all at the mill of Olivier Basselin, the poet of the Vaux. Very little of the original mill remains, and that little has nearly lost its character by annexation with a new house of a totally different style. But there is just enough of it to satisfy one's curiosity about the actual spot where that very jolly miller wrote those sparkling lyrics which were the ruin of his business, and the delight of the whole country round. The burthen of Basselin's songs was wine, and although the French are not a revelling people, they have such an impulse for gaiety and enjoyment in whatever shape they are presented, that these songs acquired a wide and lasting popularity. The freedom of the rhythm, the sparkling *abandon* of the sentiments, and the tripping vivacity of the *réfrain*, hit off the national taste with wonderful felicity. Basselin's songs are so expressly adapted to the genius of the people that they perish in the attempt to render them into any other language. They will not bear transplantation. For instance, how could we hope to convey in English such a flash of mirth as this:—

" He ! qu'avons-nous affaire
 Du Turc et du Sophy !
 Don ! Don !
 Pourvu que j'ai à boire
 De grands je d'y fi,
 Don ! Don !
 Trinque, seigneur, le vin est bon,
 Hoc acuit ingenium."

Basselin sometimes touched upon love, but it was all in the French way. True passion was out of the question with this merry dog of a miller. It was a glance, and a pretence of being wounded by a passing ray of light, and off again to his bottle. Of course, he neglected his mill, which was put into the hands of trustees; but he sang away as jovially as ever, and, when all other resources failed took arms for the defence of the city. He is described by the chroniclers, as the "joyeuse troubadour Normand, qui non moins bon patriot que bon chansonnier, fut tué, en 1417, en combattant les Anglais." His *chansons* were called "Vaux-de-Vires," after the locality out of whose romantic depths they issued, and hence originated the term Vaudeville, of which class of pleasant dramatic trifles, he is now acknowledged to be the father. A learned controversy was waged for some time about this term, which was asserted on one side to be derived from an earlier period, and from the custom of singing songs in the streets, by which the etymon was traced to the phrase *voix-des-villes*. But the dispute has been abandoned, and the paternity of the vaudeville is now universally surrendered to Olivier Basselin.

A century or so later, Basselin was succeeded by Le Houx, an advocate, who lived at Vire, and who, like his predecessor, relinquished his business to follow minstrelsy and the bottle. Le Houx's *chansons*, like the myriads of airy lyrics that have floated through France since his time, followed closely in the channels which had been first opened up by his predecessor. His inspiration was at second-hand; but this was no great matter in a class of fugitive pieces which ran the round of the same gay, idle topics, and which might be thrown off with facility by any Frenchman who possessed the requisite lyrical faculty and constitutional levity. Le Houx was an enthusiastic admirer of Basselin, and collected, and edited his works; an act of loving zeal for which he was duly punished by the monks, who regarded the scandal with such indignation that they ordained him to do penance for it by a pilgrimage to Rome, from whence, however, he returned as incorrigible a libertine as ever.

We must not leave Vire without a word upon the beauty of the women. It is the first thing that strikes a stranger in the streets of the little town. The character of the fair is different from that of all the other Norman women we have yet seen. The complexion is generally brunette, the mouth small and delicate, and the eyes are radiant with sprightliness and coquetry. The figure is smaller and more gracefully formed than that of the women of Caen or Rouen; and the dress is evidently chosen with considerable art to shew off these advantages to the utmost. They are particularly careful about the snowy whiteness of their linen; their petticoats, short and brilliant in colour, afford ample room and atmosphere to exhibit their small feet and ankles, with which they flirt as skilfully as with their eyes; their picturesque Cauchoisecaps, rising to a great height in the form of a

half-spread fan, with a long train hanging down the back; a transparent gauze over the shoulder and bosom, which are fully displayed by the extreme lowness of the dress; a pretty flying collar, called *point-à-jour*, and a black bead necklace, complete a costume so piquant and effective as to fascinate your attention the moment you enter the town. Of all the attractions of Vire, and they are numerous and charming, it is no heresy of taste to say that the conscious beauty of the women, of which they make so effective a display, is incomparably the most captivating.

X.—VILLE-DIEU.

FROM the seductive heights of Vire, after traversing a pleasant stretch of intervening country, we plunge into a valley, folding round us in diminishing coils till it terminates in a small circular dell, at the bottom of which stands the town of Ville-Dieu. It looks exactly as if it had been shot down into an abyss of trees, and had been considerably dislocated in the process. Whoever wishes to see a veritable town of the middle ages, with all its modes and tenements in perfect preservation, ought to go to Ville-Dieu. There is no space round about its staggering gables to enable the inhabitants to enlarge or re-construct it, even if they were so inclined. Its peculiar position renders improvement almost impossible, and its staple handiwork, which owes much of its reputation to the length and strength of its traditions, renders change of any sort undesirable. It seems to be a matter of policy, as well as necessity, with the people to keep up as well as they can the medieval character of the place. It must be allowed that they have succeeded to a miracle. I never saw a town which betrays so few touches of the hand of progress. It has the aspect of a place that had been thrown into a trance by some powerful wizard ages ago, and had remained in that condition ever since.

Sunk in a profound solitude, the gloomy austerity of Ville-Dieu helps out that antique tone which is so curiously realized in its close, dark passages. At the first glance, it suggests the idea of a small city that had tumbled into a hollow—houses, trees, and all—everything gradually settling into its place in the course of time. Streets there are, no doubt, but they abut in upon each at such odd angles and abrupt turns that they resemble broken rows of dominoes placed in and out by the fingers of a man labouring under a severe fit of palsy. The quaint houses, black, small, and frightfully out of the perpendicular, inspire you with a horrible suspicion that there is a power of vitality in them, not to step out of their foundations, but to fall upon you of their own volition, being apparently independent of the law of gravitation; and, as you move cringingly along, you expect every moment to be buried under a mass of stones and smashed timber, the streets looking as if they were premeditatingly toddling about you with a drunken intent to shut you up. Then there is a river, or rivulet, running, or sprawling, through Ville-Dieu, and a bridge you can hop over, and osiers growing near at hand, and an occasional melancholy willow weeping as fast as it can into the stream, and glimpses of green woods, convertible by the imagination into dim retreats for the fairies, who, from time immemorial have haunted this grim valley, and played mischievous pranks with the inhabitants. How they have made the contents of the *pot au feu* fly up the chimney; how they

have turned many a brave old woman's petticoats inside out; how they have whisked off old men's wigs, and made the hearts of young girls beat till they have broken the strings of their bodices, are incidents in the history of Ville-Dieu which are said to be recorded upon the most respectable authority. If one could get out of one's head the ragged clumps of gables knocking each other about as if rocking in the fury of a tempest, the stunted entries and windows, the crazy dormitories stretching their necks out of the roofs as if they wanted to look down into the street, and the blue-black pools of water with treacherous little rocks of stones in them that make the navigation of the town a dangerous undertaking—if one could get all these things out of one's head, it might be possible to conjure up a troop of fairies in the twilight of this lower world. But the fairies are more select in their taste, and having so many choicer places in these valleys for their recreation, would hardly think of setting up even a branch establishment at Ville-Dieu.

The origin of Ville-Dieu is traced to a company of the knights of Malta, who gathered around them on this spot a body of workmen skilful in the fabrication of articles used in the ceremonies of the church, such as censers, long candlesticks, sconces, and the like. These still constitute the great business of the town. The women, as usual, occupy themselves in making lace, but how they manage to make it in their murky doorways, rarely visited by enough of light to enable them to see the outlines growing under their hands, is rather a perplexing consideration. This lace-making, however, so common in all the towns and villages, especially in the most ragged parts of them, is an insignificant item in the industry of Ville-Dieu compared with the copper-works. It is impossible to pass through the town without discovering this fact. Nor is the copper manufacture confined to sacred purposes. It embraces secular as well as ecclesiastical objects, and the windows and shop-fronts, and benches stretching half-way into the streets, which can ill afford such an invasion of their limited space, present a promiscuous collection of brass-kettles and candelabras, saucepans and cherubims, burnished crucifixions and angels with their wings beaten out, lying aslant and upside down amongst stewpans and skillets. You literally pick your steps through a dazzling variety of church furniture and kitchen utensils.

The early interest attached to its copper crosses and cathedral lamps survives as freshly as ever in Ville-Dieu. It is one of the very few places in France where the old religious festivals are kept up with all the ancient pomp and enthusiasm. The *fête Dieu* is here a solemnity to which the whole country round subscribes either in money or attendance, or both. It realizes the elaborate magnificence and theatrical art of a former age. The altar, on this occasion, is set forth with prodigal costliness; the church is illuminated from the floor to the roof; an army of priests gives an imposing importance to the ceremonies; troops of young people are dressed up to represent the various prominent personages of the Bible; and the neighbouring parishes, in addition to crowds of curious spectators from distant quarters, pour in their populations to swell the grandeur of the processions. A visit to Ville-Dieu during this annual spectacle may be recommended to people who have abundance of leisure and a liberal relish for a pious gaudy-show on a large scale.

THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

THE BATTLE OF ARBELA, A.D. 331.

“The victory of Charles Martel [at Tours] has immortalised his name, and may justly be reckoned among those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes; Marathon, ARBELA, the Metaurus, Chalons, and Leipsic.”—HALLAM.

“Alexander deserves the glory which he has enjoyed for so many centuries and among all nations: but, what if he had been beaten at Arbela, having the Euphrates, the Tigris, and the deserts in his rear, without any strong places of refuge, nine hundred leagues from Macedonia!”—NAPOLEON.

“Asia beheld with astonishment and awe the uninterrupted progress of a hero, the sweep of whose conquests was as wide and rapid as that of her own barbaric kings, or of the Scythian or Chaldæan hordes; but, far unlike the transient whirlwinds of Asiatic warfare, the advance of the Macedonian leader was no less deliberate than rapid: at every step the Greek power took root, and the language and the civilization of Greece were planted from the shores of the Ægean to the banks of the Indus, from the Caspian and the great Hyrcanian plain to the cataracts of the Nile; to exist actually for nearly a thousand years, and in their effects to endure for ever.”—ARNOLD.

THREE of the Six Battles which our great historian, Hallam, selects as the most important in the history of the world, have been the subjects of portions of a series of papers which appeared in this periodical during the first half of the present year. The high authority of Hallam makes the others which he mentions worthy of the same consideration; and, if confirmation of Hallam's judgment respecting Arbela were requisite, such confirmation would be amply supplied by the deliberate opinion of Napoleon as to the decisive effect which a reverse at Arbela would have produced on the career of Alexander; and by the emphatic language in which Arnold has impressed on us how important Alexander's career of conquest has been to the whole human race.

A long and not unimportant list might be made out of illustrious men, whose characters have been vindicated during recent times from aspersions which for centuries had been thrown on them. The spirit of modern inquiry, and the tendency of modern scholarship, both of which are often said to be solely negative and destructive, have, in truth, restored to splendour, and almost created anew, far more than they have assailed with censure, or dismissed from consideration as unreal. The truth of many a brilliant narrative of brilliant exploits has of late years been triumphantly demonstrated, and the shallowness of the sceptical scoffs with which little minds have carped at the great minds of antiquity, has been, in many instances, decisively exposed. The laws, the politics, and the lines of action adopted or recommended by eminent men and powerful nations have been examined with keener investigation, and considered with more comprehensive judgment than formerly were brought to bear on these subjects. The result has been at least as often favourable as unfavourable to the persons and the states so scrutinised; and many an oft-repeated slander against both measures and men has thus been silenced, we may hope for ever.

The veracity of Herodotus, the pure patriotism of Pericles, of Demosthenes, and of the Gracchi; the wisdom of Clisthenes and of

Licinius as constitutional reformers, may be mentioned at random as facts which recent writers have cleared from unjust suspicion and censure. And it might be easily shewn that the defensive tendency which distinguishes the present and recent great writers of Germany, France, and England, has been equally manifested in the spirit in which they have treated the heroes of thought and heroes of action who lived during what we term the Middle Ages, and whom it was so long the fashion to sneer at or neglect.

The name of the victor of Arbela has led to these reflections; for, although the rapidity and extent of Alexander's conquests has through all ages challenged admiration and amazement, the grandeur of genius which he displayed in his schemes of commerce civilization and of comprehensive union and unity among nations, has, until lately, been comparatively unhonoured. This long continued depreciation was of early date. The ancient rhetoricians,—a class of babblers, a school for lies and scandal, as Niebuhr justly termed them,—chose, among the stock themes for their common-places, the character and exploits of Alexander. They had their followers in every age; and, until a very recent period, all who wished to "point a moral or adorn a tale" about unreasoning ambition, extravagant pride, and the formidable frenzies of free will when leagued with free power, have never failed to blazon forth the so-called madman of Macedonia as one of the most glaring examples. Without doubt, many of these writers adopted with implicit credence traditional ideas, and supposed, with uninquiring philanthropy, that in blackening Alexander they were doing humanity good service. But also, without doubt, many of his assailants, like those of other great men, have been mainly instigated by "that strongest of all antipathies, the antipathy of a second-rate mind to a first-rate one,"* and by the envy which talent often bears to genius.

Arrian, who wrote his history of Alexander, when Hadrian was emperor of the Roman world, and when the spirit of declamation and dogmatism was at its full height, but who was himself, unlike the dreaming pedants of the schools, a statesman and a soldier of practical and proved ability, well rebuked the malevolent aspersions which he heard continually thrown upon the memory of the great conqueror of the East.

And one of the most distinguished soldiers and writers of our own nation, Sir Walter Raleigh, though he failed to estimate justly the full merits of Alexander, has expressed his sense of the grandeur of the part played in the world by "The Great Emathian Conqueror" in language that well deserves quotation:—

"So much hath the spirit of some one man excelled as it hath undertaken and effected the alteration of the greatest states and commonweals, the erection of monarchies, the conquest of kingdoms and empires, guided handfuls of men against multitudes of equal bodily strength, contrived victories beyond all hope and discourse of reason, converted the fearful passions of his own followers into magnanimity, and the valour of his enemies into cowardice; such spirits have been stirred up in sundry ages of the world, and in divers parts thereof, to erect and cast down again, to establish and to destroy, and to bring all things, persons, and states to the same certain ends, which the infinite spirit of the *Universal*, piercing, moving, and governing all things, hath ordained. Certainly, the things that this king did, were mar-

* De Stæel.

vellous, and would hardly have been undertaken by any one else: and though his father had determined to have invaded the Lesser Asia, it is like enough that he would have contented himself with some part thereof, and not have discovered the river of Indus, as this man did.*

A higher authority than either Arrian or Raleigh may now be referred to by those who wish to know the real merit of Alexander as a general, and how far the common-place assertions are true, that his successes were the mere results of fortunate rashness and unreasoning pugnacity. Napoleon selected Alexander as one of the seven greatest generals whose noble deeds history has handed down to us, and from the study of whose campaigns the principles of war are to be learned. The critique of the greatest conqueror of modern times on the military career of the great conqueror of the old world, is no less graphic than true.

"Alexander crossed the Dardanelles 334, B. C., with an army of about 40,000 men, of which one-eighth was cavalry; he forced the passage of the Granicus in opposition to an army under Memnon, the Greek, who commanded for Darius on the coast of Asia, and he spent the whole of the year 333 in establishing his power in Asia Minor. He was seconded by the Greek colonies, who dwelt on the borders of the Black Sea and on the Mediterranean, and in Sardis, Ephesus, Tarsus, Miletus, &c. The kings of Persia left their provinces and towns to be governed according to their own particular laws. Their empire was a union of confederated states, and did not form one nation; this facilitated its conquest. As Alexander only wished for the throne of the monarch, he easily effected the change, by respecting the customs, manners, and laws of the people, who experienced no change in their condition.

"In the year 332, he met with Darius at the head of 60,000 men, who had taken up a position near Tarsus, on the banks of the Issus, in the province of Cilicia. He defeated him, entered Syria, took Damascus, which contained all the riches of the great king, and laid siege to Tyre. This superb metropolis of the commerce of the world detained him nine months. He took Gaza after a siege of two months; crossed the desert in seven days; entered Pelusium, and Memphis; and founded Alexandria. In less than two years, after two battles and four or five sieges, the coasts of the Black Sea, from Phasis to Byzantium, those of the Mediterranean, as far as Alexandria, all Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, had submitted to his arms.

"In 331, he repassed the desert, encamped in Tyre, recrossed Syria, entered Damascus, passed the Euphrates and Tigris, and defeated Darius on the field of Arbela, when he was at the head of a still stronger army than that which he commanded on the Issus, and Babylon opened her gates to him. In 330, he overran Susa, and took that city, Persepolis, and Pasarga, which contained the tomb of Cyrus. In 329, he directed his course northward, entered Ecbatana, and extended his conquests to the coasts of the Caspian, punished Bessus, the cowardly assassin of Darius, penetrated into Scythia, and subdued the Scythians. In 328, he forced the passage of the Oxus, received 16,000 recruits from Macedonia, and reduced the neighbouring people to subjection. In 327, he crossed the Indus, vanquished Porus in a pitched battle, took him prisoner, and treated him as a king. He contemplated passing the Ganges, but his army refused. He sailed down the Indus, in the year 326, with 800 vessels; having arrived at the

* "The History of the World," by Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, p. 648.

ocean, he sent Nearchus with a fleet to run along the coasts of the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf, as far as the mouth of the Euphrates. In 325, he took sixty days in crossing from Gedrosia, entered Keramania, returned to Pasarga, Persepolis, and Susa, and married Statira, the daughter of Darius. In 324, he marched once more to the north, passed Ecbatana, and terminated his career at Babylon."*

The enduring importance of Alexander's conquests is to be estimated not by the duration of his own life and empire, or even by the duration of the kingdoms which his generals after his death formed out of the fragments of that mighty dominion. In every region of the world that he traversed, Alexander planted Greek settlements, and founded cities, in the populations of which the Greek element at once asserted its predominance. Among his successors the Seleucidæ and the Ptolemies imitated their great captain in blending schemes of civilisation, of commercial intercourse, and of literary and scientific research with all their enterprises of military aggrandisement, and with all their systems of civil administration. Such was the ascendancy of the Greek genius, so wonderfully comprehensive and assimilating was the cultivation which it introduced, that within thirty years after Alexander crossed the Hellespont, the Greek language was spoken in every country from the shores of the Ægean to the Indus, and also throughout Egypt,—not, indeed, wholly to the extirpation of the native dialects, but it became the language of every court, of all literature, of every judicial and political function, and formed a medium of communication among the many myriads of mankind inhabiting these large portions of the old world. Throughout Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, the Hellenic character that was thus imparted, remained in full vigour down to the time of the Mahometan conquests. The infinite value of this to humanity in the highest and holiest point of view, has often been pointed out, and the workings of the finger of Providence has been gratefully recognised by those who have observed how the early growth and progress of Christianity were aided by that diffusion of the Greek language and civilization throughout Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, which had been caused by the Macedonian conquest of the East.

In Upper Asia, beyond the Euphrates, the direct and material influence of Greek ascendancy was more short-lived. Yet, during the existence of the Hellenic kingdoms in these regions, especially of the Greek kingdom of Bactria, the modern Bokhara, very important effects were produced on the intellectual tendencies and tastes of the inhabitants of those countries and of the adjacent ones, by the animating contact of the Grecian spirit. Much of Hindoo science and philosophy, much of the literature of the later Persian kingdom of the Arsacidæ, either originated from, or was largely modified by, Grecian influences. So, also, the learning and science of the Arabians was in a far less degree the result of original invention and genius, than it was the reproduction, in an altered form, of the Greek philosophy and the Greek lore, which the Saracenic conquerors acquired together with their acquisition of the provinces, which Alexander had subjugated, nearly a thousand years before the armed disciples of Mahomet commenced their career in the East. It is well known that Western Europe in the Middle Ages drew its philosophy, its arts, and its science, principally from Arabian teachers. And thus we see how the intellectual influence of ancient Greece, poured on the eastern world by Alexander's

* See Count Montholon's "Memoirs of Napoleon."

victories, and then brought back to bear on mediæval Europe by the spread of the Saracenic powers, has exerted its action on the elements of modern civilization by this powerful though indirect channel, as well as by the more obvious effects of the remnants of classic civilization which survived in Italy, Gaul, Britain, and Spain, after the irruption of the Germanic nations.*

These considerations invest the Macedonian triumphs in the East with never-dying interest, such as the most showy and sanguinary successes of mere "low ambition and the pride of kings," however they may dazzle for a moment, can never retain with posterity. Whether the old Persian empire which Cyrus founded could have survived much longer than it did, even if Darius had been victorious at Arbela, may safely be disputed. That ancient dominion, like the Turkish at the present time, laboured under every cause of decay and dissolution. The satraps, like the modern pachas, continually rebelled against the central power, and Egypt in particular, was almost always in a state of insurrection against its nominal sovereign. There was no longer any effective central control, or any internal principle of unity fused through the huge mass of the empire, and binding it together. Persia was evidently about to fall, but, had it not been for Alexander's invasion of Asia, she would most probably have fallen beneath some other oriental power, as Media and Babylon had formerly fallen before herself, and as, in after times, the Parthian supremacy gave way to the revived ascendancy of Persia in the East, under the sceptres of the Arsacidae. A revolution that merely substituted one Eastern power for another, would have been utterly barren and unprofitable to mankind.

Alexander's victory at Arbela not only overthrew an Oriental dynasty, but established European rulers in its stead. It broke the monotony of the Eastern world by the impression of Western energy and superior civilization; even as England's present mission is to break up the mental and moral stagnation of India and Cathay, by pouring upon and through them the impulsive current of Anglo-Saxon commerce and conquest.

Arbela, the city which has furnished its name to the decisive battle which gave Asia to Alexander, lies more than twenty miles from the actual scene of conflict. The little village, then named Gaugamela, is close to the spot where the armies met, but has ceded the honour of naming the battle to its more euphonious neighbour. Gaugamela is situate in one of the wide plains that lie between the Tigris and the mountains of Kurdistan. A few undulating hillocks diversify the surface of this sandy track; but the ground is generally level, and admirably qualified for the evolutions of cavalry, and also calculated to give the larger of two armies the full advantage of numerical superiority. The Persian king (who before he came to the throne had proved his personal valour as a soldier, and his skill as a general) had wisely selected this region for the third and decisive encounter between his forces and the invader. The previous defeats of his troops, however severe they had been, were not looked on as irreparable. The Granicus had been fought by his generals rashly and without mutual concert. And, though Darius himself had commanded and been beaten at Issus, that defeat might be attributed to the disadvantageous nature of the ground; where, cooped up between the mountains, the river, and the sea, the numbers of the Persians confused and clogged

* See Humboldt's "Cosmos."

alike the general's skill and the soldiers' prowess, and their very strength had been made their weakness. Here, on the broad plains of Kurdistan, there was scope for Asia's largest host to array its lines, to wheel, to skirmish, to condense or expand its squadrons, to manoeuvre, and to charge at will. Should Alexander and his scanty band dare to plunge into that living sea of war, their destruction seemed inevitable.

Darius felt, however, the critical nature to himself as well as to his adversary of the coming encounter. He could not hope to retrieve the consequences of a third overthrow. The great cities of Mesopotamia and Upper Asia, the central provinces of the Persian empire, were certain to be at the mercy of the victor. Darius knew also the Asiatic character well enough to be aware how it yields to the *prestige* of success, and the apparent career of destiny. He felt that the diadem was now either to be firmly replaced on his own brow, or to be irrevocably transferred to the head of his European conqueror. He, therefore during the long interval left him after the battle of Issus while Alexander was subjugating Syria and Egypt, assiduously busied himself in selecting the best troops which his vast empire supplied, and in training his varied forces to act together with some uniformity of discipline and system.

The hardy mountaineers of Afghanistan, Bokhara, Khiva, and Thibet, were then, as at present, far different to the generality of Asiatics in warlike spirit and endurance. From these districts, Darius collected large bodies of admirable infantry; and the countries of the modern Kurds and Turcomans supplied, as they do now, squadrons of horse-men, hardy, skilful, bold, and trained to a life of constant activity and warfare.

Contingents also came in from the numerous other provinces that yet obeyed the Great King. Altogether, the horse are said to have been forty thousand, the scythe-bearing chariots two hundred, and the armed elephants fifteen in number. The amount of the infantry is uncertain; but the knowledge which both ancient and modern times supply of the usual character of oriental armies, and of their populations of camp-followers, may warrant us in believing that many myriads were prepared to fight, or to encumber those who fought, for the last Darius.

His great assailant came on against him across the Euphrates and the Tigris, at the head of an army, which Arrian, copying from the memoirs of Macedonian generals, states to have consisted of about forty thousand foot, and seven thousand horse. To Englishmen, who know with what mere handfuls of men our own generals have at Plassy, at Assaye, at Meeanee, and other Indian battles, routed large hosts of Asiatics, the disparity of numbers, that we read of in the victories won by the Macedonians over the Persians, presents nothing incredible. The army which Alexander now led, was wholly composed of veteran troops in the highest possible state of equipment and discipline, enthusiastically devoted to their leader, and full of confidence in his military genius and his victorious destiny. They marched on till within a few miles of the Persian camp, which some intervening hillocks had previously screened from their view. Then, halting for the night, Alexander encamped his men in the order which they were to take in action, and each bold adventurer in the European host, whether king, general, officer, or simple soldier, made him ready for what each felt would be the world-winning battle of the morrow.

There was deep need of skill as well as of valour on Alexander's

side ; and few battle-fields have witnessed more consummate generalship, than was now displayed by the Macedonian king. There were no natural barriers by which he could protect his flanks ; and not only was he certain to be overlapped on either wing by the vast lines of the Persian army, but there was imminent risk of their circling round him and charging him in the rear while he advanced against their centre. He formed, therefore, a second or reserve line, which was to wheel round if required, or to detach troops to either flank, as the enemy's movements might necessitate ; and thus, with their whole army ready at any moment to be thrown into one vast hollow square, the Macedonians advanced in two lines against the enemy, Alexander himself leading on the right wing, and the renowned phalanx forming the centre, while Parmenio commanded on the right.

Great reliance had been placed by the Persian king on the effects of the scythe-bearing chariots. It was designed to launch these against the Macedonian phalanx, and to follow them up by a heavy charge of cavalry, which it was hoped, would find the ranks of the spearmen disordered by the rush of the chariots, and easily destroy this most formidable part of Alexander's force. In front therefore, of the Persian centre, where Darius took his station, and which it was supposed that the phalanx would attack, the ground had been carefully levelled and smoothed, so as to allow the chariots to charge over it with their full sweep and speed. As the Macedonian army approached the Persian, Alexander found that the front of his whole line barely equalled the front of the Persian centre, so that he was out-flanked on his right by the entire left wing of the enemy, and by their entire right wing on his left. His tactics were to assail some one point of the hostile army, and gain a decisive advantage ; while he refused, as far as possible, the encounter along the rest of the line. He, therefore, inclined his order of march to the right, so as to enable his right wing and centre to come into collision with the enemy on as favorable terms as possible, although the manœuvre might in some respect compromise his left.

The effect of this oblique movement was to bring the phalanx and his own wing nearly beyond the limits of the tract, which the Persians had prepared for the operations of the chariots ; and Darius, fearing to lose the benefit of this arm against the most important parts of the Macedonian force, ordered the Scythian and Bactrian cavalry in his extreme left to charge Alexander's right wing in flank, and check its further lateral progress. Against these assailants Alexander sent from his second line some squadrons of horse, supported by a brigade of foot, which, after a warm conflict, beat the Asiatics back. The scythed-chariots were now sent by the Persians against the phalanx, but were met half-way by some light armed troops, whom Alexander had specially appointed for the service, and who, wounding the horses and drivers with their missile weapons, and running alongside so as to cut the traces or seize the reins, marred the intended charge ; and the few chariots that reached the phalanx, passed harmlessly through the intervals which the spearmen opened for them, and were easily captured in the rear.

A second charge of Persian cavalry was now made against Alexander's right flank ; and this also he met and baffled with troops brought up from his second line, while he kept his own guard and the rest of the front line of his wing fresh, and ready to take advantage of the first opportunity for striking a decisive blow. This soon came. A large

body of horse who were posted in the Persian left wing nearest to the centre, quitted their station, and rode off to help their comrades in the cavalry fight, that still was going on at the extreme right of Alexander's wing against the detachments from his second line. This made a huge gap in the Persian array, and into this space Alexander instantly charged with his guard and all the cavalry of his wing; and then pressing towards his left, he soon began to make havoc in the left flank of the Persian centre. That centre was now charged in front by the Macedonian phalanx, and soon broke beneath the double shock. Darius hurried from the field; and the news that the king had fled rapidly spread through the Persian army, and all their host, except their right wing, was soon in full flight from the field.

Alexander's eager pursuit of his rival was checked that he might return and relieve his left wing, which had been weakened in order to enable him to gain his advantages on the right and in the centre. That wing had been seriously jeopardized; the Persian right having out-flanked and severely pressed it, and a large column of Indian horsemen having actually ridden through the double line of the Macedonian infantry in this quarter of the field, and forced their way to Alexander's camp, which they forthwith plundered, instead of wheeling round to attack other parts of their adversary's army. Still the steady valour of the troops under Parmenio bore up against the heavy pressure of superior numbers, and the approach of their victorious comrades and king, and the news that Darius had fled, soon made the triumph of the European army complete. Slaughtered helplessly, or chased unresistingly, like sheep, Asia's thousands and tens of thousands fell or fled along the encumbered plain. And the night, that closed on that scene of carnage, closed also on the last day of Persian dominion or independence.

THE GERMAN HEART.

FROM E. M. ARNDT.

“ Deutscher Herz versage nicht,
 Thu was dein Gewissen spricht,
 Dieser Strahl des Himmelslicht's—
 'Thue recht, und füchhte nichts...u. s. w.”

GERMAN heart! quail not! be true!
 Do what conscience bids thee do!
 'Tis light from heaven,—God's at thy
 side,—
 Do right, fear God, and nought beside.

Oh! build not up on show and shine;
 Lies were not made for thee and thine.
 Ill thrives with thee the juggler's part;
 Mere air, the statesman's deepest art.

But Truth is thine! Truth, honour
 sure,—
 Love that quits not, and will endure,—
 The simple, modest, honest heart,
 This, son of Teuts, this is thy part!

Well fits thee, ay! straightforward
 word,
 Straightforward spear, and downright
 sword;
 Sword striking free, where brave swords
 may,
 On breast, not back, in open day.

To southern leave the assassin's blow;
 Be frank, and free, and pious thou!
 To southern leave the slave's smooth
 phrase;
 Plain, simple Truth is thy best praise.

German freedom, German God,
 German faith, without a spot,
 German heart, and German steel,
 Are four great towers which all men feel.

These, these shall be thy tower of
 strength;
 These, these shall fight through all at
 length:
 Let danger, death, or ruin pain,
 These, these shall bear thee up thro' all.

Then rouse, brave heart! quail not! be
 true!
 Do all that conscience bids thee do!
 So shall Almighty Nature hold
 The oath she swore to thee of old.

W.

DIARY OF A NON-COMBATANT DURING THE FOUR
DAYS' BATTLE OF PARIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MELTON DE MOWBRAY."

Rue de Grenelle, Faubourg St. Germain.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23rd.—The too-well known *rappel* broke upon my slumbers at an early hour. The idle cry of "wolf" had been so often raised, and there was such general discontent with the aspect of affairs, that the call to arms was but languidly answered. The National Guard either shrugged his shoulders in silence, or with a muttered "bah!" turned a deaf ear to the drum. The crafty cunning of the Communist had not worked in vain; the National Guard had been harassed, wearied, and worn out for no one good obtained; suspicion, doubt, and despondency was in every heart. The movement of troops, however, and the hurried galloping of aides-de-camp, soon told there was no false alarm this time.

I left home about two o'clock, and finding the coast pretty clear, followed the river as far as the Pont Neuf, crossed to the Quai de l'Horloge, and sought a shop where I had some matter of business. There I learnt that there had been fighting on the Place du Châtelet, but that it was now clear, and that the Ports St. Denis and St. Martin, with their immediate neighbourhood, were the fountain-head of the blood which was to flow. I crossed the Pont Neuf and made direct to the Rue St. Honoré. La Place du Châtelet had been inoculated with a few bullet-marks. Every shop was closed; dense groups were collected at every door; and at every window anxious faces of men, women, and children were to be seen. As I turned towards the Rue de la Paix the crowds gradually diminished, until at length the street was clear as usual, though countless heads from countless windows were looking out for the signs which had threatened in the distance.

By three o'clock large bodies of the line and Garde Mobile were marching by the Place Vendôme towards the Boulevard St. Denis. My course lay by the Rue Neuve des Capucines, and while there I saw a regiment of cuirassiers go by at full gallop with *les sabres levés*. I then went by the streets de l'Arcade and St. Lazare as far as the street Jean Gonjon, in the Champs Elysées. There I remarked several brigades of National workmen busied, as usual, in doing nothing. The drums were beating to arms: the men gave me a nod, smiled, and said, "*C'est la générale.*" As I returned home by the Pont des Invalides, I witnessed an imposing force in front and on every side of the Assemblée Nationale. There was fighting at the Ports St. Denis and St. Martin, and it was said the *insurgés* had hung a poor little drummer from the former. This was the first dark act of the fearful atrocities which followed. From time to time the *rappel* was renewed—the line and Mobile marched past—the Garde Nationale increased in number—firing was heard in the distance—things looked every moment more and more serious, and coming night only added to the universal alarm.

Saturday 24th.—The horrors of civil war multiplied in a thousand directions. Cannon mingled with musketry—barricades sprang up—

women joined in the fight—the home of man became a fortress—windows poured forth their fire—hundreds and hundreds fell, and thousands were carried off wounded. My wife's *femme-de-chambre* was in a dreadful state of anxiety, her husband having been last seen at a barricade, and neither seen nor heard of since for forty-eight hours. I offered to accompany her to the Rue d'Anjou. We started about five, crossed the Pont des Invalides, and the Place de la Concorde was a mass of troops. Some shots were fired in the Rue d'Anjou, but we arrived safe, and my lady's-lady found her husband alarmingly well and alive. Neither cart nor carriage was to be seen—there was nothing moving but ourselves. La Madeleine looked as solemn as the temples at Pæstum—the silence seemed deathlike and unnatural. As the husband was alive, I left him to see his wife home, and falling in with a cab, which seemed to have dropped from the clouds, I jumped in: after being turned and stopped by more than one cuirassier's pistol pointed at our heads, with the laconic "*on ne passe pas,*" I was safely dropped at my home.

The firing by platoon and the *coups de canons* continued all night; and the Sabbath-day of June 25th gave no rest to the deadly fight. Paris was declared to be in a state of siege; the Provisional Government retired; and General Cavaignac was declared commander-in-chief of the National Guard and the Line. The National Guard turned out to a man; a feeling of confidence arose; for the first time there was unity and force; no one paused to criticise its limits or duration; there was a head to command, hands to do; the banner of order against anarchy was raised. Paris felt its power, and the provinces poured forth their hundreds and thousands upon thousands.

The lofty houses, the dense and narrow streets swallowed up the roar of musketry and cannon. In our quarter the *coup de canon* and firing by platoon sounded as if the battle were afar. Paris, the gay, the cheerful, the beautiful city of Paris, looked like the city of the dead. No living thing was moving in the streets; it reminded me of a Sunday in Glasgow—the miserable, grass-grown Glasgow—during the hours of Divine service. But, alas! it was not the sacred silence of the Sabbath: at the corner of every street stood the silent sentinel, and from time to time the calm was broken by the hurried gallop of the war-horse,—then again returned the sad, unholy quiet, so profound, that I, while sitting with my door closed, and at the distance of three *salons* off, could hear the tearing of the rag to make bandages and lint for the wounded. The French make their lint by pulling rag to pieces thread by thread. In every house and at every door were groups of women, children, and old men unweaving the web, and, thread by thread, preparing the *charpie* to dress the wounded and stay the thread of life. From time to time the surgeon's assistant, with high white apron, and here and there a speck of blood, would pass and carry off the piles of thread; at other times children would hurry to the hospitals and *Mairies* and present the fruits of their labours. In the drawing-room, the court, and the kitchen, for all who were not under arms, this lint manufactory was the whole and sole occupation; even as we gathered to the tea-table and joined in anxious talk, still, ever and ever, thread by thread, the weaver's work was unravelled and turned to *charpie*.

To-day the talk of "foreign gold" was raised as usual. Whenever conspirators wish to veil themselves and their acts, nothing is more convenient than to raise the cry of "foreign gold."

Early in the morning I contrived to get as far as the Pont Royal, *alias* National. There seemed, for the first time, a cessation of hostilities, and though I could see the troops advancing and clearing the quays on each side of the river, yet there were a few groups of talkers on the bridge. I joined in one, and though I said not a word, a something in my look attracted the fixed attention of a man who, I strongly suspect, was paid for looking, listening, and repeating. The fellow looked at me as if he would have looked me through. I am quite certain he thought me made of English gold, and about to throw myself away in a shower of sovereigns—poor idiot! Never was a man more mistaken: and had it been true, he might have been assured that I should have kept myself to myself. Bang! bang! bang! Three *coups de canons* sounding nearer than usual, I looked and saw the smoke above the Hôtel de Ville; and acting on the wisdom of keeping myself to myself, I gave the man look for look and turned to my quiet home.

Within a little time it was impossible to pass the bridges. In the course of the day I attempted in vain to approach the post-office at the Assemblée Nationale. I turned in despair to a minor branch, where I feared to be too late: after being challenged and stopped at every corner and crossing, I did at last succeed in reaching the *bureau* in the Rue de Beaune. Within a few yards lived a valued friend, whom I had not seen since we met on the first day, he on his path to the Bastille, I to my home. There were two sentinels at the gate; I was going to knock, when the stern "*On ne passe pas*" stopped my hand. "How so, *mon ami*?" I asked; "I am about to visit my friend." "*On ne passe pas*," was repeated, but with this qualification, "you may pass, if you will, but if you go in, you cannot come out." My regard and anxiety for my friend were sincere, but they could not stand the test of voluntary imprisonment, especially as I was uncertain if my friend were living or dead, or there or elsewhere. I subsequently found that I should have made myself a martyr for nothing: my friend had been driven from his house in consequence of this strict watch being put upon some journal and its editors who lived within the forbidden gates.

The Sabbath-day closed, as it began, in silence most unnatural, broken at intervals by sounds the most unholy. The impossibility of moving from street to street prevented all communication, and heightened a hundredfold the anxious moments of suspense. From time to time was heard the watch cry of "*Sentinelle, prenez garde à vous!*" or the tramp of coming footsteps, with the cry of "*Ouvrez les persiennes, et fermez les fenêtres!*"—then came the order of "*Mettez des lampions!*" and in silence the city burst into bright illumination—adding to the strangeness of the scene by the seeming mockery of mirth. It was like telling the broken heart to smile and be glad, or saying to the wounded man, "Arise, and mingle in the dance." What a contrast to the nights of a few departed weeks! Then, King Mob and his satellites—lawless, roaming bands—passed along, and shouted "*Des lampions! des lampions!*" as they smashed the windows; now, the silent walls gave the decree in black and white, and it was whispered from house to house. For change or preparation there was no time: coloured lamps and gay device, made for rejoicing,—like the bell which tolls for the dead and rings for the birth,—served to illuminate Paris while cannon flashed and carnage dyed the streets.

Of this, however, we saw nothing in our quarter, and heard but little to break the awful stillness of that Sabbath-day and Sabbath-night. As

if echo had shrunk from taking up the unholy sound, the roar of musketry and cannon, the shout, the shriek, and yell of deadly strife, sounded as if the battle were miles and miles away: it was like a plaintive murmur heard in the desert, making the silence more impressive. Thanks to the mercy of God, our home was sacred: we lay down to rest in peace and safety, putting our trust in Him whose arm can save in the wreck at sea or storm on land!

Monday 26th.—The report had been yesterday that the insurgents were defeated and that the battle was done; the same report was repeated this morning, and the same low booming of the cannon whispered the truth, and said it could not be. There was the same difficulty in moving a hundred yards. In getting to the Post Office I had to parley with, and pass guard after guard, and submit to be searched, lest I carried arms or ammunition.

In the Rue St. Dominique St. Germain, close to my hotel, I saw a woman arrested. She had just taken a pistol from her pocket, and deliberately shot an officer. Two days before, and within a few hundred yards of the same spot, a blue-blouse man fired at an officer, and having wounded him severely, darted across the street, entered the door of a *porte-cochère*, and slammed it after him. There was a delay of a few minutes before a force could be collected to pursue and arrest the assassin. When they knocked at the gate and demanded admission, the door was opened by one who played the part of *concierge*, and who begged them to enter and search; they did so, and presently found the real porter dead and murdered; they looked to the lodge, the man who had opened the door had fled. It seems that he and the porter had struggled, the latter fell, the murderer threw aside his blouse, hastily put on the porter's clothes, and with the greatest possible *à plomb* he opened the gate, and made his escape. In the course of the day, I made a vain attempt to cross the bridges to visit my friends, the few remaining, and assure myself of their safety. "*On ne passe pas*," with a pistol suiting the action to the word, was the only answer from him of the helmet and cuirass. Late in the day the firing ceased, and the tidings were confirmed that the insurgents were beaten and routed on the right and on the left, that their force, concentrated in the Faubourg St. Antoine, had been broken, the barricades taken, and many hundreds made prisoners. Hundreds soon grew into thousands, and we heard that the Pantheon and Palace of the Tuileries were turned into prisons, in the latter all cellars and subterranean passages were crowded to excess. The gardens and Carousel were studded with troops. At last, and in truth and indeed, it was all over. So we heard on all sides, people seemed to breathe more freely, there was more, if possible, military precaution in the streets, but the hurried breathless haste, the care-worn look of intense anxiety had sobered down, hope arose as the evening star of Monday, and promised slumber and repose unbroken.

The hand was at the hour of midnight, when I and she who shares my home and heart were about to "lay us down in sleep;" the weather had been fine, the moon was up and the windows open, there was no distant booming of the cannon to break upon the stillness of the hour, when, on a sudden, and close within our hearing, shot followed shot in quick succession. I ran to the window, my wife started up in dreadful alarm, and stood trembling and anxious by my side. My ear had been too well practised in the firing of February, to doubt for a moment where

the firing was, though I could only guess at the wherefore. I was certain that the spot was the Tuileries, its garden, or Place du Caroussel, though, in the stillness of the night, it sounded much nearer. As to the cause, I could only guess; but knowing well the *locale*, it immediately occurred to me that the prisoners had attempted to escape! I was right, but alas! had no power of confirming my thoughts; the firing still continued, now a running fire, then at intervals. A Garde National à cheval entered our gates. He had been a few yards to inquire. "*Ce sont des prisonniers,*" said he, and weary and exhausted he gave his horse to his groom and retired to rest. The wife of the *concierge* was standing in the court, thinking to comfort and reassure my wife, she said, "*Ne craignez pas, Madame, ce n'est rien, on fusille les prisonniers dans les jardins, pas autre chose!*" "How dreadful!" said my poor wife, and had she not burst into tears, she would have fainted. Shot followed shot for nearly three quarters of an hour, and this was followed by the stillness of death.

The papers have given an account of that sad event, and told how two hundred prisoners, unfettered and free in limbs, attempted their escape. In the confusion, the National Guard fired on each other, and a Corps de Garde of raw Provincials, fancying themselves attacked, joined in the *mêlée*. With the morrow's sun the blood-stained Caroussel added one more tragic page to the history of that well-known spot.

Tuesday, 27th.—Yesterday evening, I had made a second attempt to cross by the Pont des Invalides. I could have done so, and entered upon the Place de la Concorde, but I found that the republican general had copied Dante's *affiche* of "Who enters here can return no more," so after having myself and cab searched for nothing, my driver was fain to turn his horse's head, and skirting the warning of pistol and carabine, I returned to my home. Having failed in a visit to an honoured friend who was to have been our guest on the morrow, I sat down and wrote to postpone the day. Like poor Yorick he loved his jest, so I told him he must not lay siege to my mutton for the present, and how the *état de siège de Paris* had damaged my commissariat department, and so forth. This note, written in a light and cheerful tone, I sent early this morning; the verbal answer returned, was, "Mr. — died on Sunday, and will be buried to-day!"

It were difficult to tell the shock I felt. "Dead and buried!" I repeated almost mechanically, again and again; and this, too, almost within a stone's throw, and yet to know it not. In the midst of thousands slain and hurried to their grave, there had been no power of communication, no means of asking one living friend to join in the last sad duties to the dead!

Strange that one such isolated fact of death strongly defined, suddenly placed in view, and thus brought home to the heart, should make more impression than to hear of thousands slain upon the field of battle; nay, and this too to the stranger in tie and kindred. My poor friend on Sunday had entered his carriage, his daughter was by his side. He said, "I feel faint, I am dying." Removed from his carriage he rallied a little, an officer of the National Guard aided to carry him upstairs, while doing this, my friend looked him in the face, and said, "*Je ne respire plus. Je meurs!*" and before he had been carried to his room, he was dead! The day before that officer had been at the storming of a barricade, forty or fifty of his comrades fell around him, and yet his feelings on that terrific day were nothing compared to what

he felt when the aged stranger died in his arms! I could record a thousand horrors, *en masse*, of the four days' fight, but I question whether they would give such a clear and powerful idea of Paris *en état de siège*, and the battle raging, as the simple fact of my poor friend being dead and buried while I, in sportive mood, was writing a note to request he would name a future day to be our guest!

I was allowed to enter the gates of the National Assembly and frank my letters. A brass cannon defends the entrance, and points to the new figure of Liberty, which has taken the liberty of turning her back on the Assembly. The lady is in a sitting posture, with a tablet in one hand, and the words "*Droits de l'homme*" thereon; in the other she grasps a wand, or rather club, ending in a hand of Justice. On the head is a strange sort of indescribable cap which confines her elfin locks. "What sort of cap is that?" asked I of a friend.

"A *mob-cap*, to be sure," was his ready reply, and no doubt he was right, for the lady's toilet partakes strongly of the "rough and ready."

This pedestal was built by Louis XVIII., but was never occupied: it always occurred to me that Louis-Philippe had an *arrière pensée* for himself, since he who did so much to embellish the city of Paris, never filled up this gap.

I went to look for the ruins of La belle Jardinière, where suits of clothes sell for *sous*, thinking I might pick up something for nothing. Though reputed dead and gone in all the newspapers, I was surprised to find La Belle Jardinière standing upright, intact, except some shattered day-lights on high. I have since found that it was a branch planted by the beautiful gardener near the Bastille, which, in reality, was cut to ribands. I proceeded by the Morgue, and found it closed and strongly guarded. Odd, thought I, to take such care of the dead, when they are numbered by thousands in the streets. I passed by the Rue St. Martin; there were evident signs from first to last, that cannon-balls had preceded me. I returned home by the Pont des Invalides; was again challenged and searched, but got safe home.

While looking from our window, we saw two little Mobiles *décors*. They were borne on the shoulders of two soldiers of the line, a most undignified car of triumph, and, as usual, in all French ceremonies, giving a touch of ridicule to the heroes' sublimity. These gallant boys did not appear to have attained the fifteen years they claim. "*Tu es brave comme un veteran*," said General Lamoricière to one of these *enfants des barricades* turned into heroes, as he took off the cross of honour from his own heart and put it on the breast of the stripling. The boy burst into tears, and said, "*Ah que papa sera content de la voir!*"

After dinner, we drove out in a carriage to the Pantheon, descending by the Rue St. Jacques and on to the Bastille. The narrow streets were paved, or rather un-paved, with the loose stones of the conquered barricades, to pass which was a service of danger. This, added to the scowling looks which abounded in that quarter, alarmed my wife as much as if the battle had not been over. Excepting endless contributions *pour les blessés*, and the consequent sufferings of our purse, we escaped all harm.

This afternoon I devoted to visiting my friends, assuring myself of their safety, and offering what consolation I could where civil war had doomed a victim. Alas! in too many cases the orphan or the widow needed the words of sympathy.

Wednesday, 28th.—This day I visited the seat of war. When papers

and illustrations spring up like mushrooms, it would be idle to tell the tale of devastation written by the hand of civil war. Her pen, her iron pen, is the cannon, the musket and sword, her ink is the blood of man. On temple, church, and home—the church of God and the sacred home of man, she writes the moral of her tale. Columns are broken, and houses crumbled into dust. The merchant's splendid shop, with its carving and gilding; the *café*, with its mirrors, its light and life of fairy-land, the quiet rooms above, the chamber destined to repose, the parent's bed, and infant's cot beside, are torn and riddled by ball and bullet,—such and such like are the frightful pages on which her history is written; such are the scenes of woe which meet the vulgar gaze when *fraternité* is turned to mockery, and crowded streets become the field of battle!

Some houses are burnt, others laid bare; some doors and walls are so peppered with balls, that, put your hand where you would, you would find five holes for four fingers and a thumb. On one projecting corner of the Rue St. Antoine, there is a zinc water-pipe, which is riddled like a eullender. Amongst the eccentric chances of war, there is a figure-maker's sign of the "Virgiu and Child," in baked clay, untouched and unharmed, while balls and bullets fell like hail-stones around it. *Troncs pour les blessés* ask contribution at every turn. One widow, in the weeds of woe, had made a *tronc* of herself, and little *troncs* of her children, with quick determination to make the most of her loss. Like others, I gave my *sous*, and may Heaven forgive me if I wrong the woman, but I have since doubted the widowhood. Close to her was a cobbler in his stall, who, according to his sign, *fait des réparations*, and was repairing his shattered fortunes with immense rapidity. A shell had entered his small domain, and bursting therein, had damaged or destroyed I know not how many soles, but spared the cobbler,—

" Whose humble stall,

Served for kitchen, parlour, and all."

In the midst of all this,—to the painter's eye,—Paris was never more picturesque. The Boulevarts are turned into a camp; tents are pitched,—arms are piled,—the lancer flag flutters in the wind,—horses are tethered to the trees,—helmet and cuirass glitter in the sun,—hundreds, wearied with night watch, are sleeping on straw,—fires are kindled, the *pot-au-feu* sends forth its savoury steam, and mingles with the smoke,—the gay *cantinières*, with the most becoming costume that woman ever wore, are here, there, and everywhere,—huge carts for *déménagements* are crammed with huge loaves, barrels of wine are on the tap,—artillery, with all its dread attributes of carriage, ball, and powder, are there, the horses harnessed and at hand, but the match-stick is cold, and the cannon, blackened and weary with the work of death, repose for the time in stern and solemn silence.

As if the atrocities said to have been committed by the insurgents needed one more diabolical act to make up the amount of wickedness, we were told to-day that the *charpie* prepared for the wounded had been poisoned! Be this as it may, I can vouch for the fact, that the surgeon's assistant no longer comes round for contributions, and prepared lint is refused at the hospitals, though linen rag is gladly received. Having touched on this painful theme, I cannot pass in silence the many frightful stories which have passed current and gained belief. On these occasions there is always so much predisposition to exaggerate, that I make it a rule to disbelieve the half of all I hear, and doubt consider-

ably the half which remains : the cruelties said to have been committed bear the stamp and character of the *forçats*, who, be the fault where it may, in expiating his crime, becomes a demon incarnate.

On June the 15th there was an official report made in the *Assemblée*, by Monsieur Degousée, one of the quæstors, of twenty-two thousand *forçats libérés* being on the books of the Ateliers Nationaux. Is it to be wondered if some of the reports were founded on fact? An old officer, a friend of mine, heard from an officer who commanded at the taking of a barricade, that in a wine-shop near they found from seventeen to twenty pair of *bottines*, *i. e.* the half boots worn by the Garde Mobile, with the feet in them!—a bloody trophy, sawn or severed from the body! The same friend heard of two travellers, taken prisoners, and obliged to look on. They saw a woman,—a *cantinière*,—and soldier tied back to back on a plank, and sawed into lengths, like a log of wood. One cuirassier was said to have been tied to his horse, and started at the point of the bayonet, with his hands cut off; and a German has since been identified as the man who did this. Of the cruelties practised on General Bréa and his aide-de-camp, there is, alas! no room for doubt; neither of the fact of a woman having cut off the heads of more than one wounded officers. The spirit of revenge against the young Garde Mobile, is to be easily understood. They were, but a few weeks back, *les enfans des barricades*,—the children who fought with those who drove Louis Philippe from his throne. Of these, it is said, many were hung like dogs, and frightfully mutilated; others were crucified. In one case, thirty prisoners were put into an oven used for baking tiles, and, it is said, the fire was kindled; but, as I know that many prisoners were taken and well treated, I am willing to believe that the fire was not kindled; at all events, they were released before the baking began. To turn from this frightful record to a brighter page I will give one anecdote, which I know to be authentic.

Two National Guards were made prisoners, and doomed to death. The man who headed the executioners suddenly stopped short, and, fixing his blood-stained eyes on one of the two, "Who are you? your name?" he sternly asked, as he turned aside the muskets, already levelled at the prisoners, and stood between them.

"Charles B—," was the reply of him, who, an instant before, had never thought to speak again.

"Your father's name,—his home,—his house,—the street he lived in?" he rapidly inquired. "Your father was a notary?" said the man, putting for once a leading question.

"He was," replied the young man.

"Comrades!" exclaimed the man, turning round to his fellows in arms, "ball or bayonet which touches this man, must first pass through my body. Twenty years ago, I was poor and in want. To save a small remnant of my fortune, I had need of a legal document. M. B—, this young man's father, drew up the deed, did all I needed, and, in return, would never take a penny of the poor man's money. I owe him a debt of gratitude: his son shall be saved!"

Monsieur Charles B— is alive to tell the anecdote.

The shops are still closed. We are allowed to pass the Pont Royal, but obliged to go all round the Louvre. My tailor, in uniform, had just paid me a professional visit, and, leaning on his arm as *mon parent*, I contrived to pass the Place du Carousal. I name it as a curious fact,

that here I found the almost only trace of all the blood which had been spilt. In the streets, within four-and-twenty hours, it had passed away, but here was damning evidence of the midnight conflict which had so alarmed my poor wife when about to retire to rest. Judging from what I saw, I should say that, for once, the number of killed and wounded had been underrated.

Endless detachments of provincial National Guards are still arriving ; some on foot, others in *diligences*, with drummers on the roof. It did one's heart good to see these honest, hearty, anti-anarchist, fellows. With them, it was not a question of politics, but simply of order over anarchy. Paris, like a parent attacked, had called on her children for aid. Far and near her plaintive voice was heard. The plough, the vineyard, and farm, were left ; the sun-burnt heroes of the clod cast down the sickle and pruning-hook, to shoulder the musket. Many a *propriétaire* was there, with his game-bag and fowling-piece, double-barrels and single, to bring down their man ; some in *blouse*, some in jacket, some in uniform. Of the latter there was the most grotesque variety, shapes, and fancies which probably had yet seen daylight for many a year in the land of their birth, and, as to Paris, it was clearly their first and maiden visit.

Wonderment and surprise were pictured in the looks of these gallant men, who had travelled hundreds of miles to shed their blood in defence of the parent city : their simplicity and ignorance were quite provincial. More than one could not conceal his wonder at royalty missing, saying, "*à chaque pas on voit la république, mais où est le roi ?*"

Others amongst them were evidently men who, if you said Napoleon was dead, would shrug their shoulders and, with a knowing wink and a nod of the head, reply,—

"*Oh qu'oui ! vous pouvez bien dire que l'Empereur est mort, mais tout de même nous le reverrons un jour !*"

This idea is not uncommon. I have known, in a distant province, a large and respectable innkeeper, who firmly believed that Napoleon would turn up one of these days.

We met on the quays a large body of prisoners—*insurgés*. They were marched, under a strong escort of the line, four-and-four abreast, being handcuffed and strongly bound by cord one to the other. There were among the number men who looked nearly allied to the *forçat*, but I was pained to see grey-headed old men and young men in dress and appearance answering to the word "respectable." Again what a contrast to the days of February ! when I met drumless drummers, disarmed and draggled-tailed soldiers of the line, shrinking away to their plundered barracks, while brigand, thief, assassin, and *forçat* were armed to the teeth and drunk with victory !

Further on I met a huge cart for *déménagements*, strongly guarded, and laden with human furniture—dead or alive, I know not ; but this I do know, in the swing-basket under the cart I saw, as I thought, three men in blue blouses fast asleep—I got nearer and looked again—it was the sleep of death !

June 29th.—Still young and inexperienced in the ways and meanings of an *état de siège*, we were threatened with the chance of sleeping in our carriage, or where we could, instead of at home. Ignorant that ten o'clock was the hour named for peaceful citizens to retire to rest, we remained till near eleven before we left some friends

on the northern side of the Seine. La Place de la Concorde was occupied with all the watch and attributes of military possession—a position not to be slightly treated. The night before, M. le Mansois, Secretary-General of the Questure of the National Assembly, had been shot by a sentinel, who got no answer to his “*Qui vive ?*” Instead of answering “*ami*” or “*citoyen*,” he fumbled in his pocket for his medal, which might have been a pocket-pistol for aught the sentinel could know, so, thinking the first blow is half the battle, he fired and wounded the representative of the people. The hint was not thrown away : we made our approaches with due caution, and were about to retreat in despair, when a colonel of cuirassiers gallantly stepped up, saying he was about to cross the bridge in a carriage, and that we might follow : with many thanks we accepted the offer. If there were peril in approaching, the scene we passed through amply repaid the risk. The whole Place de la Concorde, with all its approaches, the quay by the river, and the terrace of the Tuileries presented the picture of a camp-scene by night. The moon was over-head, and the gas-lamps were studded around and afar like stars of heaven upon earth. Wood-fires were burning, and groups of men in iron-harness were gathered round ; others scattered on the bed of straw were wrapped in the sleep of the weary, seeming as calm as the lamp of heaven which fell upon their features. At hand was the watchful sentinel,—the trumpeter whose blast would break “the soldier’s dream,” and wake with its note the pulse of life and bloodshed. Cuirass and helmets, with their horse-hair plumes, were ranged around the obelisk of Egypt,—horses, rich and ready in the trappings of war, were nodding their weary heads,—not a flutter stirred the lancer’s flag,—arms were piled, and bayonets shone like rays of light,—the sentinel on horseback seemed stirless as the cannon by the silent river. We alone were moving amidst this multitude of man and horse ; and as we slowly threaded our way through the dread elements of warfare in repose, I could not help thinking of the morrow, — how slight a spark could call forth the lightning and thunder which were hidden in the silence of night. We breathed more freely as we crossed the bridge, and left the warriors to their stern repose. As usual, the silver moon and countless lamps reflected in the river reminded me of Venice and all its witchery.

“We are safe now?” whispered my wife, as we had crossed the river, and thinking of Tam o’Shanter and such-like escapes. I nodded assent.

We passed the Assemblée Nationale unchallenged and safe, but when we got to La Place du Palais Bourbon our note was changed to that of Sterne’s starling—we could not get out ! In every direction which had promised egress there were piles of muskets, soldiers, and barricades thrown up for defence, our leader and colonel of cuirassiers had disappeared, and we were left hedged in with bayonets. Coachee turned first to one outlet and then to another, but in vain. At last an officer came to our aid, we left the carriage, and the horses managed to drag it over loose stones and the footway ; this, too, with no damage done, except to some fragments of doorway and shutter, which were carried off *in transitu*.

What a blessed thing is the peace of home, thought I, as I remembered the words by Coleridge—

“Oh sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from Pole to Pole,”

and sank, like the weary soldier, in slumber and forgetfulness.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHEAP TOUR.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

If there is anything more delightful than travelling with plenty of money, it is certainly making a journey of pleasure with very little—provided always that health and spirits are good, and that one can find a companion similarly circumstanced. Circumstances and necessities throw you out of beaten tracks of proceeding, and make you acquainted with odd folks and adventures: not being bound by any conventional laws of travelling, you are more independent to wander wherever you please; and, above all, there is little after-regret at the prospect of overbalancing the pleasure derived from the trip by the anticipation of winter retrenchment, to make up for the expenses thereby incurred.

The following is an account—almost word for word from a journal kept at the time—of a tour undertaken a few years ago, at the time I was studying anatomy in Paris, by myself, in company with a fellow-pupil at the Clamart, who is now an assistant-surgeon in the —th Hussars. As medical students, it is scarcely necessary to add that our means were exceedingly limited—we were compelled to manage our expenses, though living in the Quartier Latin. But autumn was getting on, and the breaking up of the schools was arriving. Paris would then be very dull; and the court-yard of the Messageries Royales suggested such enviable journeys, as the diligence offices were labelled to Geneva, Vienna, Rome, St. Petersburg, and Constantinople even, that standing, so to speak, on the high-road to everywhere, the temptation to go-ahead at once was too great to be resisted. And so, with great pains, collecting twelve pounds a-piece, which was to last us about five weeks, and which we carried about us, entirely in five-franc pieces, chiefly stuffed into a leathern belt round our waists: buying two old soldier's knapsacks at three francs each, and two pairs of hob-nailed shoes at five and a half, off we started to get as far as we could in the time, and trust to chance for whatever turned up.

I am not going to enter into any long descriptions of scenery or places in this diary. Much of the ground has been gone over often by competent writers, and in the present numbers of the "Miscellany" an able hand is producing vivid sketches of continental localities, enough to satisfy any reader of travels. I am only going to shew, instead of how we went about in great state with couriers, *fourgons*, and post-horses, how we were very merry and saw a great deal for next to nothing at all.

Friday, September 21.—Having a prejudice in favour of Friday, inasmuch as everything I have begun or accomplished on that day has usually turned out well, we agreed to start from Paris that morning. There was, fortunately, opposition on the road to Geneva, and the diligences were running very cheap, a journey of seventy-eight successive hours,—i. e. from 8 o'clock on Friday morning until 2 p. m. on the following Monday,—for two pounds. We made a good breakfast at our old *café* in the Rue M. le Prince before we started, and got the cook to boil us a dozen eggs very hard. We also took a large bottle—a *litre*—of *vin ordinaire*, and a leathern cup that folded up and went into the

pocket. In a flat bottle, that we could tuck into the side of the knapsack, we had also some brandy. The beginning of the journey was not lively. It poured with rain, which beat into the *banquette*, and compelled us to keep the black curtains closed. This lasted until we got to Melun, where the diligence stopped for lunch. We took advantage of the halt to run about the town and look at the place, making our meal, when we started again, from our stores, in addition to some pears and a "brick" of bread more than two feet long, bought in the town. The passengers paid three francs each for their *déjeuner*: ours did not cost ten sous. At Montereau, at the junction of the Seine and Yonne, we got down at the *relai* and ran on, by which means we saw in the market-place some criminals exposed on a platform, with their names and crimes inscribed over their heads. None of the other passengers saw this exhibition: indeed, it was curious to notice that two English people in the *coupé* drew down the blinds on account of the sun, and when they did not do this they were asleep. At Sens, where we arrived about seven, the passengers dined at the great hotel: four francs each. We went over to a *cabaret* which the postilion told us about, and had hot roast veal, omelette, bread, butter, salad, wine, and brandy for twenty-four sous each. As night came on, we crept under the tarpaulin roof of the diligence, stacked all the luggage on each side, collected all the straw, and slept at full length tolerably well.

Saturday, 22nd.—As morning broke we found ourselves amongst the vineyards, which came down to the edge of the road. They are not nearly so pretty as our own hop-gardens; something like them at a distance, but not higher than raspberry-bushes. At Tonnerre, where they stopped to breakfast, we ran on again, with our bread and eggs in our pockets, and got plenty of grapes for nothing; for we were now approaching the Cote d'Or—the great wine-country of France. We walked two or three miles before the diligence overtook us; and, what was worth everything, had a bathe in a little river, which freshened us up immensely. The people were all dozing again when the diligence came up; and the *conducteur* thought we had lost the way. We had plenty of walking that day, for the country was hilly, and, what appeared the most singular, there was no down hill to it. Nothing but vineyards everywhere, which are great things for untravelled poets to sing of, but sadly monotonous in a landscape. At Semur—a very beautiful town by the side of a deep valley—the passengers dined. We bought a pie at a confectioner's and replenished our wine-bottle. The *conducteur* turned out a capital fellow, and messed with us; and after all there was enough left for breakfast the following morning. We got to Dijon about two in the morning, and made friends at the *relai* for a jug of hot water to mix with our brandy. After this we crept under the roof again and slept as before; getting quite used to the "jing! jing! jing!" of the horses' bells.

Sunday 23rd.—The day broke very fine, and the whole country was an uninterrupted tract of vineyards. We stopped at Dôle to breakfast, and also to change diligences, where we found a little *café*, the landlord of which was very civil and showed us all about the town, after we had washed at the fountain in the market-place, to the great delight of a party of girls, who lent us a huge bit of soap and some towels. We never saw so many pretty women as at this Dôle, nor so many wooden shoes—in fact, nobody appeared anxious to sell anything else, whatever

kind of shop they kept. We bought a bottle of wine—"Burgundy," recollect—for threepence. When we got back to the hotel we saw the two *coupé* passengers awake for the first time. One of them complained of having been charged three francs and a half for a fowl that must have been roasted over and over again, and some questionable fish. We recommended him to buy a pie, but he said he did not like to—it looked so. Then they wanted to see the Public Walk with a view of the Alps, and the Cathedral, and other things we had told them of; but just then the order was given to take their places, so we still appeared to be the gainers. The new diligence had a perfect paradise of *banquettes*—very large, indeed, with no seat, but full of straw, so that we could lie down at full length, with our heads out in front. We invited the *conducteur* to dinner again, with the driver, from German sausage and cold duck,—a perfect festival laid in at Dôle. In return, the driver, who lived at Poligny, made us sup with him when we got there. We had haricot beans, soup, and thick slices of mutton broiled; and waited so long at it, that the passengers got impatient, but they could not go on till the *conducteur* gave the word. Then we began slowly to climb the Jura, and this crawling pace was kept up all night.

Monday 24th.—We got out to walk early, taking short cuts between the zigzag roads up the mountain, and got to Les Rousses, on the summit of the Jura, about seven o'clock, where we had breakfast literally in the clouds. The *conducteur* told us, if we left him to pay he would get everything for half-price, which he did. From Les Rousses we began to descend. The road is beautifully hard and smooth, winding in all directions, with little stones all the way to mark it from the precipice. A sudden turn of the road brought to sight the famous view described by Rousseau and so often quoted. The whole lake of Geneva, beautifully blue, could be seen many hundred feet below us, with the Alps on the other side, their summits only shewing above the clouds; and the country, like a coloured map, at our feet. The passengers in the *interieure* saw nothing of this, one of their windows looking against the mountain, and the other down the precipice; in the *rotonde* they could only look out behind them, as through the door of an omnibus; and in the *coupé* they had pulled the blinds down, because the morning sun shot right through the windows: so that we had the best of it again. From the foot of the mountain to Geneva the road was at the edge of the lake, like Barnes Terrace with the other side of the Thames taken away, and very English in appearance. The *conducteur* sent us to a clean second-rate inn—the *Hôtel de Lemans*—with a *restaurant* attached to it, so that we only paid for what we wanted and had it when we pleased. After dinner we saw to our passports ourselves, in preference to paying a commissioner; watched the sun set on Mont Blanc,—a glorious sight which the other passengers lost, as they were just then at the *table d'hôte* of the expensive *Hôtel des Bergues*,—and then went to bed at seven, sheets and blankets proving quite a novelty. When we settled our accounts at night, we found our expenses of travelling and feeding, from Paris to bed-time at Geneva, came to two pounds twelve and sixpence each—about a quarter of what they would have been had we gone in the *coupé* and lived conventionally.

Tuesday 25th.—Up at half-past five, on the road to Chamonix, with our knapsacks on our backs, which rather dragged on us at first, but we soon got used to them. Walked to Bonneville before breakfast,

which consisted of a roll and some peaches bought in the market-place. The difference of the money in Savoy made a remarkable bargain of this purchase, which we never could understand. We gave a ten-sous piece, and got half a dozen peaches and twelve sous in exchange for it. Here we found a sort of lumber-waggon going to Cluses, on which the owner allowed us to ride, and a mile or two on the other side of this village—where most of the Geneva watches are made—we made a bargain with a return *char-à-banc*, for two francs, to go on to St. Martin.

The road was very lovely, although on comparatively a small scale,—hills, cascades, houses, and torrents on each side, like the Swiss part of the Colosseum, continued for miles; with Mont Blanc in the distance all the way. At Arpenaz some cannon were fired to produce an echo; which is very wonderful. The owner asked us if we would like to hear it, but as he wanted more money for the exhibition than we thought proper to give, we waited until a car full of travellers who were not far behind us came up, who directly ordered the exhibition, by which we were the gainers, as there was no charge for listening. At St. Martin we left the *char-à-banc* and walked on to the baths of St. Gervais. On our way we met a hearty old man, who told us his name was Victor Tairraz,—brother of a Mont Blanc guide,—and that he kept the Hôtel de Londres at Chamonix. We observed that being only students we could not afford a great hotel, on which he said if we did not mind sleeping right up at the top of the house, we should have our beds at twenty-five sous each. We next bargained for breakfast at a franc and a half, and a “repast”—he did not say dinner—at two francs. All this was very well, and we decided on visiting him. We got to St. Gervais just at dusk: it is very like a large Shanklin Chine, with the baths at the end. We had for supper rice milk, fowls, potatoes, wine, and fruit; and some old ladies and gentlemen and a priest were of the party, as well as two enormous St. Bernard dogs. Before we had finished two young men came in—an Edinburgh M.D. and a Frenchman, who said he was going all over Europe with two shirts and a pocket-comb. We agreed to travel together next day; and then paid our bills, which came to five francs a-piece, and astonished us very much, especially the Frenchman, who harangued the host for half an hour, and made him take a franc from each.

Wednesday 26th.—Started for Chamonix at six o'clock, on a mountain-road very fatiguing, but magnificently wild and beautiful. The Frenchman was a capital fellow, of unflagging spirits, never out of breath, (he had not much to carry though,) and climbing up and down the rocks after plants and insects with great agility; in fact, we agreed that he must have been the original “Acrobat of the Alps” we had heard of at Astley’s. At Savoy we met a Swiss Boy, the first we had seen: he was very dirty and lubberly, had a large *goitre*, and was half-witted. The Alpine maidens, also, we encountered put us more in mind of Poor Law Unions than Annuals and Ballads: indeed, the Swiss Villagers may be classed with Troubadours, Minstrel Pages, Shepherdesses, Rover’s Brides, and other fabulous pets of small poets and vocalists. We made a halt at Servoz, where we each bought a long pole, with a chamois’-horn at the top, of the man at the inn. We also had breakfast there, for which he sent on our knapsacks in some one else’s *char* to Chamonix, where we arrived at half-past one—as soon as those who had ridden, and not half so much bumped about and shaken.

Our bedroom being high, had a far better view over the valley than any of the others; and our "repast" appeared just as good as the *table d'hôte* dinner, with the advantage of having it to ourselves. In the afternoon we went out in the fields, and sat on the flax-bundles, buying some bread and honey for supper, and finishing our cognac. Mont Blanc does not look to be so very high from Chamonix, by reason of everything around it being on a gigantic scale; in fact, the Frenchman offered to wager that he would walk up it in a day. Certainly, if anybody could have done it, he would have been the man.

Thursday 27th.—We started at seven for the Mer de Glace—one of the "lions" of Chamonix. Having been told the night before that the road was very dangerous, and that we must pay for a guide, as well as have a mule a-piece on account of the distance, we were debating what we should do, when we saw a party start from one of the hotels, and determined that there could be no harm in following them.

We then saw that the difficulty did not lie in finding the path, but in missing it, as there was but one: that it was no more dangerous than the ascent to the tower at Rosherville, or the Dane John at Canterbury; and that, to lose all enjoyment of the journey, the best plan was to get on a mule. This is the case at most of the Swiss show-places. The excursion to the Jardin at Chamonix is kept purposely laborious and semi-dangerous. The smallest hand-engineering could make it perfectly easy. The story that the Mer de Glace resembles the sea suddenly frozen in a storm, is all nonsense. From Montanvert it looks rather like a magnified white ploughed field. We went down and crossed completely over to the other side. The ice of the glaciers is not clear like that from Wenham Lake, but opaque and full of air-bubbles; in fact, it is a conglomerate of snow and hail-stones.

We returned to the *châlet* on Montanvert very much fagged, and ate so much bread and cheese and honey, that we did not want any dinner, which was another economy, so we dawdled about on the mountain, and saw the people come and go, which was very amusing. In the course of four hours we met some one from almost every nation on the earth, and, with scarcely an exception, each one told the rest that they should see something in his country quite as good. Of these comparing minds, the most daring were the Irish and the Americans. On our journey home, our jolly French friend was never once out of breath. He sang, hallooed, heaved large stones over the precipices, made short cuts down from one path to the other, and shewed no symptoms of the slightest fatigue. We could not get him to sit down once,—he said it tired him so! We got safely to Chamonix; strolled about the village; were invited by an Englishman to have some champagne with him, because it was his birthday, and then went to bed. Chamonix is the nicest place in Enrope.

Friday, 28th.—This was an important day with us, inasmuch as it was a "general wash." Our two companions went back to St. Martin, and D— and I started on foot at half-past five for Martigny. Our worthy old host gave us a letter to the landlord of the Hôtel de la Tour, begging him to treat us as students in his charges. We bargained for some hard-boiled eggs at one of the cottages, waiting whilst they were cooked, and then, marched on to the *Tête Noire* Pass, where we halted for breakfast at a little tavern, perched up high on the mountain like an eyrie, where they found us wine and a loaf. At

the top of the Forclaz,—the magnificent mountain barrier between Chamonix and the Vallais,—we halted to bathe, in a natural basin, off the road, where a block of granite had stopped up the torrent, and here we determined to wash our things, which was a laughable affair enough. We spread them out on a flat stone, and knocked them with another, as we had seen the washerwomen do at the fountains, and then put them to dry in the hot sun. They were not particularly well “got up” to be sure, but very clean. This was a good notion, for we must have waited two or three days to have had them done properly, and on the mountains shirt-fronts are not the chief objects of curiosity. During this halt we finished our eggs, and drank *kirschwasser* and water, and got to Martigny at six o'clock, where our host's letter was of use, for we had a famous hot supper for two francs each. Martigny is a wretched place—no shops nor anything else—so we went to bed about eight.

Saturday, 29th.—Left Martigny at six, to ascend the Great St. Bernard on foot,—thirty odd miles, and a rise of seven or eight thousand feet. The morning was very depressing,—cold, mist, and rain,—so we spread our Macintosh capes over our heads, knapsacks, and all. This cleared up about ten, and we arrived at Orsières to breakfast, much a-head of some people who had left when we did, with mules and *char-à-bancs*. At Liddes, a village higher up, we entered the inn for some wine, when two Englishmen and an old Swiss joined us. We arrived at St. Pierre,—the last hamlet up the mountain,—about four, when it began to rain again, and so continued until night without ceasing. Our journey now became no joke. The footpath was streaming with water from the hills; our clothes soaked through and through; our knapsacks dragging on us very heavily; and the rain, gradually turning to sleet and then to snow, whilst we had literally icicles in our mustachios. Our companions relieved us of our knapsacks occasionally in turn; and one of them, a major in a line regiment, walked behind to keep us up to the mark. He told us he had generally found that his soldiers went through hard marches better in rain than in fine weather. We came to a dismal little solitary hut, called the Canteen, at five, where we got some brandy, and then went on, past the Refuge and dead-house, when it got nearly dark, and the road very difficult to trace, as the water had carried away a foot-bridge, which caused us to go out of our way.

At last we were delighted to see the convent lights up a-head, as a very little more would have finished us; indeed, had we been by ourselves, we never should have arrived. I was dead beat, and tumbled down over my knapsack, when I got through the gate, as I was leaving it in the hall; but I soon recovered. When we came into the *salle de voyageurs*, for supper, we found a dozen people assembled. It being a fast day, we had soup, pancakes, potatoes, and beans, with stewed prunes, and cheese. We enjoyed the meal very much, and a roaring fire looked cheerful enough. After supper, we drew round and chatted, and then had some music, for there was a piano, the natural keys of which were black, and the flats and sharps white. We were not sorry, at half-past nine, to get to bed, under eider-down quilts. The rooms had double windows, and were tolerably warm considering our elevation.

Sunday, 30th.—A heavy fall of snow in the night. We came down to breakfast about half-past six, but could scarcely walk, our ankles

had been so knocked about and twisted the day before, so we begged leave to stay another day. Everybody left about ten for Martigny, and as there was a solemnity of peasants in the *salle*, we were put in the refectory. It was a very dreary day; the snow was falling out of doors, and the dogs wandering about and barking. At two, we had dinner in the following order: soup, beef, potatoes, stewed rabbits flavoured with cinnamon, roast veal, cheese, nuts and figs. We laughed, heartily at the way the dinner was served. It came up a trap door into a box, into which the monk dived to get it, so that at times we only saw his legs. After dinner some young monks came and talked to us, telling us many anecdotes about the dogs, but assuring us, at the same time that all we hear about them generally, is untrue. When they left for vespers, some peasants entered and began to play at cards and Chinese puzzles. More towards evening, some English travellers came up from Aosta; and at eight o'clock, we all supped together with the monks in the refectory: a novel sight. They were very merry, and we thought it only wanted Mr. Ransford to sing "How they laughed ha! ha!" to make the scene perfect.

Monday, October 1.—Started for Italy—it sounded very grand—at seven, having put our contributions into the *tronc* of the church, since nothing is demanded at the Great St. Bernard. You are in Italy ten minutes after leaving the convent. There was a dense fog on the mountains; but now and then, suddenly clearing away, it shewed the white Alps, with the blue sky beyond them: a most magnificent effect. At the frontier village of St. Remy, our knapsacks were searched, and the man was going to take my pistols away, but we gave him a pocket-knife, and he passed them. As we got near the Vallée d'Aoust, the luxuriance of the country was wonderful. The vineyards are here much more picturesque than in France, the vines being raised on trellises about ten feet high, forming beautiful arbours. We got plenty of grapes for nothing, and most delicious ones. On arriving at Aosta, about two, a dirty looking fellow offered to take us to a good hotel. We followed him, and he led us a long, rambling walk, quite away from the town, until we turned back, firmly believing that he meant to get us to some lonely place, and then, with his fellows, to rob us. Aosta is a miserable place, and the Hôtel de la Couronne dear and dirty. There are some Roman remains, a great deal of frightful *goître*, some poor shops, and all the church clocks strike the hours twice over. We were very uncertain, for the first time, where to go next. We could not get a map of Italy, anywhere; and did not know the country at all. At last we were told that a diligence was to start for Ivrea at three the next morning, and we settled to go by that. We had our shoes mended, for ten sous each; and bought some bread in long sticks, the thickness of a cane, with which we marched away to the vineyards and made a repast. The landlord of the inn charged us so much, that we cut all the cold meat into sandwiches and stowed them in our knapsacks, and filled our flasks with the wine we left.

Tuesday, 2nd.—At half-past two in the morning, we went down to the inn-yard, not having taken our clothes off, but thrown ourselves on the beds just as we were. Our vehicle was something between a hackney-coach and a wicker-basket; and our companions people of the humblest grade, who evidently lived upon garlic. As soon as it got daylight, we found that the road was highly romantic, being in a long valley, with an uninterrupted tract of chestnut-trees and luxuriant

vineyards for thirty miles. In some places the grapes were trained in festoons from post to post, until they reached the tops of the mountains, on terraces, like large flights of steps. The diligence was desperately slow, for we were thirteen hours doing fifteen leagues; but the charge ludicrously small for the journey. As we approached Ivrea, the country became flat, which was rather a relief after so much mountain scenery; our eyes being once more kept on a level. We bought forty peaches for a penny, on entering Ivrea, where we stopped at the *Albergo de la Posta*, a very fair inn. Evidently few English came this road, for the host was surprised to see us; but much delighted, as his brother-in-law, the notary, had once been to London, and would be most gratified to visit us. So he was sent for, and turned out a capital fellow; joined us at supper, and would stand all sorts of bottles of wines. D— was so delighted at meeting a real notary—a character he had only known at the opera—that he would keep singing bits from “*Sonnambula*,” and going through every kind of “business” attached to the *rôle*. At night, the host came up and joined us, and we shewed him how to make punch, after he had produced as a great rarity, a bottle of rum. This new beverage he drank until he got intoxicated, when we put him to bed. He appeared to be literally the *maitre d’hôtel*, for we saw nobody else about. The notary then poured all the rest of the punch into a bottle to take to a friend of his, high in the police; and would not hear of our paying for anything. He said when he was in London, a gentleman, whose name was perfectly unintelligible with his pronunciation, had kept him for three days, and he should be happy for life now that he had returned the hospitality. We insisted, however, on his accepting an English razor; and this perfected his felicity.

Wednesday 3rd.—Our friend came back to us at day-break, and walked some way out of the town with us on the road to Vercella. The day was exceedingly fine, and the sky all that we had imagined of Italy. We halted at one of the villages and bought a pound of bread in long sticks, and then, as usual, gathered the rest of our breakfast from the vineyards, always thinking of Rabelais, where he says, “For here it is to be remarked, that it is a celestial food to eat for breakfast hot fresh cakes with grapes, especially the frail clusters, the muscadines, &c.” Passing through Viverone and Popolo, we bought some chestnuts for lunch at Cavaglia, where it was market-day. On leaving Cavaglia the country assumed a different appearance, being very level, with no vines, and very little foliage generally, and extraordinarily long, straight roads, with little stones at the sides. The people were making hay and drying Indian corn all the way along, and we went and sat with some of these and had some wine. We began to flag very much as we got near Vercella, and the last two miles could scarcely get along, having walked with our knapsacks in a broiling sun more than eleven leagues. We were so worn and dirty, that at the first inn they refused to receive us, on which we went over to the *Albergo dei tre Re*, where everything was so very dirty that it was comically remarkable. The rooms were filthy, but the ceilings all painted with gaudy frescos, and the waiter a small person, like a pantomime imp. We went to bed at seven, and fell asleep directly.

Thursday 4th.—The imp awoke us at five o’clock, insisting that we had engaged a *voiturier* to take us to Novara; and we were obliged to have all the people in the hotel up, and institute a general row, before

we could convince them to the contrary. However, we got up and set off, somewhat stiff with yesterday's march, and out of tune altogether. We had breakfast at a hovel in a village, where the man, we made sure, was an innkeeper by day and a brigand by night; but he only charged us a franc each for wine, eggs, and bread. Everybody and everything was as dirty as yesterday's. From being fagged, we made very short stages, getting to Novara about three, at the entrance of which town we were beset by crowds of *vetturini*, wanting to take us on to Milan, but we agreed to walk. At the *Albergo del Giardino* we bargained for a dinner, bed, and breakfast: they asked nine francs, and took five. Novara is a handsome, fortified town, with beautifully-built houses and good shops, at which we laid in our stores for the next day—a cold fowl, bread, and chestnuts. At the inn they gave us a bottle of new wine, from a vehicle like a water-cart: it was like very sweet cider, and not unpleasant. The waiters had ear-rings and only spoke Italian, but looked very good-tempered and anxious to please, so we got on pretty well. We walked about the town at night, admiring the sky, which was like burnished gold, and rose-coloured, in streaks, and then to bed.

Friday 5th.—Up at half-past five, and on our way to Milan in the misty grey morning, walking two leagues before breakfast, and then laying out our stores under some thorny acacias, with a quantity of lizards about the road—very harmless, pretty little things, who picked up a crumb now and then when thrown in their way. Afterwards an old priest walked a mile or two with us, and gave us two little medals, which he said would keep us from ague, as well as recommended us to a cheap hotel at Milan. We got there about four, and went to the *Albergo delle Croce Bianca*. Having made ourselves a little decent, we bought a map and started to stroll about the town, and see the cathedral and churches. Returned and dined in the inn-yard, which had galleries like those in the Borough, but covered with vines. *Vetturini* were arriving and departing, women singing, guests at different tables drinking and playing games with their fingers, something like "Buck, buck, how many horns do I hold up?" and the evening so beautifully calm, that the flame of the caudles never wavered. We were very happy: could scarcely believe that we had got so far away from home; and pleased to find our money holding out capitally, when we examined our belts on retiring to bed.

PARISIAN SILHOUETTES.

BY MADAME DE MONTALK.

"*Le National s'amuse*," says Monsieur de Balzac, in a very witty account of the ball given last week at the Presidency of the Assemblée Nationale. He ought to have added, however, that, although the dynasty which has sprung up from the printing-office of the *National*, it certainly does its utmost to emulate the *ci-devant* festivities of the *Tuileries* and of the *Pavillon Marsan*; never before, perhaps, did the endeavour to amuse cost so much anxiety to the givers as did the *fête* with which Monsieur and Madame Armand Marrast opened their *salons* to the Parisian world last week. A splendid range of apartments, Tolbecque's admirable band, and Chevet's cooks and larder, not to speak of every other facility and means to boot, that wealth or power could give, were at hand. But all such advantages threatened to prove unavailing, unless some means or other of conquering what seemed an almost insurmountable obstacle to the success of the entertainment, were discovered. The difficulty was simply this: not indeed how to avoid crowding, but how to fill the rooms at all. Everything was there excepting the guests! The political ups and downs that have so strangely substituted the ex-editors of the *National* to the fallen royalty of France, did not at the same time extend their benefits to conferring the somewhat necessary appendage to exalted rank—a suitable circle of acquaintances. It came to pass, therefore, that when the government had decided that their duty it was, to replace royalty in more ways than one, and to lend a helping hand to the suffering trade of Paris, in the shape of balls and dinners, which would occasion the intended guests to unfasten their purse-strings in the purchase of gloves, shoes, and such like gear, wherewithal to appear decently, the poor President of the National Assembly found himself in a very unpleasant dilemma.

It was not the mere *embarras du choix* that puzzled him, for to speak the truth, he found it just as difficult to manage about the quantity as about the quality of the guests that were so very indispensable to abet the charitable intent of the ruling powers. Johnny Gilpin himself could not have been in a worse predicament, and it was only after much demur and many *pros* and *cons* that it was settled thus. The couple, "on hospitable thoughts intent," decided upon issuing nine hundred invitations, to the nine hundred representatives, their wives, and children, inclosing, moreover, to each representative sundry blank invitations, with a request that they would inscribe the names of such of their friends or relatives as might wish to be present at the republican housewarming.

Such an arrangement could scarcely fail to ensure a considerable, if not a select, assembly, and had caused me to anticipate a very considerable increase of din and confusion in the neighbourhood of the *ci-devant Palais Bourbon* on the night of the 7th instant.

A friend of mine reduced, not by the fortune of war, but by the misfortune of the Republic; to put down his carriage and either go on foot or adopt some more democratic mode of conveyance, hap-

pened on that particular night to get into a green caterpillar-looking omnibus that runs in the direction of his own residence, situated within a very small distance of the *Assemblée Nationale*.

The hour was between ten and eleven. *En route*, the conveyance stopped more than once to pick up divers black-coats and white-waistcoats, regular piebalds. On approaching the *Pont de la Concorde*, over which the road lay, my friend was not a little astonished to find the vehicle diverge to the left, the bridge being guarded and forbidden by police on horseback. The passengers (of the magpie order) intent on brighter visions than the moon, did not perceive for some time that they were journeying smoothly along by the river side in the direction of the Tuileries, turning their backs consequently upon the Palace of the National Assembly. One of them at length, did find out his error, called impetuously to the *conducteur*, and having rated him most soundly for not putting him down at the very door of *Madame la Presidente*, out he jumped with all the other piebalds in his suite and hastened back as fast as he could.

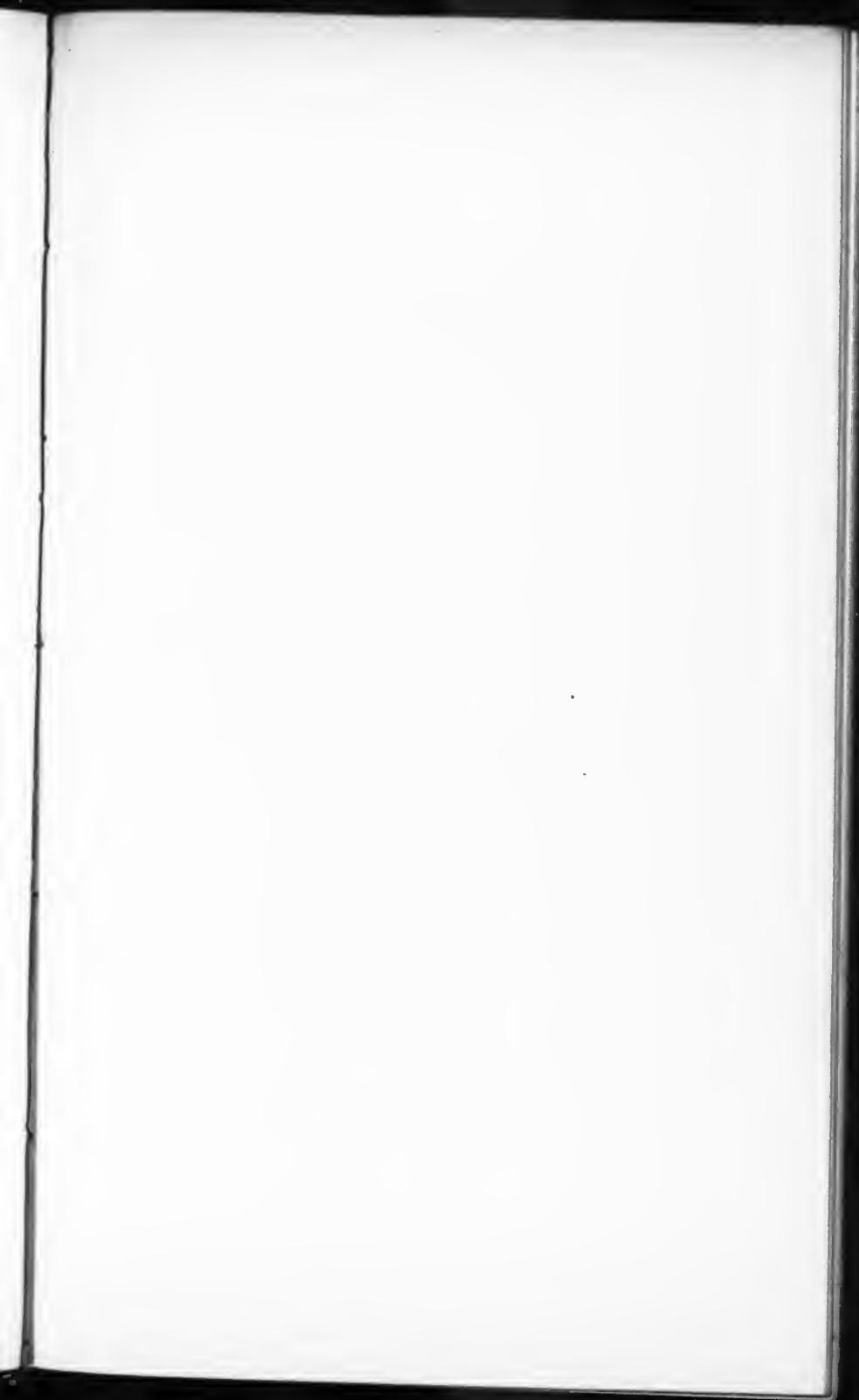
On inquiring into the matter it came out that this barring the passage of the bridge was a republican-royalty command to insure against all possible chance of confusion.

The idea of this order in behalf of order was not bad, but the farce of the thing was, that not a single coach, carriage, nor cart was to be seen either on the bridge, near the bridge, or on the Place leading to the bridge; the sentinels on horseback had it all to themselves, which did not however prevent the *sabons* of *Madame la Presidente* from being gaily thronged. Madame Armand Marrast had on this occasion deputed the Italian "Joan of Arc," Christine Princess of Belgiojoso, to do the honours of the *fête* in her stead. Such a selection is in itself no bad instance of the strange jumble yclept society here at present, and the office, however gracefully filled by the high-born Italian, seemed little consistent with the dignity of her own station, or the feelings she ought to experience towards a government who limit their efforts in behalf of struggling Italy, to a few idle words, as unavailing in their effects as they are derogatory to the once chivalric honour of France.

We are now looking forward with no small degree of interest to the elections that are to take place next week; it is generally feared that in Paris the result will be unfavourable to the cause of order, and that the representatives of the *red Republic* will, in this instance, carry the day, not indeed from any feeling of sympathy for them, but solely through the disconnected state of their opponents, who instead of bending all their efforts to one object, that of assuring a certain majority to men, known by the test of practical experience to be both willing and capable of fighting the cause of order against anarchy in the Chamber, disseminate their votes to the right and to the left, in behalf of some half score of Lilliputian Ambitions, only attracted into the parliamentary field by the tempting bait of twenty-five francs a-day, which rewards the labours, or rather the non-labours of the Republican National Assembly.

In the meanwhile the walls of Paris are covered with endless appeals, of every possible colour (both positively and figuratively), from the candidates to their electors. Preeminent amongst others is the following incongruous trinity of names and principles,

Louis Bonaparte, *Liberté du Vote*,



Emile Thomas, *Liberté Individuelle.*

Emile de Girardin, *Liberté de la Presse.*

Paris gets daily sadder and more gloomy. Every house seems empty, half of the shops are closed, and in many of the streets the grass begins to grow.

However much the privileged few may talk of "*notre jeune République,*" the sovereign people themselves seem to grow heartily sick of their unproductive and ruinous royalty, and to look forward with anticipated satisfaction to any change that may bring them work; the majority of the working classes are legitimists, and if their previsions be correct, this strange anomaly of a republic without republicans, is not destined to any very lengthened degree of existence, but will pave the way for the redintegration of Henri V. in the palace of his forefathers. Whatever may be the secret hopes and wishes of the more thinking portion of the population; they do not appear for the moment to adhere in such an opinion, and according to them, it is not the least melancholy part of the present situation of France, that, odious as is the Republic to the majority of the nation, nobody seems to foresee by what possible form of government, or by what competent ruler, it could be superseded.

In the meanwhile, Monsieur Thiers is correcting the proofs of a small volume about to appear in reply to Proudhon's infamous work on, or rather against, property. All those who are familiar with the straightforward precision of style, and the unbending logic of the great historian of the day, anticipate the most favourable effects from the publication of the forthcoming pamphlet. There can scarcely, however, exist a stronger proof of how deeply rooted is the evil engendered by socialist principles in France, than the fact of such a man as Thiers feeling it to be an imperative duty for him to exert all his wonderful power of intellect to grapple with the doctrines of a Proudhon or a Lagrange!

CARICATURE AND CARICATURISTS.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF GILLRAY.

THERE is no country in the world which has produced so many and such admirable caricaturists as Great Britain. The natives of these isles have no where their superiors in humour, and perhaps possess a greater relish for it than any people on the face of the globe; but this is not the sole cause of our pre-eminence in the department of caricature. In what other country would such productions be permitted, as have been constantly disseminated over the kingdom for the public diversion during the last hundred and fifty years? Monarchs have frequently been presented to the common gaze in these performances as objects of ridicule, nay, even of contempt; ministers have been held up to their countrymen as subjects of derision, of scorn, of execration; but we do not know, neither have we read of, any instance in which the venturesome wight who

gave full swing to his humour in this manner was ever brought up to be dealt with by the strong arm of the law. The satirist, the scoffer, and the libeller have often, indeed, had to pay in purse and person for the indulgence of his wit, the utterance of his impiety, and the gratification of his malice, but the caricaturist has gone scot-free. It is true, the Duke of Norfolk, of fifty years ago, was once so lightly offended by a caricature representing him in the act of being turned out of the lord-lieutenancy of his county, that he had it in meditation to

“Awake Revenge, from ebon den, with fell Alecto’s snake,”

but he had been so many scores of times seen in the shop of the print-seller, laughing at merry and malicious effusions published against his political opponents, that he thought better of it. Fox and Burke, too, once called upon Mrs. Humphreys, at her shop in St. James’s Street, touching a print which was very hard upon the latter; but Burke said it would make the good lady’s fortune if he were to prosecute her; and Fox passed off as a joke what the great Irishman probably did not feel as one.

He must be no common man who is a great caricaturist. It is not enough to exaggerate the minister’s mouth, or to give an unnatural prominence to the nose of the leader of the opposition. The true artist in this line must be a man well acquainted with life, and conversant with public affairs. He must, amongst several other faculties, be able to detect a flaw in reasoning, to discover a sophism in argument, and to deduce certain consequences from certain causes; and he must be able to set forth the weakness, the imbecility, or the madness that have become apparent to him after his discoveries, in the most ridiculous light or the most striking manner imaginable, so that all may see, and in a trice understand, what it is he has been aiming at.

We do not think our neighbours the French possess any large amount of talent for caricature. They are great wits; but wit is not often producible from the point of a graver. Coppel has been instanced by an English writer as *the* Frenchman who might have done great things as a caricaturist. We have seen his illustrations to “Don Quixote,” upon which this opinion of his probable merit in another branch was founded. They are admirably conceived, and finely executed; and, undoubtedly, Coppel might have become a great caricaturist, if skill as a draughtsman were the sole faculty required. But it is to the credit of Coppel that anything approaching caricature is not to be seen in his designs to “Don Quixote.” The scenes in that wonderful romance are suggestive of an extravagant treatment to an ordinary artist, and they have, in truth, been frequently vulgarized by inferior hands; but his Sancho is strictly the Sancho of Cervantes; and the crazy Don is throughout every inch *the gentleman*.

Our own genius, Hogarth, who sometimes deviated into caricature, was not a first-rate hand at it. The countenance of Wilkes was hardly susceptible of caricature, and Hogarth’s delineation of him is merely a capital likeness; but there is little humour, and little sense, in representing Churchill as a bear with a pot of porter in one paw and a bludgeon in the other. When the first Lord Holland, and his son Charles, are represented with the heads of *foxes*, we see the

pictorial pun—if we may use the expression—and smile, or shrug our shoulders, as the case may be; but a bear with a tankard and cudgel is a miserably anomalous monster. Hogarth's genius did not display itself to advantage in this department of art.

Unquestionably, the greatest caricaturist that England ever produced was James Gillray. The times in which he worked were stirring times, and party ran high during the whole of his career, so that he, who knew so well how to avail himself of them, had no lack of subjects. So far he was fortunate. Yet it is almost inconceivable how much this man did, and how well it was done. He is said to have produced not less than fifteen hundred caricatures, social and political; many of them not merely drawings, or sketches, but pictures, full of figures, each of which contributed to the fulfilment of a most humorous or satirical design. His humour was extraordinary, his invention inexhaustible; and his graver almost kept pace with the rapidity of his conceptions.

Of the history of this man, so celebrated in his day, whose productions were the delight of millions, and who was really a great man in a way in which it is difficult to be anything at all,—very little is known. Where he was born, and in what year, many enquire, but none can tell. A German dictionary of artists informs us that he was the son of a Chelsea pensioner, and that he was brought up to the business of a writing-engraver. On what authority this is stated we do not know; but that he was an engraver of pictures—not a writing-engraver, is certain; for Mr. Smith, of Lisle Street, has seen,—we believe has in his possession—some of his performances in that way, with his name to them. He first appeared as a caricaturist about 1782, and he lived for many years with Mrs. Humphries, who published his works, and at whose house he died. His last caricature bears the date of 1811, in which year he was deprived of his reason—a calamity under which he lingered for four years. Our friend Mr. Kenny Meadows has often, when a boy, looked up at the grating before the window of the garret in which he was confined. He died, and was buried at St. James's, Piccadilly, where a tablet was erected to his memory,—a memory which is thus embalmed in the pages of the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1815.

"June 1st.—In St. James's Street, Mr. James Gillray, the celebrated artist, well-known for his numerous engraved works, particularly for his caricatures." This we believe to be the sole historical notice in an English publication, of the life of a man whose breadth, without coarseness, of humour was never exceeded, and whose political caricatures not unfrequently animated patriotism, and invigorated public spirit.

Mr. Wright's recent work, "England, under the House of Hanover, illustrated from the Caricatures and Satires of the Day," suggested to us what we have just set down. His idea was a most felicitous and original one, and bearing in mind that his labour must necessarily have been one of painful selection, it is admirably accomplished. The author tells us: "The original plan adopted has been to use caricatures and satires in the same manner that other historical illustrations are commonly used, by extracting from them the point, or, at least, a point, which bears more particularly or directly on the subject under consideration: thus, a few figures are taken from a caricature." But some of the more remarkable caricatures have

been given entire on separate plates. We shall forthwith proceed to lay before the reader a few of the wood-cuts, that he may derive some, however faint, notion of the sort of book this is.

Everybody knows that George IV. when Prince of Wales, and in his earlier days, led a very scandalous and disorderly life; and that although for some time, in spite of his vices, he was rather a favourite of the people, he had many enemies, if they may not indeed be rather called friends of the Government, whose object it was to run him down. It is not to be supposed that the caricaturist could let slip the opportunity of depicting irregularities which were so well adapted for the pencil. Accordingly, many caricatures were published in which the prince and his friends (Fox and Sheridan appeared pretty often) were held up to the reprobation of a virtuous public. Amongst others was one, published on the 18th of January,



1787, in which he is represented as the prodigal son, the attendant upon and associate of swine. At his side lie the Prince's feathers cast into the mire, and we only see the word "honi" inscribed on the garter.

But if the prodigality of the Prince excited the censure of the respectable, it was not long before its opposite, as daily exemplified by his illustrious parents, began to attract the attention of such as consider that frugality is not a virtue that derives much lustre from its patronage by princes. To say the truth, Peter Pindar and the caricaturists evinced little delicacy in their invasion of the privacy of the palace. In November, 1791, a caricature was published, depicting the King and Queen as a farmer and his wife, solicitous about the main-chance, in the act of going to market, and exulting in the probable saving of the most paltry sums. In the same month, two prints appeared which "came home to the business and bosoms" of the royal pair. In the former, the King is presented in dishabille, toasting his muffins for breakfast; whilst, in the companion print, Queen Charlotte in homely attire, although her capacious pocket cannot contain her hoarded gains, is frying sprats for supper.



In March, 1792, Gillray published a caricature, entitled "Anti-Saccharites," in which, by way of "a noble example of economy," the royal princesses are shewn by their parents how to drink their tea without sugar. "Above all, remember how much expense it will save your poor papa!" exclaims the Queen; "Oh, delicious! delicious!" cries his serene and anti-saccharine majesty. In July of the same year, our great caricaturist published an admirable print, called "Temperance enjoying a frugal Meal." Seated at their table, in the enjoyment of eggs, the King and Queen are here seen breakfasting on the most frugal fare, which is served from the most sumptuous plate. Two months before this print was published, appeared a caricature in four compartments, called "Vices overlooked in the new Proclamation." These vices, said to be exemplified by the royal family, were, Avarice, represented by the King and Queen; Drunkenness, by the Prince of Wales; Gambling, by the Duke of York; and Debauchery, by the Duke of Clarence. Avarice is shewn in the persons of the King and Queen, who—not with that pensive expression of countenance which the practice of frugality enforces, and which we see in the preceding prints—but with a lively satisfaction, are hugging their hoarded treasures, while a book of interest-tables lies between them.



The excesses of the first French revolution, the proceedings of the National Convention, and the exciting effect they produced upon the English people, furnished many subjects for the pencil of the

caricaturist. In January 1793, Gillray published one representing Pitt aggravating the terrors of John Bull, who carries a gun, but is terribly alarmed, although he knows not why he should be so. Seduced from his allegiance, honest John Bull has not yet been; yet, loyal to the backbone, he has been partly carried away by "the spirit of the age." One of his waistcoat pockets contains the "Rights of Man," the other a loyal pamphlet; on one side of his hat is the tricolor, inscribed "Vive la liberté," on the other the true blue, with "God save the King." John and his conductor occupy a strong fortress; the latter is looking through a glass at a flock of geese, which his fears have metamorphosed into an invading army. The alarm of the minister is shewn in the incoherence of his talk—a burlesque on his speech at the opening of parliament. "There, John! there! there they are. I see them! get your arms ready, John! they're rising and coming upon us from all parts; there! there's ten thousand *sansculottes* now on the passage; and there! look on the other side! the Scotch have caught the itch, too, and the wild Irish have began to pull off their breeches! O Lord, John! O Lord! we're all ruined!—they'll murder us and make us into aristocrat pies!"

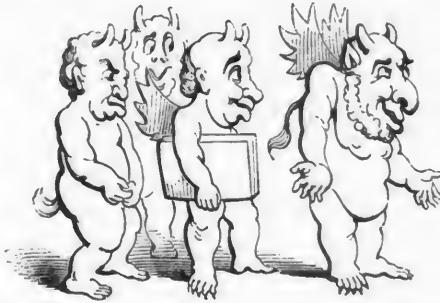


The minister's alarm communicates itself to his companion, whose common sense, however, is not altogether to be frightened out of him. "Aristocrat pies! Lord defend us! wounds, measter, you frighten a poor honest simple fellow out of his wits! And yet I'll be shot if I can see anything but a few geese gabbling together. But, Lord help my silly head! how should such a clodpole as I be able to see anything right. I don't know what occasion for I to see at all, for that matter My business is only to fire when and where measter orders—and to pay for the gunpowder. But, measter of mine (if I may speak a word) what's the use of firing now? what can us two do against all them hundreds of thousands of millions of monsters? Lord, measter, had we not better try if they won't shake hands with us, and be friends?"

How all this reminds us of the present state of affairs in France, and how John's last suggestion would please Mr. Cobden.

In 1797, taxation had risen to a fearful height; but no hope was held forth of a present or speedy reduction. Ov the contrary, no sooner had Parliament met at the end of that year, than it was offi-

cially announced that a heavy addition to the assessed taxes would be made. In December, a print appeared, entitled "More Visitors to John Bull; or, The Assessed Taxes." These troublesome visitors are represented as introducing themselves to John Bull in a corporeal and appropriate form. John, surprised and alarmed, inquires, "What do you want, you little devils? ain't I plagued with enough of you already? More pickpockets' work, I suppose?"



Blandly and courteously the imps make answer, "Please your honour, we are the Assessed Taxes."

The man who designed this plate was a true genius. To clothe "the palpable and the familiar,"—the *too* palpable, the *too* familiar,—in "a mortal paradise of such sweet flesh," argues a poetical soul of the highest order.

Taxation was not much lightened between 1797 and 1805. Pitt's budget for the latter year called forth very severe strictures, and a heavily increased duty on salt, created universal discontent. People said that the genius of taxation, having traversed the rest of the house, had now descended into the kitchen; and a caricature depicts the premier in the act of scaring the cook, by suddenly pop-



ping his head out of the salt-box, with the unlooked-for greeting,— "How do you do, cookey?" "Curse the fellow," says the cook, "how he has frightened me! I think, in my heart, he is getting in everywhere! Who the deuce would have thought of finding him in the salt-box?"

A later caricature (for 1816) given by Mr. Wright, celebrating Mr. Vansittart's tax on soap, is very similar in conception, and is undoubtedly from the hand of George Cruikshank.

The successes of the British Navy in 1798 gave rise to a variety

of caricatures. Amongst others published by Gillray is one entitled "John Bull taking a Luncheon; or, British cooks cramming old Grumble-gizzard with *bon chère*." John, seated at table, is almost overwhelmed by the solicitous attentions of his naval cooks, Nelson, Howe, Warren, Duncan, Vincent, Bridport, Gardiner, &c. John is swallowing a frigate at a mouthful, and is evidently improving under



his new regimen. "What! more fricasees!" he exclaims; "why, you rogues, you, where do you think I shall find room to stow all you bring in?" A pot of stout to wash his food down stands by his side; a picture of "Buonaparte in Egypt," hanging from the wall, is partly concealed by Nelson's hat, and Fox and Sheridan (suspected of sympathy with the French) are seen through the window running away in terror at John Bull's voracity.

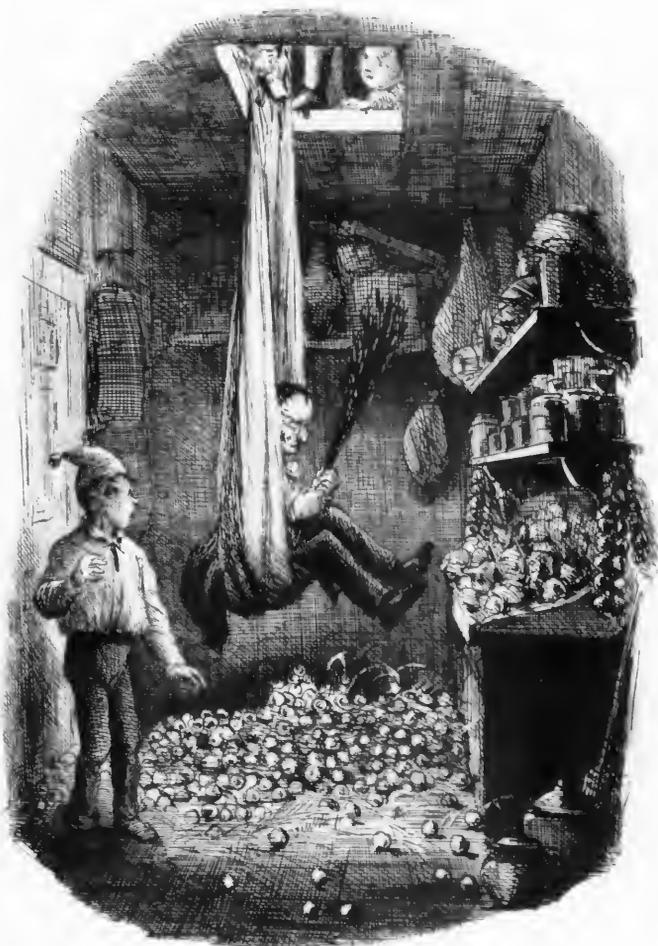
The threatened invasion of England by Buonaparte, in 1803, was ridiculed by Gillray in a caricature, published on the 26th June,



and called "The King of Brobdnag and Gulliver." George III. as the King of Brobdnag is represented as eying through his glass his pigmy enemy with contemptuous curiosity.

This is one of Gillray's finest conceptions, and mightily pleased the King, who had never before seen himself presented in so magnanimous a light. It was sold by thousands, and had no small share in sustaining the national spirit.





DR. DODGE.

A SCHOOL E C L O G U E.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

“Facilis descensus Averni,” &c.—VIRGIL.

NEAR Wimbleton, not long ago,
There lived one Dr. Dodge,
Above whose porch a board did show
These letters, “Homer Lodge.”

On either gate a griffin scowled
With stern ironic grin,
Their jaws did seem to shake, when howled
Unquiet souls within.

Now Dodge did love school husbandry,
His youthful soil was light;
’T was always Harvest, so that he
Could thrash from morn till night.

In school, at morning’s earliest beam,
His classic seed he’d sow,
From six A. M. his youthful team
Well knew the sound of “woe.”

The boys wished Dodge, and none said nay,
No harder fate than this,
“That he might plumb, and sans delay,
The bottomless abyss.”

One day the doctor, full of doubt,
Addressed his loving wife,
“Who steals the fruit I can’t make out—
I can’t, upon my life!

“I’ve floggéd Jones, whom we always flog
When evil we suspect,—
The rack with such a stubborn dog
Would have as much effect.

“These three last nights I’ve been upon
The watch till crow of cock,—
Just fifteen hours counted on
The never merry clock.

“And though no sound surprised my ear,
That precious Yorkshire ham
You so much loved, did disappear,
With sundry pots of jam.

“Methinks the birch might put to rights
E’en spiritual nerves,
At least, I’ll prove it on the sprites
That poach on your preserves.

“This very night within the store-
Room’s shade I’ll hide myself,
The twigs that never failed before,
Shall exorcise the elf.”

Soon done as said. At eventide

The doctor read the prayers,
Then saw his "hopefuls" side by side
Walk off to bed up stairs.

Then hied he to his narrow cell,
Beneath his arm the birch,
So famed, as many a wight can tell,
For classical research.

Now Doctor Dodge's ample store
Was thus economised,
Rare pippins strewed the lower floor,
By Mrs. D. much prized.

Shelf "one" with huge potatoes groaned,
And onions by the string,—
The next, preserves of summer owned,
The last showed everything,—

—As China jars, both whole and cracked,—
Here Indian idols stood,—
There spoons and forks, that had been packed
Long since away for good.

Nine struck—then ten—eleven next.
Though late, the doctor smiled;
And why? He 'd fixed his Sunday's text,
"Spare rod and spoil the child."

"What sound was that? A light, by Jove!
Before my very nose,"
Thus muttered Dodge, as straight above
A trap-door slowly rose.

But who shall paint Olympus' height,
Or Gods engaged in sport,
The Thunderer's robe was clearly white,
Yet singularly short.

On throne of down the monarch sat,
His valiant peers around,
Yet so subdued their friendly chat
You scarce could hear a sound.

Thought Dr. Dodge, "Fool—super-fool!
To let that trap-door pass;
'Twas made before I came,—the scool
Will write me down 'an ass,'"

Anon the council rose. Quoth Jove,
"Hence, Mercury, my boy;
In shades below successful prove,
And cull thy fruits with joy."

Descended next a winding sheet,
Now slow, anon more quick—
Little the God did think to meet
So soon his "old friend Nick."

As quails the fascinated bird
Before the serpent's eye,
So Jones sank down without a word
'Neath Dodge's oculi.

Then whispered D., "Attend to me,
Obey what I command,
And perhaps I'll let you off scot-free,
And take the rest in hand.

“ But if ye fail, or traitor play,
 Oh boy of little worth !
 I 'll make ye, ere return of day,
 A bleeding piece of earth.”

Then in the sheet the doctor placed
 His birch and portly form :
 The Gods above each other chased,
 Nor dreamt of coming storm.

And thus thought Dodge, “ Entrapped at last,
 Laugh on, ye merry grigs,
 You ate my pippins pretty fast,
 Now you shall taste the twigs.”

Two minutes' law he gave, no more,
 Then whispered thus to Jones,
 “ Call out ‘ All right ! ’ ye rascal, or
 I 'll pulverize your bones !”

Whimpered poor Jones “ All right ! ” and up
 The vengeful doctor shot ;
 Quoth hungry Gods prepared to snp,
 “ By Jove, a whacking lot !”

“ Cheerly, my boys ! the juicy prize
 But needs one pull together ;
 Think of old Dodge, then exercise,
 Your wings, my birds of feather !”

One moment more ! A shriek ! 'tis done !
 “ Peccavi !—Doctor D— ! ”
 And all let go the sheet with won-
 -drous unanimity.

Down went the doctor heels o'er head
 To hideous shades below,
 Glass, crockery—jellies, black and red,
 All shared the direful blow.

For drowning men will catch at straws,
 So Dodge in his descent,
 Clutched wildly at the pots and jars,
 To break the clear event.

The Gods who saw the Doctor dished
 Then closed the mystic hole,
 And all, no doubt, devoutly wished
 Repose to Dodge's soul.

The sacrifice, as he did lie,
 With broken shins and head,
 Said, “ Jones, don't let them bleed, for I
 “ Sufficiently am bled.”

And, “ Hark ye, sweep the glass away,
 For if my thrifty wife
 But views this glittering display,
 'T will cost at least my life.”

Six weeks did Sol the sufferer see
 Upon a couch of pain ;
 The boys went home until poor D.
 Was fit to rise again.

And legends tell, how Dodge resigned,
 From that time forth the “ thong,”
 Tilling by gentler means the mind,—
 Fit moral to my song.

A FAVOURITE DISH ;

OR,

TÊTE DE VEAU, AU SAVON.

BY GEORGE HODDER.

My friend, Joshua Munns (rest his soul, he is dead now!) was a clerk in the City, and when I became acquainted with him he had followed the same occupation for fifteen years, at the expiration of which period his employers were generous enough to increase his salary from ninety to a hundred and twenty pounds per annum. So great and unexpected an improvement in his fortunes suggested to him the propriety of entering the matrimonial state; for he felt assured that a wife, well versed in the mysteries of domestic management, would make his income "go further" than he could do even by the strictest economy. He therefore married; but unfortunately the wife of his choice was not the wife which prudence would have chosen. She had been a governess, and was of course quite a lady in her accomplishments, but a very ignorant person indeed in those substantial requisites which serve to make a wife useful rather than ornamental to her husband. The consequence was, that poor Munns had many difficulties to contend with in his household arrangements; and the following was amongst the "struggles" by which the early part of his matrimonial life was chequered. In the same house where Munns and his accomplished wife resided, there lived a middle-aged lady, named Sims, between whom and Mrs. Munns an intimacy was contracted such as often springs up between the first and second floor. Mrs. Sims was so fond of Mrs. Munns and her skilful pianoforte playing, that many were the acts of kindness which she bestowed upon her by way of cementing the bond of friendship. Whenever Mrs. Sims chanced to have anything unusually nice for dinner, Mrs. Munns was invited to partake of it; and Mrs. Munns would sometimes make a return for the favours she received by consulting the better experience of Mrs. Sims as to the safest means of procuring some choice delicacy which she desired to treat her with.

On one occasion, Mrs. Munns took a fancy to a calf's head for dinner, and Mrs. Sims, ever anxious to set an example of economy, insisted on its being purchased at Newgate Market, where all such luxuries, she said, could be obtained at a much lower price than at the retail establishments. A difficulty then arose as to how the said calf's head was to be purchased, and who was to be the purchaser. Mr. Munns himself suggested that Mrs. Sims should go to market, and give her friends the benefit of her superior judgment; but Mrs. Sims (disinterested creature!) thought it much better that the responsibility should fall upon the shoulders of Mr. Munns. Now poor Munns felt that a calf's head was rather too great a responsibility to be put upon any man's shoulders, and therefore he was ungallant enough to oppose such a mode of proceeding. The matter, however, having been fairly discussed *pro* and *con*, it was ultimately decided that Munns was the proper person to buy the calf's head. Mr. Munns, knowing how dangerous it would be to thwart a

married woman in so interesting a particular (for, with the natural solicitude of a man about to become a father, he was anxious that his child should be born with a *human* head upon its shoulders,) thought it wise not to persist in his opposition; and accordingly he proceeded, on the following morning before breakfast, to the grand depôt of calves'-heads and ox-tails, called Newgate Market. He chose his head, and paid for it; but, as he expected, the inhuman salesman refused to send it home for him, saying that if he did not wish to lose his head, he had better carry it himself.

"Well, then, you can put my head into a sheet of paper, I suppose," said Munns, looking aghast at the unsightly object he was called upon to be the bearer of.

"No, that I can't," replied the hero of the shambles; "there isn't such a thing to be had in the market." He then drove a large skewer through the most penetrable part of the head, and coolly exclaimed:—"There you are, sir; it won't bite you."

Poor Joshua's scruples were at length overcome by the reflection that there were very few people in the streets, and therefore he walked away with his head in his hand.

Having arrived at home and unburthened himself of the ponderous nuisance, a council of three was held to decide upon the best means of preparing the head for cooking. Mrs. Sims had never before seen a calf's head with the hair on; and as to Mrs. Munns, she had never seen one at all in an uncooked state. The consequence was, that the happy couple and their amiable friend were again beset by a difficulty, and the unfortunate Benedict was called upon to surmount it. The preparation of the head was entrusted to him, and every possible means adopted to remove the difficulty and the hair at the same time. The processes of scalding, scraping, and even boiling were in due course resorted to; but all would not do, for the hair appeared to hold something more than a life interest in the animal to which it belonged.

At length Mrs. Sims began to despair, and Mrs. Munns to lament that she had been foolish enough to set her affections on a calf's head, when Munns himself was induced to exclaim:—

"Well, after all the trouble I have taken, it will be rather hard if we are prevented from enjoying the proposed feast." Upon this a happy thought struck him:—"Here, give me my razors and shaving-soap," he cried.

In vain his wife laughed and Mrs. Sims remonstrated, for Joshua was firmly convinced that the same process which his chin underwent every morning might be carried out with equal success on the head of a calf. He therefore commenced the operation in right earnest, and in the course of a very few minutes the head was better *lathered* than the animal had ever been in its lifetime! To have seen my friend Munns as he proceeded with the task he had undertaken, one would have supposed that he was studying the profession of a barber, so skilfully did he guide the razor through all the obstacles it had to encounter. The operation was almost completed, and the "young shaver" was preparing for a grand *coup* by way of *finale* to the performance, when the door opened, and Mrs. Munns's doctor (whose visits at this period were, unfortunately, not like those of angels,) stood before the astonished Munns, a most unwelcome embodiment of "laughter holding both it sides."

"Well done!" said the doctor, "I never saw the operation more

scientifically performed. The ladies at my house told me that they saw you pass the window with something resembling a calf's head in your hand; but I replied that they must be mistaken, as it was not very likely that you would be thus employed at so early an hour in the morning. However, your wife has always given you the character of a kind, indulgent husband, and in this instance you have proved that she has not done you more than justice."

Mrs. Munns who stood by, hardly knowing whether to laugh, to blush, or to faint, would have increased the consternation of her husband by making some womanish reply; but the bewildered Munns stopped her by stammering out a short speech to the following effect:—"Pon my word, it's very odd, is it not, doctor? But, what could I do?—my wife seemed determined to have a calf's head for dinner to-day; and, as I was afraid to disappoint her, considering the trying situation she is in, I adopted the only means of procuring the article which suggested itself at the moment."

"My dear friend," cried the doctor, "pray make no apology; a man who is above carrying his wife's dinner, does not deserve a dinner himself. It was a pity, however, that you did not contrive to render the head invisible, so that the dogs might not bark, nor the cabmen laugh, as you halted by them."

"I heard no cabmen bark nor dogs laugh," exclaimed Munns, in such state of confusion that he hardly knew whether he stood upon his own head or the calf's; "all I know is that, had I committed a robbery, I could not more speedily have made off with the plunder. I neither looked to the right nor to the left, but ran straightforward, as if I felt the heavy toe of a policeman at my heels."

"Yes, we saw you," said the sarcastic doctor, who had already inflicted a wound upon poor Joshua, which the continued application of his *caustic* was aggravating to an extent almost fearful. "But, never mind, you have proved yourself a pattern of husbands, as you now bid fair to be the very model of cooks."

In this manner did the doctor persevere in his treatment of the patient Munns, thus establishing himself as a very master of his art, that is to say, the art of magnifying an ailment beyond its natural dimensions, and then administering lenitives to reduce it; when luck came to the rescue in the shape of a loud tap at the door. "Come in!" cried the gentle Mrs. Munns, and in came the head, but not the body, of Mrs. Sims. "I beg your pardon, doctor," exclaimed that lady, "but, when you have settled your business there, will you come and look at my babby, for I'm afraid he's got the cow-pock."

"Heaven and earth!" cried the simple-hearted Munns, "and has it come to this? To think that I could not bring my wife a calf's head without giving my neighbour's child the cow-pock! The deuce take the women and their fancies!"

"I am afraid your bargain will, after all, prove a dear one," said the doctor," and he hastened out of the room followed by Mrs. Munns, leaving Munns himself to the enjoyment of his reflections upon the dangers of a calf's-head dinner. In the course of a few minutes, the dispenser of drugs and small wit returned to inform Mr. Munns that he had nothing to answer for concerning the lady's child, as it was only suffering from "a mild form of rash," which the good Mrs. Sims, in her simplicity and maternal anxiety, had imagined to be the cow-pock, from the circumstance of there being a calf's head in the house.

When the doctor was gone, Joshua Munns started off to his place of business; and, wishing to do all honour to the calf's head, invited his fellow-clerk Phipson to take "pot-luck," as he called it, with him.

They arrived at Munns's lodgings shortly before six o'clock, when they found the little slipshod Hebe of the establishment busily engaged in preparing the table for dinner. Mrs. Munns hardly knew how to welcome her husband's guest on so momentous an occasion, for she trembled as to the result of the morning's labours. The steaming luxury was soon placed on the table, and the party, consisting of Mr. Munns and his wife, Mr. Phipson, and the gentle Mrs. Sims, sat down to enjoy the feast. As soon as operations were commenced, a "solemn silence reigned around," and neither Munns nor the amiable partner of his woes dared to look at their guests, fearing that something might turn out wrong in the entertainment. At length Mr. Munns ventured to exclaim, "Well, how's the head, Mrs. Sims?"

Mrs. Sims, who had been playing a sort of tattoo with her knife and fork, and whose delicacy of feeling had prevented her from volunteering any observation in the presence of a stranger, was not sorry that her judgment was now appealed to. "Why, to tell you the truth," she readily answered, "there is a flavour about it which I don't like."

"Well, it has a peculiar flavour, certainly," rejoined Mrs. Munns.

"So I've been thinking," said Phipson, who had been striving in various ways to avoid swallowing the food; "every now and then I get a mouthful that has a soapy taste."

At this discovery poor Munns would willingly have vanished from the room. But there was no alternative for him, in his present critical position, but to do as others had often done before him, viz. to throw all the blame upon the servant. "I should not wonder," said he, "if that stupid maid forgot to wash the head."

"More likely," observed Phipson, "that she *did* wash it, and that she was not sparing of soap in the operation."

At this moment the young damsel, who had become the subject of conversation, entered the room with the beer; and her master inquired of her, with more haste than discretion, "what she had been doing with the calf's head?"

"I ain't done nothing but bile it, sir, since you shaved it," was the brief reply, and thus was the whole secret disclosed by the "miraculous organ" with which Nature had gifted Mr. Munns's handmaid. Mrs. Munns hid her face in her pocket-handkerchief, Mrs. Sims exclaimed, "Well, I never!" and Munns sat like a man in a mesmeric stupor, whilst Phipson burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which he could no longer restrain. At length he said, "Never mind, Munns, my boy, better luck next time; but, if you should ever again feel disposed to shave a calf's head, let me advise you to use *honey soap* in the operation, for, really, this is most dreadfully bitter."

The unfortunate host expressed his great regret that his friends had fared so badly at his table; "but," said he, "it is all owing to my wife's ignorance of cookery. Phipson, if ever you make up your mind to enjoy the sweets (as you have now tasted the bitters) of matrimonial life, take care that the woman of your choice can do the honours of the kitchen as well as those of the drawing-room."

PARA; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE
BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY J. E. WARREN.

Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the sunshine of the torrid zone.—MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER XI.

First Morning at Jungcal.—Account of the Toucans.—A Ramble.—The Roseate Spoonbill.—Magnificence of the Forest.—Singular Trees.—The Palms.—Bread fruit and Brazil-nut Trees.—The Cocoa and Cannon-ball Trees.—Capture of an Onca, or Jaguar.—Howling Monkey.—The "Preacher" Monkey.—A Guano.—An Accident.—A Fandango.

FAIR rose the morning of the ensuing day; and gloriously bright were the rich tints that glowed like a diadem along the bosom of the western horizon!

Near us, the dense foliage of the forest glistened in the sunlight like an emerald drapery, hung profusely with dazzling jewels. The dew-laden branches rustled in the gentle breeze, and the low gurgling of the streamlet broke like music upon our ears. Anon the note of a distant toucan, or chattering of noisy parrots, suddenly disturbing the sublime solitude of the scene, served only to add to the intensity of its wildness and romantic interest. Insects innumerable sported with each other in the delicious atmosphere, and delicate little humming-birds, like happy spirits imprisoned, flitted gaily from flower to flower. Away off on the green mantled campos, herds of wild cattle and horses were quietly grazing; while now and then an immense flock of ducks, or scarlet-ibis, would rise up in a body from the tall grass, adding, as it were, the charm of novelty to the exquisite loveliness of the landscape.

Such was the scene which was presented to us, on awakening for the first time from our delightful slumbers at Jungcal. A scene of more transcendent beauty we had never gazed on before,—it even now blesses us in our midsummer dreams, and cheers us while treading with noiseless steps along the rugged pathway of human life.

We were quite lost in contemplation, when our landlord, Senhor Anzevedo, intimated to us that breakfast was ready, hinting, moreover, that the sooner we commenced it, *the warmer it would be*. The meal consisted of some fresh fish, a roasted duck, farinha as usual, and coffee. While we were disposing of these articles, (in a manner which would undoubtedly have surprised our refined reader,) Anzevedo swung near us in his hammock, giving us an account of all he knew concerning the different strange birds and animals which inhabited the island. His description of the toucans and their habits particularly interested us. These birds are alike distinguished for the singularity of their forms, and the splendour of their plumage, as well as the enormous and apparently disproportionate size of their beaks. On account of their natural timidity, and the solitude of their haunts, they have been until of late years but little known to

naturalists. The genus has been divided into two great sections—the toucans and aracarís. The chief distinction between them is, that, in the former the ground colour of the bird is black, while in the latter it is green.

The genus includes not less than twenty-five species, of which the "white-breasted toucan" (*ramphastos Brasiliensis*) is the largest in size. This bird when full grown is about twenty-seven inches in length, from the tip of its beak to the extremity of its tail. Its bill alone is full nine inches long, and in the live specimen is of surpassing delicacy and elegance. This prodigious member is extremely thin and cellular, and is much lighter than its appearance would appear to indicate. Being vascular, it is supposed to be of importance to the bird, in giving an extraordinary development to the organs of smell. This, however, is but mere conjecture. The plumage is of a shining black, while the feathers of the throat are of the finest texture and purest white. The bill itself is of vermilion and yellow beautifully blended together; but these splendid tints fade shortly after the death of the bird. No artificial means has as yet been devised for preserving them. This species is found abundantly, at certain seasons of the year, on the island of Marajo, and is eagerly sought after by the natives, who prize its flesh for its tenderness and flavour.

The toucans subsist for the most part upon fruit, but when in a state of captivity they learn to eat flesh of all kinds. Their favourite food is the assaly berry, and their method of eating it is very remarkable. They first seize the fruit in the extremity of their beak, and by a sudden twitch throw it up several feet into the air; as it falls they catch it, and swallow it entire, without the slightest attempt at mastication. They confine themselves mostly to lofty trees, and may be seen sitting on the topmost branches, with their beaks pointed directly towards the wind, thus, by instinct overcoming a power which if exerted on their broadside, might considerably disturb their comfort and equanimity.

On account of the peculiar construction of their eyes, as well as the enormous size of their beaks, they are not able to discern objects well which are immediately before them, yet their vision on the side is remarkably acute. Unless the hunter is aware of this circumstance, he will find it almost impossible to get a shot at them.

They make their nests in the hollow of old trees, which are accessible by means of a small circular opening in front. The female lays but two eggs, on which she sits, and with her formidable beak protruding from the port-hole of her fortress, she is able effectually to repel all assailants, in the form of monkeys, serpents, or other reptiles, who may be disposed to invade her sacred premises.

Soon after we had made an end of our morning's meal, Senhor Anzevedo proposed a short ramble in the forest, to which Jenks and myself joyfully consented. In a few moments we were fully equipped, and with our guns resting on our shoulders, and our long knives by our side, we started off in the direction of the wilderness.

While we were sauntering on over the grassy table-land which lay between the cottages and the forest, a flock of scarlet ibis, snowy egrets, and roseate spoonbills, who were concealed from view by a copse of low bushes, suddenly flew up within a few rods before us.

In an instant a shot from Jenks brought down one of the spoonbills to the ground. This bird (*Platalea Ajaja*) is considered by ornithologists one of the most valuable of the whole feathered race, not only on account of its extreme rarity, but also for the magnificence of its plumage, and the singularity of its formation. The general plumage of the adult spoonbill is of a light rose colour, while the feathers of its wing-coverts are mantled with a beautiful crimson. The beak of the bird is from four to six inches in length, and its shape is very much like that of a spoon. It is from this fact that its generic name of Spoonbill is derived. It builds its nest in trees and lives mostly upon fish and snails. In its habits, it is solitary, and is seldom seen in company with more than a dozen of its own species. When caught while young, they may easily be domesticated, but they are not very interesting in captivity, and their flesh is tough and of a disagreeable flavour. Besides, like all other beautiful creatures, upon whose creation nature has been particularly lavish of her skill, they soon droop and fade in confinement, and lose for ever those celestial dyes, with which the God of heaven has favoured them.

Walking on, we soon reached the border of the forest, which we skirted for about a quarter of a mile, under the shade of the overhanging tree-tops, until finally we entered a narrow passage, which led away like a natural gallery to our right.

Like all the forest pathways of Brazil, this was completely arched overhead by the meeting together of the heavy branches, while the bright rays of the sun, struggling through the diamond-like interstices of the clustering foliage, fell upon the ground in a luminous network of dancing gems.

"Was ever anything so transcendently beautiful!" exclaimed Jenks, in a transport of delight; "it almost makes one fancy himself wandering about the gardens of the Hesperides! Truly, how inadequate an idea have our northern friends of the indescribable loveliness of the torrid zone. They would think themselves *in paradise* if suddenly transported hither!"

"You are right," replied I; "nothing I am sure could afford our friends greater pleasure than a glimpse of this charming island, everything is so dream-like and beautiful! Besides, how sweet and delicious is the climate,—how full of life and happiness everything appears; under proper jurisdiction and culture, methinks, it might indeed be made a '*heaven on earth*.'"

The conversation now turned on the trees and plants of the forest, on which subjects Senhor Anzevedo gave us not a little valuable and interesting information.

What a magnificent country Brazil must appear to the botanist! On every side thousands of singular plants and flowers are continually presented to his eye; and as he looks onward, he is amazed at the boundless and untrodden fields of scientific research that stretch out in endless luxuriance before him.

The family of palms alone present an extensive subject for his investigation. Of this genus more than sixty distinct species are known to exist in the province of Para. It has been remarked by a distinguished botanist, that, "The palms constitute the most interesting race in the whole vegetable kingdom, whether we consider

the majestic aspect of their towering stems, crowned by a gigantic foliage—the character of grandeur which they impress upon the landscape of the countries they inhabit,—their immense value to mankind, as affording food, raiment, and numerous objects of economical importance,—or, finally, the prodigious development of these organs by which their race is propagated.”

Says Mr. Kidder: “They grow in every altitude, from the deep valley to the mountain top. They inhabit every locality, from the ocean beach to the depths of the impenetrable forest. Not a few of them make glad the barren and solitary desert by their cheerful and beautiful aspect, while their size varies from the diameter of half an inch, to that of three and even five feet.”

The bread-fruit tree (*Artocarpus incisa*) will doubtless excite his attention. This tree is about the size of a small oak, with oblong leaves nearly eighteen inches in length. Its fruit is used as a substitute for bread, and in some of the Polynesian islands it constitutes the principal article of food. Herman Melville gives an exceedingly interesting account of it in “*Syree*,” which, by the way, kind reader, you will agree with us in pronouncing as lively and fascinating a book as mortal ever penned.

The Brazil nut tree (*Bertholletia excelsa*) will next come under his observation. This tree thrives well in the province, and immense quantities of its delicious fruit are annually exported to foreign countries. It grows to the height of from fifty to eighty feet, and in appearance is one of the most majestic ornaments of the forest. The fruit in its natural condition resembles a cocoa-nut, being extremely hard, and of the size of a child's head. Each one of these shells contains from twelve to twenty of the three-cornered nuts, nicely packed together. During the season of their falling, it is dangerous to enter the groves where they abound, as the force of their descent is sufficient to capsize the strongest man. The natives, however, provide themselves with wooden bucklers, which they hold over their heads while collecting the fruit from the ground. In this manner they are perfectly secure from injury.

The cocoa tree, from whose fruit chocolate is manufactured, is also a native of the province. The fruit is of a green colour externally, and encloses a quantity of the cocoa nuts, which are covered by a white glutinous substance, of delectable sweetness and flavour!

The cannon-ball tree also (*Couroupita guianensis*) will not fail to attract particular notice. This tree is remarkable, both for its size and splendour of its flowers, as well as the magnitude of the fruit. It sometimes reaches the height of fifty feet, and at certain seasons of the year is profusely covered with clusters of fragrant blossoms, of a beautiful crimson hue. Its fruit are enormous, and being perfectly round, look very much like cannon-balls. Says an enthusiastic French writer, “Beneath a pure and dazzling sky, gracefulness is ever united to the magnificence of nature; there the hidden streams only reveal their presence in gentle murmurs, or by the silvery light that they cast upon the rocks, or the soft sound with which they trickle through the grass, or the increased verdure with which they endow the plants. But when the silence of nature is broken by these violent hurricanes, which too often, in the torrid zone, blast all the hopes of the cultivator, you may hear the report of the fruit of the cannon-

ball tree, whose bursting produces an oft repeated echo, and resembles the rolling fire of a discharge of artillery."

On—on, we pressed, and deeper and deeper became the twilight of the forest. Gigantic were the trees which towered around us, and interlaced together by a multitude of creeping vines. Strange shrubs too, of singularly fantastic forms, and prodigious dimensions, lifted up their heads on every side, while thousands of splendid flowers, glittered like stars amid the foliage, imparting their intoxicating fragrance to the air.

"Near here," said Anzevedo, "a full-grown onca was killed by some of the natives, a few days since. He was a savage fellow, and gave his assailants considerable sport."

"Indeed," replied Jenks, "I was not aware that these fierce animals were found on Marajo—pray are they abundant, and in what manner was the one you spoke of killed?"

"Yes," answered Anzevedo, "these oncas, or jaguars, as they are sometimes called, are quite numerous on the island, and are killed in great numbers by the natives, for the sake of their handsomely marked skins, which meet with a ready sale in the city. When properly dressed they make very pretty and ornamental saddle-cloths.

The animal I alluded to, was attacked while up in a tall tree, which fortunately was so far separated from the surrounding ones, that it would have been no easy matter for the animal to have escaped. Several of the natives boldly climbed up the trunk, and after a short period of hard fighting among the wide-spreading branches of the tree, they succeeded in vanquishing their infuriated enemy, by means of the long and sharp-pointed javelins with which they were provided. They then threw him down, and he was carried to Jungal and skinned."

"But do not these animals sometimes attack the natives, while they are alone in the forest?" inquired Jenks.

"No, I have never heard of a single instance," replied Anzevedo, "of their having made an unprovoked assault upon one of the human species, although they often make bloody onslaughts upon the cattle, during their midnight wanderings. They are naturally very ferocious, and always make savage resistance when attacked by either man or beast. The natives have very little fear of them, and I have known instances of their having been captured and strangled to death, simply by throwing a lasso around their necks, and drawing the noose instantly as tight as possible."

We were now walking noiselessly along through a dark and narrow avenue of the forest, when suddenly, an uproar, as awful as mortal ear ever listened to, burst like a tornado upon our ears. So loud and horrible was it, that for some moments we were unable to utter a syllable—so great was our astonishment!

"What the devil is the meaning of this terrible uproar?" at last we recovered sufficient self-possession to ejaculate.

"Nothing at all," said Anzevedo, "except a pack of guaribas, or howling monkeys, who have been startled from their slumbers by our approach. They are quite harmless, notwithstanding their huge size—their demon-like aspect, and diabolical voices. We are frequently awakened at night by their unearthly yells, which, breaking upon the deep silence of midnight, are terrible beyond description. You will,

doubtless, have an opportunity of hearing several of their *nocturnal serenades*, before you take your leave of Jungcal.

"I certainly hope not," responded Jenks, "the concert we have just now had from them, is amply sufficient to satisfy my curiosity. Indeed, so intense was the shock to my nerves, that I don't think I shall be able to hear distinctly, for several weeks to come. I never heard a noise so terrible before, and I am sure I never wish to again."

The guaribas are of an exceedingly large size, and are covered with a shaggy coat of long black hair. To add to the intensity of their ugliness, their visages are supplied with whiskers of an enormous size, which give them truly a most frightful as well as formidable appearance!

The Preacher-monkey seems allied to this species. He is so called from the well authenticated fact, that he sometimes climbs up to the top of a lofty tree, and there preaches, after his manner, for the edification of his monkey congregation who in hundreds surround the base of the tree. His ideas may be good (for all we know to the contrary), but his oral delivery is most intolerable! It is said that as soon as he has finished his part, the choir and audience, who have been quietly listening to his eloquence from below, now burst simultaneously into a melodious chorus, which can only be likened to the roaring of mad bulls and the squealing of mad pigs combined! Order being again restored, the orator resumes his harangue!

Besides these sable howlers, there are several other species of monkeys found in Marajo, some of which, so far from being hideous, are, on the contrary, quite pleasing in their appearance.

Returning to Jungcal, we encountered and killed a strange looking animal in the woods, called a guano. A more ludicrous, and at the same time apparently ferocious object, was never seen. It was not far from three feet in length, and of a deep green colour throughout. As soon as it beheld us, it neither ran nor made any noise, but stood gazing at us with great astonishment, raising the indented and saw-like crest on its back, and inflating the curious pouch under its chin to a prodigious extent. It was motionless with fear, and had it not been for its formidable appearance and gorgon-like countenance, we could not have had the heart to kill it.

The guanos are usually found in rocky places and subsist principally upon vegetables and insects. The natives capture them with a lazzo, and when thus caught, they seldom make any effort to escape. When domesticated, as they sometimes are, they are very playful, and display much affection for their masters. Their flesh is white and is considered very rich and nutritious.

On arriving at Jungcal, we learnt that a number of the natives had been out on the Campo in quest of wild cattle, and that as the horse-men were fording a certain stream, an immense alligator had seized hold of one of the finest horses, and bit off two of its legs. The poor animal died shortly after, yet the natives spoke as unconcernedly about it, as if such accidents were of daily occurrence.

During the afternoon we lolled in our hammocks, and amused ourselves with reading and conversation. In the evening we witnessed an amusing dancing fandango, in which most of the natives and slaves participated. The affair took place upon the broad green sward, fronting the cottages, and no artificial illumination could have equalled that which the effulgent queen of night then afforded!

CHAPTER XII.

Excursion down the Stream.—Novel Mode of "raising Cattle."—The Kingfisher.—Singular Adventure with a Troop of Monkeys.—Serious Conflict.—Parrots.—Conversation about them.—Marvellous Stories.—Arrival at Jungcal.

OUR next excursion was down the streamlet, to the spot where the schooner was moored—undertaken principally for the purpose of witnessing a "novel mode of raising cattle"—not after the manner of the New England farmers, who raise them by generous feeding, but in this case they were raised—right up by their horns! At seven o'clock we got under weigh. The current was strong, and the tide had just begun to flow. Our canoe, therefore, glided down the stream with great velocity, while all our paddling skill was called in requisition, in order to keep the boat out of the way of the numerous snags with which the stream was bountifully supplied.

Acting in the capacity of pilot, the writer was seated in the stern, provided with a paddle of huge dimensions. Jenks was singly enconced in the forward part of the canoe, and with his faithful gun in hand, was looking cagerly a-head for the appearance of game.

During our brief voyage my companion shot a couple of bright humming birds, and several small kingfishers, of shining plumage. The latter were continually flitting with meteor-like quickness, up and down the sudden turnings and windings of the stream, or sitting at their ease, upon little dry twigs jutting out over the water, watching patiently to pounce upon any of the finny tribe, who should be so unfortunate, in their innocence, as to swim below.

Of the kingfishers, there are many species, some of which are but little larger than a good sized humming bird, while the largest of the genus is above twelve inches in length. Their plumage in general is extremely fine; of a rich emerald hue, variegated in some species with purple, yellow, and white.

Among the ancients the kingfisher was an object of much respect and admiration. With the poets he was an especial favourite, doubtless because, like love-lorn swains, he lived amid the shadows of romantic groves, and was always found in the vicinity of rippling streams and murmuring cascades. By some it was superstitiously supposed that this bird exercised a controlling influence over the winds and waves—hence, the origin of its antique name of "Halcyon," and of those days of unusual stillness, which were poetically termed "Halcyon days." On these days, the kingfishers are particularly industrious, for the reason probably, that the purity of the atmosphere and the slightness of evaporation from the surface of the water, promise extraordinary success in their piscatory operations.

Arriving alongside of the schooner, Gaviono assisted us on board, and manifested as much pleasure at seeing us again, as if we had been separated from each other for several months. Taking us into the cabin, he gave each of us a gourd-shell, filled with a sweet beverage, of a red colour, which we found quite delicious. It was prepared from the berries of the assaly trees, so much esteemed by those bird-epicures, the toucans!

Soon after our arrival, the operation of taking the cattle on board was commenced. They were all assembled together in a large pen,

made on the margin of a precipitous bank, three sides of which (with the exception of a narrow road) were completely surrounded by the forest. It was by means of this path that the cattle had been driven into the pen. There they were! about fifty of the infuriated animals, running frantically from one side of the enclosure to the other, seeking in vain for some avenue by which to escape, and bellowing all the time most furiously. The natives were stationed on the outside of the pen, engaged in forcing the cattle one by one into the water, by the aid of lassos and long poles. As soon as one of the animals had been driven over the bank into the water the end of the lasso was thrown to those on board the schooner, who drew the animal gradually up alongside. A stronger noose was then thrown around his horns and the lasso taken off. By means of a powerful pulley, firmly secured aloft, and by the united strength of a dozen stalwart natives pulling at the end of the rope, the huge animal was then raised slowly up into the air, and let down gently into the hold of the vessel. The whole number were individually taken on board in this manner.

Much as we pitied the poor animals, as they hung suspended in the air, their eyes horribly dilated and every muscle stretched to its utmost capacity, yet we could hardly refrain from laughing at this ridiculous mode of raising them.

At length we bade farewell to Gaviono and his swarthy crew (who were to set sail for the city on the following morning), and started off in our little craft, to return to Jungcal. While gliding through a narrow passage of the stream, the banks of which were covered by a dark forest, we heard distinctly the chattering of monkeys among the trees.

"Do you hear that?" said Jenks. "Monkeys, by heavens! I believe I'll go ashore, and give those rascals a shot."

"Well, I think you had better do so," I replied; "and in the meantime I will remain to take charge of the boat until your return—unless my services should be needed."

Guiding the canoe into a small cove, my companion jumped quietly ashore, and, with his gun in his right hand, walked silently into the woods. For a few moments, a deep silence reigned over this beautiful solitude, unbroken scarcely by the note of a bird or the buzzing of an insect. Attentively I listened for the slightest sound, the faintest murmur, the merest chirp, anything to relieve the sense of profound and overpowering stillness, when suddenly two loud reports, following each other in rapid succession, broke with startling violence upon my ear.

In a moment the woods were alive with the piercing cries of a thousand monkeys, and above the uproar I heard the shrill voice of my companion, calling upon me to come to his assistance. Securing the boat as quickly as possible, I seized my gun and rushed into the woods. I was soon alongside of Jenks, who, to my infinite surprise, was entirely encompassed by hundreds of monkeys, while many others were rapidly coming down from the neighbouring trees. Not at all intimidated, he was knocking the savage animals aside with the butt of his gun, while they were screaming and gnashing their teeth together at a terrible rate, and were evidently bent upon revenging the loss of several of their companions.

It would be utterly impossible for my humble pen to do justice to this exciting scene,—to paint the wild magnificence of the foliage which enveloped us,—the consternation of the writer, and the impetuosity of Jenks, while in the midst of a ferocious gang of monkeys ; but to our vision at least, it was a spectacle never to be forgotten.

Firing both my barrels at the monkeys, where they were most thickly congregated, they dispersed and fled in all directions, nor did they think proper to make another attack. Picking up the dead from the field of battle, we returned with them to the canoe, and having resumed our seats, we were shortly in motion once more.

We had proceeded but a very short distance, when a flock of parrots, chattering boisterously, flew over our heads, and alighted upon the branches of a luxuriant guava tree, which droopingly hung its branches over the water. Our blood-thirsty feelings being now well roused by our recent conflict, we meditated farther destruction, and slowly and silently approached the tree where the parrots were noisily feeding. On account of the density of the foliage, and the green plumage of the birds, we were unable to see a single one, notwithstanding there were several hundreds in the tree. We therefore reserved our fire until we had arrived within a short distance of the spot, when we suddenly started up and gave a loud shout. Frightened by the sound, the birds flew out of the tree in a body, and immediately our four barrels were discharged in the very heart of the flock. The devastation was immense ; at least a dozen dropt upon the shore, while full as many fell lifeless into the water. The birds were quite small, of a light-green plumage, with their shoulders tinged with a bright shade of yellow.

“This is one of the prettiest parrots I ever saw,” said Jenks, taking up one of the birds in his hand ; “its plumage is so delicate, its shape so symmetrical, and, besides, I think I never saw a parrot with a more agreeable physiognomy.”

“It is exceedingly pretty,” I replied, “and very much resembles the one which Anzevedo has alive. Is it not astonishing how much he is attached to that little bird. He feeds it as regularly as he takes his own meals, and seems to delight in playing with it upon his finger. I have no doubt that that bird engrosses more of his affection than any human being gifted with an immortal soul. Why is it? It must and can only be because he has good reason to distrust the latter ; he knows that the love and gratitude of this little creature is sincere. The true friendship of our inferiors is far better, and more desirable, than the selfish and hypocritical concern of those who are far above us.”

“A fig for your sentimentalism !” said Jenks ; “don’t you remember that famous parrot of Senhor P——’s, in the city? What a feathered prodigy he is! Why, I’ve heard him jabber off Portuguese by the hour, and converse much more fluently than either of us is able to do at this moment.”

“Oh yes, I remember the bird well ; he is a very large specimen, and was brought down from the Rio Negro, I believe. I heard him repeat one day several verses of poetry, and was astonished beyond measure : he is a perfect ornithological miracle, and would make his fortune by visiting foreign parts. His voice is softer than that of any other parrot I ever saw, and his laughter is as musical as that

of a young girl. I shall try to get one of the same kind to carry home with us."

"I have heard marvellous accounts of the longevity of parrots," continued Jenks. "One is mentioned by Le Vaillant, the distinguished French naturalist, as having lived in a state of domesticity for nearly ninety years. When seen by this celebrated individual, it was in its dotage, having lost both its sight and memory. In its younger days it had been remarkable for its loquacity, and was so obliging in its disposition as to call the servants, and fetch its master's slippers, whenever required."

"This was certainly a wonderful bird," I replied; "but far inferior in point of talent to one carried to England some years ago by one Colonel O'Kelly. This bird was not only a wonder, but a perfect miracle, and was sold to a certain nobleman for an hundred guineas. Improbable as it may seem, it is said that this bird was able to express his desires in an apparently rational manner, and also to sing a number of songs in excellent tune and time. It is further recorded, that if in whistling an air it accidentally passed over any note, it would soon return to the bar where the oversight occurred, and complete the tune with astonishing accuracy. Such birds, however, as this, are extremely rare!"

"You may well say they are rare," responded Jenks; "but you will forgive my incredulity, I hope, when I say that I don't believe such an accomplished parrot ever existed. The bird might have been remarkable for his colloquial imitations, but the account of his musical powers is hugely exaggerated; besides, I don't believe a bird can be susceptible of a rational idea."

"You are perfectly at liberty to disbelieve what you will," I seriously answered, "respecting the mental capacity of birds; but I have heard much more extraordinary stories of their powers than that I have just mentioned to you, and based on good authority too. Gesner gravely relates that two (nightingales) kept at Ratisbon spent whole nights in discoursing on politics; and Pliny himself states, that Germanicus and Drusus educated one so perfectly, that it delivered speeches both in Latin and Greek!"

"Well," responded Jenks, with provoking coolness, "I have heard some people speak of 'fish stories,' and others (of ridiculous incredulity) of 'typee stories,' but I, for my part, with more propriety, shall call every marvellous narration I may hear henceforth, 'a bird story!'"

Our progress had been so slow, and our stoppings so frequent, that it was late in the afternoon when we reached Jungcal. Being quite fatigued with our day's adventure, a snooze in our hammocks was exceedingly grateful. For a moment we feasted our eyes upon the enchanting scenery around, then closed them, and while a refreshing and fragrant breeze was fanning our cheeks, we wandered far, far away into the beautiful land of dreams.

CROCHET.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

WHO disbelieves in fairies, in genii good or bad, in gnomes, sprites, brownies, fetches, wraiths? or in the influence of some unseen spirit, that dwells in a star, and takes under its especial care some favoured mortal, for his surpassing welfare or good, or leads him with a hand of destiny into the labyrinths of despair and crime? Who disbelieves all this? None in my street, I assure you, gentle readers. There was indeed once an obstinate old man at No. 9, who said "Nonsense!" when you talked about such things, and treated all belief in the good people as an actual weakness, only calling for his pity. But he, it is said, suffered for it, for one moonlight night a great stir was heard in his house, and the next morning shewed his dwelling torn to pieces. Shelves were rent from their places, the paper torn in several spots in the passage, and no one vestige of his furniture or himself was left behind. His landlord told the particulars with tears in his eyes.

To such people I would not wish to address myself; but to those kindred spirits, who, like myself, still pin their faith upon these little immortalities of the earth, the flowers and the streams, I dedicate this tale of faerie.

Many years ago, when the good people were on positive visiting terms with our frail mortality, and took an interest, from association, in our little griefs and pleasures; when the purling stream and green knolls were peopled in the soft moonlight, and the bright green rings sprang freshly amidst the herbage, where their tiny feet pressed in the mystic dance; when the myriads of glow-worms, clustering from every bough to light their verdant ball-room, startled the benighted traveller from his path, who knew full well the danger of intruding upon their midnight revels—when, I say, "such things were."

A young knight, who had been out hunting for his dinner, not as young men do in the present day, lost his way, after a most successful onslaught among the wild denizens of the woods, that then were the property of any one who would run the risk of catching such remarkably dangerous provision. He had despatched sundry boars and deer home to his mountain castle by the hands of his vassals or retainers, who bore the burthen well, and without grumbling, for they knew, the honest knaves! that they should have their share of all the slain, as well as their pull at the ponderous blackjack, for their labour.

He wandered through many a verdant alley in the gigantic woods, musing with his hands thrust into the pockets of his green jerkin, and his head slightly on one side,—a favourable attitude for musing.

His dark chestnut curls fell over his sun-embrowned cheek, which glowed with an under-current of crimson, betokening the invigorating character of his pursuits; and his long feather drooped gracefully even to the collar of his short, embroidered mantle, giving to his appearance something pleasingly desponding and *negligée*. He looked, in fact, altogether rather a charming and picturesque figure.

His eyes were cast down, as if counting the beautiful flowers that peeped at him from their verdant beds. He was evidently losing himself fast in thought and the mazes of the forest. Dreams! dreams! dreams! He was just of an age to have pleasant ones. It is a great pity that these waking delusions are only vivid and beautiful in youth. But youth paints with the radiant pencil of hope, while age only uses the cold, truthful one of experience.

Grey shadows fell over the bright hues of the forest glades, and silvery mists moved from the marshy nooks. The last twittering good night of the birds grew less and less distinct, and a frog, with evidently a bad sore throat, was heard ever and anon giving out a dreadful failure in the shape of a baritone solo.

Our absent hero stopped suddenly, because he could go no further, as the wild interlacement of the playful younger branches completely barred his progress. He started, and well he might, for he soon found that he had lost his way. No finger-posts then stretched their philanthropic arms to point the road home to erratic wanderers; no police to pass you on to their station or your own.

He was lost,—positively bewildered! So, finding that he did not know which way to go, he would not go any, but quietly took a seat, and leaned his back against a tree. The herbage was soft, and the air particularly mild, so that to a man used to a sylvan life, the thing was not particularly distressing. He also, being single, could not alarm his affectionate wife or family. His parents had resigned the castle and its appurtenances some time in his favour, and had taken possession of the family cemetery in the chapel, where he had most affectionately had their portraits chiselled in stone, by an artist choice in such things, who had never had the happiness of seeing the respectable couple, so that perhaps as likenesses they were not what might be called either successful or flattering; but there they were, and of course did not know of his being out. Being in this independent state, and the fashion of beards not requiring him to have his razor with him, he felt only the loss of his supper. He was a philosopher, so resigned himself to his fate.

Long quivering lines of silver soon began to glide through the whispering leaves, that bowed and gossipped with mysterious voices above and around him. The tiny waves of the gurgling brook, which took its chattering way close to his feet, threw up their little sparkling illuminations as if preparing for some water *fête* on its rippling bosom, or as if the bright eyes of the fays that inhabited its shallows were peeping through its crystal medium at the handsome youth who reclined upon its margin. The owl's deep misanthropic voice rose sadly on the air, and his large topaz eyes glared from amidst the branches, as if his cruel soul was startled at the appearance of a human being, to check him in some meditated deed of rapine or slaughter upon the sleeping feathered tribe.

Brighter and brighter grew the light as the beautiful goddess of the sky, thrusting aside the dark robe of envious night, held forth her silver lamp to illumine the hills and the streams.

Figures of misty softness floated before the enchanted vision of the young knight. He vainly endeavoured by a fixed gaze to render them more distinct. His eyes at last, from pure weariness, closed, and he sank to rest upon his mossy bed, with sweet flowers for his pillow.

The stars sat up, and were very brilliant, until very late. At last they all looked miserably pale, and retired. The moon, who is a careful housewife, and having a great deal to do, had put our her lamp, and gone early. All these changes had taken place before our fatigued hero opened his eyes upon the early morning. He looked around him with astonishment.

From the branches, that spread out their arms above his sylvan couch, was suspended an infinitely fine drapery of lace-work: its millions of minute meshes were beautifully varied in their inter-leavements; patterns of the most bewildering kind played through the graceful folds; a portion of the web-like fabric was also spread beneath his head and over his graceful limbs. Who could have done it? What being so full of power could be interested in his fate? If such a one did exist, how he should like to press the graceful fingers that could weave such a beautiful fabric!

As he rose, the first blush of a bright and cheery morning beamed upon his cheek, and he prepared to wend his way onward, in hopes of freeing himself from the labyrinth into which he had so unwittingly wandered on the past night.

A small ball rolled before him at his feet, and unwinding as it went, attached its fine thread to bush and tree, as if to guide the astonished youth to the home that he had lost.

Amazed, but re-assured, he followed the magic thread, and soon passed the boundaries of the intricate maze. He beheld upon the distant hills the towers of his own castle: he turned to look for his filmy guide of lace, but it had vanished now he no longer needed its aid, and he felt exceedingly sorry that he had not cut off a small piece when he had the power, to convince those to whom he might recite his adventure of the truth of his wonderful tale.

Great was the rejoicing that greeted his return, but without any evidence of the fact, he was silent upon his adventure in the forest, although inwardly resolved to seek again the strange spot, and, if possible, gain some more satisfactory conclusion.

He sought his own chamber, but how metamorphosed! Every couch and chair was ornamented with a covering of like lace-work to that which he had seen in the forest; draperies of exquisite fabric shaded the deeply-embayed windows, and fell over his couch. Where could this beneficent fairy dwell? Why had she selected him to bestow upon him the superabundance of her manufacture, which was rather in the way than otherwise, although it was exceedingly pretty, and must have taken, according to mortal calculation, a most immortal time and quantity of material.

Collars of the most ornamental description for himself and vasals, all carefully ticketed, were piled upon the window-seats, draperies to lean against, to sit upon, and to lean upon, were in abundance; night-caps, like modern cullenders, for the hair to get entangled in, also were there, although no one in that castle ever thought of wearing such things. Many articles, as a single man, puzzled him as to their use; but it was of no avail grumbling, although he could hardly find anything he needed, so completely were they disguised under the magic lace-work covering!

Enormously puzzled was the young knight, and the extended eyes and palms of his stalwart retainers equally testified their astonishment.

He wandered about his castle a bewildered youth, half determined to seek at nightfall the spot of his last night's adventure.

He sat musing at a window, and watching the glorious orb of day sinking amidst the crimson pillows of a magnificent bed of clouds, the last rays of which made the old turrets of his grey castle glow into a brilliant warmth. It was its parting splendour, and it sank below the horizon, giving place to grey-robed twilight, who paced silently before her mighty dark sister, night, the sparkle of whose starry jewels heralded her approach.

The young knight beat the devil's tattoo upon the open casement.

A light like that of a glow-worm seemed struggling with the filmy mists that floated among the rugged rocks that formed the basement of the castle. His eyes rested intently upon it, until he was roused by observing that it gradually enlarged as it appeared to arise from the verdant depths of the valley.

Bright little arrows of light shot from its brilliant orb as it made its silent progress upward. It approached the window at which the young knight was sitting, and then paused in its course.

What strange delusion was this, did he not perceive in the midst of the brilliant star——?

But what he did see will be discovered in the sequel, which will comprise the whole of this true and eventful history, and special moral for married and single.

The present tale I could, after the fashion of modern novelists, spread out over three volumes, with deep exordiums and digressions of my own, full of powerful philosophy, which would do for any other tale quite as well as this. But I scorn such author-craft: I am fond of the public. Their nuts ought to be thin-shelled, for a thick-shelled nut, on account of the trouble it gives in the cracking, is sure of finding very little favour with the discerning readers or crackers.

Therefore, for the aforesaid reasons, have I determined to serve up this tale in two courses, not to mention the positive dislike of the talented editor of the periodical in which I place it to heroes stalking in the most namby-pamby way through one hundred numbers, levying contributions upon the good-natured public, until they feel a positive relief when he becomes shot or married, after twelve-months' tiresome acquaintance.

By the by, I am leaving my bewildered hero all this time sitting at the window, gazing upon the wonderful appearance of the glow-worm star.

It approached close to the open casement, and out stepped from its brilliant centre a female figure of most lovely proportions and charming mien. He started from his seat at the entrance of this lovely and bewitching vision.

Her dress was formed of the finest lacework, as were her beautiful wings, that seemed to bear her like a bird to the spot of her wishes.

In her hand she bore a little ivory wand in the form of a crook. Her wings closed as she reached the floor of the chamber, where she stood, gazing with her lovely blue eyes upon the young knight, whose astonishment was only equalled by his admiration.

After the lapse of a few moments, a voice, like a silver bell, saluted his enraptured senses.

"Beautiful mortal!" said the fairy, "first of your race that has ever beheld me, I come to offer you my protection and the services of my power. I have heralded my coming by decorating the walls of your favourite chamber, and guiding you home from the labyrinth of the dark woods. I beheld you sleeping as I wandered in the moonlight with my fairy court. I felt for your loneliness, and determined that one more mortal should experience the protection of my race, for years have elapsed since such has been the case, all from the shocking conduct of the human race in general, which has deterred our fairy world from interfering in mundane affairs, which have seldom turned out with a satisfactory result.

"I, contrary to the advice of my ministers and court, have determined upon espousing your interest, and to watch every action of your life, for I feel assured that you will bear me out by your conduct and character.

"My power, which is limited, shall be fully used for your benefit. Forget not, though unseen, that I constantly watch you."

As she finished speaking, her form became gradually indistinct, and finally disappeared.

The youth looked until he could no longer distinguish anything, then rubbed his eyes to try and convince himself that he was not dreaming, but he was as awake as any young gentleman could wish himself under the circumstances. That night he slept in a magic nightcap!

The bright morning's light found the young knight with his retainers making the silver stream, which wound its way through the dark woods which surrounded his castle, sparkle and flash as they threw their nets to entrap the finny inhabitants of its cool depths.

But vain were all their efforts, for their scaly prey escaped through the meshes of their nets with most unprecedented facility, and they were dragged on shore empty. The young man would have sworn to a certainty, but he remembered the words of his particular friend the fairy, and he feared she might overhear him, and entertain some doubts about his strict moralities; so prudence made him gulp down with a very ill grace his rising choler.

As he ordered his retainers to again cast their nets, in hopes of fortune being more propitious, a page, very much out of breath, from the speed he had used, rushed towards him, bearing on his shoulders a net of wondrously fine texture, which he said had just been left at the castle-gate by a strange messenger, for his own particular use. He recognized without a doubt the beautiful unrivalled work of the fairy. Reassured from this favourable omen that she had not forgotten him, or her promise, he gathered up its folds over his stalwart arm, and cast it in a most beautiful circle upon the rippling bosom of the stream. His retainers having ceased their labours, watched with intense anxiety the sinking of the net.

The fish stood no chance with such a net! It was drawn tenderly and gently to the banks. My gracious, what a haul! Exclamations of unfeigned astonishment burst from the group as they beheld the kicking, plunging, scaly prey, with their eyes glistening with astonishment to find themselves caught after all their dodging, in so extraordinary a manner.

Again it was cast with the like result. Enough is as good as a feast. The noble youth was satisfied with his good fortune, and inwardly thanked the fairy for her splendid gift after he had dined upon the produce of its wonderful haul.

He drank to her blue eyes after dinner, and sighed, either with love or repletion.

He sat and ruminated, and got very fidgety. At last he summoned his followers, great and small, and sallied out in the greenwood, to chase anything that should be unlucky enough to cross his path.

Their bright spears glistened amidst the trees, and their merry chorus rolled in echoes through the glades. A concluding tu-ra-loo of one of the aforesaid chorusses was cut short by a disapproving grunt from a wild-boar, who started up in a deuce of a rage from his oozy bed, to revenge himself on the spot, and on the disturbers of his repose. But, when he saw so strong a party, he halted. He was an old boar, and had the experience of being hunted before, so he winked his old eye, and did the wisest thing he could do, retreated again to his covert.

This did very well for the pig, but it did not do by any means for the knight and his followers, who beheld in his unwieldy carcase promises of goodly hams and sundry savoury fries not to be entirely abandoned without a struggle.

So to it they went, to pick a decent quarrel with the respectable forest-pig. Assault and battery soon commenced. The boar, after tearing a few of their jerkins, and getting a few wounds in his thick hide in return, took to the protection of the almost impervious thickets of the neighbourhood, which he would have been wise to have done before.

Helter-skelter went the excited group. Trees and brambles, with a few yielding bogs, soon divided the party. The young knight quickly outstripped his followers, and found himself in a lonely dell, close upon the pig's tail. This was all very well; but the brute turned round, and shewed a face as angry as was to be expected under such circumstances.

The knight poised his spear, and the boar sharpened his tusks; and now commenced as pretty a combat of two as ever was seen or written about; and I do not know anything more pleasing and exciting than a deadly struggle, or, in fact, combat of any kind, that is, when you are personally out of it.

As I cannot depart from the truth in a thing that is chronicled, I am forced much against my inclination to say, that the valiant knight lost his spear, had his habiliments shockingly torn, and was so completely bewildered by the pig's defensive and offensive tactics, that the pig had decidedly the best of it.

Readers may smile with contempt for such a hero; but, let them try a pig of the same size themselves.

Things were in this awkward predicament, when suddenly the scene was changed, and, I must own, a most unfair advantage taken of the brute. A something, looking like a floating mist in the distance, hovered on its way, until it came perpendicularly over the pig, whose attention was fully occupied by his prostrate enemy in front, who might justly be said to be at his mercy.

Suddenly it stopped, and, taking the appearance of a net, it fell

over the doomed pig, and completely covered him. Vain were his struggles; the more he rolled upon the earth and grunted, the more he became entangled in its meshes. Now uprose the floored knight, and with the greatest presence of mind—there being no positive danger,—he drew forth his bright-steel hunting-knife, and, feeling its sharp edge, with a look of great satisfaction, he cut the throat of his unresisting foe, who gave up the ghost in exceeding disgust at the unfairness of the transaction.

As he gave his last sigh, his envelope unfolding itself, went off in the same manner in which it had arrived, leaving him dead upon the stained greensward.

On—on came the bold retainers now they were no longer of any particular use, except to praise and wonder at their master's great prowess in slaughtering unaided so ponderous and mighty a beast. They raised his prize, with loud shouts, upon their spears, and bore him to the noble castle, where he was to be cooked.

That night the bold young owner of the castle sat again pondering on his strange fortune. He would make the fairy an offer of permanent partnership, not for what she had done, but for her fascinating beauty.

At his wish she sat upon the opposite chair to him. Her little wand was in her hand, plying itself with wondrous rapidity upon a single thread, which seemed, without end, to issue from a little golden box at her feet. Her soft blue eyes were fixed upon his face, at if awaiting his addressing her.

At last he mustered up his courage, and spoke to her.

"Beautiful being!" exclaimed he, "who and what are you?"

"Mortal, I am bound to you by the tenderest affection, indulged in only by the sacrifice of my immortal happiness; for, were you to return my affection, I could only be your's by becoming like yourself, mortal. The one supernatural gift, the proceeds of which I have lavished on you, would alone remain mine. Are you content to wed me, knowing this?"

"Yes, beautiful creature!" answered the enraptured youth. "But by what name am I to call you?"

"*Crochet!*" replied she.

"*Lovely enchantress!*" continued he, kneeling at her feet, and pressing his lips to her hand. "You are mine for ever."

As he said this, her lace-like wings fell from her shoulders, and she put her little wand in her pocket, and returned his fervent embrace.

After their marriage she was so indefatigable at her work, that it at last became dangerous, from its spreading over in every conceivable way everything in the castle.

The baron one night, heartily sick of her accomplishments, stole her wand, and threw it into the castle-moat, and she became an excellent housewife.

Somebody must have found it in after years, for everybody has discovered the stitch!

QUEEN'S BENCH SKETCHES.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

"The law of arrest for debt, is a permission to commit greater oppression and inhumanity than are to be met in slavery itself—to tear the father from his weeping children—the husband from his distracted wife—to satiate the demoniac vengeance of some worthless creditor."—*Lord Elton's Speech on the Slave Trade.*

SKETCH II.

IN human actions some propulsive cause will generally be traceable, and whether good or bad, an object may by possibility be gained; but I never could discover, detect, or comprehend, under all and every circumstance, what advantage could arise from cramming the body corporal of a man, hale in his "thews and sinews," into a living grave. Is he poor, unfortunate, frowned upon by the world, what beneficial result can accrue to the creditor who may deem it right to incarcerate him? Is he a rogue?—and bear in mind that five out of ten who undergo the process of white-washing are rogues,—immure him in the Bench, and too late you will find that he has been wise in his generation. The tradesman makes all safe before he becomes domiciled under the roof of Her Majesty—his stock is convertible into money—and into money it is quietly and mysteriously converted, before the friendly arrester slips his writ into Mr. Levi's hand, and intimates that the man wanted, five evenings out of six, takes his ease "i' th' afternoon" at the Cock and Punch-bowl. Is he a gentleman by position? He enters the Bench with ten thousand pounds at "the gate,"* and with two thousand a year, paid, if you please it, from the funds, not a shilling of the same being available to the discharge of debts, recklessly, nay, fraudulently contracted. All is strictly settled—tied up—nontangible. His wife visits, comforts, and consoles him. Dine with him—the salmon at table cost three shillings the pound—but the venison is a present from cousin Jack, who feels sadly for his situation. The prison wine—better than the ordinary quality procurable at commonplace hotels—would be destructive to him: and during his short purgation in the Bench, his cellar—hermetically sealed against a creditor—affords him the necessary supplies. The term of his durance in course expires,—his carriage (*id est*, his wife's) comes on the morning of his deliverance—and the full tale of his sufferings would not extend beyond the limitation of exercise to an area extensive as a barrack-yard; or his messenger—accidents, "few and far between"—having executed the daily order at a second-rate fishmonger's, or brought in to the unhappy prisoner strawberries without the dew upon them, and asparagus a day old.

With two classes, let us mark the working of the system. Why is the pauper confined? "*Ex nihilo, nihil fit*,"—and can aught be expected from the moral paralysis of confinement but a more hopeless chance of ultimate repayment? Leave the debtor a free agent, and industry or accident may fling fortune in his path, and enable him to discharge

* The amount of the detainers lodged against a debtor at the office of the Keeper.

his obligations. Confine him, and he becomes a morbid limb, one who "cumbereth the ground"—useless to himself, and of no benefit to the body politic. His time expires, he issues on the world anew, and in what condition does he re-enter society? His clothes are in the pawnshop—his tools sold or pledged to pay the lawyer who brings him "thro' the court,"—his family have contracted paltry debts—and, in nine cases out of ten, he has become a dissolute idler, and she, from bad example and despair, a gin-drinker. Follow the sad history to its close—the workhouse has its records, and there you may learn the finale of the wretched history.

Imprison the rich rogue, and, at the termination of his allotted bondage—generally a term of six or eight months—you will sigh over the trouble and expence, and murmur to yourself "*cui bono?*" As the fraudulent tradesman takes Time by the forelock when placing his property beyond the reach of law, the "fast*" gentleman sedulously prepares to enjoy his "*otium cum dignitate*," and in the Bench make himself perfectly at home. There is no place on earth where money will do more than in the debtor's prison; and with as much facility, as a regiment was attainable for a proper consideration in the good old times when Mrs. Clark commanded the British army, the fast gentleman buys out a few poor devils, until, step by step, he attains the object of his ambition—to wit, an apartment in the state-house. The chamber secured, he selects from his own furniture—oh! no, from his wife's—for everything is the lady's property—such articles as he considers will minister to his comforts. By prison regulations he must not stock a cellar within the walls, but he establishes a *depôt* in the immediate neighbourhood of the gate. He is restricted by the Bench code for the prevention of drunkenness and immorality, to what a departed camarado of mine used to term, "a curse-o'-god pint," but for the consideration of a screw of tobacco, he will obtain as many wine orders for a bottle each as he pleases. His lawyer intimates that judgement is signed against him; but, prudent man! his house has been put in order—he is only waiting for the rout; and he matters John Doe and Richard his brother-in-law at the value of a home-manufactured cigar. He is sold at his own request to Mr. Lawrence Levi for a sovereign, and some City tavern is named by the betrayer, where he who abominateth swine's flesh may pounce upon his victim. All is duly prepared—his lawyer has a "*habeas*" ready for signature to remove the body of his client to the Bench—and the legal Judas, namely, the clerk, who has sold him, told that "all's right," departs for one of the children of promise, and the fast gentleman is regularly arrested. After half an hour's detention in a lock-up house, the bailiff hands the captive over to a tipstaff from the Bench. There is no hurry to cross the water; two or three friends, also fast gentlemen, have promised to partake of a parting dinner already ordered at a convenient hotel. The tipstaff is accommodated to his satisfaction at a side-table—the bill of fare is pronounced blameless—and round goes the bottle, until the official functionary in the corner, hints delicately, *Sol duplicat umbras*, which being translated, means that it is twilight and time to toddle off. The fast gentleman protests against immediate locomotion, declares that a parting bottle must be drunk, and attests

* A favourite phrase in Banco Reginae for flash fellows who have overrun their incomes—"Oh! he has been only a little too fast!"

the same with an oath. The tipstaff accedes to the request—the claret-jug is replenished—and, after it has been exhausted for the second time, the bill is paid, a cab called, and the fast gentleman taketh leave of his companions, and enters the vehicle, humming an air from the “Puritani.” That night he reposes in a clean chamber, termed a reception-room, and early next morning is requested to step into the adjoining lobby to sit for his picture.* During the forenoon his apartment in the state-house is cleaned thoroughly—a few hours afterwards a van, heavily laden with furniture and personal effects, arrives. All being properly bestowed, the fast gentleman takes formal possession of his new residence, sleeps soundly, as a man should sleep who feels his troubles are at an end, and his creditors done regularly to a turn. His dreams are pleasant—so ever are the visions of the virtuous—and, when he awakes and looks around, he can scarcely persuade himself from the identity of every article that meets the eye, that he is not in his own dressing-room and not actually *in quod* and the Queen’s Bench.

Such are the circumstances attendant on the advent of the fast gentleman; and before we give a hurried sketch of that happier event, namely, his emancipation, we must take a rapid review of his opening operations after being placed, in prison *parlance*, “under the screw.”

To touch pitch is to be defiled—and to breathe the air of Portugal Street, even for a morning, would cause the death of a west-end practitioner; and hence the fast gentleman was obliged to seek professional assistance from Emanuel Brothers, to whom, in the construction of a balance-sheet, Solomon in all his glory would have proved a simpleton. The prisoner was requested to try and merely call to memory the nature and extent of his liabilities—the expenditure of the insolvent, and all other private matters connected with his schedule, Emanuel Brothers would regulate themselves, for, “Heaven knew,” as the elder of the twain considerably observed, “gentlemen in *quod* had too much trouble in killing time to allow themselves to be bothered by the idle nonsense of detailing how the deuce their money went away.” Two years before the fast gentleman had been purified in Portugal Street, and for a sum that might be termed a sporting one,—and to undergo the same operation so soon afterwards and for ten thousand, Emanuel Brothers feared might be considered coming it rather fast. But they would do their best—one or two transactions looked a little nasty—there was, however, one favourable feature in the business—the fast gentleman was guiltless of paying his old debts, and that would be taken into favourable consideration by the learned commissioner.†

Emanuel Brothers prepared the accounts—the nasty items being judiciously merged into housekeeping, travelling, and educational expenses—a cab and phaeton were transmuted into a harp and piano—the stud reduced by the half, and a pack of harriers totally discarded,

* Every fresh arrival undergoes the following morning a rigid examination by the turnkeys. This is termed “having his picture taken.”

† On the recent appearance of a gentleman in the Insolvency Court, a large sum was returned in his schedule as being paid for debts contracted years before, “Why did you pay debts barred by your certificate?” “I fancied the older a debt was, the sooner it should be paid, were the claim honest,” returned the petitioner. “You were very wrong, sir,” said the Commissioner; “never commit that fault again!”

Up went the fast gentleman, stepped into the box for the fifth time—and grave looked the Commissioner as he muttered, “liabilities, ten thousand! assets, *nil!* What means this? and how do you account for this large expenditure, and not one shilling available for your creditors?” Modestly the fast gentleman responded to a question that looked queer. He had sunk money in a mine in California, and the Grand African Central Trunk, of which he, unhappy dupe, was deputy-chairman, proved the deadeast failure of the day. The Commissioner was not quite satisfied. To seek minerals in California was, he thought, little better than speculation; and, although a direct communication with Timbuctoo might be desirable were it attained, he considered that the attempt was rather hazardous. The case, in his opinion, came under the description of reckless trading, and he must remand the insolvent for six months.

“Ah!” said Emanuel the elder, as he squeezed his client’s hand, “I congratulate you; I did fear that you would have a month for every thousand. But the schedule was well managed—the ugly things were all kept out of sight; and nobody could produce an instance in which you were guilty of paying an old debt.” He might have added, “or a new one.”

Time flies, even in a prison, provided your purse will stand the tug of war; and one fine spring morning the fast gentleman bade the Bench adieu. The preparations to feast the prodigal son were not to be mentioned in the same day with those employed in Berkeley Street to welcome the emancipated jail-bird. Veal “is a meat I love,” says Shakspeare’s *Katherine*—but what is a fatted calf to green peas at a pound a pint, and a haunch that cost three guineas? The company was more numerous than select; there was not a woman present that had not given instructions in book-keeping to her dress-maker; and every *cavalier servente* at the table, could have made his way at midnight safely through the Bench, or sketched a ground-plan of the Fleet from vivid recollection. Two mornings after, I met the fast gentleman on the Brighton road, tooling his family thither four-in-hand.

Asmodeus stopped suddenly, turned round, and asked my opinion touching the advantages arising from caging a rich rogue.

“As little, my dear devil, as from immuring a poor one. By Heaven! it is a disgrace to the nation and the age, that such flagitious laws as the debtor should still blur the statute-book.”

“My good lad,” returned he of the twain sticks, “I pray you not to swear; it is a bad and useless waste of words, repudiated by decent society for the last half century. An oath jars upon my ear—I am totally unused to it; for you might perambulate Pandemonium for a week, and save from some ‘rude captain of the sea,’ or an old-world commander who served in Flanders one hundred years ago, you would not overhear an imprecation. But enough of this: the beastly negro, wallowing in the brutal comforts he valued most, was wept over by a gang of puling philanthropists, while the dungeon-room in which the white slave pined—poverty his only crime—was passed unheeded by some saintly scoundrel, as he hurried to a meeting of the elect, to extract money from the credulous fools who listened to his heart-rending description of the religious darkness of the Ashantees, and the existence of an immediate necessity of blowing the gospel-trumpet at Timbuctoo. The besetting sin of English character is every day evidenced. Tell John Bull a tale of misery which has occurred abroad, and out

comes his note-case; change it for one at home, and he won't care for it a brass button."

"Upon my life, my dear *Boiteux*, there is very much truth in your remark. But why is session suffered to pass over after session—and, instead of extinguishing the detestable system of imprisonment for debt utterly and for ever, public time is consumed, and private hope deferred, by some crotchety fool upon the woosack eternizing the infernal nuisance, by the introduction of some silly bill to amend that which should be abolished, and white over the sepulchre whose foundation should be razed."

"' *Rem acu*,' my worthy demon."

"But I admit there are difficulties in the case; and to some the measure would not only be unpalatable, but injurious."

"And who would estimate at a pin's fee the opinions of such misbegotten knaves?" I exclaimed.

"Softly, my young friend. On the abolition of imprisonment for debt you only take a side-view. Now, let me point out the mischiefs that must follow."

"Proceed, *mon cher Asmodée*."

"Israel would be placed in sackcloth and ashes; many a thriving solicitor of the black-sheep section would be left lamenting; and the quiet, well-regulated operations of fast gentlemen would be utterly annihilated."

"And who the devil—excuse me, I meant nothing personal."

The little fellow bowed, and took a pinch of snuff.

"Who cares," I continued, passionately, "for filthy Jews, petty-fogging attorneys, and flash vagabonds, only fitted to corps with the swell-mob?"

"Mark the certain consequences attendant on this dangerous experiment: that young advocate, Mrs. Sloman, must give up her marine 'willa' at Herne Bay, and Mrs. Levy lay down her 'charitt'; young Mr. Snobkins, of Farnival's, must vacate an opera-stall, and sport deaf adder to the divine Jenny—that nightingale—to him, alas! no longer audible; old Mr. Snapper, who has practised fifty years, and boasts that in palmy days he issued twenty writs a-week, 'his occupation's gone!' he will no longer be seen among men every evening at the Yorkshire Stingo, and his place (the corner chair in the free-and-easy) will be pressed by the person of a stranger. You see, my friend, that upon the worthy personages who have creditably lived by issuing, and by executing civil process, attendant occasionally with incivility, the visitation will be severe, but, upon the order termed 'fast gentlemen' the effects will be exterminating. A man who could manage to run up five thousand in a year, and wipe it off the slate in one brief month, and that too at the outlay of a pony,—what is to become of him? Why, in the prime of youth he will be brought to an untimely end—un-cabbed, un-tigered, his short visits effected by an Irish tandem, one leg before the other; his more distant movements, executed on the roof of an omnibus! In a word, he will be altogether done. Did he look at a carriage on show, the builder would order him to be kicked out;—did he present his person to a West-end tailor, a policeman would be hinted at. He cannot dig; to beg he is ashamed. Is he to turn peripatetic tea-merchant, bind himself to a thimble-rigger, or *dernière ressource*, advertise for a wife in the "Sunday Times?" Should he essay the latter, alas! Corder, of Red

Barn memory, has put a stopper on that once prosperous trade. Although his advertisement has fifty answers, forty-eight will require him to perambulate some square with a stone-coloured kid-glove upon his left hand, or a white camelia in his button-hole. These are hoaxes but there may be two realities among the lot. No. 1 intimates, that she is sixty—hale for her time of life—has as many pounds in Saint Martin's saving-bank as she reckons summers—and can produce testimonials for forty years. She adds, in P.S., 'Mine is an offer not to be sneezed at.' No. 2 is the sweetest girl in existence, and, *anno atatis*, she is twenty-three. To make her home a Paradise would be her ambition. She has been told that she is handsome—plays a little on the accordion—has no money, but distant expectations from an uncle who sailed thirty years ago on a whaling voyage, and never was heard of since.

"Well, matrimony wont do,—thimble-rigging is in the hands of able professors,—the fast gentleman, in despair, applies and obtains an humble and honest crust,—his probation is but limited, for in one short month accident places some hundreds in his hands, to be carried home to his employer. Relaxed principles wont bear temptation, and he levants to Paris,—changes his outer man,—sports false whiskers and imperial,—is gallant and lordly in his habits,—receives an introduction to a *danseuse*,—dabbles with the lady at *roulette* in the Palais Royale,—and, in ten days, on taking stock, is marvellously surprised to find that the 500*l.* he cut his lucky with, is absolutely reduced to 50*l.*!

"Rather 'fast' that in a flying visit like the present. He is marvelling how true the text is, that riches will take wings and flee away, when his meditations are interrupted by the entrance of Mr. John Forrester, with a pressing invitation for the fast gentleman to hold a palaver with the great unaccountable at the Mansion-House. He re-crosses channel within the fortnight,—sojourneth in Newgate for another,—is told his fortune at the Old Bailey,—the Recorder bids him an affecting farewell,—and he proceeds, by first ship, for the period of his natural life, to Australasia. There," said the devil with a smile, "is a pretty termination to the career of a gentleman who was merely 'a little fast!'"

"May the fate of every scoundrel of the kind be similar!" I exclaimed.

"I have been fancy-sketching," continued the little gentleman upon two sticks; "but the devil never jests, without his joke contains a meaning. There's a tea-party at Exeter Hall to Christianize the Hottentots, and as I am a subscriber, I'll drop in there for half an hour. Before we separate, however, as I have instanced the demoralisation incident to this place on dispositions radically corrupt, I will evidence, by brief biography, the pestilential effects of the debtor system upon men whose honour was unsullied when they were caged in this 'slough of despond,' and exposed to the contagious influence of the 'villanous company' who infest the place.

"See that unhappy youth, with a raquet in his hand, whose bare neck and unbraced trowsers proclaim indifference to conventional custom, and denote the hardened jail-bird. That lad,—he is still beardless, as you may remark, for the sickly moustache refuses all attempts at cultivation,—in two brief years has squandered thirty thousand pounds, and reduced a dotingly-fond mother to the verge of death.

That boy's principles were vltually good, and his education was moral, as it was liberal. At twenty he had a yearning to see the metropolis, and a too-indulgent parent reluctantly yielded her assent. Like the traveller in scripture, poor wretch, in his way to town he fell among thieves. He had neither suspicion or concealment, and the scoundrels readily ascertained all they wanted to be informed of, namely, that he would be entitled to 30,000*l.* on attaining his majority.

"To detail the systematic plans by which this abandoned youth was led insensibly to ruin, would occupy an evening. At a clumsy scoundrel he might have taken fright, and have escaped from the net of the fowler. But his victimisers were of the *ordo* called fast gentlemen, fellows of easy manner and unblushing impudence, and, with admirable tact, they led him by the paths of pleasure into those of vice, and the road to ruin led him to the Bench soon afterwards.

"In vain, and for months, had his heart-broken mother implored him to return. He pleaded want of means; but that want was instantly and liberally supplied. Again and again, the same excuse for continued absence was urged and removed, until shame forbade him to plead it longer. He was enthralled by "a demon in an angel's form," and on the loveliest and most profligate impure that London could produce, the foredoomed boy lavished a first love, and annihilated a goodly fortune.

"At ruinous interest ten thousand pounds was raised, of which nominal sum, probably a third had passed through the hands of the reckless boy. The day he came of age, he validated securities previously not worth the paper they were recorded on; and, within a week, he found himself rather unexpectedly in the morning in a lock-up house, and in the evening bivouacked within the Bench.

"In effecting the first grand movement to consummate his ruin, moral and monetary, the fast gentlemen operated through the agency of others, and the unhappy victim remained under the fixed delusion, that these scoundrels were his friends. As to his beautiful companion, he might have held suspicious "that the stars were fire," the motion of the earth, anything, everything, except her love; and yet that female *goul* was leagued with the scoundrels, took a triplicate portion of the plunder, and with her own hand mixed and administered the stupefying draughts which rendered the poor fool unconscious, while the work of plunder was going on.

"For two years after he attained his majority, his time was pretty evenly divided between a room in the Bench and a west-end hotel. One week you would find him in Limmer's or the Brunswick, the next occupying number this or that, in one staircase or other, excepting when placed for rioting or drunkenness in the strong-room. On every visit to the Bench, he left it a more demoralized and desperate man, and he who was heir two years ago to thirty thousand pounds, is now supported by a joint weekly contribution from Miss Louisa Turner and the two fast gentlemen, who, on the produce of this heartless robbery, have opened a fashionable hell, and entered extensively into "bill-discounting."

"I marvel, that the ruffian confederacy now, that they have plucked him bare, do not leave the wretched youth to starve," I observed.

"And so they would, without doubt or the least compunction. But they have ulterior views. The vulture smells carrion afar off, and

fresh blood may be extracted from veins for a season dried. Stay, listen, and from the lips of the lost prodigal, you may discover why these 'honest Iagos' are so kind."

"'You say I went it fast,' said the miserable wretch, with the raquet in his hand. "'That I did, and were it to be done again, I would go it still faster. D—n me, I had a comfortable letter this morning from the country, the writer an old pal, and a regular trump, too. He tells me the old girl is booked for kingdom come, and no mistake; for since I was before the beaks, last month, for the false pretence affair they couldn't prove, she has never raised her head. Well, in a race to Heaven, I'd back her against the field. I wonder will she drop off the hooks before Epsom day? If she does, won't I take Lou. down in style. Whether she hangs out another month or not, why, in the end, it will be all the same, I'll collar thirty thousand more; mine under father's will, when mother's sodded. That's a comfort. The devil himself can't come between me and the money.'"

"And have you any designs upon this affectionate and very interesting young gentleman?" I enquired from Asmodeus with a smile.

"I abjure the reprobate altogether. Heartless ruffian! That dying woman is wearying Heaven with her prayers for the young wretch's reformation, and the last words her parting breath will utter, will be an appeal to the mercy-seat for pardon. Oh! if murder be a crime almost beyond the pale of forgiveness, how will the audit stand of him, who, by worse than Indian cruelty—mental torture—consigned to the grave the being that gave him birth?"

At that moment the bell rang.

"What means that 'loud alarum?'"

"Not, my young friend, 'to summon sinful man to pray,' but to the beer-shop, which will now remain open for an hour. Did you wish to study the varied elements of which human character is composed, you could not have selected a more fitting time. Mark ye that attenuated old man, tottering, jug in hand, towards the tap?"

"I do. Oh! what a heart of adamant the wretch must have, who could detain a fellow-being here, from appearances, balanced on the brink of eternity."

"That adamantine personage is himself, and here and elsewhere, for a solitary debt under a hundred pounds, he has remained in durance for a quarter of a century! He has lands, houses, moneys in the funds—more wealth than he himself imagines."

"Impossible! incredible!" I exclaimed.

"A fact I fancy will render you a true believer. For nearly twenty years he suffered himself to be immured in the Fleet; his room, or rather den, being in an underground lobby called 'the Fair.' All considered him a wretched pauper; but some Jews—and were money at the antipodes, a Jew would nose it—found out the secret of his wealth. On the sabbath he went regularly to church, and that was the day they selected, on which to commit the robbery. They easily succeeded; carried off nearly two thousand sovereigns, and yet left their task half done; for in the same trunk, and folded within the leaves of an old book without a cover, nearly five thousand pounds in bank notes had been deposited. In searching for the gold, they flung a volume richer than the rarest black-letter in existence, carelessly upon the floor; and there, on his return from church, the old man found the larger portion of his treasure."

"And can burglary be committed within these guarded walls?" I asked in some surprise.

"Ay, and name the crime that has not—murder not excepted. I have no time at present, to dip into the darker secrets of the prison-house; and with one anecdote more, illustrative of Hebrew audacity, I shall take my leave.

"I need scarcely apprise you, that for the safe keeping of his prisoners, the governor is accountable; and should a debtor effect his escape, he, the keeper, would be liable to his creditors for every shilling under which he had been placed in custody.

"One evening, at twilight, a captive, wrapped in a military cloak, was brought to the lobby of the Fleet prison, and given into custody for a debt verging on two thousand pounds; and, in less than half an hour, two detainers for heavy sums were also lodged in the office against the prisoner. On a sharp but cursory inspection, he appeared to be a foreigner. His dark hair curled over his collar; his whiskers were exuberant; and moustache and imperial, on most extensive scales, left but a trifling portion of his countenance visible. He bore his trouble as befitted man; enquired for the coffee-room; gave grandiloquent orders for the immediate hire of a room; intimated that captivity had not taken away his appetite; and while he dined, the prison should be carefully searched for an apartment, fitted and furnished in every respect, for the reception of a gentleman.

"Presently the hour for strangers to depart was announced by crier and bellman, and the crowd, egressing through the lobby, as usual, was great. All who wished to quit the prison had departed, and a turnkey sought the coffee-room to announce to the captive-bird that a suitable cage had been found for him. But no captive was there; they said that a foreigner had ordered an expensive dinner; it had been waiting for an hour; and none had come to claim it. Suspicion changed to loud alarm; the prison was diligently searched; the bird had flown; for the blue cloak which wrapped his person, as well as wig, beard, and moustache that had so well concealed his face, were found in a dark corner of the skittle-ground. He had passed the lobby unnoticed in the crowd, and the marshal was fixed for over three thousand pounds.

"Next day, the creditors commenced separate actions for escape, and it was believed that their success must prove certain. But a trifling oversight betrayed the deep-laid plot. The conspiracy was gradually developed, and in the end, the caitif Israelites incurred nothing but loss of money and disgrace. But it was by the mere chapter of accidents that the old marshal escaped unscathed, from one of the best devised plans for wholesale robbery, that ever a Jew devised and executed."

CHARLES THE FIFTH, EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

HIS VISITS TO ENGLAND. — HIS RETREAT TO A MONASTERY, — AND
DEATH.

BY CHIRURGUS.

“ Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or thep itcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

“ Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

“ Vanity of vanities saith the preacher, all is vanity.”

THERE is perhaps no period within historical record more interesting than the first half of the sixteenth century: whether we regard the events that occurred or the characters which performed their parts in them, there is ample food afforded for reflection. It was then that the voice of Luther rang like a trumpet-blast throughout Europe, breaking up the fountains of the political and religious deeps, and summoning to his standard the advocates for reformation in the Catholic Church. The learned Erasmus and profound Melancthon flourished in Germany. Francis I., of magnificent memory, reigned in France. In England Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, and a host of other interesting historical characters then lived; our Elizabeth was in the bloom of her youth, and the bard of Avon about that time first drew breath.

But there was another star in the bright constellation then shining, who was conspicuous above all others for the grandeur of his position, the magnitude of his enterprises, the talent with which they were conducted, and the success by which, for a long series of years, they were attended. The name of the Emperor Charles V. has, moreover, been handed down in the annals of the Protestant faith as one of the most formidable, as well as unflinching opponents with whom that faith had at its dawn to contend. The close of the career of that prince was not less remarkable than the most brilliant occurrences of his life; and it is our intention to devote this paper to a consideration of the concluding events, prefacing them by some curious particulars of two visits paid by him to this country.

The death of the Emperor Maximilian having left the imperial throne of Germany vacant, two candidates presented themselves for the honour of filling it. Of these, one was Francis I. King of France, who had already gained reputation for valour and chivalric bearing in the battle-field, since so celebrated for another desperate fight,—the field of Marengo. The other candidate was Charles V. King of Spain. A significant incident had already proved this prince to be of no ordinary mould. At a grand tournament held at Valladolid, Charles entered the lists, though barely in his eighteenth year, and broke three lances against his master of the horse. This feat was loudly applauded; but the youthful knight, whilst he gracefully made his acknowledgments, pointed significantly to the motto “*Nondum*,” (not yet,) on his shield; indicating that he aspired to higher and nobler deeds.

By a majority of the Germanic States, Charles was chosen Emperor, to the great chagrin of Francis, who from that hour regarded his rival with feelings of bitter enmity. The coronation of Charles was celebrated with great pomp at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the 22nd of October, 1520.

Francis and Charles, whilst they entertained feelings of hostility against each other, were very desirous of courting the friendship and support of Henry VIII., the youthful King of England. Francis spared neither flattery, presents, nor promises to secure the good offices of Wolsey, then in the height of his power; and authorized him to arrange the formalities of a solemn meeting between the Courts of England and France. Charles regarded these proceedings with a jealous eye, and determined to have an interview with Henry previous to his visit to France. It was intended to have been a surprise, but Henry was informed of it by Wolsey, who was secretly intriguing with both the rivals. Accordingly, when Henry was at Canterbury making preparations for his visit to France, "Newes* were brought to the King, that Charles his nephew, elected Emperour of Almanie, would shortly depart out of Spaine by sea, and come by England to go to Acon, or Aix (a citie of fame and renowne in Germanie, for the ancient residence and sepulchre of Charlemagne), where he received the first crowne. Wherefore the King hearing of this determination of the Emperour, caused great provisions to be made at everie haven for the receiving of his well-beloved nephue and friend; and dailie provisions were made on all sides for these noble meetings of so high princes; and especialie the Queene of England and the Ladie Dowager of France made great cost on the apparell of their ladies and gentlewomen **."

Henry and his Court left Greenwich on the 21st of May, and reached Canterbury on the 25th—a rate of travelling rather different from that of the present day. "On the morrow after," says the old chronicle, "the Emperour being on the sea, returninge out of Spaine, arrived with all his navie of ships roiall on the coast of Kent, direct to the port of Hieth, the said daie by noon, where he was saluted by the vice-admiral of England, Sir William Fitzwilliam, with six of the King's great ships well furnished, which laie for the safe gard of passage betwixt Cals and Dover. Towards evening the Emperour departed from his ships and entered into his bote, and coming towards lande, was met and received of the Lord Cardinall of Yorke with such reverence as to so noble a prince appertaineth.

"Thus landed the Emperour Charles the Fifth at Dover, under his cloth of estate of the Blacke Eagle, all spread on rich cloth of gold. He had with him manie noble men, and manie faire ladies of his blood. When he was come on land, the lord cardinall conducted him to the Castell of Dover, which was prepared for him in the most roiall manner. In the morning the King rode with all hast to the Castell of Dover to welcome the Emperour, and entering into the castell, alighted; of whose coming the Emperour having knowledge, came out of his chamber and met him on the staires, where either of them embraced other in most loving manner, and then the King brought the Emperour to his chamber. On Whitsuntide, earlie in

* Holinshed's Chronicles, vol. ii, p. 853.

the morning, they tooke their horses and rode to' the citie of Can-
terburie, the more to keepe solemne the feast of Pentecost, but spe-
ciallie to see the Queene of England, his aunt, was the Emperour
his intent, of whom, ye may be sure, he was most joiefullie received
and welcomed. Thus the Emperour and his retinue, both of lords
and ladies, kept their Whitsuntide with the King and Queene of
England in the citie of Canterburie with all joie and solace.* The
Emperour yet himself seemed not so much to delight in pastime and
pleasure, but that, in respect of his youthful yeares, there appeared
in him a great shew of gravitie; for they could by no means bring
him to dance amongst the residue of the princes, but onlie was
contented to be a looker on: peradventure the sight of the Lady
Mary troubled him, whom he had sometime loved, and yet, through
fortune's evill hap, might not have her to wife." †

On the 31st of May the Emperor took his departure from England,
and on the same day Henry VIII. crossed from Dover to Calais on
his way to that memorable interview with Francis I. immortalized as
the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Two years after this, another visit was paid by Charles to the
British monarch, the particulars of which are even more interesting
than the preceding. Henry at all times fond of display, found in
Wolsey a most able coadjutor; and in the present instance their ef-
forts were combined to receive the Emperor on a scale of surpassing
magnificence. The old chroniclers love to dwell on these scenes, and
the particulars they have handed down to us are full of interest as
pourtraying the manners and customs of the age.

"King Henry, hearing that the Emperor would come to Callice,
so to pass into England as he went into Spain, appointed the Lord
Marquis Dorset to go to Callice, there to receive him, and the car-
dinal to receive him at Dover. The cardinal, taking his journey
thither on the 10th of May (1552), rode through London, accom-
panied with two earls, six-and-thirty knights, and an hundred gen-
tlemen, eight bishops, ten abbots, thirty chaplains all in velvet and
satin, and yeomen seven hundred. The five and twentieth of May
being Sunday, the Marquis Dorset, with the Bishop of Chichester,
the Lord de la Ware, and divers others, at the water of Graveling
received the Emperor, and with all honour brought him to Callice,
where he was received with procession by the Lord Berners, lieu-
tenant of the town. On Monday he took shipping at Callice, and
landed at Dover; where the cardinal, with three hundred lords,
knights, and gentlemen, received him, and in great state brought him
to the castle, where he was lodged. On Wednesday, being Ascen-
sion Even, the King came to Dover, and there, with great joy and
gladness, the Emperor and he met. On Friday in the afternoon they

* The hall of the archiepiscopal palace at Canterbury "was of such a vast ampli-
tude, that once, in the year 1519, it was graced with the presence of the Emperor
Charles the V. and King Henry VIII. at the same time; together with his royal
consort Queen Katherine, whom (being the said emperor's aunt) he came to Eng-
land to visit. This hall then contained these most royal persons, and all their
numerous attendants, wherein they adjusted matters of state between them, exer-
cised their triumphs, and feasted together in a most splendid manner, at the incred-
ible cost and expenses of Warham, then archbishop."—*Strype, Life of Parker*,
vol. i. p. 347.

† The Lady Mary here spoken of was the Queen-dowager of France, who was
very celebrated for her beauty.

departed from Dover, and came that night to Canterbury, and from thence next day to Greenwich. Here, to honour the Emperor's presence, royal jousts and tournays were appointed, where the King, the Earl of Devonshire, and ten aids, kept the place against the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis Dorset, and other ten aids on their part.* The city of London seems to have displayed its wonted hospitality on this occasion, and the chroniclers give the particulars with equal care and satisfaction,—“In this maiours yere (Sir John Milborne), and the fowertene of the Kyng, the Fridaie before Penthecoste, that is to saie the sixe daie of June, Charles the fift, Emperour, was honourably received into the citee of London of the maiour, aldermenne, and comunalte, our Souernaige Lorde accompanying hym. And from London he went to Windsore, and sat in the stal of the garter, and from thens went to Hampton, and sailed ower the sea into Spaine.”† Another account contains other particulars, which are interesting as illustrating the pride of Wolsey,—“The Emperour was lodged at the black fryers, and all his lords in the new palace of Bridewell. On Whitsunday the King and the Emperour rode to the cathedral church of St. Paul, where the cardinal sung mass, and had his traverse and his cupboard. Before mass, two barons gave him water, and after the gospel two carls, and at the last lavatory two dukes, which pride the Spaniards much disdained.”‡ The worthy lord mayor and aldermen seem to have been so enchanted with the affability of their imperial and royal guests, that they determined to commemorate the visit by an inscription, worded in most courtier-like terms of flattery. We learn that—“In such golden bonds of love Charles and Henry seemed linked, as in London this sentence was set up in the Guildhall, over the door of the Council Chamber, where it still remaineth :—

“Carolus, Henricus vivant, defensor uterque,
Henricus fidei, Carolus ecclesie.”§

The events of a few years converted this compliment into a satire. Henry, the “*defensor fidei*,” became its bitterest enemy, and the love of the sovereigns was converted into gall.

We have thus seen Charles at the brightest period of his life, when in full bodily vigour and health, and rejoicing in all the energy and hope of youth. Years rolled on; fortune favoured him in a wondrous manner. He was at once the bulwark of the Catholic faith and terror of the Protestants. His rival, Francis, had succumbed to his arms at Pavia, and had languished for years in a humiliating captivity. His enterprises had succeeded; and he was generally regarded as the greatest, the most prosperous, and perhaps the most envied prince in Christendom. But the tide turned, and we must pass over those bright pages of his history, and open one which displays him in a different character, and under altered circumstances.

Charles had enjoyed upwards of thirty years of prosperity; but in 1552 he drank deeply of the cup of misfortune, and a series of

* A Chronicle of the Kings of England, by Sir Richard Baker, Knt., fol. Lond. 1674.

† The Chronicle of Fabian, black letter, imprinted at London, 1559. See also The Chronicle of John Hardyng, black letter.

‡ A Chronicle of the Kings of England, by Sir R. Baker, fol. Lond. 1674.

§ Speed's History of Great Britain, fol. 1632.

events occurred which ultimately led to his retirement from the world. At this period the German Protestant church was in a state of great alarm. The Emperor seemed determined at all hazards to compel observance of the decrees of the Council of Trent in his dominions—decrees which struck at the root of the reformed church.

In furtherance of this design, Charles had already commenced hostilities against Magdeburg, and general consternation reigned amongst the followers of Luther. But the designs of Charles met with a check from a quarter whence it was least expected, and a storm burst upon him with a suddenness and fury for a time overwhelming. Maurice, Elector of Saxony, was a bold ambitious man, and regarded with alarm the proceedings of Charles against the Protestants; but he owed him ill will from another cause: his father-in-law, the Landgrave of Hesse, had been detained prisoner by Charles through a fraudulent interpretation of a treaty, and Maurice had endeavoured unsuccessfully to obtain his release. It is true that Maurice was bound to Charles by heavy ties of gratitude, but this he overlooked, and proceeded with great caution and secrecy to organise a bold and extensive conspiracy against his benefactor; repeated warnings of the contemplated treachery reached Charles, but he and his minister, Granvella, treated them with contempt.

Great, therefore, was the consternation of the Emperor when he suddenly found himself involved in hostilities with the majority of the German princes, supported by the King of France, and the head of a powerful army. The machinations of Maurice had accomplished this, and Charles awoke from a dream of profound security on the brink of an awful precipice. Maurice had already invaded Franconia, and his forces were augmented by the troops of the Landgrave of Hesse, and those of the Margrave Albert, who was also detained in captivity by Charles. The strong castle of Ehrenberg was taken through the treachery of a shepherd, and Maurice pushed on with all speed for Inspruck, in the hope of surprising Charles, and making him prisoner. Everything promised to crown this design with success, but happily for Charles a mutiny broke out amongst Maurice's troops, which delayed his march a whole day. Most fortunate was this delay for Charles. Intelligence of the approaching danger reached him late in the evening, and notwithstanding that a dreadful thunder storm raged, and that he was suffering from a severe attack of gout, he placed himself in a litter, and hurried from Inspruck. Such was the emergency, that the captive Elector of Saxony, Ferdinand the brother of the Emperor, and the rest of his suite, fled in the utmost confusion, many on foot, and ill provided against the inclemency of the weather. They made their way by torchlight through the steep and intricate passes of the Tyrol, and in this miserable plight, the once all-powerful Monarch arrived at Trent, where he snatched a few hours' repose, but, like Napoleon after Waterloo, harassed by repeated alarms, he quickly resumed his flight, by dreadful roads, to Villach, in Carinthia.

Here the fugitive monarch, feeling the mockery of retaining the Elector in longer captivity, gave him his liberty. Alas! what a contrast Charles's condition now presented, to the field of Lochau, when the Elector first bowed his knee before him! Then was he in pride every inch an Emperor; vigorous in body and haughty in spirit, the conqueror treated the misfortunes of his captive with insult: he

addressed him with reproaches, and spurned him with contempt. Since then five years have rolled away, and we see that proud man broken in spirit and racked with pain, fleeing before Maurice, the man he had delighted to honour,—a homeless fugitive, without money, without friends, without the ordinary comforts of life. *His* hour has come, and the pangs of mortification must be increased tenfold by the recollection of his ungenerous conduct towards that prince to whom he now gives liberty because he can no longer retain him a prisoner.

Sic transit gloria mundi!

Early in 1552, when Charles was in his fifty-third year, there were ambassadors from England at the court of the Emperor at Brussels, and we are made acquainted, through their dispatches, with the state of the Emperor's health. We find that in March "The Emperor remained very sickly, and in more likelihood to die than to live. In case of whose mortality and departure, the council instructed the ambassadors that it was the King's pleasure that they should use such words of lamentation as might seem fit."*

At this time it began to be bruited abroad that the intellects of the Emperor were affected, for "The Emperor's own condition was now in April such that he kept himself close, and gave no audience to any man, nor was seen abroad. The reason whereof was thought to be that the despite of his ill successes had bred in him a melancholic humor, not much differing from a phrensy." † Again, in May we learn that "Touching the estate of the Emperor's person, the ambassadors sent word to the lords of the council that they could by no means learn assuredly how it was with him; for it was kept so that there was no man came abroad that was able directly to say the Emperor is in this or that case." ‡ He continued in this state of profound melancholy during the whole of May, and early in June the report is, "The Emperor still continued indisposed, so that no access of the English ambassadors could be permitted to him." § However, the interview was now not far distant, for we are informed that "The 8th of June was the day the King's ambassadors had their long-expected audience of the Emperor. || * * * They were brought into his privy chamber. There they found him sitting in a chair, with his feet on a stool, looking very pale, weak, lean, and feeble; howbeit nothing so ill as they before believed of him: for his eyes were lively enough, and his speech sensible, so that the ambassadors could not tell what to judge of him; for he had escaped so many perils of sickness, that though his colour and flesh were gone, yet he might, they said, endure awhile. Yet to judge him by their sight, they said that he appeared to them a man of a short time of continuance."

" Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know,
For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blaunch at once the hair.
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eyes' bright grace,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
More deeply than despair!

* Strype, *Memorials Ecclesiastical*, vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 8.

† P. 84.

§ P. 94.

|| P. 96.

† Op. cit. p. 81.

Thus it was with Charles ; a canker, was gnawing at his heart, and eating the green leaves from off the tree of life. Bodily suffering and disease had done much, but mortification, blasted hopes, and disappointed ambition had done more. The combination of these causes had wrought vast changes in his once vigorous mind and powerful frame, and the wreck was total.

A treaty concluded at Passau having relieved the Emperor from the hostilities of the Elector Maurice, he determined to turn his arms, so soon as he was in a condition to make war, against Henry II., then King of France ; and one of his first acts was to invest Metz. Though ill with a violent fit of the gout, and so infirm that he was obliged to be carried in a litter, Charles often appeared amongst his soldiers that he might animate them with his presence. But it was all in vain ; the utmost efforts of the besiegers were unable to make impression upon the garrison, and the fire of the besieged, together with disease, famine, and the inclemency of the weather, destroyed thirty thousand of his troops. Under these disastrous circumstances, the Emperor abruptly raised the siege, exclaiming, " Fortune, I now perceive, like other fine ladies, chooses to confer her favours on young men, and forsake those who are in the decline of life."

A religious peace was concluded at Augsburg on the 26th of September, 1555, by which the free exercise of their religion was guaranteed to Protestants throughout the whole of Germany, with possession of all the revenues hitherto received from the ecclesiastical institutions. This was peculiarly offensive to the Emperor, for it absolutely blasted those hopes which he had eagerly cherished during his whole reign, of seeing once more a single and undivided church. Thus, at the time that his mind was enfeebled, and his body worn down by disease, were his sufferings aggravated by the pangs of mortified vanity and bitter disappointment. The fabric his whole life had been spent in erecting was crumbling to pieces before his eyes,—those ambitious schemes, to the realization of which he had fondly looked for years, had been rudely demolished. France, that country which he hated with all the steadfastness of Castilian hatred, was now in the ascendant, and daily increasing in European influence. His armies had been annihilated, his exchequer exhausted, and there did not even remain to him the consolation of being beloved by his people.

Under these afflicting circumstances, and conscious of his increasing bodily infirmities, he resolved to put in execution a project he had long contemplated, namely, to abdicate his throne in favour of his son Philip,* and to pass the remainder of his life in religious retirement. There can be little doubt that the scheme of withdrawing from the world had occupied the thoughts of Charles for a long period

* Charles was not the first King of Spain who resigned the sceptre for religious seclusion. Alfonso IV., surnamed " El Monge " (the Monk), in 930 abdicated the throne of Asturias and Leon, and retired to the monastery of Sahagun. He was succeeded by his brother Ramiro II. Scarcely had Ramiro settled himself on the throne, before Alfonso, growing sick of a monastic life, reclaimed his throne, and proceeded with an army to enforce his claim. He was, however, defeated by Ramiro, and compelled to surrender. With a barbarity common in those days, his eyes were put out with hot irons, and he was again consigned to a monastery. Ramiro himself abdicated some time before his death in favour of his son Ordóño, and assuming a penitential garb, passed the rest of his days in monastic solitude.

before he was enabled to carry it into execution. Sandoval informs us that "Father James (former confessor to the Emperor), several years before his majesty withdrew, told the prior he knew he would leave the world could he do it with a safe conscience. The Emperor himself further declared, that, had his health permitted, his design was to be a lay-brother or one of the meanest servants of the monastery." He further subsequently declared to the Prior of Guadaloupe that "whilst the Empress was living they had agreed that she should retire to a nunnery, and he to a monastery; but that she dying, he could not perform it sooner without leaving all Christendom exposed to inevitable ruin." Another objection was the tender age of his son, whom he could not think of loading with the government of so many kingdoms until he had arrived at a mature age; Philip had now reached his twenty-eighth year, and had displayed a decided capacity for the important duties about to be imposed upon him.

Thus relieved from the scruples which had prevented the performance of his resolution, Charles proceeded without further delay to carry it into execution. He first summoned Philip from England, where he was leading an uncomfortable life in consequence of the peevish temper of his wife, our Queen Mary. Charles then assembled the States at Brussels on the 25th of October, 1555, with all the pomp required by the importance of the transaction, and seated himself for the last time in the chair of state, having on one side his son Philip, on the other side his sister the Queen of Hungary, attended by a splendid retinue of grandees and princes.

The President of the Council of Flanders explained in a few words the Emperor's intention in convening this extraordinary meeting. He then read the instrument of resignation, which being concluded, Charles rose from his seat amidst a breathless silence, and, leaning on the shoulder of the Prince of Orange (being unable to stand without support), he addressed his audience with dignity mingled with sadness. He recapitulated the chief events of his life, from the seventeenth year of his age, alluding to the great deeds which had been performed in his time and by his arms. He then proceeded to state the reasons which induced him to perform the act they were that day called together to witness; that now his health was broken, his vigour exhausted, and his growing infirmities warned him to retire; that he gave them in his place a prince in the prime of life, and accustomed to govern; that he earnestly implored their forgiveness if he had committed any material error in government, and that in retirement the remembrance of their fidelity and attachment would be his sweetest consolation. He then turned to his son Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand, and addressed him in a touching speech, concluding with these words, "if the time should ever come when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give mine to you."

During these addresses the whole audience were melted into tears, and, at the conclusion, Charles sank back into his chair ready to faint with exhaustion. A few weeks after this transaction Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, resigned to his son the crown of Spain and all their territories, reserving only for himself an annual pension of 100,000 crowns.

Charles had fixed the place of his retreat at the monastery of St. Justus, in Estremadura in Spain. It was situated in a lovely valley watered by a running brook, and surrounded by hills clothed with lofty trees. Towards the end of August, 1556, he set out for Zuitberg, in Zealand, where a large fleet of Spanish, English, and Flemish vessels were assembled. On the 17th of September he set sail and reached Laredo, in Biscay, on the eleventh day. It is stated by a contemporary historian * that, although the voyage was most prosperous, there arose such a heavy storm on the very night after he landed, that the ship he had sailed in foundered. As soon as he set foot on the Spanish shore he fell prostrate, and kissing the earth, exclaimed, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I now return to thee, thou common mother of mankind."

From Laredo he proceeded to Burgos, borne in a litter, and suffering exquisite pain; he then pursued his course to Valladolid, where he took a final leave of his two sisters. Having now severed his last earthly ties, he considered himself thenceforth dead to the world. From Valladolid he continued on his way to Plazenzia, and thence to his humble retreat at St. Justus.

From an expression in one of the reports sent home by the English ambassadors, it was evidently considered that the Emperor's intellects were unsettled; indeed, there is little doubt that towards the latter part of his life he was not altogether of sound mind. The great bodily suffering he had endured, the bitter disappointments he had experienced, and the absolute cessation of activity rendered necessary by his infirmities, would, doubtless, tend to such a result. When a man after many years of activity and excitement is suddenly and wholly withdrawn from it, serious consequences ensue: the stimulus has become necessary, and its sudden withdrawal is hurtful. The attention under such circumstances becomes strongly and continually directed inwards; the mind preys upon itself; it dwells on its own movements and its own feelings until the importance of each is exaggerated, and the result is self-reproach, gloom, and despondency. The mind ceases to respond to its usual emotions, and the reason becomes impaired. Worldly business and salutary occupations are despised or regarded with indifference,—the whole attention is yielded up to the feelings,—the process of self-examination becomes the business of life,—the mental views become distorted, and clouds of gloom settle heavily on the spirit.

Some months before his resignation, Charles had sent an architect to add accommodation for him to the monastery of St. Justus; but it only consisted of six small rooms, four in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls, the other two were hung with old black cloth. There was but one chair, and that "so decayed, that it would not have yielded half-a-crown if it were to be sold." His habit was very poor and always black. In this humble retreat did Charles bury his grandeur, his ambition, with all those vast projects which for half a century had kept Europe in a ferment. His time was almost entirely occupied in devotion; the only exercise he took was in some gardens he had caused to be made, terminated by a small hermitage. He only kept a small gelding and an old mule, and was frequently unable to ride on account of a swimming in his head. When con-

* Sandoval.

fined to his apartment, he employed his hours of leisure in making curious works of mechanism. Charles had always taken great delight in mechanics, and in order that he might indulge this taste in his retreat, he engaged Turriano, one of the most ingenious artists of the age, to accompany him thither. With him he laboured in forming models of the most useful machines, as well as in making experiments with regard to their respective powers, and it was not seldom that the ideas of the monarch assisted or perfected the inventions of the artist. He relieved his mind at intervals with slighter and more fantastic works of mechanism, in fashioning puppets which, by the structure of internal springs, mimicked the gestures and actions of men, to the astonishment of the ignorant monks, who beholding movements which they could not comprehend, sometimes distrusted their own senses, and sometimes suspected Charles and Turriano of being in compact with invisible powers. He was particularly curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches; and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go alike, he is said to have exclaimed, "Behold, not even two watches, the work of my own hands, can I bring to agree with each other according to a law; and yet, fool that I was, I thought that I should be able to govern like the works of a watch so many nations, all living under a different sky, in different climes, and speaking different languages!"

During the first year of his retreat his health and spirits were decidedly benefited; tranquillity seemed returning to his mind, and his bodily ailments troubled him less: but this calm was fallacious, and only a prelude to a darker storm. About six months before his death the gout returned with increased severity: from this attack his mind never rallied, nor was his constitution in a condition to withstand the shock. Henceforward we have a gloomy picture of superstition and mental terror. Viewing his spiritual condition with horror, he endeavoured to appease the anger of the Almighty by inflicting upon himself the most rigid abstinence, the heaviest penances, and severest flagellations. After his death the scourge of cords he used was found, stiff and dyed with blood. He debarred himself all his former innocent amusements; his whole time was passed between religious exercises and acts of penance. But even the severest of these fell short of the requirements of his fevered imagination; he determined to expiate his sins by such an act as had never before been attempted,—an act the product of a wild and dis-temperated mind. It was nothing less than to celebrate his own obsequies before his death!

Charles ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery, and every preparation to be made for a funeral. The grave was dug, the coffin made, and Charles was clothed in the habiliments of the grave. In slow and solemn procession did the monks and his domestics wend their way through the cloisters into the chapel, a dim light being cast on the scene from the black tapers which each carried; after them followed Charles in his shroud. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined with agonising earnestness in the prayers which were offered up for the repose of his soul, mingling his tears with those shed by his attendants, as if they were celebrating a real funeral,—the event which was soon to follow cast its shadow upon them! At length he was

solemnly laid in his coffin, and the offices for the dead being concluded, the ceremony was closed by the coffin being sprinkled with holy-water in the usual form. Then all the attendants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut and Charles left to his own meditations.

What a moral is to be drawn from this scene! What a lesson for the ambitious, the vain, the worldly-minded! Oh! ye who imagine that unalloyed happiness is to be found in the palaces of kings—who believe that the occupants of thrones bask in the sunshine of perpetual spring—think upon this! The most eloquent discourse of the orator, the utmost effort of the painter's skill, must fall far short of the stern reality of the scene before us. There, wrapped in the garments of the dead, in the damp and foul atmosphere of the grave, resting upon the dust which has once been animated with life, surrounded by the mouldering remains of frail mortality, lies Charles! but a short time since owning the titles of King of Castile, Leon, Grenada, Arragon, Navarre, the two Sicilies, Jerusalem, &c.; Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, Brabant, Styria, Carinthia, &c.; Count of Flanders, Burgundy, and Hainault, Prince of Swabia, Count of Friesland, &c. &c. &c.

There he lies, not a cold inanimate corpse, but a living, breathing, conscious mortal. What thoughts, what reflections must have passed through his mind during that sad hour; how absolutely he must have felt the nothingness of life, the emptiness of grandeur, the vanity of ambition, the fallacy of human expectations; doubtless the words of the Preacher presented themselves to his mind,—“Then I looked on all the works my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.”

After some time spent in meditation, Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire.

The fatigue attendant upon this ceremony, the chill of the tomb, and the impression made on his mind by the image of death, combined to bring on an ague, and in a short time the rehearsal was succeeded by the real performance. On the day after the scene we have described, Charles was seized with an intermittent fever; the particulars are thus given by Sandoval:—“The gout had left him for several days, and changed into an ague of another nature than what he used to have before, for the cold fit lasted twice as long as the hot; whereupon he was twice blooded, which, instead of lessening, increased it to such a degree that one fit overtook another, and thus he grew weaker; and though he took care of his bodily health, following the physician's prescriptions, yet he was much more solicitous for the concerns of his soul, confessing often, and making his last will and testament. Being near his end, he received the blessed sacrament, and desired the extreme unction might be given him, which was done at night: and the prior thinking the ceremony, as it was used to the friars, was too tedious to him, he being in some agony,—all the penitential psalms, litany, and prayers being to be read,—he bid Lewis Quexada, who was at the bed's head, ask him whether he would have the ceremony at length or shortened, and he answered, ‘they should oil him like a friar,’ which was done accordingly, the Emperor answering to all the psalms, verse for verse,

as the friars did, and then he seemed to be somewhat better. The next day he received the blessed sacrament again, with great devotion, saying, 'Thou remainest in me, may I remain in Thee.' That night, after he had received the second time, he grew worse, and about two of the clock the next morning, when all were very still, he said, 'It is now time, give me that candle and crucifix,' and though he was so spent that four men could with difficulty stir him in his bed, he turned upon his side as readily as if he had ailed nothing; then, taking the crucifix in one hand and the candle in the other, he continued awhile looking on the crucifix, without speaking a word, and then, in a voice so loud that it could be heard in the other rooms, he said, 'Oh! Jesus—,' and so gave up the ghost to his Redeemer on the 21st of September 1558.*

Charles had left directions that his body should not be embalmed, it was therefore attired in the shroud in which he had so recently appeared, and laid in a coffin of lead, which was again enclosed in one of chestnut, covered with black velvet; the funeral procession again wended its way to the chapel, and the remains of the once great Emperor were laid beneath the high altar. They were doomed to be speedily disturbed, however, for two days after, the Corregidor of Placentia came to demand the body, and although he was prevailed on, after much entreaty, to leave it where it was, he insisted on the coffin's being opened, in order that he might see the face. The features had undergone but little alteration, and the spectators gazed upon them for the last time, with mingled awe and sorrow.

Thus died, in the fifty-ninth year of his age and forty-third of his reign, the Emperor Charles the Fifth. In his youth, and before he was bowed down by illness, he was a noble and manly figure, full of majesty and dignity. His countenance was extremely pale, his eyes blue, his hair auburn. His aspect was grave, and a smile but rarely appeared upon his face.

We have thus placed before our readers a brief sketch of some of the prominent features in the career of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, a career not only interesting, but in the highest degree suggestive and instructive. We have viewed him surrounded by all the pomp of royalty and attributes of power; we have accompanied him through sad reverses; we have followed him to his retreat; we have traced the prostration of his mind and body, have witnessed the extinction of the spark of life, and seen his remains consigned to the silent tomb.

" En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit !
Exempta sit curis, viator,
Terra sit illa levis, precare !"

* There is a singular resemblance in the circumstances of the illness of Charles V. to that which was fatal to Oliver Cromwell, who died September 3, 1658. The particulars of the death of Cromwell are narrated in an article in the "Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medicine" for May 1848.

THE EMIGRANT PARTY ;

OR,

OUR LAST TRECK IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY MRS. WARD,

AUTHORESS OF "FIVE YEARS IN KAFIRLAND," ETC.

IT is a fortunate circumstance for the poor of England that the subject of emigration has become fashionable : not all the reasoning powers of true philanthropists, not all the forcible and humane arguments of Lord Ashley and others, have had any weight with the public in general ; but the cry of the hungry and the wretched has at last jarred harshly on the ear of those who like not to be so disturbed, and fine ladies and gentlemen, in self-defence, are driven to ask, "What shall we do with the poor?"

These pages, however, are unsuited to discussions ; but as they will probably be read by those who, by their position or their inclinations are interested in the subject of emigration and colonization, I beg to offer a slight sketch of an emigrant party which I had the pleasure to see on the banks of an African river.

An African river! the plains of Africa! The locality to which I intend to refer is in South-eastern Africa, and not on that terrible western coast spoken of as "the grave of the white man." And yet how ignorant and prejudiced are even the better classes of our countrymen respecting what they call the Cape colony, of which they have as little idea as the unhappy poor, whom it should be the privilege of the rich to help.*

The first step to be taken in persuading the poor to leave poverty and toil in this overburdened land for comparative ease and undoubted plenty in South-eastern Africa, is to endeavour to disabuse their minds of prejudice against a soil now open to them as a place of refuge and repose : and before I introduce my readers to my emigrant party, I may be permitted to say a few words of our progress through that part of the country where we met them, on our journey from Graham's Town to Algoa Bay, in the month of January, 1848, when, the war being over, the long-harassed troops were released from their unsatisfactory and toilsome duties, and we, with others who had endured more suffering and privation than will probably fall to the lot of any future settlers, found ourselves fairly "on the march," and "homeward bound."

In the work lately published and entitled "Five Years in Kafirland," so much has been detailed relative to such marches, that to dwell on all the circumstances connected with our track would be to wear the subject threadbare ; but some incidents, as yet not touched upon, will afford matter of interest to those who may hereafter find themselves among the scenes through which we passed. It is, I think,

* Some years ago, on a regiment being ordered to the Cape of Good Hope, a certain member of the aristocracy, who held a commission in it, said to a brother officer, "I say, old fellow, we are going to the Cape, *where is it?*"

Dr. Johnson who says that if a child were to note down the common occurrences of the day for a certain period, an interesting volume might be compiled from such a journal. On this principle, then, I ask the indulgence of such as may read the following sketch from Kafir-land.

Behold a regiment fairly on the march! It was our good fortune to see the troops pass by at a distance; we heard the merry band winding through the town, the drums beating faint and fainter, while we were safely and comfortably housed under the hospitable roof of friends who knew the miseries of a first day's march: but not in these light pages may we dwell on the regrets of parting with that precious circle which we "left behind us."

It was on the 12th of January, 1848, that after leaving Graham's Town, we looked down from a hill-top upon a little valley watered by a clear but narrow stream: here were encamped the troops with whom we were about to journey. On this hill-top we said "Good-bye" to our friends; but the soldiers below caught sight of one who, although of high command, had shared their dangers and privations throughout the war, and a shout ascended which roused the neighbouring echoes. He whom they so cheered lifted his cap from his brow,—sunburnt it was, and the once black hair had now become thin and grey from exposure to climate,—and deprecating so public a farewell, hurried from us, turned the corner of a mountain slope, and we saw him no more. Excited by the shouts, the crowd, and the sight of scattered tents, wagons, Hottentots, and oxen, our horses danced down the hill, pattered through the little stream, and entering the encampment at a smart canter, we were glad to turn our steeds aside to a corner, where our own tents and wagons stood ready to receive us. A sorry contrast was such refuge after the spacious and pleasant mansion we had left; but we were homeward-bound, and that was the watchword of consolation: and now, as a "hint to emigrants," we call attention to some of the arrangements for the journey.

Observe the retiring-place for the night,—a wagon some twelve feet long by four wide. Our servants are not new travellers; they have taken care that the wind shall not enter at the front; the fire is made to leeward, and the tent is pitched close by, with a clean table-cloth spread on a wagon-box, camp-stools, a cask of fresh water, and a dinner hotter than you could have it in a more refined *salle-à-manger*. The meal is scarcely over, when evening begins to draw her curtain over the scene,—the sun makes a sudden dip behind the mountains,—the drums, accompanied by the clear, sweet fifes, beat the *retreat*, and the tired soldiers lie down to rest.

Night comes,—one of those calm nights so lovely in Africa! You retire to your wagon, and all is so still that the very breathing of the oxen tied to the tressel-boom of your wagon (to secure them from thieves and wolves) is distinctly audible. At midnight, perhaps, the air begins to sigh, and before dawn your strange sleeping apartment rocks beneath the force of the blast. A flood of rain beats heavily on the canvass roof—the oxen moan—the horse, fastened to the wheel, shakes you in your bed in his trial to get free, and you might be frightened at the almost incomprehensible sounds which have roused you from your sleep, if a peal of laughter near you did not induce you to ask the cause of the merriment, when you are told a tale

• *Treck*—journey.

of tent-pegs unloosened, and some one awaking and finding himself enveloped in a shroud of soaking canvass, from which he is at length extricated by his light-hearted comrades. The storm ceases, silence succeeds, and a blessed sleep takes you back to some old-remembered and familiar spot, perhaps among the peaceful "nooks and corners of Old England;" but you are aroused by the blast of a bugle close by, sounding the *reveillé*, and then r-r-r- - - - - r-row!—row-dow!—row! The drums again and the merry fifes ring out that pretty,—pretty air of

"The sun was up, the morn was gay,
The drums had beat the Reveillé."

The colours, which have been sacredly guarded near the commanding officer's bivouac, are removed with due honours; you peep out of your long and narrow home; the men are mustering on parade; your own tent is struck; the troops march past, the band playing "The girl I left behind me," as if some devoted young lady had been doomed to solitude upon the camp ground; your driver shrieks "*Trek!*" your foreloupier (ox-leader) screeches and leaps before the cattle like a young imp, and you are fairly under weigh. The sun rises at last, a perfect glory, above the mountains, and by noon the heat is intense at certain seasons.

The weary, foot-worn soldiers linger by the wayside, and in sheer pity you accede to their request to let their arms be put into your wagon; whereupon you admit two or three loaded muskets, not liking to confess that you are half afraid of such implements of mischief, and accepting as graciously as you can the assurance that "there is no fear, as they've got no caps on," you lie down again. Having made a sylvan toilet within the folds of your tent at the first *outspan*,* and, overpowered by the atmosphere, fall into a deep sleep, from which you wake with an incipient headache, in consequence of the proximity of your temple to something very hard, which proves to be the muzzle of a loaded musket!

The resting-place on the second day's march was on a well-watered plain. Many of these plains are watered by vleys or pools many miles in diameter. While sitting in front of our tent after sunset, a melancholy procession passed by. It was a funeral: there was no coffin, no military pomp, no parade, no muffled drums; the poor victim of drunkenness, that curse of military marches, especially in South Africa, was borne past us in a canvass winding-sheet. The grave was ready, and he was buried in silence. The solitude of such a grave, as we looked back on it the next morning, was as awful as it is indescribable.

The fourth day brought us to that pleasant scene on which I more particularly desire to touch. We had ridden on through a great deal of thick brush, and under a brilliant, blazing sun, when, as we drew near Sunday's river, our attention was attracted by the sight of several white tents, scattered in picturesque order about a charming spot at the edge of the road. Around it were trees of African and European growth; the oak and the euphorbia, the yellow-wood tree (the deal of the country), the mimosa and arbutus shrubs, the Persian lilac, the myrtle, the jessamine, and crowds of other plants, from the stately forest king to the glowing bulbs, the strelitzia regina, the aga-

* *Outspan*, where the oxen are unyoked, near grass and water.

panthus, and a host of dazzling flowers variegating the green turf,—a carpet of Nature's own beautiful weaving. Beyond this stretched an amphitheatre of hills, and behind it swept the river, fast rising, as we knew by the roar gradually increasing. It had been quite a relief to exchange the noisy, shaking wagon for a well-paced active horse, and I was thus enabled to ride into the midst of the miniature encampment.

Here there was evidently what is so necessary to the success of all communities,—a head of the party; for, from a tent larger than the rest—and all were of a superior description to such military equipments,—waved a flag; and within, on a table covered with a shewy cloth, stood the *débris* of a dinner, bottles, glasses, &c.

The encampment presented a busy scene, and a very peaceable one, after the sad evidences of war which I had witnessed three months before in the upper districts of the Winterberg Mountains. Each domicile contained its little stretcher, a cottage-table, a camp-stool, and there were even some portable arm-chairs. Screened from the sun by the curtain of one tent, sat a woman at work; looking out from another were merry English children, and some came out of their playground among the mimosa bushes to gaze with shaded eyes upon our cavalcade; implements of husbandry lay in all directions, spades, sickles, a plough, a grindstone, and various others just unpacked; but what was delightful beyond all else was the working party at the drift. Here they were only thirty miles from the spot on which they had landed, actually detained for employment, for which they were well paid by government, while they and their families were supplied with good meat and bread. For want of hands this drift (ford) had long been difficult to pass; and now here were our own countrymen, who had left our crowded streets and noisome manufactories, or the poor hut where, at this very time of year, they might have starved from cold and hunger, absolutely offered work on the threshold of their new home.

They rested from their labours as we passed them by. Verily, it was a goodly sight to see those spades and pickaxes fairly in use. Indeed, but for them her Majesty's regiments might have been detained in crossing the river till it was too swollen to permit a passage; and it was quite refreshing to hear the remarks of the little band of emigrants as wagon after wagon, with their wild drivers and armed escorts rattled down the hill to the river's brink. Women and children came out upon the camp-ground to see us all go by.

I asked one young woman, thoroughly English in her demeanour, if they thought they should like the country they had adopted. She replied cheerfully,—“Oh! yes, she was sure she should.” They had plenty of work, did not know how long they should remain in their present station, nor did they seem to care. The few minutes left us gave us only time to wish them prosperity, and to tell them “they had come at the right time.”

The river was fast rising when we overtook the troops, and as the first wagon reeled down the little lane cut by the labourers, we were told that the stream could not be safely forded on horseback. The confusion that followed is indescribable. There stood the foremost wagon, while officers, drivers, guards, and servants shouted to its forelouper to advance. Some said we must go up the stream to another drift; others said “no;” and the ladies were bidden to get

into their lumbering conveyances at once. There were so many orders that we heard none distinctly, and I have only a vague recollection of the oxen making a sudden plunge into the rapid river. My horse's head was seized, and I was told to dismount with all speed; a bevy of young girls, officers' daughters, had already scrambled into the back of the wagon, and looked picturesque enough, with wreaths of fresh jessamine wound round their bonnets, from beneath which eyes peeped out full of mirth, while their uncontrollable laughter mingled with the Babel of tongues, Scotch, Irish, and Hottentot!

A long habit-skirt was a terrible incumbrance, and I had no way of reaching the sort of *coupé* in which my young lady friends had ensconced themselves than that of being lifted into it, as if mounting my horse. In this manner I got no farther than a sort of shelf or step hanging below the *coupé*, for the vehicle inclining downwards, was difficult of access at the back. As it moved on, one or two gentlemen were glad to avail themselves of "a lift;" and I was no better off when the wagon was fairly on its way than I should have been on horse-back, for my habit-skirt was at least three inches deep in the water.

"There, now you are all right,—quite comfortable," said one of the party, in a satisfactory voice, as he seated himself contentedly beside me on the swinging-step.

"Not quite," I replied, laughing, as the wagon reached the bed of the river, and in another minute I was drawn up into the *coupé* by the girls. I certainly felt safer in this position, for as the wagon ascended the steep hill after crossing the stream, we all stood, as it was, a fair chance of tumbling out. However, we "supported each other" as well as could be expected under such "trying circumstances;" and while the panting cattle rested, we watched the string of troops and wagons following us, oxen kicking, Hottentots screaming, and soldiers as unmanageable as children, the river coming down rapidly, the baggage-guard in despair, doubtless anticipating a bivouac, and perhaps a week's detention on the wrong side of the river.

At last all had passed; the stream came tumbling on over the stones, the cattle struggled up the sandy acclivity with their heavy burdens, the soldiers toiled slowly after them, and the emigrants resumed their peaceful and useful occupation.

The next day and the next we travelled on our weary way, and on the 19th of January looked down from an eminence on Port Elizabeth, now an important and flourishing town, with its fine bay, full of shipping; and just rounding the point of Cape Receif, where the Thunderbolt steamer was wrecked in 1847, we observed a vessel of war, which was making all speed to its anchorage to receive us on board.

I have elsewhere alluded to the hospitality and attention shewn to the 91st regiment by the officers and crew of H. M. steamer Geysler. We reached the shores of England after a six years' sojourn in a country subject to scenes of strife and violence, in some of which we have borne our part, we rest with confidence in the hope that by a well-arranged system of colonization the noble territory whose resources have been but lately developed will become an honour to England, and a refuge for her poor; while the unhappy savage who has so long been the object of mistaken pity, or the victim of pseudo-philanthropic party-ists, may share with the settler the benefits of religious civilization.

* Algoa Bay.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

WHEN considering the imaginative literature of England during the past half century, the historian to come,—especially if there be anything of the Salique law-giver in his composition,—will possibly be surprised by the value of the contributions made to it by women. It is pleasant meanwhile for contemporary chroniclers to reflect how many among these have been allowed by “Time and Change” to live to the full enjoyment of their virtuous and bright reputation:—to have seen one fashion pass and another succeed, and the illustrations of truth and beauty which they originated, as clear and as little likely to wane as at the moment of being given forth to the world, amidst all the fevers and tremors of virgin authorship. The authoress of “The Canterbury Tales” has lived to become a classic—Jane Porter, to read the long list of historical novels of which her own and her sister’s were the predecessors; Joanna Baillie, though

“Retired as noontide dew,”

delightful example among those who have been the equal and chosen friends of *men* of genius, and yet have kept, not *acted the keeping* of their womanly simplicity,—has been searched out on her Hampstead Hill, by the voices of the worthiest of the world bringing her their precious and honest tributes. And here, now that we are at the end of a period of novelists,—now that the spasmodic manufacturers of horrors have had their day,—now that the Silver Fork people have “said their say,” and can hardly find a reader in the Porter’s black chair, or in the drowsy Abigail, who sits up waiting for the return of Lady Anne from Almack’s,—now that the last school, that of “The Wooden Ladle,” with its tales of jails and hospital anatomies, and garret graces, and kennel kindlinesses, begins to tire, and its sentimentality to be proved “a hollow thing,”—here do we find ourselves, returning to the Good Fairy who delighted us in the young days when a “book was a book,”—being called to the pleasant duty of pronouncing an *éloge* (as they say in France) upon the authoress of “Castle Rackrent,” and the “Absentee,” and “Vivian,” and “Basil Lowe,” and “Harry and Lucy,”—the excellent and incomparable Maria Edgeworth.

Our *éloge*, however, shall not be, “after the manner of the French,” a piece of unmitigated flattery. No one has more closely and systematically addressed herself to the understanding than the delightful novelist whom we shall attempt to characterise; in the case of no one, therefore, is the keenest intellectual appreciation more of a necessity. The Della Crusicans did well to rhapsodize over one another’s Della Cruscanisms; the class-novelists must look to be propped by class-panegyric, or assailed by class-prejudice;—the romantic, to be romantically approached with compliments of the superlative degree. We will try to be “fair and honest” with one, the whole scope and tissue of whose authorship has been to defend fairness and honesty by the inculcation of truth and high principle.

By Miss Edgeworth’s own preface to the third edition of the *Memoirs of her Father*, we are reminded that eighty-two years have elapsed since she was born, being the daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, by the first of four wives, born in England, and

until the age of thirteen, with little exception, brought up in this country. So far as can be gathered from the record already quoted Maria was less rigidly trained according to system than some of her brothers and sisters; one of whom was brought up according to the canons of Rousseau, and others, it may be divined, on plans, which her own reference to her father's work on "Practical Education" explicitly points out were, in many of their details, proved to be untenable, if not fallacious. Time and space may thus have been given for an originality to develop itself, which a more formal training might have discouraged. A girl has already gathered much, and felt more, ere she arrives at her teens; and though eighty-two years ago precocity was less common than it is in our time of electrically-diffused intelligence, it is not chimerical to presume that Imagination must even then have begun to stir,—nay, too, and taste to select have already awakened in one whose character throughout life has displayed a singular union of vivacity with temperance, of observation with reasoning power. Then, too, it may have been good for the authoress that Ireland, with its strange, pathetic, humorous life, came upon her as a contrast, not as a matter of course. She might otherwise hardly have so shrewdly noticed all the odd discrepancies and striking individualities of its *Sir Condy Rackrents* and its *Sir Terence O'Fays*;—she might have treated that as natural, inevitable, and not worth the painting, which proved to be a vein of rare interest and peculiar nature.

It was by her "Castle Rackrent" that Miss Edgeworth was first introduced to the public, and took at once her place in the foremost rank of female novelists. Though the eminent personages of her chronicle might very possibly not really be more individual than Miss Burney's *Broughtons*, or *Madame Duval*, or *Briggs*, or the "tonish" people (as the authoress called them) in "*Cecilia*," they arrested English attention by their strange over-sea air. It was at once felt that we of Britain have nothing so charming, so savage, so humorous, so pathetic, so endearing, and so provoking, as the society and manners depicted. Most curious, too, is it *now* to read the apology of the Artist for offering such a picture, on the plea that Ireland *must*, owing to the Union, presently lose its identity, and that the *Sir Kits* and *Thadys* must become, like other British subjects, dull, thriving, country gentlemen, and tame followers. Most curious!—seeing that there is no more puzzling sign of the times—their intellectual enlargement and gracious benevolence considered—than the revival, in every exasperated form, of all the obsolete prejudices and animosities of race,—than the cherishing prepense of all those jealousies, peculiarities, and barbarisms which keep asunder Saxon from Celt, Slave from German, the South from the North.

But though—in part, *because*—Miss Edgeworth's prophecy runs small chance of being fulfilled in our life-time, fifty years or more have done nothing to tarnish the brightness of her delineations, or to give them an obsolete or washed out air. And her Irish tales and characters are among her best:—witness "*Ennui*,"—witness "*The Absentee*,"—witness the *persona* of her Comic Dramas,—to whom we especially call attention because we think they have been unfairly overlooked. We have Sir Walter Scott's own warrant for saying, that it was the freshness and vivacity of their nationality, and the success of their characteristic dialogue, which led him to

adventure those tales in the "language of Burns," which, (in spite of its being criticized, on its first utterance, "as a dark dialect of Anglified Erse,") metamorphosed the Fiction of Europe. We have the warrant, too, of one of Mr. O'Connell's tail, Mr. O'Neill Daunt, for the assertion that the *Liberator* was aggrieved at the novelist, because she never directly espoused the cause of Catholic Emancipation. It is something to have shewn the way to the genius of Scott, and to have been counted as a stumbling-block by the Arch — (let Orangeman or Repealer fill the blank each for himself) of Derrynane Abbey!

Once having begun and been acknowledged, Miss Edgeworth could not but proceed in her pleasure-giving labour (for who gives so much pleasure as the Story Teller?). We by no means profess to enumerate her novels—but must mention the "Moral Tales," the "Popular Tales," the "Tales of Fashionable Life,"—the insulated stories, "Leonora," "Belinda," "Patronage," "Harrington and Ormond," that inimitable sarcastic sketch "The Modern Griselda:" and the stories for children, which will never lose their hold. We are acquainted with wiser men than ourselves, and burdened, to boot, with graver burdens (if that could be) who are still glad of an excuse to read again, "The Cherry Orchard," and "The Purple Jar," and "Simple Susan." There are few such books for children in any other language, as we English possess—and that is one reason why there are few such men and women as English men and women!

For the pleasure of children of a larger growth, it would be hard to specify in the picture-gallery of men and manners which novelists have given, scenes of greater power and emotion, characters of more vivacity and variety, finer touches of humour, than exist in the Edgeworth Library. Let us mention "Vivian," with its deep overmastering interest and exquisitely painful close,—"*To-morrow,*" "*Out of Debt out of Danger,*" as stories, the end of which is announced in the very titles thereof, without the interest and pain being thereby in the least lessened. Let us recall the post-boy *Lanty's* letter, winding up "*The Absentee*" with a veritable "tro for the Avenue,"—recollecting the while that the same hand wrote *Sir Philip Baddeley's* description of the fête at Frogmore, in "*Belinda.*" Let us instance as masterly studies of *foible* in female form, (all how distinctly marked, all how different!) *Almeria*, *Mrs. Somers* in "*Emilie de Coulanges,*" *Mrs. Beaumont* the policizer in "*Manœuvring,*" and the Frankland girls in "*The Contrast,*" who rejoiced over their newly acquired wealth, because now "*they* could push *Mrs. Craddock* in the street." A brightness, a truth, and clearness animate these, and one hundred similar examples which could be collected—which, of themselves, would suffice to give the author her due rank with the initiated. As an artist in detail, whose hand has embraced a range of subjects and characters, very nearly as wide as society,—there are very few of either sex who have surpassed Miss Edgeworth.

Let us now consider the whole of which the above form merely parts. The taste and tendency of Miss Edgeworth's works have been too widely discussed for us also not to enter into the question a little diffusely, as the most important part of our task. While some of her panegyrists have, peradventure, exalted her too high as a moralist,—another section of her critics has perversely considered her as a sort of teaching-machine, opposed to everything beautiful,

fanciful, poetical,—to all, in fact, which a Goëthe loves to observe, as making up "*cine Natur*." No greater amount of short-sighted and wilful misconception has been perpetrated on any argument than this. Generally speaking, indeed, it has always seemed to us that the quarrel betwixt Utilitarianism and Imagination, is one of words rather than realities. For it will be owned as abstract propositions, that Beauty without discretion is, insomuch, Beauty without symmetry, and, thus far, Beauty imperfect: that Vice hath as much coldness as warmth—as much cruelty as indulgence towards others. Again, it will be agreed that the power in passion theory (to coin words in the new fashioned manner) bore with a tyrannic and extinguishing harshness upon the feeble, the delicate, the humbly-gifted, and those to whom Nature had denied pleasant attractions. Small is the imagination required to invent a monster: great and truthful the magic which can interest us in a heart, moving within the common walks of men,—bound by our responsibilities, agitated by our cares: loving, fearing, sacrificing itself, serving others as we (should) do! But enough of aphorism,—and let us for a moment exclusively regard the light in which Miss Edgeworth was studied and analysed by a philosophical and refined critic.

"In my first enthusiasm of admiration," says Sir James Mackintosh, (following out a defence of the use of imagination, illustrated by a comparison of Raffaele with Hogarth,) "I thought that Miss Edgeworth had first made fiction useful; but every fiction since Homer has taught friendship, patriotism, generosity, contempt of death. These are the highest virtues, and the fictions which taught them were, therefore, of the highest, though not of unmixed utility. Miss Edgeworth inculcates prudence, and the many virtues of that family. Are these excellent virtues higher or more useful than those of fortitude,—of benevolence? Certainly not. Where, then, is Miss Edgeworth's merit? Her merit,—her extraordinary merit, both as a moralist and as a woman of genius,—consists in her having selected a class of virtues far more difficult to treat as the subject of fiction than others, and which had, therefore, been left by former writers to her."

Thus, then, it seems, according to the estimate of Mackintosh, that we are in Miss Edgeworth's case, also, dealing with a poetess working up materials which had been found by her predecessors hard to break and bend; and her title as such, therefore, unfairly questioned or misunderstood by those belonging to a different congregation. Question and misunderstanding were rendered critically and personally exclusive by the fact, that, shortly after Miss Edgeworth's success was established, arose that singular and fascinating school of writers, whose denunciation of the selfishness of Virtue (while, in reality, they were illustrating the selfishness of Vice), so strangely, for a time, affected our literature. During the reign of the Poetry of Passion, it was totally forgotten—it was indignantly denied—that self restraint *could* have any poetry,—that there was any benevolence in sparing pain to others, by providing honestly for their happiness in one's own. No—the unfaithful wife was to be pitied; the husband she wronged, the children she demoralized, were both to be forgotten, forsooth, in the bitterness of *her* sufferings! The extravagant spendthrift was pardoned, and the wreck and the ruin brought by him on a thousand homely and ungracious folks utterly forgotten, because of his charming smile, and because

“he wouldn't sell *Uncle Oliver's* picture!” The grandeur, the beauty, the mystery of crime, were to be dwelt upon as objects of allurements and sympathy,—power and diseased passion combined, were to be pitied, because they could not rule the world; and “hardness,” “selfishness,” and other branding epithets, were flung about on those whom such a code of moral monstrosities revolted. It may be well for England that the end of this epidemic came many years ago!

The above granted, let us own that the assignment of an egotistic and mechanical spirit to Miss Edgeworth's works may be in part chargeable, not upon her peculiarities as a moralist, but upon her manner of working as an artist. This she has herself so pleasantly described in her “Memoirs of her Father,” that it has naturally—necessarily—a place here:—

“— My father wrote but little; but I may be permitted to say how much, as a critic, he did for me. Yet, indeed, this is out of my power fully to state to the public—only that small circle of our friends, who saw the manuscripts before and after they were corrected by him, can know or imagine how much they were improved by his critical taste and judgment.

“Whenever I thought of writing anything, I told him my first rough plans, and always, with the instinct of a good critic, he used to fix immediately upon that which would best answer the purpose. ‘Sketch that, and show it to me.’ These words, from the experience of his sagacity, never failed to inspire me with hope of success. It was then sketched. Sometimes, when I was fond of a particular part, I used to dilate upon it in the sketch; but to this he always objected:—‘I don't want any of your painting—none of your drapery! I can imagine all that; let me see the bare skeleton.’

“It seemed to be sometimes impossible that he could understand the very slight sketches I made, when, before I was conscious that I had expressed this doubt in my countenance, he always saw it.

“‘Now my dear little daughter, I know, does not believe that I understand her.’ Then he would, in his own words, fill up my sketch, paint the description or represent the character intended, with such life, that I was quite convinced he not only seized the ideas, but that he saw, with the prophetic eye of taste, the utmost that could be made of them. After a sketch had his approbation, he would not see the filling it up till it had been worked upon for a week or a fortnight, or till the first thirty or forty pages were written. Then they were read to him, and if he thought them going on tolerably well, the pleasure in his eyes, the approving sound of his voice, even without the praise he so warmly bestowed, were sufficient and delightful excitements to go on and finish. When he thought that there was spirit in what was written, but that it required, as it often did, great correction, he would say, ‘Leave that to me; it is my business to cut and correct—yours to write on.’ His skill in *cutting*, his decision in criticism, were peculiarly useful to me. His ready invention and infinite resource, when I had run myself into difficulties or absurdities, never failed to extricate me at my utmost need. It was the happy experience of this, and my consequent reliance on his ability, decision, and taste, that relieved me from the vacillation and anxiety to which I was much subject. He enjoined me to finish whatever I began; and such was his power over my mind, that during his life nothing I began to write was left

unfinished; and in particular instances where the subject was not happily chosen, it was irksome to go on and complete the task. Nor was the labour always paid by literary success. Yet it was not labour in vain: it strengthened my power of perseverance, nor did it prevent fresh exertion. * * *

"Were it worth while, I could point out many hints for invention furnished me by the incidents and characters which my father had met with in his youth."

Those who are curious whether as to character or the manner of working which distinguishes a Van Eyck from a Pietro Perugino, or a Teniers from a Wilkie, can hardly do better than compare the above passage with Miss Burney's revelations of the fevers of confidential modesty, in which she laid her "Cecilia," and a certain defunct comedy, before the Streatham Sanhedrim of wits and critics—the Thrales, the Johnsons, the Murphys, the Montagus—her more stubborn counsellor, Daddy Crisp of Chesington, and her animated, accomplished father, the historian of music and the biographer of Metastasio!

Now, it is hardly within nature and possibility that such a manner of writing as Miss Edgeworth reveals, should not produce a certain stiffness and over-anxious finish, because of which, superficial or impulsive readers have been apt to rebuke the matter of her tales, and the argument of their purpose. Difficulties solved by the active ingenuity of another brain than the inventor's—incidents clipped, dove-tailed, and chiselled, by a revising hand—subjects felt to be "unhappily chosen," which were still to be wrought out for consistency's sake—these phenomena can hardly consist with ease, and flow, and the appearance of inspiration. There must be also evident under such a dispensation, a certain consciousness on the part of the writer: a complacent and careful laying-out of plots and plans, of utilizing every episodical incident and accessory figure:—and these are calculated to disturb, if not to distract, the reader, by drawing his attention from the beauty of the fabric to the art of the machinery. Those whom analysis interests will find an example of art carried out to its extremity in "Patronage," the most ambitious, but the least interesting, of Miss Edgeworth's tales. We know that

"Trifles make the sum of human things,"

but in "Patronage" every important affair turns upon some minute incident by way of pivot. A bread-seal thoughtlessly given—the direction of a letter casually recognised by the right person at the right moment—set a Minister to rights with his Monarch. A family artfully and progressively tried by every temptation which enables them to exhibit their independence, is reinstated, rewarded, with the mathematically apportioned bounty of (as it were) steam fairies. The phrase of "poetical justice" acquires a new meaning from books like these; and not till we close them do we remind ourselves that (to quote a yet truer phrase) the best of mankind must be content with the poetry without the justice. But, we repeat, *the manner* has a larger share in producing this impression, and provoking this repulsion, than *the matter* of Miss Edgeworth's tales.

We have dwelt on this distinction from not having seen it drawn in any other place; and because it is one, in every respect, important. But whether the peculiarity commented on, (or complained of as may be,) be here rightly estimated, or not:—certain it is that the novel written by Miss Edgeworth alone and unassisted after her father's

death, is so superior in ease, in play, in nature, and in poetry, to any of her earlier productions of similar extent, as to warrant us in fancying that filial affection overvalued the assistance of the monitor and guide, whose literary counsels she prized so highly. We allude to "Helen" as compared with "Belinda" or "Patronage." It has been impossible to return to this tale, after the pause of some years, without being surprised by its elegance, its vivacity, the skill of its invention, the shrewdness and sweetness of heart, which it discloses; the knowledge of life, the sympathy with progress which it registers. Here, at least, those whom the very idea of the Schoolmistress scares, have not to complain of the prim presence or the ponderous pressure of the Pattern Woman. *Helen's* strength (upon which, and her sacrifice of herself for her friend, the story turns) is set in motion at the service of her weakness—her immoderate craving for love and sympathy. *Cecilia's* falsehood is not excused, but explained, by the deep and reverential affection she bears her husband, which makes her desirous of blotting out from her own recollection the thoughts of an earlier affection, such as she fears he would have disapproved. *Lady Davenant's* high-toned and intellectual character has a redeeming weakness. She can be credulous, too, as in the case of her page; she can have been womanish, and failing in her duties as a mother, as the early struggles for ascendancy which her confessions reveal: And how admirably, as in life, are the strength and weakness of these three characters made to play into each other's hands and hearts! Then, for secondary characters, how highly finished are the persons of the scandalous *coterie*, and *Churchill* who hovers, like Mahomet's coffin, betwixt their poisonous world and "the diviner air" of better feeling! and *Lady Bearcroft*, with her liberality, and her vulgarity, and her cordiality, and her self-interest. Capitally is the interest complicated; with exquisite neatness "the tow spun off the reel" (and how few novelists, now-a-days, are competent to manage a close!) and the sprightliness, the grace, the depth, are unimpaired by the intrusion of any mechanical process which can be detected. Were we given to prophesy in these days, when the Comet is keeping away from us for the express purpose (of course) of rebuking arrogant prophecy, and when, at a moment's warning, literature may rise of form and scope as yet totally undreamed of—we should assert, with the confidence of those who know much and risk little, that the good days of "Helen's" right appreciation, and steady popularity as a classic, are only just set in, if not still to come.

We have written principally of the authoress; for to prowl about the private dwelling of a lady "pen in hand," does not altogether suit our humour. That Miss Edgeworth has taken her place with due distinction in the brightest worlds of London and Paris, contemporary memoirs have already told. Byron looked out for her even when Byron's *Gubnares* and *Zuleikas* were the rage in May Fair. One of the happiest months ever known at Abbotsford (as Mr. Lockhart assures us), was the one which followed her crossing of Scott's threshold. He wrote of her as a Good Fairy—tiny in stature—lively of eye—kind and gay in speech. Nor is the vivacity dimmed even now which has made Miss Edgeworth, throughout her long life and distinguished literary career, not merely "the observed" of mere lion-hunters, and "the discussed" of philosophers and poets, but also "the beloved" of a large and happily-united domestic circle.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHEAP TOUR.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

Saturday, October 6th.—We were up at daylight as usual, and after breakfast, bought a map of Milan, from a stall, and then sallied forth to see the city; especially tracing the way to La Scala and back again that we might know it at night. We went to the Place des Armes—a large plain with the beautiful Arco della Pace at the extremity, marking the termination of the Simplon road. As our stay at each halt on our tour was very limited, we made a practice of endeavouring to take in the general characteristics of a place and its more striking external features, rather than poke about in churches and palaces looking after pictures, which, to those not connoisseurs, always seem alike, everywhere. The dinner in the inn-yard at Milan: the paved wheel-tracks of the streets: the silversmiths' shops: the minor habits of the people: the view from the summit of the cathedral: and an Italian Punch acting in the square below, were, to our minds, far better worth looking at than all the saints and martyrs ever painted. If you have a *valet de place* you must pay him dearly, and are compelled to be dragged through the whole conventional routine of sights, until you are positively sick of pictures and churches. Twenty Hampton Courts, multiplied by twelve Madeleines, and half-a-dozen British Museums added, would scarcely give you a notion of what a *valet de place* insists upon your seeing in a day. We returned to dine at the inn, purchasing by the way, two cotton handkerchiefs, with "Old Weller" and "Jim Crow" on them; with English quotations, the meaning of which we vainly endeavoured to explain to the *marchand*. Before going to the opera, the host told us that he did not think caps were admitted. We, therefore, hired two new beaver hats, at a franc and a-half each. We found, on getting to the theatre, that every body came in caps; and taking care of our hats worried us all the evening. The opera was *Norma*, magnificently done: and a ballet, called *I figli di Edoardo IV.*, was given between the first and second acts. It related to the murder of the young princes in the Tower, and was splendidly got up. A curious effect was produced by everybody on the stage moving to measure and at the same time. It ended with a coronation procession going up Ludgate Hill, and St. Paul's illuminated, with fireworks! The entrance was very cheap—three francs or thereabouts, paid in zwanzigers, which D—— would call "swans eggs."

Sunday, 7th.—It was so very hot to-day, that we sauntered out of the town to the Arena—a very fine building, like a Roman amphitheatre, used as a hippodrome, with terraces of turf, shaded by acacias. Here we lay on the grass, eating grapes, for it was impossible to do anything else. Towards afternoon the entire population turned out into the streets, walking about, or sitting at their doors. The women were very pretty and wore veils in the Spanish fashion. None appeared in bonnets, and they kept the sun from their heads with their fans. At night we saw the cathedral by moonlight, like the object of some fairy dream—white and glittering as though it had been made of plaster of Paris, and just turned out of a mould. We had no meals at the inn this day, but lived upon bread and fruit. And very clear

and fined down we found we were becoming from our exercise, our light diet, and the absence of the heavy narcotic ale and stout of England.

Monday, 8th.—The shoeblack at our inn was a very remarkable little man. He had scarcely any legs, but very long arms—in fact, exactly like the man who played the “Gnome Fly” in London: when he came for our shoes in the morning he just reached up to the bed. After breakfast we met some English travellers whom we had seen at St. Bernard, and took them up the cathedral. The architecture, elaborate as it is, bears the most minute inspection up to the very top: and it is only from the gallery that the wonderful costliness of its decorations can be appreciated. Afterwards we went out of the Porta Orientale—a beautiful gate by the way—and sojourned in the fields among the labourers, watching their method of going to work, their implements, and superb idleness. It was marvellous how anything ever got done at all here. At night we paid our bill, which was extremely reasonable—not above five francs a day: and then the landlord sent us up two bottles of different wines to taste, as a compliment. We asked him to join us, and he brought his daughter—a nice girl, who sang well to a guitar, and for whom he wished to get a situation as travelling maid in an English family. We did not go to bed until late, and made merry.

Tuesday 9th.—At half-past six we were out of Milan, and on our road to Como, in a carrier’s cart, which did not hurry, so when we wished we got down and walked; and at last the driver went fast asleep, and left everything to the horse, who stopped at the different inns very steadily. We arrived at Como about two, and went to the *Albergo della Corona*. The lake is very beautiful, and very like a drop scene; surrounded by high mountains, bordered with white villas, and studded with little sailing boats. The streets are very narrow, to keep the sun off the houses; and the shops poor enough. We had a bathe in the lake: and afterwards met a girls’ school walking two and two in the regular Hammersmith and Boulogne advertisement fashion. We were talking as they went by, and soon afterwards they halted, and one of the teachers, as I suppose, came back and asked, in English, if we were on our way to Paris: and if so, would we take a letter or two. We, of course, acquiesced; and in the afternoon eighteen or twenty notes came to our hotel, some for France, others for London, and one for Yorkshire! We stowed them all in the knapsacks. Dined in the *salle-à-manger* with two old priests. The inn was not dear, but dirty, and the mosquitoes from the lake very annoying. D— pulled down the whole apparatus of his musquito curtains, getting into bed.

Wednesday, 10th.—We left Como in the grey morning for the Lago Maggiore, having a good day’s work before us. At a village, called Olgiate, we had breakfast at a little roadside inn. There was only a very pretty girl in the way, with three or four young brothers and sisters, all of whom were spinning. She did not understand a word of anything but the *patois* she spoke, which was to us also unintelligible, so I drew the things we wanted—eggs, spoons, and glasses—in D—’s note-book: and all this made great fun. The children stared at us in utter bewilderment. When we left we put some money on the table and let her take what she considered sufficient. This was so very little that we gave the children some sous each in addition: upon that they all struck up a most singular chorus which appeared to be customary. I suppose it is no very great breach of confidence, now

that we are so far away, to say that our pretty young hostess gave us a kiss a-piece on our departure; and that she had a little place in our thoughts all day. We should not have had this, if we had been posting, or in a diligence. On arriving at Varese, where we had thoughts of stopping, it was so early that we walked on to Gavirate, gathering plenty of grapes. Here there was no decent inn, so we set off again. At Cagnio we stopped at a *cabaret* for some wine, and a tribe of peasants came up and pitied us exceedingly, taking us, as we found out, from our worn and dirty appearance, for deserters. They offered us a melon, and some cakes, and could not be induced to receive anything for this. It was dark, and past seven when we got to Laveno on the Lago Maggiore. We went to the Hotel du Negre, and as we had walked that day twelve leagues with our luggage, settled to have a good dinner. This we got, agreeing for three francs, with wine: and it included some delicious salmon from the lake. The room we had was very neat and clean, overlooking the walls.

Thursday, 11th.—Whilst we were dressing we saw the country people embarking to cross the lake in passage boats. They told us at breakfast, at the inn, that we must hire one for ourselves; but we were not to be caught after what we had witnessed; and shouldering our knapsacks, walked down to the embarking place, and took our chance with the rest. The boat was very large, with hoops over it for an awning. The two rowers stood aft whilst rowing, pushing the oars from them, and sending the passengers on first. The lake is very lovely—more extended than Como, but dotted just the same with villas and small towns, and most of the vessels are felucca-rigged, which increases the picturesque appearance of the scene. When we came to the Borromean Islands we landed first at the Isola Madre, and went over the house and garden. The former is in a ruinous condition, but the garden well kept up, and rich in American plants, aloes, and oranges and lemons. We then crossed to the Isola Bella—a charming summer palace. We have no show-place so lovely in its situation and detail. The house is splendidly embellished, and the gardens most beautiful, made in terraces, and all on arches, which form deliciously cool grottos. From the top terrace—there are four or five—the view is too enchanting to be described. We were shewn a willow, growing from a slip cut from the tree at Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena; and a bed in which he once slept. There is another island on the lake covered by a small, dense, dirty fishing village. We embarked again, and landed at Baveno, where there is the pretty inn, that has been so often taken for dioramas, annuals, and travelling guides. Here our luggage was searched, as we were entering Piedmont; and when this had been done we started off on foot again. We passed through Fariolo, and had a bottle of wine, and some bread and grapes at Ornavasso. They only charged for what we drank, the bottle being graduated like a chemist's measure. We pulled up for the night at Vergogna, at the Alberga dell' antica Posta, a very humble but clean inn, with amazingly gay ceilings, as, indeed, all the rooms in the Lombardy inns have. For two francs, having bargained, we had some nice small fried fish and veal cutlets, with fruit. Some salad, however, was literally neither more nor less than grass. We were here, once more getting amongst the mountains, the Alps entirely closing one side of the landscape.

Friday, 12th.—Having a light day's march before us we took our time, and lying in bed beyond our usual hour, did not get upon the

road for Domo d'Ossola until nine. The roads were awfully long and straight, on a perfect level. In one place a murder had been committed by brigands, and there was a cross, against which travellers threw a stone, to assist in making a sort of monument. Further on we crossed a river, in an enormous boat, in company with some peasants, post-carriages, cows, pigs, and soldiers, all in one jumble. We got to Domo d'Ossola about two, and went to the Albergo della Posta—a large rambling dirty inn. The hotel was filled with the travelling retinue of some Russian prince, and the harsh grating noise which the different persons in his service made, when speaking to, or arguing with, one another most horrible. Their throats must have been fitted up with nutmeg-graters and sandstone grit. They had four carriages and a *fourgon*, all with springs like beams. There is plenty of material for an afternoon's stroll in Domo d'Ossola. Just out of the town there is a hill, with religious "stations" up it. In two of these we saw large groups of figures, the size of life, and tolerably painted, representing Christ bearing the cross, surrounded by centurions, populace, authorities, &c. Near the church was a small chapel, through the grating of which we saw several hundred skulls. The entire place is, however, gloomy enough; and dirty in proportion: but as people never stay in it beyond one night, on the Simplon road, the innkeepers do not care how they treat them. The Russian so monopolised the attendance that two foot-passengers were not thought worth looking after. This we were not sorry for, as we went out into the town, bought some cold cutlets and Bologna sausage at a *charcutier's*, and went to a little inn, where they found us in knives and forks, wine and bread, at a franc altogether. We went to bed early, in anticipation of a long pull the next day up the Simplon.

Saturday, 13th.—I was sorry to find it raining heavily on awaking this morning. All the people were about with umbrellas of the most extraordinary colours—bright yellow with red flowers, scarlet, and the like. We bought one of these in the market-place, large enough for a gig, and started on our road, both beneath it. Its comical appearance kept us laughing for some time. At Divedro, on the Simplon, it cleared up; and we then had a charming journey to Isella, where we halted to breakfast. The Simplon was the first great mountain-pass we had seen; and every turn of the road brought into sight some fresh and wonderful view, to cry out with admiration at. Having time before us, we did not hurry, but stopped perpetually, collecting minerals, enjoying scenery, and making humble drawings of whatever struck us. As we got high up the mountain, and approached the village of Simplon, it became fearfully cold—much more so than on the Great St. Bernard—with a wind that almost cut me in two. The post-house is a very fair inn. All the rooms are, however, divided by wainscot; and this is so thin and tight that noise reverberates all along the suite, and, indeed, all over the house. It does not do to discuss secrets in the bed-rooms at Simplon. We ordered a dinner at three francs, and had chamois (which I here tasted for the first time, and which I considered very like what goat preserved in vinegar must be), as well as capital trout, cutlets, and some little plump birds that I had never seen before. A great many travellers arrived, going either way, principally English. Amongst them we saw the finest specimens of a *parvenu* couple possible to conceive. They were middle-aged people, extravagantly dressed, and unable to speak a word of French. They had their own service and plate laid out for them at a separate table;

talked of nothing but what was directly or indirectly connected with money: and as soon as they heard that we were walking, for economy as much as pleasure, took no more notice of us. All the while these people were in the room no one felt inclined to talk: but the instant they left everybody's spirits sprung up like Jacks in boxes, the weight being removed; and we finished with a famous evening, even to accomplishing a charade.

Sunday, 14th.—It was quite dark when we rose, and snowing heavily. We left at six, and continued to ascend, in a deep drift and bitter wind, for an hour and a half. The silence and desolate aspect of the mountains in all directions were awful. The rocks bordering the road were fringed with enormous icicles, four and six feet long, and in very fantastic forms. After a very laborious journey of nearly three hours we got to the Simplon convent of St. Bernard, which is, in appearance, very like the convent, but larger. We were received with the greatest affability by the superior who was astonished to see two travellers on the road so early in such weather. Having had the snow brushed off us, we were ushered into the refectory, where we had a capital breakfast of coffee, toast, and honey. In about an hour two Frenchmen came in and we settled to go on together. Just as we were leaving an English party came up from Brieg, and the gentleman was so charmed with our yellow umbrella that he begged of us to let him purchase it. This we were not sorry to do, for what with our collections along the road we were carrying quite enough. The snow was still falling, when we set off again, and a little way on we found the Geneva *malle-poste* drifted up and unable to proceed. The *conducteur* was in a great state. He said if this was the beginning of the winter snow, they would not be able to move either one way or the other. We wished him luck and passed on, cutting off the turns of the road by sliding down the intermediate slope. D—, in one instance, went a little too far, and shot away thirty or forty feet until he was quite buried in the snow, and had to be hooked out with our alpenstocks. As we got lower the snow began to abate, and the views were then magnificent. We made a very speedy descent to Brieg in three hours, by cutting off the bends: it is six leagues by the road: and there lunched. The Frenchmen bargained for a *char* to go to Sion, and we got there at half-past seven, stopping at the Hotel de la Croix Blanche. Being four in party they made great reductions at the inns, in whatever we wanted, for fear of losing us.

Monday, 15th.—All breakfast time at Sion there was a heavy snow falling. We, however, crept out to see the cathedral, and then set off, in a return *char* for Martigny. The appearance of the country was very remarkable, the trees and vines being in full foliage with a deep snow upon the ground. We went to our old hotel at Martigny to lunch, and got places in a cart to take us on to Bex. The journey was very ludicrous, as we were tumbled and jolted about in all directions, but it served to make great fun. On our way we stopped to see the source of the Trient, and the large cascade; indeed, we made the man halt whenever we chose, for as long as we pleased. The villages, walls, and pavements, in these parts, are all built of dark marble, and have somewhat of a dreary appearance, coupled with the traces of devastating avalanches, everywhere visible. The Hotel de l'Union, at Bex, where we stopped, is said to be one of the best in Switzerland. We had an excellent meal for two francs a-head, including some of the birds we had seen at the Simplon. They are very delicate eating, and

are said to live on the grapes. The beds here had eider-down covers, like those of the St. Bernard.

Tuesday, 16th.—The weather was so cheerless that we left Bex at seven in a diligence for Villeneuve, on the lake of Geneva, where we arrived at ten. Here we resumed our knapsacks, and at the Castle of Chillon bade adieu to our French companions. We entered the castle and saw the dungeon of the Prisoner of Chillon, with Byron's name cut on the pillar. We also saw the hanging room, with the cross gibbet still existing, and the hole whence the bodies were shot into the lake, which is very deep close to the walls. A franc for both of us was considered a good remuneration for these sights, as there were several other visitors. The weather was now fine: and we proceeded on our march, falling in with a good-tempered Swiss, who took us on a dray as far as Vevay. From this we walked on to Lausanne, and stopped at the Lion d'Or—a famous inn, but very dear. We ought, by good rights, to have gone on to Ouchy, which may be called the lake port of Lausanne, where there is a moderate and cozy little inn on the water's edge.

Wednesday, 17th.—By seven o'clock we were out and on the Berne road, to see the tomb of John Kemble in the cemetery. We then came back for our knapsacks and walked down to Ouchy, where we had an excellent breakfast and a bottle of wine, for three francs the two. One window of our room overlooked the sparkling lake, and another the esplanade, on which some recruits were exercising, and some of their manœuvres were exceedingly comical. This was much better than our grand expensive chamber at Lausanne. About twelve the steamboat *Guillaume Tell* came up and took us both on board. The voyage was very interesting, and the whole of the journey along the lake full of objects to interest; but the wind was so strong, that the lake was rough even to making the passengers sick. We got to Geneva a little after four, and went back to the Hotel de Lemman. Switzerland was bristling with soldiers, principally volunteers. All the fortifications of Geneva were being put into order, and every open place was filled with recruits. It had something to do with Prince Louis Napoleon, but I do not exactly recollect what. We went outside the town, to watch the sunset on the Alps once more; and then to bed.

Thursday, 18th.—We passed the morning in strolling about the town and reading letters, which we found waiting at the post-office for us. As we were on the ramparts, learning the names of the different bastions from a small map, a sentinel came up and marched us to the guard-room, having taken us for spies. Here we were kept for some time, until one of the officers arrived. He was very grand on his entrance; but, on explaining who we were, and shewing our passports, he became uncommonly polite, and vented all his indignation on the sentinel. On the promenade we found a key, which, by the advice of a woman, we took to the Hotel de Ville, where there is a depôt of lost keys. All keys found are hung up there, and people who have lost them go to seek them. In the evening we went down to the *estaminet* of the hotel, and won a game of poule, at billiards, which paid our day's expenses. So we started into the town, and bought some views, and bits of Chamonix rocks: and afterwards, some cheap Swiss merchandize, of an uncommonly sharp little fellow, who sold things in the *cafés*. We also booked our places for Paris. The fare was cheaper than ever—thirty-nine francs ten sous, all the way, in the *banquette*!

Friday, 19th.—After an early breakfast we started for Paris, at seven o'clock. The *banquette* had no head to it, and the morning was

very cold ; so we got out on the Jura, and walked on a-head, with the *conducteur*, to a little village, where we lunched capitably, all together, for fifteen sous each. At Les Rousses our luggage underwent a strict search, and it was afterwards sealed with little bits of lead, which did away with some other examination further on. It now got so cold that the *conducteur* put us inside. This was very comfortable, for there were little plots of snow all along the road. We had a great to-do about our passports at a little town on the Jura, which had not been *visé'd* by the French official at Milan. They were going to send us back, but we got hold of the mayor and asked him to sup with us. As there were no passengers in the diligence but ourselves, we stopped as long as we liked ; and made everything comfortable before we left. We took some travellers in, after supper. I do not think I slept a wink all night, as the *intérieure* was too full to allow of stretching myself out at length.

Saturday, 20th.—Got to Dole at seven to breakfast, where we changed our diligence as before. We did not leave here until twelve, so, as we had seen all the place before, this was rather slow. We had a regular banquette to the new diligence ; but the weather was gloomy, and we knew the road. We reached Dijon in the evening, and had a better opportunity of seeing it than before, as the shops were very gaily lighted up. The appearance of the country had much altered since we came. The vintage was over, and all the vineyards brown and desolate. At night we built our old style of house amongst the baggage, and borrowing some sheep-skins from the *conducteur*, who had several, slept like dormice.

Sunday, 21st.—A very fine day : but no more grapes to be gathered on the road, so our living became a little more expensive, as we had to buy them. Some persons, who were in the *coupé*, left at Sens, and the *conducteur* let us go inside, having been bribed by D— with some cigars, which he bought at Geneva, three for a sou. This was very comfortable, for each night got colder than the preceding one, and we felt it the more severely after the heat in Italy.

Monday, 22nd.—Had breakfast at Melun, and this time at the hotel, by way of a grand wind-up to ur tour, as it was the last meal we should make upon the road. Arrived in Paris, once more, at four in the afternoon, at the Messageries Royales, having run our expenses to such a nice point that we actually had not money enough left to pay for a cab to the lodgings of a fellow-student, at whose rooms we had left our things when we gave up our own.

So ended our tour : and I am not altogether without hopes that this plain account of it, tracking each day's work, and giving a tolerably fair notion of each day's expense, may induce others to make it when the autumn comes round again. We saw a great deal in this little journey—enough to talk and think about for many winters' evenings afterwards : and the few *souvenirs* of the different places we passed through, are still amongst my most treasured curiosities.

The journey should, of course, be undertaken by two persons,—not only for the sake of society, but for economy ; as many little expenses do for both, which would have to be paid just the same for one : and the three most important items in the knapsack should be a knife, a ball of string, and some sticking-plaster. A soldier's old knapsack can always be procured in Paris, and a common round tin candlebox, in a ticking cover, should be strapped to the top, in place of the

carton fixed there. It is useful to hold the toilet things only wanted for a night, since, when the knapsack becomes fully packed, undoing it, and doing it up again, may be a matter of some trouble. The dandy oil-skin and Macintosh knapsacks sold at the trunk-shops in London, are utterly useless.

Possibly we took the trip when the autumn was a little too advanced. But the comparatively short days were still long enough for the quantity of walking required in each: and the vintage compensated for a great deal. The best detail of the road is to be found in Murray's "Handbooks;" all the other "Guides" are catchpenny affairs, copied from one another, and almost legendary in their descriptions, or filled up with spun-out pictures of scenery, when the originals are before you. These things are generally as uninteresting to read as a newspaper account of the sheriff's liveries, or the re-decorations of a theatre; and might always give up their space, with advantage, for something better.

Pedestrians must not expect to find everything *couleur de rose*. Trivial annoyances of every description will be constantly starting up, but if temper is lost, they become ten times worse: a firm resolve should be taken to laugh at everything, with the certainty that however vexatious the occurrence may be at the time, it will only serve to talk about the more merrily when you get home again. After I was robbed by the brigands in 1840—with an account of which I made my debut in the "Miscellany," I was left all the next day—a wet Sunday,—at Ferrara, without any of my clothes, or travelling nick-nacks and minor comforts, in the dreary hotel of a gloomy city, with no notion of how I should get back to England. I have found myself in Venice without a franc, from arriving there before the *poste restante* letters I expected. I have been kept back by passports; shut up all night in a dirty *corps de garde*; and even been "invited" by the *procureur du Roy*, to attend at the Palais de Justice, and justify certain heedless acts against order committed in my student days; but when all these troubles were gone and past, I would not but have had them happen for any consideration. In the reminiscences of them I have found a great proportion of the pleasures of travelling.

Should there be no necessity for making Paris the starting place, a more extended trip may be taken, and with very little additional expense—increasing in about the same proportion, according to the time taken up—by going up the Rhine, and from Frankfort to Schaffhausen, thence to Zurich, and by the Regi, the lake of Lucerne, at Gothard, and Bellinzona to Milan—taking Chamonix into the line of return instead of Bex and Lausanne. By this means, a vast number of interesting localities may be visited, beginning with Ostend, or Antwerp, and Brussels; and with the present moderate and expeditious facilities for travelling, the whole round may be accomplished under two months. Reports of continental disturbances should never keep any one at home. Whatever may be going on, the traveller, depend upon it, will almost always find a good *table d'hôte* at the hotels, a look of welcome in the shops, and a comfortable place in the diligence or railway, in the cities: and on the mountains the glacier will be equally wonderful, and the valley equally picturesque, whether a republic or a monarchy, or nothing at all, characterizes the country at the time.

THE WILD BEAST TAMER.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER, ESQ.

A FEW years ago there was a Company formed under the title of "The Baker Street Colonization Society." It having originated among a few gentlemen living in that locality. The object was to purchase land in Upper Canada. The shareholders in the company being entitled to so much land per share upon their arrival at the company's territories. In the due course of time this society gave birth to a fine bantling in the shape of a large ship laden with emigrants, whose freight was bound for the new settlement of Smithville, so called after the chairman of "The Baker Street Society."

Now, instead of troubling our readers with an account of the adventures of these emigrants in their voyage to the scene of their future labours, we will content ourselves with giving a brief description of two of the principal personages of the party. First comes Mr. Rogers, the secretary—the official agent of the parent society, on whom devolved the keeping of accounts and the correspondence between the Smithville settlement, and the managing committee in Baker Street. He was a small dilapidated looking man, and bore every appearance of having been reared in a smoky office in the city; his face was the colour of whity brown paper, with rather a prominent hook-nose, the bridge of which had a twist to the right, while the tip of his nose, when at rest, looked towards the left: but, by some peculiar arrangement of muscles, he had the power of twisting it backwards and forwards, according to the emotions of his mind. His clothes always appeared to hang loose and unfitting upon him. All his motions were of a shuffling shambling character. He altogether appeared to have been blighted from the want of fresh air and sunshine, during the early part of his life.

Mr. Gogan, the other gentleman that we intend to pourtray, was his very opposite—a huge, coarse, vulgar, bloated man, with a large head, red face, and luxuriant foxy whiskers. A sort of man that seizes upon your seat if you rise for a moment, and pokes his elbow in your face if you chance to sit next him at dinner. He is the stage-coach passenger that insists upon the window being up if his companions want air, and insists upon its being down if they complain of a draught.

The others consisted of younger sons of merchants, or persons who have failed in business, and saved a small wreck of their property, and emigrated to retrieve their fortunes, or hide their poverty in a distant land. There were also several ladies of the party, Mr. Jones brought his Mrs. Jones, and four Miss Jones's, besides which there were other ladies.

The expedition, like many others of this nature, arrived too late at the scene of action, and a Canadian winter to start with is no great joke. They were barely able to erect a joint log-house for the aristocracy of the party, and another for the mere labouring portion of their community—distinctions, fated in that country soon to merge into a semblance of equality.

The log-house, belonging to "The Baker Street Society" shareholders, consisted only of a common sitting-room, a ladies' dormi-

tory, and a gentlemen's dormitory, and some excrescences of sheds for cooking and other domestic purposes. Here Gogan's character soon shone out in its true light. It is probable that he might have been quiet enough, had any of the other emigrants "stuck well up to him," but, unfortunately for the happiness of the little community, they all knocked under to him. There was only one arm-chair in the house, and that a very comfortable one. This, which he declared to be his own property, he planted in the snug place by the fire, with its back to the door. Whoever was seated in this chair, gentleman or lady, he turned out when he came into the room; and not even content with this, he would seize upon any lady's chair that happened to be vacant to rest his legs upon, and leave the lady owner to find a deal box or log of wood for a resting-place: besides all this, it was an unseemly practice to smoke cigars in the ladies' only sitting-room, and let the tobacco reek curl up among the ladies' noses as they warmed themselves before the fire. The more you asked him not to do a thing the more he would do it; in short, he was as Miss Euphemia Jones observed, a "regular brute-beast."

"Why don't you kick him out of the house and roll him in the snow?" frequently asked the ladies of their husbands—but nothing came of it. He was as big as any two of them put together, and they were not inclined to venture.

Mr. Secretary Rogers was often appealed to, to give him a lecture and threaten him with expulsion. But Mr. Rogers twisted his nose, and said that it was not in his department, besides Mr. Gogan had paid up all his shares.

The ladies tried speaking at him, and what is called flinging, but it only made him worse. One lady plucked up courage, and gave him a bit of her mind in plain language, but the coarseness of his expressions in reply was such that no lady ventured again upon the experiment.

Many of the party would willingly have given up their shares, and gone to seek their future elsewhere, but they had most of them staked their all in Smithville and Mr. Rogers informed them that one of the rules of the society was that no shares were ever returned.

It was a bad prospect before the Smithville emigrants. At length a packet of letters arrived, bringing with them a momentary communion with friends and relations never to be seen again,—an intensely interesting moment for all the party.

No one, however, seemed more delighted with his news than Mr. Secretary Rogers. The third letter that he opened made his countenance brighten up, his eyes twinkle, and the tip of his nose vibrate like a fish's tail. He pinched Mrs. Jones's elbow, and giving her a wink, beckoned her out of the room; when they got into the sort of enclosed porch that prevented the snow from absolutely drifting into the sitting-room, Mr. Rogers said, "Capital news, Mrs. Jones, capital news!" and then mysteriously putting his forefinger up to his nose, which was still vibrating, he whispered, "There is a little body coming, not much bigger than my thumb, that will make that man you call the 'horrid ogre' as tame as a tabby cat."

"Pray explain yourself, Mr. Rogers."

But Mr. Rogers, instead of explaining, only added emphatically, "Mark my words."

Such a buzz of whispering with hands before the mouth passed

ronnd the room when Mrs. Jones returned! Such a button-holing of Mr. Rogers afterwards, whenever an opportunity offered, to get some further explanation. However, they never got anything further out of him than "*Mark my words!*"

About a week after, it was announced that a sleigh was to be seen approaching in the distance, apparently driven by a black man, with a large pile of luggage behind. "It's the little body, I do believe," whispered Mr. Rogers to Miss Euphemia Jones.

Such a crowding there was round the window! such a crowding to the open door, at the porch, to get a sight of the little body, not much bigger than Mr. Rogers' thumb, that was to perform such wonders.

The "ogre man" had pricked up his ears at first when he heard that a sleigh was in sight, and then leant back again in his arm-chair, with his feet upon Mrs. Sparks's seat, which had been manufactured by her husband of maple branches, the cushion being the production of the lady, who had been obliged to sit upon a deal box all the morning.

"There is no passenger at all in the sleigh," said one of the lookers out at the porch, to Mr. Rogers, "I see a black man driving a bit of a check blanket, and a heap of luggage."

"It's all right," said Mr. Rogers, rubbing his hands, and winking.

"If there is a living thing in that sleigh it can be no bigger than a muskito."

"It is a sort of muskito," said Mr. Rogers, chuckling audibly.

"I am sure there is no man in that sleigh."

"I never said there was," said the secretary. "But perhaps there's a woman in it."

"A woman!" exclaimed two or three together, "coming all along without any man to take care of her!"

"You will find that she is pretty well able to take care of herself," replied the secretary.

"And pray what is her name?"

"Lady Potts."

"And pray who is Lady Potts?"

"Her husband was the son of a butter-merchant in Waterford, who was knighted by the Lord-lieutenant; however, he is dead,—she tired him out some years ago."

"And what is she coming here for?"

"To settle at Smithville, to be sure."

When Gogan heard the bells of the sleigh coming up to the door, he stole down one leg from Mrs. Sparks's chair; then off came the other quietly.

It was beautiful to see the ice-berg gradually melting, and when a shrill female voice was heard enquiring affectionately after the health of Mr. Secretary Rogers, he shook himself as he got up from his arm-chair with the air of a sailor turning out for the middle watch—"don't like it but must go." Out he went to the porch, with the air of a dog with his tail between his legs.

The lady took no notice of him till he came close up to her, when she saluted him with "that you, Mr. Gogan? *Mr. Rogers* was waiting for me at the door, and has been kind enough to help me out with some of my things."

Now, this is what people call a fling, but the "ogre" did not this

time treat it with contempt, but actually winced under it, and began humbly helping Cato, the black, out with the trunks.

"Strange place this, Mr. Rogers!" said the lady, "bless me, the cracks actually stuffed with moss. Do you call this a staircase, Mr. Rogers. Oh, yes, I suppose it is the best that we can get—a sort of a pick-nicky house, put up in a hurry in a wood. But I dare say, Mr. Rogers, that with good humour, Johnny cakes and tea, we shall gone very well. I hope you have kept a corner for me, Mr. Rogers."

"Oh certainly, but I am afraid that I cannot offer you a room to yourself, seeing that we have only two rooms in the house, one for the ladies, and one for the gentlemen."

"And do the ladies talk all night, Mr. Rogers?"

"Indeed I do not know, ma'am. I sleep in the other room."

"Thank you, Mr. Rogers—now the band-box, that's very kind of you. Mr. Gogan, my good man, just help Cato up stairs with the linen chest."

"Help him up with the linen chest!" mentally exclaimed the lady spectators to themselves. *They* knew what the weight of a linen chest was, and they saw the size of Lady Potts's.

Cato, with great show of alacrity, took one handle of the chest and pulled towards the foot of the stairs. Sly fellow, he knew that the man that is highest up the stairs only sustains half weight that the lower man does. There was, however, no hesitation or demur on the part of Gogan. He took the lower handle and manfully struggled with his burden up the steep steps. Cold as the weather was, the perspiration was running down his cheeks, and his eyes seemed starting out of his head.

"Wonderful little woman!" whispered Mrs. Sparks, "see how Rogers is devoted to her service, and Gogan, the wild beast Gogan, as submissive as a nigger."

When the luggage had all been stowed away, Lady Potts retired to the ladies' dormitory, to settle her things a little. As she entered the sitting-room afterwards, she observed, "I'm tired and cold with my journey."

Up jumps Gogan, with a bounce, to give her his chair. The company opened all their eyes with astonishment.

Mr. Secretary Rogers smiled with an air of self-satisfaction, as much as to say, "Didn't I tell you so." Lady Potts, however, neither smiled or opened her eyes, but took the chair as a matter of course. "Mr. Gogan," said she, "do you see that band-box in the corner of the room—well, just to the left of it there is either a log of wood or a deal box, bring it here!" When it was brought she converted it into a footstool, and leaning back in the arm-chair closed her eyes for a doze in the chair that Gogan had always claimed as his own.

When she opened her eyes again, Gogan was sitting on a chair by the fire, and Mrs. Sparks standing by him.

"What, Mr. Gogan!" said Lady Potts.

"Well!" was the reply.

"What, sitting with a lady standing by your side, and not offer her your chair! well, since I came into the world, I never saw anything equal to that!"

Gogan immediately rose, and the Miss Joneses, who were out of their sight, behind, went through a dumb show of clapping their hands.

"Mr. Gogan," continued Lady Potts, "don't you think that you

have ingenuity enough, like Mr. Sparks, to manufacture a chair for yourself. If you are tolerably successful, I am not sure that I might not make a cushion for it. Mr. Sparks would, I dare say, lend you his tools."

"I have got some of my own," grumbled out Mr. Gogan.

"Well, you need not be so cross about it. I am sure I thought that I was making you a very handsome offer."

Gogan made no reply, but looked out a deal box to sit upon.

Now there was nothing bullying in Lady Potts's manner, all this was said in a mild civil matter-of-course tone, rather as if she was doing him a favour by giving him her opinion and good advice. Neither was there anything commanding in her manner or figure, she was rather under the common size, what one might term a neat little woman, with a small waist and a tight little foot, and rather a sharp nose, and a becoming colour in her cheeks, by the side of which hung two little wiry corkscrew ringlets. Her manners were pleasing and agreeable; and as for her taking upon herself to keep old Gogan in order, why, Gogan could have put her in his waistcoat pocket. It is needless to say, as she commanded the ogre Gogan, everybody else bowed down before her. Pure gratitude made the ladies give way to her wishes in everything, she was, in their eyes, a second Wellington, who subdued the despot that ruled with an iron hand. By universal consent, forthwith she presided over tea and Johnny cakes, ordered dinner, and ruled the household. What could they do less for her?

But whence her power? it was a mystery that no one could fathom. There was now no subject of conversation among the ladies but "The wonderful little woman! how does she manage it?" Constantly were they seen turning up their eyes and hands, with their mouths opened, in mute astonishment; but all their guesses were unsatisfactory. Was he really an ogre, and had eaten up little children, and she had seen him do it, and could tell? As for Gogan, they would have believed anything bad of him: but in Lady Potts's manner there was nothing like threatening, and though she had great volubility of tongue, it was very seldom that a cross word came from it.

One of the Miss Joneses had read a great deal about mesmerism, and was convinced that Lady Potts secretly mesmerized Mr. Gogan, and made him do what she liked by the power of her will, and the ogre being subdued, gratitude, it was quite clear, was sufficient to make everybody else desirous of pleasing her.

Mrs. Sparks thought that mesmerism was all fudge, and could only suppose that the ogre was in love with Lady Potts. The idea of Mr. Gogan being in love was answered with shouts of laughter from all the fair audience. Gogan, indeed, in love! a man that treated the fair sex as the dirt of the earth, besides, it was quite evident that Gogan's manner was not that of a lover.

Mrs. Jones was of opinion that certain animals have a mysterious and unexplainable influence over other certain animals. A relation of hers fainted at all times at the sight of a cat, and she could tell when there was a cat in the room before she saw it.

Here she was sure there was something of the same sort of mysterious influence—only it was different; and she felt convinced, that nobody would be able to give any satisfactory account of it to the end of time.

This explanation, though perfectly clear to Mrs. Jones, did not appear to the other ladies to advance the matter much, and they thenceforth ceased searching for the cause, but contented themselves with exclamations—such as “wonderful! extraordinary! who ever would have thought it!”

In the course of time a pedlar visited the new settlement—a very important event, the only chance there was of shopping. Of course there were many articles said to be absolutely necessary that had been forgotten by one or other of the new settlers, Lady Potts fell in love with a fur cloak, rather an expensive article.

Mrs. Sparks was fascinated with a pair of snow-boots, comfortably lined and trimmed with squirrel fur; after closely examining them she shook her head and put them down again, her finances were very very low.

“Never mind, my dear Mrs. Sparks,” said Lady Potts, who saw how the land lay with her friend. “I am going to get Mr. Gogan to make me a present of that cloak, I’ll see if I can get him to present you with the fur-boots at the same time. He is a very good-natured man.”

How the other ladies did stare at Lady Potts, whilst she was making this speech, they looked as if they thought the moon was going to tumble out of the sky.

Presently, up comes Lady Potts, followed by Mr. Gogan. The little lady just pointed with her finger to where the fur-boots were lying. Gogan took them up. “Allow me, Mrs. Sparks, to present you with these, you will find them very comfortable in a Canadian winter.”

Lady Potts quietly rolled up the cloak, apparently as a matter of course, without any observation passing between her and Gogan. After the ogre had been thus victimized, it was curious to see how the other gentlemen sneaked away, one by one—they were not sure what the little woman might take it into her head to do with them.

“What a very extraordinary woman Lady Potts is,” said Mrs. Jones to Mr. Rogers, the secretary, “and with all that she is so obliging and so good natured.”

“Yes,” said the secretary, “she is a nice little woman. I am very glad she is come.”

“Glad she is come, indeed! I should just think so. Is it not wonderful the way she keeps that wild beast in order. He is really absolutely civil and even kind at times?”

“Why, yes, she manages him very nicely.”

“Now tell me, Mr. Rogers, can you form the slightest idea of what gives her such an extraordinary influence over him?”

“Why she has an influence over him? I should think the reason obvious enough,” said Mr. Rogers, turning away with the air of a man that did not want to stultify himself by explaining a self-evident thing.

“But do tell me, my good Mr. Rogers, what does give her such an influence over him?”

“Pugh! pugh! the reason is plain enough.

“But what is it? Mr. Rogers, what is it?”

“She is his wife!”

THE FAIRFAX MANUSCRIPTS.*

THE discovery of a large collection of unpublished letters and other documents illustrative of the reign of Charles I., the Civil War, and the Restoration, is an incident as remarkable in itself as it is important in reference to historical literature. The first object of curiosity upon opening these volumes is to ascertain how and when these papers were brought to light. The writer of the memoir of the Fairfaxes prefixed to the work, keeps back this revelation for his closing pages, where it falls in properly in the order of time; but, as Sir Walter Scott observes in developing the *dénouement* of a novel at the opening of a criticism, our readers "have an interest the reverse of this."

From the time of the first Lord Fairfax, who obtained his title early in the seventeenth century, the family was seated at Denton, in Yorkshire; but they afterwards removed to Leeds Castle, in Kent, which came into the possession of the fifth Lord Fairfax upon the occasion of his marriage with the daughter of Lord Culpepper. The seventh lord, dying without issue, bequeathed Leeds Castle to the Reverend Denny Martin, at whose death it passed into the hands of his brother General Martin, who, cutting off the entail, bequeathed it to Mr. Fiennes Wykeham Martin, its present possessor. This gentleman, on making some alterations in the castle in 1822, sold off a quantity of old furniture, amongst the rest an oak chest, apparently filled with Dutch tiles, beneath which the purchaser, a shoemaker in the neighbourhood, discovered a large collection of MSS. carefully arranged. Not knowing their value, he threw them aside for waste paper, from which destiny they were rescued by Mr. Hughes, of Maidstone; afterwards passing from that gentleman's executors into the hands of Mr. Bentley.

These records were, no doubt, removed from Yorkshire, and deposited in Leeds Castle by the fifth Lord Fairfax. That they were not afterwards given to the world is accounted for by the dispersion of the Fairfax family, and by the fact that the subsequent possessors of Leeds Castle were ignorant of the existence of the treasure they possessed. The history of the Fairfaxes, compiled from hitherto unpublished documents, opens a singular chapter in the romance of the peerage, and constitutes one of the most interesting portions of the present publication.

The family were originally staunch Roman Catholics, and, at the period of the Reformation, the then heir was disinherited by his father for having espoused the side of Luther in Italy. The son thus punished for exercising the liberty of conscience, occupies an interesting position in the Fairfax genealogy. The estate of Denton descended to him in right of his mother, and became the seat of that branch of the family which acquired such historical celebrity through its distinguished representative in the time of the Civil Wars. His son, Sir Thomas Fairfax, ascended to the peerage under the title of Baron Fairfax, of Cameron, in Scotland. The account of this transaction is characteristic of the age and the man. The King wanted money, and Fairfax was willing to dispense a handsome sum for a title. The affair was

* The Fairfax Correspondence. Memoirs of the Reign of Charles I. 2 vols. London. Richard Bentley. 1848.

conducted on the strict principles of a bargain on both sides; Fairfax agreeing to pay 1500*l.* on the express condition that he should be exempted from all demands in the way of fees. He had scarcely secured his patent, however, when they came down upon him for fees, requiring, moreover, that he should get himself naturalized in Scotland, and contribute towards the plantation of another Scotland in the New World. His letters to Lord Colville, in which he complains of these impositions, and the faithlessness of the agents to whom he had not only paid over the money he had agreed for, but to whom he had lent bags, horses, and other commodities to enable them to convey it away, exhibit a strange glimpse of the way in which nobility has been sometimes bought and sold behind the curtain of royalty.

Notwithstanding, however, the way in which he obtained his title, Lord Fairfax turned out a very respectable nobleman after all. He was evidently a man of the world, and knew how to buy other things to as much advantage as peerages. Having a large family, over whose welfare he watched with much forethought and anxiety, he availed himself of every favourable opportunity of extending his connections and increasing his property. Altogether, his lordship made a considerable figure in his day, was a man of ability and courage, gave useful hostages to the state, and left behind him a name not unworthy of the founder of a house destined to occupy, for a brief interval, a conspicuous place in history.

Connected with the biography of a prodigal kinsman of his, Sir Philip Fairfax, there is a little love letter which deserves to be noticed, for the sake of the tender spirit in which it is written, and which contrasts remarkably with the stern duties to which the writer of it was afterwards called. Sir Philip had a daughter, Ursula, to whom the following letter was addressed:—

“ TO MRS. URSULA FAIRFAX.

“ DEAR MISTRESS,

“ NOTWITHSTANDING my many employments, which might plead an exemption from weekly travail in writing, I cease not to woo you as seriously and more affectionately than when I first became your petitioner, and for your part with as much tacitness when I consider my five to one, as when I was (as then I was) no better than odious. I would fain, if I knew how, salve the interruption of content which this silence of yours has bred in my mind. I frame many causes; but, because there is no infallibility depends upon conjectural fancies, I remain restless, thoughtful, discontented: not that I fear any coldness in thee, having had evident proof of thy temper, thy love; but that which troubles me is chiefly, that thou thinkest I suppose that I should value the frequency of letters (as tradesmen do a plentiful commodity) at a low rate. No, sweet mistress, if you conceive so, you will mistake; for, if such things as conduce to a man's happiness can be entertained with satiety or loathing, then verily you may conclude with your practice. But I know you have a rational brain, and a constant kindness of disposition towards me, which will neither permit you to err nor forsake. In assurance whereof, and with a longing desire to hear weekly from thee, though but a word at a time, so that it be a living one, I rest,

“ Your most faithful, most obedient, and most affectionate servant,

“ London, 18th. Nov. 1633.

“ JAMES CHALONER.”

This letter, which owes so much of its charm to refinement and gentleness of feeling, was written by one of the Chaloners who afterwards sat in judgment upon Charles I. That he should have been

appointed upon the Commission, may be accepted as a proof of the zeal with which he served on the popular side in the memorable struggle of the Long Parliament; and that a man capable of the iron resolution which was called into exercise throughout that fierce conflict, should also possess such sweetness of character as this little address to his mistress evinces, shews with what exquisite harmony nature reconciles the sternest and the tenderest qualities. In the end, it seems, the latter predominated; for although Mr. Chaloner attended at the beginning of the proceedings, he withdrew from the latter sittings, and declined to attach his signature to the warrant for his Majesty's execution; an act of forbearance for which his life was spared at the Restoration.

Ferdinando Fairfax, who succeeded to the title, was the father of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary general to whose brilliant exploits the result of the civil war may be exclusively attributed.

Lord Fairfax was in some respects a remarkable man. His passion for a military life was an instinct. We are not aware that there is a similar instance on record of the development at so early an age of a great capacity for command on the field of battle. He learned the art of war under Lord Vere, whose daughter he afterwards married, but soon outstripped the example of his preceptor. There was a saying amongst the soldiers, that Lord Vere was remarkable for doing great things with a few men; but to Fairfax was ascribed the higher merit of doing great things with the loss of a few men. If the engagements in which he was concerned afforded few opportunities of exhibiting subtle strategy in the disposition of large forces, they were the more remarkable for the extraordinary skill and headlong valour with which he contended against overwhelming numbers in situations of unprecedented peril. Nor was it by the courage and energy he displayed on such occasions that his career is chiefly distinguished, but by the number and rapidity of his victories. No general ever achieved such a breathless succession of triumphs in so short a space of time.

The number of actions he crowded into a few months, is almost incredible. He overran the whole country, subdued every town and garrison that yet lingered in its loyalty to the unfortunate monarch, hunted the King into Scotland, and forced the Prince of Wales to fly into France; and, after extinguishing the last resources of the throne, literally found himself master of the kingdom. This moment, crested with the spoils of a hundred victories, was the crisis of his fame and his fate. But he had no sooner quitted the field, than his power fell away from him. The master-mind of Cromwell subjugated him in the cabinet; and Fairfax not only sank into insignificance, but exhibited the miserable spectacle of a man who had wielded irresistible authority in one direction, suddenly degraded into a passive instrument in another. This was the grand defect of his character, the only blot on his life. It is here fairly contrasted with those heroic qualities which procured him a renown as suddenly won as lost.

“ Lord Fairfax is described as having had a tall and commanding figure, with a character of face which was gloomy in repose, but capable of vivid expression when lighted up by sudden emotion. He was of a retreating disposition, and generally very silent, which might have been attributed to a slight stammer in his speech,—a defect that spoiled all his attempts at oratory. The reserve and modesty of his bearing were the more remarkable in a man whose decision and courage were unquestionable. At the council-table he bore himself with a humility that almost amounted to diffidence,

and spoke little; but when his resolution was taken (often in direct opposition to the opinions of the council), no appeal could move him from his purpose. In the field, the great qualities which raised him so rapidly to eminence, showed themselves in a sort ecstasy. He was as reckless of his person in battle, as he was of his own interest in political affairs. He appeared like a man inspired in the midst of his troops, and was so elevated and absorbed by the movements around him, that, at such moments, his officers rarely ventured to speak to him. His genius revelled in these scenes. But it failed quite as conspicuously in the business of statesmanship. Up to the close of the war, his military talents secured him the loftiest considerations; but from the time when it became necessary to reconstruct the government, and repair the evils of that long and unnatural hostility, he suddenly fell into obscurity, from his total unfitness for the wants of the times."

Upon the death of Cromwell, Lord Fairfax was foremost in the movement for effecting the Restoration. He was even more prompt in the avowal of his sentiments than Monk, who acted with a reserve and caution that shook the confidence of the Parliamentary general, who was now nearly fifty years of age, living in close retirement, and devoured by infirmities.—Monk called upon him on his way from Scotland, and endeavoured to sound the opinions of Lord Fairfax, without committing his own; and it was not until his lordship, who was habitually as silent a man as Monk himself, had broken the ice, that they came to a mutual understanding as to the plan of action to be adopted.

Having lived to see the Restoration accomplished, and having received from Charles II. ample acknowledgments of the services he rendered on that occasion, by which the memory of his Parliamentary campaigns appears to have been effectually obliterated, he died in seclusion in the sixtieth year of his age. There being no male heir, his lordship's estates devolved on his cousin, and from him descended to the fifth Lord Fairfax, who married the daughter of Lord Culpepper, and settled at Leeds Castle. A large property in America came into the hands of the Fairfax family by this marriage, but, in order to release the Culpepper estates, which were bound up in mortgages, Denton and the other Yorkshire possessions of the Fairfax's, were sold. Nothing, therefore, ultimately remained to them but their American lands; and the sixth lord, mortified by this compromise of the independence of his house, and suffering also, it is said, under a severe disappointment of his affections at home, emigrated to America, where he died, and where the name of Fairfax still survives in the person of an exile, Charles Snowden, the tenth and present Lord Fairfax.

Dismissing the memoir (which, in addition to letters from the Fairfax collection, contains several original documents from other sources), we now turn to the correspondence.

The actual historical interest of these papers opens with the general election in 1625, upon the accession of Charles I.; the previous portion, which runs back over a period of ninety years, being chiefly occupied with local and family affairs. The struggle between the King and the Parliament began at once. There was no disguise as to the objects of either party. The demand for supplies on the one side, and for the redress of grievances on the other, disclosed without reserve the whole case at issue between them. The field of battle was plainly marked out, and the contest was maintained, as long as it lasted, with extraordinary obstinacy by the King, and with calm and

unflinching perseverance by the Commons. The principles with which they set out were resolutely sustained to the end by both ; and up to the very moment when sentence was about to be pronounced, his majesty still stood upon his prerogative, and the Commons upon the rights of the people. There was a sort of steadfastness in the conduct of the King which, blind and misjudging as it was, gave a personal interest to his fall which could hardly have been anticipated from the antecedents of his career. Of him it might be said, as it was of another remarkable man, that nothing in his life became him so well as his leaving it.

The way in which this protracted struggle was carried on, shews with what sagacity the Commons adapted their means to their end. The privileges of Parliament were not yet defined ; the constitution was as yet a chaos of elements, which Pym and Eliott, and the rest, had undertaken to liberate and set in order. The King possessed the right of dissolving this Parliament at his own caprice ; while, on the other hand, the only recognized power wielded by the Parliament was a control over the supplies. With this instrument the battle was fought in the first instance. Applying to the Parliament over and over again for supplies, the Parliament again and again replied that they would willingly grant the supplies, on condition that his majesty would grant a redress of grievances ; and for this reply, they were again and again dissolved.

Outside the walls of Parliament the power of the King was supreme. He could raise troops ; he could control the whole machinery of government. Had the popular leaders attempted, at this early period of the struggle, to move the country to insurrection, had they gone back to their constituents to complain of the treatment they had received, they must have ruined their cause. They knew that the floor of Parliament was not only the safest, but the only legitimate field for the contest ; and to this constitutional arena they confined the operations of the great battle they were fighting in the defence of constitutional principles. It was not until the King, in open contempt of his subjects and their representatives, attempted to overawe them with military force, that they advanced beyond the line within which they had hitherto restrained their defence. The conduct of the Parliament throughout this period is justly described in the following passage :—

“ Adapting their weapons to every new emergency ; addressing themselves with consummate skill and sleepless vigilance to the evasive shapes into which the royal despotism glided from session to session, never compromising a fraction of their demands, standing always firmly on their privileges, and faithfully resisting the encroachments of the throne at all hazards, and in the face of an authority which possessed and exercised the prerogative of extinguishing their deliberations, the Parliament steadily pursued their purpose, until at length they succeeded in bringing one great culprit [Strafford] to the block. * * * Previous Parliaments had done, and could do, little more than assert popular principles and fall by them. They presented a series of popular martyrdoms. Buckingham triumphed over them to the last. Their power had not acquired the requisite concentration to enable them to grapple with him successfully. The career of the King had been a career of impunity, fretted, no doubt, by constant impediments and unwearying protests ; yet still shewing a vitality which it often seemed hopeless to oppose. But the constancy of Parliament lived down all obstacles. If hitherto they had been unable to accomplish tangible results, they had systematically prepared the public mind to expect them. They had developed public opinion. They had

organized the moral strength of the country. They had clearly expounded the practical grievances under which the people were suffering, had fearlessly dissected the illegal and arbitrary conduct of the King, defined the boundaries, then ill-understood, of constitutional right, and, without being able to effect an impression upon the force arrayed against them,—sustained as it was by fear and venality, by old superstitions and hereditary resources,—they had blocked up the passage to its farther progress. Above all things, they had strengthened the faith of the people in the justice and ultimate triumph of their cause, by proving to them that there were steadfast and resolute men in the breach, ready to defend it to the last extremity.”

The details of this preliminary strife occupy nearly the whole of the two volumes before us. In this distribution of the ample materials at his command, Mr. Johnson has not shewn as much discrimination as could have been desired; for although the circumstantial particulars furnished by the correspondence in illustration of the proceedings of Parliament are not wanting in novelty and importance, they yield in interest to the subsequent events, in which the hero of the book is hereafter to make his appearance. These two volumes are abundantly attractive in themselves as a substantive publication; taking into consideration, however, the nature of the matter that is to follow, and to be compressed into two volumes more, the space they fill in reference to the whole design is disproportioned to their relative value. Mr. Johnson's narrative, too, is a little overlaid; but it evinces so much diligence, and so earnest a desire to draw out the whole history of the troubled reign of Charles I., that the reader who is not already familiar with the period will have reason to be obliged by the minute information the editor has so liberally supplied. The impeachment of Wentworth, for example, is given at great length; so also is the murder of Buckingham. Now these incidents are well known, and it was clearly unnecessary to the prominent purpose of this work to expand the account of them over so extensive a surface. But it would be an injustice to Mr. Johnson not to give him credit for the pains he has taken to inspire them with new attractions.

As the correspondence advances towards that point of time when the King set up his standard—which brings us to the conclusion of the second volume—its revelations acquire increased importance. The Parliamentary General here comes into view for the first time, and, as he was the principal figure throughout the war that followed, the ensuing volumes may be expected to develop still more curious and interesting matter. The opening of hostilities between the King and Parliament is described in a document entitled “Northern Intelligence,” written in the midst of the events it minutely chronicles, and affording us a closer insight into their details than can be obtained from any previous publication. The first great outrage committed by the King when he went into York, after retiring from the Parliament, was to levy money with the ostensible design of establishing a force for the pretended security of the country against foreigners, but really for making war upon the Parliament, at a time when he expressly disclaimed all such intentions. By this measure he threw the whole of the North into a flame; and, having effected his purpose, he next advanced upon the South. The people immediately took advantage of his absence to hasten the enrolment of the militia for their own defence.

Such were the beginnings of the Civil War, discovering on the King's side so much deceit and perfidy, that if the men of the north had not acted with promptitude and resolution, the struggle might

have ultimately taken a much more formidable aspect. The Fairfaxes were especially obnoxious to the Royalists, and, independently of other considerations of still higher moment, were drawn into the contest in their own defence. Lord Fairfax, the father of the general, was warned of an attempt to seize his person; and the son, whose connection with the Veres, a family of zealous Presbyterians, had already rendered himself conspicuous on Heyworth Moor by pressing through a multitude of 100,000 people, and presenting a petition to the King on the pommel of his saddle, had already become a mark for the special hostility of the Court party. The narrative from which we have given the above extract traces the subsequent incidents of the growing rebellion to the descent upon Sherburn under the command of Sir Thomas Fairfax, whose example inspired the whole country with a heroism equal to the difficulties of the occasion. The volumes terminate here; and certainly the curtain never fell at a moment better calculated to excite intense interest in the succeeding scenes.

LITTLE GUNTER.

“*Liden Gunter vandrer som helst i Irel saatankefuld.*”

FROM THE DANISH, J. EWALD.

LITTLE GUNTER loved at eve to stroll
 So thoughtful and cold;
 Her heart was wax, her young, young soul
 Was proven gold!—
 Oh, keep thee, my child! from the false Manfolk!
 Little Gunter was fishing with a silk thread
 By the sea-side:
 The waters they rose, and the waters spread
 So broad and wide!—
 Oh, keep thee, my child! from the false Manfolk!
 Fair merman glided from out the water
 With weeds girt round;
 His eye was loving, his words were sweet
 As Haip's sweet sound.
 “Little Gunter, thou painest me night and day,
 With Cori's sweet woe,
 My heart is faint, and wastes away:
 Oh, mercy shew!
 “Oh, give me but thy snow-white arm,
 And my truth test;
 Could I press it but to my bosom warm,
 I should find rest.
 “Little Gunter, behind these scales a soul
 Kind, tender burns:
 Truefast's my name,—my artless soul
 All falsehood spurns.”
 “And, if mine arm can do thee good,
 Or thy pain soothe,
 Fair Merman! come from out thy flood
 And take them both.”
 He took her down from the rock to the deep,
 Glad of his prey;
 Like a storm his laugh,—but the fishes weep
 Where Gunter lay.
 Oh, keep thee, my child! from the false Manfolk!

W.

Wayside Pictures

THROUGH

FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY.

XI.—NORMAN CAPS, AND THE FACES UNDER THEM.

WE are now in the neighbourhood of Granville ; let us make an excursion off the main road to look at the favourite watering-place of these districts, and the syrens whose spells have given it such celebrity. The women of Granville are the prettiest in Lower Normandy ; that is, perhaps, the exact phrase. But first a word about Granville itself.

The fortress of Granville stands on the top of a ledge of rock that runs out into the sea, and whether you approach it by land or water presents a bold and striking appearance. It was built by the English when they were masters of this country, as a check upon Mont St. Michel, the only strong place in the province they failed to reduce. The spot on which it is erected was purchased from the lord of Granville, no less a person than John of Argouges, a direct descendant of that loving knight who married the fairy. The town of Granville clammers up the side of the precipice under the walls of the fort, and, like all towns similarly situated, is distinguished by a repulsive air of poverty and stagnation. The fort casts its shadow over the gloomy streets, and everything in and about it is subservient to military influence. With the exception of the old Norman cathedral, dark, massive, and unembellished, there is not a single building in Granville that will tempt you to loiter for a moment. The remainder of the town seems to have been run up at the least possible cost, and without any view to permanency, as if the inhabitants, like the soldiers, were only doing garrison duty, and did not know the moment they might be put to the rout.

Yet to this place, where the inns are execrable, people come from Avranches, and still greater distances, for the purpose of bathing ; some of them, perhaps, being drawn by the attraction of the pretty faces for which, notwithstanding its ungeniality in other respects, Granville is justly famous.

The women of Normandy are the handsomest women in France. The style of the Granville face is different from that of the rest of the province, having less dignity and more sprightliness, and resembling, in character and expression, the sparkling brunette of Vire. The features are small, the complexion is pure and transparent, and the figure delicately moulded, and rather inclined to the *petite*. The head-dress enhances the charm of this round smiling face. It consists of linen as white as snow, folded to a high point in the centre, divided into graceful falls, terminating in a fluted frill over the forehead, and doubled into numerous folds at the back, after the manner of a French napkin,—which, from the ingenuity exhibited in its arrangement for the table, deserves to be set apart from all other napkins. A rich lace frill of several rows, pursed like a ruff,

surrounds the clear white neck, and a shawl, generally of crimson with a broad green and yellow pattern at the edge, is hung cornerwise over the shoulders. Add to this a grey petticoat, a light blue gown, open at the back, to show the petticoat from the waist downwards, white stockings, and lemon-coloured shoes and gloves, and you have a full description of the costume *en grande parure* of a woman of Granville. Sometimes they wear over their dress a *capot* of black silk or serge, lined with white, not unlike a Spanish mantilla with a hood, which, thrown over the cap, and defining its summit and sides, gives a peculiarly arch expression to their brilliant features.

The Granville cap is amongst the simplest and plainest of all the Norman varieties. At Rouen, Caen, Coutances, Bayeux, and Falaise, we fall in with forms so wilful and fantastic, that we might suspect the matter to be left entirely to the caprice of the wearer. There is only one essential point of agreement in these head-dresses. Provided they be of sufficient altitude to take the eyes of the spectator by surprise, no other condition appears to be attached to their structure. In all cases their dimensions are gigantic, whether they ascend like a steeple to pierce the skies, stream off in ribbons like the pennons of a ship on a gala day, terminate upwards in a clump, like an inverted bulbous root, or taking a circular sweep in the air, resemble a dozen or so of turbans rolled into one. These reliques of the middle ages produce a bewildering effect upon a stranger, who finds it difficult to distinguish the cap of one department from the cap of another, although each has its own marked peculiarities.

They are uniformly made of white linen, generally richly edged with lace. In some instances they take the shape of a butterfly, delicate ribbons artistically blended up the centre to form the body, and large graceful scrolls of plaited linen, deeply worked at the ends, to form the wings, an illusion which is materially assisted by the flapping of the wind. One of the most singular specimens is to be seen at Rouen. Here the hair is suffered to escape in small ringlets over the forehead, the rest of the luxurious tresses being bound in a large roll behind to support the ponderous cap, which rises to an enormous height, and is crowned by an expanded fan of white folds, from which depends a double fall of linen, trimmed with point lace at each side, and descending upon the shoulders. The centre of this elaborate piece of workmanship, springing from the arch of the forehead, ascends triangularly half way up the front, and is composed of deep blue silk or satin, braided with rows of coloured stones, the cheap spurious jewellery with which the French towns abound, and forming a striking contrast to the white surface that rises far above it into the air. The back of the cap is sometimes even more remarkable than the front, especially in the neighbourhood of Coutances. The front ascends perpendicularly from the head, and is surmounted by a highly-starched screen, frilled carefully at the edge, and extending outwards to a considerable distance, and then suddenly turning off and descending in a straight line at each side. At the back the whole of this linen paraphernalia is folded inwards, and the recess thus formed in the centre is filled with knotted ribbons and beads, or such other tinsel as can be procured. The interior of the recess is often crowded with a variety of meretricious ornaments. The ear-ring, usually a large hoop,

sometimes a long pendant, is a conspicuous article in the head-gear of the peasantry.

Then there is a grand cap frilled and plaited to the top, disclosing a rose-coloured ribbon prettily knotted in front, which traces the outline of the centre till it reaches the pinnacle where it is crowned with lace, a brooch fastened over the middle of the forehead, long plaited sweeps hanging down the sides, and a fluted frill drawn tightly down the cheeks, and meeting at a point under the chin. A ruff standing out closely round the neck gives a muffled appearance to the face, which peeps out like a sun-burst from amidst these fleecy clouds of millinery. In former times, when money was more plentiful and trinkets less costly, the peasantry used to display gold and silver tissues and brilliant stones in their caps; but they are now compelled to put up with ribands and cheap embroidery, and an occasional garish breast-pin stuck across the front, or in the thick of the wilderness of embellishments behind.

The beauty of the Normans is a proverb all over the world. Nor has the universal admiration which has been bestowed upon it in the slightest degree exaggerated its lofty and exquisite character. The men, in their way, are as handsome as the women. They have the fine oval face, sedate bright eyes, and clear complexion of the old race. You look in vain for evidence of their Teutonic descent in these sculptured features; the skin and hair alone suggesting a reminiscence of their Saxon ancestry. The women are remarkable for the natural dignity of their carriage, which harmonizes strikingly with their tall and commanding figures, and the gravity and reserve of their expression. Like the men, their faces are oval, with the slightly aquiline nose, large flashing eyes, and curved lips. Their complexions are peculiarly transparent, the cheeks mantling over with a blush, rich in colour, but delicate in its diffusion. A smile sits in their eyes, but the most inquisitive observer cannot detect in their looks or manner the remotest indication of levity. A sweet seriousness is their predominant characteristic. It is strange enough to an Englishman to meet groups of these people, men and women, reproducing before our eyes that famous Norman head with which we are all so familiar. It carries us back at once to the eleventh century. Wherever we turn, we see, as in a magic glass, William the Conqueror moving up the streets and highways.

As for the caps, they are sprinkled over the country districts, and are to be seen on Sundays and holidays principally. When numerous groups of the peasantry are collected on such occasions, the effect of these towering heaps of snow, rushing up like a collection of little Alpine *aiguilles*, is novel and startling. But what a formidable costume to make love to! a gallant of the ordinary height would be lost under the colossal shadow.

Unfortunately, however, it is only at fêtes and in rural places this old-world head-dress is now to be met with in profusion and variety. The women of Normandy have latterly adopted a new style of cap, and the fashionable circles have heard nothing about it. If the shape of a sleeve were changed in the *salons* of Paris, the important novelty would be published in every corner of Europe, would penetrate to the back settlements of America, and agitate the haberdashery councils of the civilized world. Yet few greater revolutions in costume have been effected than in the primitive cap of

Normandy, still fewer so silently, and not one that ever excited so little notice. It may even be doubted whether the fact has transpired beyond the limits of the province.

These elaborate productions, in short, are rapidly vanishing into oblivion. A new, a cheaper, and more convenient fashion has already almost totally supplanted them. Abandoning these steeples of intricate frostwork, the Norman peasantry, men, women, and children alike, have taken to cotton caps with tassels, precisely the same that is worn as a common night-cap in England. In the gardens, fields, and orchards, and at the doors of the cottages, you see nothing but cotton night-caps, which has the effect of making the population look as if they were preparing all day long to go to bed.

The change may be for the better. It is probably a vast improvement in the way of utility, but it spoils a charming picture; much in the same manner as the introduction of temperance into Ireland, by enabling the peasantry to save their money for good broad cloth and brogues, destroyed their aboriginal attractions. "We are a great deal more comfortable," exclaims Pat, "*but we are not half so picturesque.*"

XII.—AVRANCHES.

LIKE most of the Norman towns, Avranches is planted hill-wise. The main street makes a sharp ascent to the heights on which stand the *boulevards*, where the English "most do congregate." There is one decided advantage in this method of building towns in a country where the art of draining is either little understood or sparingly practised. When a tempest of rain sets in upon Avranches, the water comes thundering and leaping down this steep street, and washes it with the fury of a torrent in a quarter of an hour. When the rain is over, and the sun breaks out, and the surface of the pavement dries up, then there is no cleaner or brighter spot to be seen than this grand highway of Avranches. We will say nothing about its appearance at other times, or about the miry lanes and narrow labyrinths that run off into the denser parts of the town, muddy mazes which we suspect few visitors to Avranches ever ventured to explore.

This place is of considerable antiquity, and enjoys to a greater extent than most of its neighbours the historical glory of having been sacked, burned, razed to the ground, and rebuilt innumerable times. It was originally under the dominion of the Druids, who were displaced by the Romans; and it is probably out of a traditional reverence for their early masters that the people to this day cultivate so assiduously the study of archeology. Indeed there is hardly anything else in the way of study cultivated here. The past alone seems to engross the attention of the inhabitants, who are pre-eminently distinguished for their utter neglect of the present and the future.

With extraordinary advantages of position—a town built on the side of a hill, having a river running at its foot, and commanding a noble situation on the heights, surrounded by one of the wealthiest agricultural districts in France—the apathy and slothful indifference of the people in availing themselves of such tempting opportunities of improvement are perfectly incredible. The narrow roads and lanes about Avranches, through which the farmers contrive to convey their produce, and which are indispensable to the intercourse of town and country, are in such a condition as to be difficult of transit

in summer and impassable in winter. The notion of putting these lanes and roads in order has apparently never occurred to the people who are most concerned in the daily use of them. The soil, originally soft and yielding, has been left undisturbed in these miserable tracks. No attempt is made even to level them, and although the sea-shore is close at hand, not a handful of gravel or sand has ever been strewn upon the surface. The consequence is, that in winter the cart-wheels sink two or three feet in the mud, and leave such deep ruts and ridges behind, that in summer, when they become hardened by the heat, they look as if the clay had been roughly thrown up in long lines for the purpose of laying down a series of pipes. If you attempt to ride through one of these rural lanes, it is almost a certainty that you will break your horse's legs; and if you try the experiment of walking, the chances are that you will break your own. As to driving through them, all that can be said is, that the carriage-makers of this quarter must be presumed to know how to adapt their vehicles to the exigencies of the locality; but the jolting is within a shade of dislocation.

Seated pleasantly on the margins of these execrable little cross-roads and bye-lanes, amidst fruitful orchards and luxuriant gardens, are numerous private residences, forming altogether a sort of French Arcadia in the fine weather, but approachable only on horse-back, or by means of some stout conveyance in the winter, when the whole district resembles the bottom of a pond before the process of drainage has been quite finished. It might be supposed that the families living in these pretty villas, or demi-chateaux, would at least consult their own ease in an effort to improve their approaches, even if they carried the reform no farther; for they are literally house-bound in the wet weather, and cannot get into the town without being carried by some means over the intervening bogs. Donkeys and ponies are thus put into constant requisition to convey the Arcadians through their suburban mud-tracks, and you may see ladies and gentlemen mounted in this manner, with their legs frequently clasping the necks of their little rough nags, in a desperate strain of the muscles to keep clear of the splashing swamp which rises nearly to girth of the saddle. But the fact is, that the Arcady of Avranches is (or more correctly was) peopled by birds of passage, who, having no permanent concern in the roads, and coming here not to spend money, but to save it, are not much disposed to lay down foot-paths and high-ways for the convenience of their successors. Some attempts have been made to get up a subscription for the purpose, but they failed, from want of co-operation on the part of the farmers, (whose interest in local improvements is diminished every day by the operation of the law for regulatng the distribution of landed property,)* and from that want of unanimity amongst the English residents, which

* The change which the law of property underwent at the Revolution has had the most injurious effect not only on the cultivation of the soil, but upon the social condition of France. Estates could have been bequeathed, by will, or tied up by entail, before that time. At the Revolution, the power of making a will was restricted within stipulated limits. If there was one child, the testator could will away only a half of his property; if two, only a third; if three, only a fourth; and so on, the remainder falling in equal shares to the children, male and female. If a proprietor died intestate, his whole property was to be divided equally amongst his children. The intention of this law was to cut up the old aristocracy; but it has still more effectually cut up the material interests of the people. The subdivi-

may be set down as an unfailing characteristic of all the little communities formed by our countrymen on the continent.

It is a strange thing that we cannot agree amongst ourselves in settlements which we select for our own convenience, and where it is so essential to our comfort to promote cordiality and good-fellowship. But an Englishman carries with him, wherever he goes, two obstinate antipathies: first, a disrelish, or contempt, for everything that is *not* English; second, a freezing suspicion and distrust of everything that *is*. He moves in a repellant atmosphere, shuts himself up in a crust of prejudices, and has a way of disdaining the people, whose resources he has come to eat up, and at the same time of shunning his own countrymen, which is irreconcilable with common sense. He dislikes the French because they are French, and avoids the English because they are English. Such is literally the logic of his national aversions. In places like Avranches, which are selected on the common ground of cheapness, this latter antipathy shews itself in its most unworthy aspect. An Englishman will have it believed that everybody has come there for economy, except himself; and his conduct implies a sort of superiority over them which must be unintelligible to people like the French, who never suffer such considerations to interfere with their sympathies, or interrupt the flow of social intercourse. The prevailing occupation of a community that thus sits in judgment on itself is scandal of the meanest kind. Each individual seems to think the depreciation of other people's character indispensable to the elevation of his own. He shines by the force of contrast. He makes out his case, not upon its own merits, but by damaging the case of the gentleman over the way. Next-door neighbours supply the whole business of life. They cannot dress, dine, walk without being exposed to an incessant inquisition. Habitual defamation gradually splits up the little colony into factions that have their distinct circles holding no

sion of land which has ensued upon these arrangements has gradually deprived the proprietary class of the means of cultivating their property in the best and most profitable manner, and is rapidly reducing the increasing agricultural population to pauperism. The accumulation of wealth, and its attendant benefits in the improvement of the arts of life, can no longer be looked for in a country whose internal resources are thus wasted, and wasting from day to day. The towns participate in the spreading decay of the surrounding districts, and the tradesman, like the farmer, is dragged down to the bare point of subsistence, and may consider himself a fortunate man if he can sustain himself there. Some notion may be formed of the practical results of this law of subdivision from the fact, affirmed by the government returns, that in twenty years, from 1815 to 1835, the number of separate properties increased from 10,663,751 to 10,893,528, and that of these nearly one-half were assessed at the lowest land tax, namely, less than five francs a-year! Considering the ratio at which population advances, and the resubdivision of land consequent upon it, we may conclude that the day is not far distant when the surface of France will be covered by the most indigent population in Europe. As it is, the number of proprietors may be estimated at considerably more than one-half of the total number of the inhabitants—a proportion such as no country in the world ever exhibited before; and a still more striking evidence of the retrogressive effect of the law upon the social, intellectual, and industrial condition of the people may be drawn from the additional fact, that upwards of two-thirds of the whole population are dependent upon agricultural pursuits for their daily subsistence. It is not very surprising, therefore, in a country languishing under such depressing influences, to find the rudest and cheapest contrivances resorted to, horses harnessed with ropes, lanes and bye-roads left to take care of themselves, corn threshed by the hoofs of cattle, and ploughs in daily use similar in construction to those which are described by Virgil!

intercourse with the rest, and waging against each other that bitterest of all species of warfare, which, not content with open manifestations of derision and hostility, penetrates to the secrets of households, and strikes its shafts into the core of domestic life.

The English at Avranches appear to have got on, upon the whole, rather better than most other English settlements in France. Lately, however, fierce animosities broke out amongst them, which were carried to an indecent excess. Two rival clergymen contested the cure of their souls, and the struggle was conducted with a violence on both sides that showed how much our countrymen stood in need of the Christian instruction they were fighting for. The church itself was desecrated by these unseemly broils, which led at last to scenes of a disgraceful character. But the Revolution has dispersed the combatants, and swept their feuds into oblivion; and of the four or five hundred English who were recently located here, not more than forty or fifty are now remaining.

Few places on the French coast present more decisive attractions to people of limited means than Avranches. An excellent house and garden may be had for thirty pounds a-year; much less, too, if you watch your opportunity, and know how to take advantage of it, or don't mind casting yourself amongst the farmers half a league or so distant from the town. Provisions are in proportion. A small family might live comfortably, and keep a one-horse carriage, upon three hundred a-year. A little farther off on the coast, at the Rocher des Cancales, the native millionaires (as they are pleasantly called) never range above four hundred per annum; and the few who enjoy so vast a fortune are looked upon as great men in their locality.

It would be an idle experiment to invade the cheap habits of Avranches by a shew of wealth and ostentation. A Parisian gentleman, some years ago, with the sinister design of overtopping the whole department by the splendour of his *ménage*, built a magnificent house on an elevated *plateau* overlooking the *Jardin des Plantes*, with an observatory on the top, commanding extensive views of Mont St. Michel, the sea, and the country. But his costly design was no sooner completed than he discovered that it was impossible to live here in the style he had contemplated. He found out, when it was too late, that his sumptuous project isolated him from society, and, instead of giving him a supremacy in the frugal circles of Avranches, only condemned him to the penance of living "alone in his glory." He accordingly advertised the house to be let or sold. For a long time it lay vacant. At last an English gentleman ventured to occupy it, but finding it too large for his family and his fortune, speedily threw it up; and there stands the grand house, with its observatory tattered and blistered in the sun, its garden running to seed, its closed shutters and silent *salle*, a striking memorial of the folly of attempting to trespass upon the rigorous economy of Avranches.

There is nothing to attach you to the place except the scenery and the markets. To live in a charming country at a small cost is no doubt a great temptation; but you must look for nothing more. People whose sense of the pleasures of existence is circumscribed within the limits of being able to eat cheaply, drink cheaply, and look out of their windows upon valleys and uplands teeming with woods and cornfields, may be as happy as the day is long in Avranches. They do not lack intellectual enjoyments, and are best off, perhaps, 1

a place where there are none to be had. But if books are necessary to your happiness, or the intercourse of cultivated minds, you will find Avranches wofully dismal. Art and literature are luxuries not to be obtained here. Mutton, beef, and chickens, may be procured for about a third less than you can get them in England; but, in saving your pocket, you must waste your mind. Whenever anything is attempted here in the shape of a recognition of any loftier qualities than those that enter into the management of the *cuisine*, it is done in the worst taste, and most ignorant spirit. For instance, they have erected a vulgar colossal statue in the square leading to the Bishop's gardens of one General Valhubert, who was killed at Austerlitz, a hero known only under the shadow of these flattering trees; while the celebrated Huet,* to whose memory they have always been *promising* a statue, has not even an inscription to record his name. The statue of the great unknown Valhubert occupies a more prominent situation than the statue of Henry IV. at Caen. Such are the uncertainties of fame in places like Avranches; such the accidents of popular sculpture.

The scenery about the town may, however, afford some consolation for the intellectual nakedness within. Up the painful lanes you ascend from various points to reach the higher part of the town, you get some splendid views, glimpses of Mont St. Michel, and the far-stretching sands, and the coast as far as Granville; and from the heights—such as the *Jardin des Plantes*, and the desolate hill where the cathedral once stood, and where Henry II. is said to have performed penance on his knees for the murder of Beckett†—there are magnificent varieties in the undulating landscape before you, a vast surface of wooded country, broken by tracts of pasturage and cornfields, streams, high-roads, *châteaux*, and farmhouses. The finest view in the neighbourhood—perhaps in extent the finest in Normandy—is from the highest point on the summit of the hills between Avranches and St. Malo. This point commands an immense sweep of valleys on both sides, crowded with features of picturesque interest as far as the eye can reach.

But we must not linger over these scenes. We have yet to explore the ocean fortress of Mont St. Michel.

XIII.—MONT ST. MICHEL.

WHILE other saints are disposed of indifferently on slopes, and plains, and even in the depths of valleys, the chapels dedicated to Saint Michael, who is called by the French writers *l'ange chevalier*, are always built on the pinnacles of the highest hills, in the laudable desire of getting as near heaven as possible. The reason of this is, that St. Michael once had a desperate fight with the Devil on the top of a hill; and so miraculous is the ubiquity of the tradition that, wherever one of these chapels points its cross to the skies, it is an established article of faith in the immediate neighbourhood, that it was there, on that identical spot, the aforesaid rencontre took place. The archangel is thus made to do duty on innumerable hill-tops. Brittany is full of St. Michaels, perched up in this way, at Grèves, Faonet, Plélan, Plouray, Carnac, and other places. Nearly all these, to which our own Saint in Cornwall may be added, were

* Huet was a native of Caen, and not of Avranches, as stated in a recent work.

† The circumstantial details of this curious scene are preserved by Baronius.

erected in imitation of Mont St. Michel, in Normandy, the most celebrated of them all, although itself but an imitation of a similarly consecrated eyrie in Apulia.

When the Mont was selected for this purpose, the access to it presented no difficulties. If tradition may be trusted, the whole of the surrounding district was then a forest, traversed by a Roman road, which, down to the time of William the Conqueror, crossed the entire line of country as far as Rennes. The encroachments of the sea gradually swept away all traces of the wood and the highway, forming in the course of successive ages that arid bay in the centre of which the rock now rears its picturesque battlements. This invasion of the waters has enhanced the interest of the scene, by isolating the Mont in the midst of a vast desert of sand; and when the tide flows in, and fills the bay, the effect is rendered still more imposing by the appearance of the solitary rock rising darkly out of the waves, its jutting crags tapering to the summit, and crowned with a pointed white chapel, which, at that great height, looks as if it were melting into the sky.

The history of Mont St. Michel has been explored with a sort of monomaniacal enthusiasm. It engrosses the archeological life of Avranches. More books have been written upon it than any living man has ever read; and, like all histories addressed to the fanaticism of the imagination, the greater part of it is pure moonshine. It opens in the fables of Paganism, advances through the miracles of the monkish ages, and only begins to be credible and intelligible when it approaches our own times. A curious chapter might be wrought out of such materials—but, *cui bono?* A repetition of the monstrous absurdities that are common to the early pages of all conventional and ecclesiastical records can no longer amuse the world. People now-a-days are too anxious to escape out of the mists of superstition into the open daylight of historical truth, not to resent every attempt to detain them over pious frauds, which only insult their understanding. All that is needful to be said about the birth, baptism, and biography of Mont St. Michel, might be written in a waste leaf of a note-book.

The remotest of all the traditions informs us that the Mont was first devoted to a college or temple of Druid priestesses. The French antiquaries, however, are not quite sure about this; and one of them observes, with remarkable *naïveté*, that if the priestesses did not inhabit the spot they might have done worse; for, he adds, "*cela devait être une charmante résidence!*" Agreeably to the usual routine, the Romans turned out the Druids, and were themselves turned out in their turn by the Christians. In 708, Aubert, bishop of Avranches, built a church on the top, dedicating it, as a matter of course, to the only saint who was entitled to so elevated a distinction. Local tradition, of course, asserts that it was here the archangel encountered Belzebub; but, as local tradition asserts the same fact in reference to all the other Mont St. Michels, the matter clearly resolves itself into a question of local faith. From the time of Aubert forth, the Mont acquired a prodigious reputation for miracles. The most puissant kings and nobles paid visits of penance and curiosity to the shrine of the archangel. Amongst the rest Louis XI. ascended with a great suite, and, by way of recommending himself to the protection of the saint, left behind him a handsome donation of six hun-

dred golden crowns, and instituted on the spot the order of Saint Michel. Long trains of pilgrims used to come on horseback and on foot from all parts of Europe, and after putting up their vows, and paying their tribute, they would retire across the sands in grand procession, decorated with plumes, and cockades, and scarfs, garnished with shells and medals. But reliques and salvation-money were not the only offerings deposited on the altar. Sometimes these holy gifts were varied by bombs and grape-shot; for, throughout the middle ages, the place was sacked, burned, and blown up with as much indifference to its archangelship as if it were an ordinary battery. The chapel, walls, and keep were peppered so unmercifully, that it is wonderful a vestige of them was left standing. Then came the first Revolution, which, taking still less account of sacred things, expelled the monks from their cloud-capped cells, and converted the "*charmante residence*" into a state-prison, to which purpose it has been devoted ever since.

The legends, which are profusely scattered over the annals of Mont St. Michel, mark distinctly enough its transit through the period of priestly rule, until it finally emerged from the hands of the monks, and was delivered over to military occupation. Lively and accommodating was the faith which gulped down such stories as the following:—Once upon a time a company of pilgrims were wending across the sands, when they suddenly heard the roaring of the sea, and, struck with terror, fled to the shore for their lives. Amongst them was a poor woman in the pains of child-birth, who, finding herself left alone in her extremity, while the waters were rapidly closing round her, applied to Heaven for succour. The Virgin Mary, instead of reproving the woman for joining the expedition under such untoward circumstances, enclosed her in a suit of curtains, and supplied her with a comfortable bed, where she was safely delivered of a son, the obedient sea not venturing to approach the sanctified spot, although it flooded all the rest of the bay. There are scores of such legends inserted in grave historical works with an air of earnestness no less marvellous than the miracles they relate.

As we get into the chivalric and hard-fighting times, when men depended on bolts, bars, and swords, rather than supernatural interference, the legends acquire some slight illustrative value. They throw, at least, a little colouring of reality into the narrative, and reveal occasional glimpses of the kind of dramas that were acted in these gloomy chambers. The story of Raoul is an instance of this class of legend, in which the human interest outgrows the superstition in which its roots are laid.

Raoul, a handsome fellow, and, as far as circumstances permitted, a young Giovanni in his way, was page to Duke Robert of Normandy, the third son of Henry II. of England. The duke held his court at Ville-Dieu, and it was here Raoul used to carry on his gallantries amongst the pretty wives of the burgesses, gliding about the streets in the dusk of the evenings, peeping in at the windows, and making great havoc with the hearts of the ladies, who, it seems, were ignorant of his quality. All sorts of reports were spread about this strange visitor, who was confidently believed to be no other than the were-wolf in disguise. At last an old woman undertook to solve the mystery; but, being fascinated by his beauty, she made overtures to detain him, which he resisted upon the first sight of the

crone's wrinkled face. This was a slight not to be forgiven, and the old woman, raising all the jealous husbands in the town against him, caused him eventually to be seized and carried before the duke, who sent him off the next day as a prisoner to the keep of Mont St. Michel. It so happened that the gaoler was absent at a cattle-fair, and the handsome page was accordingly consigned to the custody of the gaoler's young wife, Aloise. That Aloise should take pity upon his youth might be expected, and that he should improve his opportunities with her was nothing very surprising. In short, a tender interest grew up between them, such as is not very common between prisoners and their keepers.

The gaoler, in the meanwhile, having finished his business, hastened towards home; but it was dark when he arrived at Avranches, and flood-tide, so that he could not reach Mont St. Michel that night, and was forced to take up his quarters at an *auberge*. While he was enjoying himself at his supper, a shrill voice from behind the fagots called out his name. "It is the old woman of Ville-Dieu," exclaimed the gaoler. "It would be well for you," answered the same voice, "if your wife Aloise were as old;" whereupon she warned him to get home as fast as he could, circumstantially relating to him what was going forward at the donjon; but how she obtained her information has never transpired. The poor gaoler was in a terrible fright, vowed vengeance against the page, and even talked of tempting the waters in a boat that very night, a feat which he knew to be impossible. The old woman, however, put him in possession of a plan by which he was to have satisfaction, and so he waited with as good a grace as he could until daylight.

In the morning the gaoler was early with his wife, and informed her that he had received orders to put Raoul to death. Poor Aloise was horribly shocked; but her terror was appeased by the old woman, who, visiting her secretly, with the most friendly professions, produced a ladder of ropes, by the aid of which she might enable Raoul to effect his escape. This rope ladder was to be fastened to the bars of the window of the great north gallery, at a certain hour that night, when Aloise was to let Raoul walk in the gallery, under the pretence of exercise; and he was to wait there till he saw a fire lighted on the Roche-aux-Moules, at which time it would be ebb-tide, and by letting himself down over the rocks he could escape on the sands. He would there find friends who would convey him in safety to the land. Aloise wept with delight at the good-nature of the friendly old woman, and did not lose a moment in putting her capital project into execution.

Night came, and Raoul, taking a tender adieu of the beautiful Aloise, watched anxiously for the signal fire. At last it was lighted, and the page committed himself to the rope; the old woman having taken up her station under the walls of the keep, to observe the success of her stratagem. As he rapidly descended, his foot struck against a loose stone, which, tumbling down, fell with a splash into the waters. A cold chill seized upon the heart of poor Raoul. He discovered, when it was too late, that he was the victim of treachery. The old woman, thinking it was Raoul that had fallen into the sea, exultingly cried out, "Ha! ha! the pretty page is gone to the sharks!"—"Not yet, foul witch!" roared out the page, as, hanging by the rope, and planting his foot firmly on the rock, he resolved

to wait there till the tide ebbed. Thus foiled in her scheme, the old woman bethought herself of what was best to be done, and, running round by the postern, she made her way to Aloise. "He is saved! he is saved!" she exclaimed; "and now let us hasten to remove the rope, lest your husband should discover it." They accordingly ascended to the gallery, and Aloise, overjoyed at the escape of her lover, untied the ladder with her own hands. In the next moment, Raoul was dashed against the crags, and, bounding from rock to rock, was precipitated into the gulf below.

The incidents of chivalry, which belong to a later date, are rather better entitled to credit, and develop more strikingly the actual life of the age. At the time when the English were overrunning the whole of this fine province, carrying fire and sword into the châteaux of the nobles, and possessing themselves of all the strong places—except Mont St. Michel, whose position rendered it impregnable—the best blood of the country was called into the field; the most heroic sacrifices were made by the people, and the flower of the aristocracy shared in the common danger with the citizens and the peasantry. The whole country became literally a camp, and every man capable of bearing arms abandoned his homestead to fly to the defence of the points menaced by the enemy. Numerous instances are on record of the devotion of the Normans throughout those stormy times, of which not the least memorable and romantic is that of Robert de Beauvoir.

When Mont St. Michel was besieged by the English with a formidable army in the beginning of the fifteenth century, the seigneurs of the soil entered into a solemn league to defend it to the last drop of their blood, an extremity to which they bound themselves by an oath on the Evangelists. The young de Beauvoir was one of the members of this patriotic compact. The time of his marriage with Guillemette Avenel, a young lady of a proud and ancient house, was approaching, but the imperative necessities of the country overruled all personal considerations. On parting, the lovers exchanged vows, which were to be ratified at the termination of the siege. Three years passed away, and the English continued to harass the garrison, which was still pent up in the fortress, and unable to hold any communication with the land, except through some rare and fortunate accident. One evening, as Robert de Beauvoir was seated at an open window (still shewn on the façade of the ancient abbey), gazing at the stars, upon which at that moment the eyes of his beloved were also fixed, agreeably to an arrangement usual in the days of knight-hood, when ladies were so frequently separated from their lovers, an old servitor of the house of Avenel entered the chamber. He had contrived to make his way through the lines of the besiegers at no little peril to his life, and was the bearer of a letter from Guillemette, in which she announced that Nicholas Burdett, one of the English generals, had demanded her hand in marriage; and that her mother, whose domains were at the mercy of the invaders, had given her reluctant consent. "*Mais,*" added the devoted *fiancée*, "*comme cela ne se peut pas, comme je suis à toi, je crois bien que je serai morte auparavant.*" The first impulse of de Beauvoir was to rush out into the enemy's camp, and take a summary vengeance upon Burdett; but he was restrained from adopting this frantic step by the recollection of his duty and his oath. He accordingly took the more

reasonable course of writing to Burdett, informing him that the lady was his betrothed, and warning him against the injustice of forcing her into a marriage which she loathed. The threats contained in this missive enraged Burdett; and, sending back an insolent message that the lady should be his wife in two days, he flung down his gauntlet to the page who brought him the letter. In two days, the marriage ceremony was performed in the private chapel at Avenel; but, as the last words were about to be uttered, Guillemette, who had probably taken effectual means to avert the sacrifice, fell dead at the feet of Burdett.

The siege continued for some time longer; at last, the English commander resolved upon a general assault, and had already carried the outworks, when the gates were thrown open, and the French poured out their whole force into the midst of the assailants. De Beauvoir sought Burdett alone in the furious engagement which ensued; but, just as they met lance to lance, the Englishman was cut down by one of the French knights. The tide was now returning, and the besiegers were forced to retreat. Burdett, covered with wounds, was taken prisoner, and carried into the citadel. Robert never left him, hoping by great care to restore his health, so that he might yet have the satisfaction of indulging the revenge he meditated. Every morning a young monk attended upon the prisoner, and at the end of a month he was perfectly recovered. "You are now free," said the monk; "here is your sword: and, for your ransom, I have to request a favour." Burdett promised to grant whatever he asked. "Being only a poor servant of God," said the monk, "ignorant of the use of arms, and having an injury to avenge, I require of you that you should take vengeance for me upon my enemy. You must swear to do this to the death. You will not have far to seek him: he will come voluntarily to meet you, two days' journey from hence, near the chapel of Plaine-Seuvre, in the suburbs of Vire. You will recognise him by his black armour, his shield emblazoned in crimson, and a silver poignard." Burdett pledged himself, as the price of his liberty, to revenge the wrongs of the monk, to whose care he was indebted for his life.

Some time had elapsed after this scene, when two young knights in black armour, one of them carrying a crimson shield and a silver poignard, were seen slowly passing under the walls of Vire. He who was without a shield was the knight who had wounded Burdett in the *mêlée* at Mont. St. Michel. At last they reached the lonely chapel of Plaine-Seuvre, a savage spot, which the superstitions of the peasantry peopled with malicious genii. Soon afterwards Burdett appeared moving through the trees, followed by five pages leading a superb courser. Not a word was spoken at either side. Selecting a place for the combat, the adversaries advanced upon each other. The struggle was of short duration. Burdett fell under the furious assault of his opponent, who, placing his foot upon the neck of the prostrate Englishman, raised his visor and displayed the features of the monk. "Recognise me, and die!" he exclaimed; "thou, who hast desolated the heart of a young girl; thou, who hast killed Guillemette Avenel!" and he plunged his poignard three times into his throat. From that day Robert de Beauvoir forsook the profession of arms, and became a monk of the monastery of Mont St. Michel.

THE CARAVANSERAI OF BAGDAD.

FROM THE DANISH OF RAHBEK.

To commence by offering one's readers any information concerning Bagdad would be positive insult. Who knows not the commander of the faithful, the mighty caliph Haorun Al Raschid, and his witty and beautiful favourite Scheherezade who saved her life by relating stories to her stern lord, one after another, for a thousand and one nights together, to the unspeakable delight of all the children of Europe, whether young or old. Or if there should indeed be some few to whose memories this ancient and well-beloved work has not lately been recalled by the most able of our younger poets, who is there who knows not at least the caliph of Bagdad and the far-famed Il Bondocani?

Now there was in Bagdad a caravanserai, which, as a matter of course, comprehended a multitude of apartments, corridors, and separate buildings; above all, there was one building especially adorned with everything costly and splendid that Asiatic luxury could invent, or Asiatic wealth procure; it stood in the midst of a beautiful garden shaded by fragrant and fruit-bearing trees, and watered by a silvery stream that rippled melodiously among them. The flat roofs of the edifice commanded a view of Babylonia's wide and fertile plains, and in the distance was seen the majestic Euphrates proudly flowing amid picturesque heights, crowned by the ruins of ancient Babylon, whose gardens realised the boldest dreams of the poet, and the glowing creations of oriental fable. And on the other side the whole of mighty Bagdad lay extended before the gaze of the beholder with its sumptuous bazaars, their stalls crowded with costly attire, pearls, jewels, silk stuffs, and all those luxuries which the East has taught imitative Europe to admire, covet, and purchase at any price.

The aforesaid building was divided into four apartments, furnished and decorated in imitation of the four seasons of the year: it was never allotted to the first comer, far less to the highest bidder; but the host had made an inexorable law that it should be reserved for the most illustrious of those foreigners whom commerce, necessity, or curiosity might bring to Bagdad.

Now it once happened that a German baron, a Chinese grandee, a Turk, and a modern Roman arrived at the caravanserai at the same time, for in those days people travelled to Bagdad just as now they go to Paris, for the sake of saying that they had been there. The German, who was proud of his title and prouder still of his two-and-thirty ancestors, made not the slightest doubt that the owner of the caravanserai would immediately assign the post of honour to a man of his rank and birth.

"Softly, my friend!" said the Chinese to him, "if you insist upon it by virtue of your ancestry, then I will appeal to these distinguished strangers whether I have not a still better claim. I have as many ancestors as you have, but with this difference: in Europe the merits or rather the distinction which a man may have attained through

money, servility, or evil-doing, pass as an inheritance to his descendants, whether they resemble him or not, and, which is the most comical part of the matter, these distinctions become greater every year, so that he who has really achieved a great action and has been ennobled accordingly, is of an infinitely lower grade than one who can prove that he is descended from a man, or is related within two-and-thirty degrees to one, who, ages ago, merited and obtained the insignia of nobility. Now in China, on the contrary, whenever a man has done the state good service, his forefathers are ennobled for the sake of his deserts. I, for instance, am a military mandarin, and, in reward for my having saved the Emperor's life in battle, the nation has ennobled my ancestors; nevertheless my children will have no share in honours they have not earned."

"By Allah!" interposed the Turk—for in those days all nations must, like the animals in fables, have spoken a universal language, so that every one could understand a chance fellow-traveller, and chat with him without the ceremony of an interpreter—"I would give the preference to this Chinese if it did not belong of right to myself; for neither from my parents nor from my children do I derive my nobility, I owe it to my sultan's favour alone, being his grand vizier, and as such second only to him in the empire. It is true certainly, that, as a word from his lips has raised me to this high rank, so a puff of his breath may cast me into the dust again, and that if I were deposed to-morrow, even supposing that his janissaries were not despatched to fetch my head, I should be no better than the poorest fisherman on the coast, or the meanest eunuch in the seraglio; nevertheless so long as I am vizier, am I the first in the state, and none beside my precious sultan is above me, nor do I think that any of you can contest position of rank with me."

"But I can,"—and the modern Roman now began to assert his pretensions,—"I can, who am a Roman, who boast descent from a nation of kings, before whose power the earth trembled, and who gave laws alike to east and west—"

The Chinese smiled at this outbreak of vain glory, and looked at the German count, but the latter had as usual been too much enveloped in his own importance to think it necessary to learn anything but the history of his ancestors, and therefore did not understand the mandarin's smile.

"Thou pratest of thine ancestors, but my race can boast of more statues in their halls than thou hast ancestors. You all appear ignorant of my meaning, you are not perhaps aware that every Roman citizen, who at the call of his fellow-countrymen was raised to a post of honour, had the right to set up his own statue in his hall, and more than two-and-thirty of such statues have I buried in my garden before my departure, lest they should fall into the hands of the barbarians who are now devastating my country."

The host, who had been listening in a corner to the contest, now interposed, saying, "These are all fair claims that ye have put forth, my guests! and I shall beware of presuming to judge between such well-grounded titles to distinction. Fortunately here are three merchants from Bassora, who have just entered the caravanserai, and who have also listened with careful attention to your dispute, to them let it be referred."

The aforesaid three merchants, unknown even to the host, were neither more nor less than the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, his grand vizier, Giafar, and Mesiour, his kishlar aga, who, after their peculiar fashion, were perambulating the town together in disguise for the purpose of hearing that which the rich and powerful hear so seldom—the truth.

One of these three—it was Haroun Al Raschid himself—now stepped forward, and spoke as follows :

“Ye children of dust! the nobility ye strive for is dust like yourselves. Thou, German! who claimest the honour earned by one of thy forefathers thirty-two generations back, let thy progenitor come forward, and we will consider his claim, but thou hast none.

“Thou mandarin! hast indeed a just title to our esteem in having saved thy master’s life; yet, since it is not the action itself but its recompense on which thou hast founded thy pretensions, there is reason for doubting the real worth of that action, for it often happens that a man receives the reward of a deed not truly his own, or if it were, it is rather the work of accident or fortune than of an unselfish and courageous spirit.

“Thou, vizier! boastest of thy sultan’s favour; but to judge of that we must first know his worth, must know whether thy sovereign is truly wise and just. The favourite of a fool is like a child’s soap-bubble, it is blown into the air, soars upwards for a moment, glistens with brilliant though borrowed colours, then bursts and vanishes.

“Lastly, thou, O Roman! whose vaunt is that thou art derived from a nation who called themselves the lords of the earth, whilst they were again and again the slaves of wretched tyrants; if thou be indeed descended from those better, nobler Romans, by whom it was indeed an honour to be raised to offices of distinction, who sold not their suffrages, nor rejected such men as Cato, then dare not to lift up thine eyes or thy voice in pride! thy country is, thou sayest, in the hands of foreign barbarians; oh then! hasten homewards, dig up the statues of thy forefathers, get thee arms, fight, struggle, bury thy oppressors beneath thy feet, and then come back here and call thyself a Roman.

“It is fortunate that the subject of this dispute is of no greater importance than the claims which are set up. Mussulman!” And here he addressed himself to the host, “Show each of these disputants his room, and have done with the absurd notion that outward pomp or rank can be the standard or reward of true merit; a genealogical tree, or stone statue will give more than sufficient title to the place where one may sit, lie, stand, or walk.

C. P.

POLITICS EN PASSANT.

BY MADAME DE MONTALK.

THINGS are not exactly *couleur de rose* with us here at the present moment, the shadow of forthcoming events seems to cast a gloom upon all things, and to awaken some vague forebodings that the *question de la présidence* now under discussion, may bring affairs to a speedy crisis. God only knows what may be the result, for we are in such a predicament that it appears almost impossible for any change to take place that does not realize the fable of King Log.

In the meanwhile the different parties—and numerous enough they are—all view matters according to their own respective hopes and wishes, and, were it possible to penetrate into all the wild schemes and extraordinary *dénouements* anticipated *in petto* by the partizans of different pretenders, and different systems, they would indeed offer strong evidence of the extent to which the human mind carries its illusions. The legitimist openly declares, that before many months the white banner of France will again wave from the Tuileries, and *Henri, Roi de France et de Navarre*, will once more sit upon the throne of his ancestors. The adherents of the house of Orleans are silent, and keep whatever hopes they may conceive to themselves; but, the white hats by which they are distinguished muster pretty strong, even in the National Assembly itself,—the most distinguished members of which, indeed, mostly wear this badge of their opinions.

One of the most favourite and generally-believed reports—and that, too, in defiance of the extremely moderate maiden speech of "*Le citoyen Prince*,"—is, that Louis Napoleon, far from being a republican at heart, is even now meditating a second edition of *le dix-huit Brumaire*, and only awaits an opportunity of converting the national cry—rarely, if ever, heard now-a-days, by-the-by,—of "*Vive la République!*" into "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Although the good old adage, which says, "*un diner rechauffé ne valut jamais rien*," is just as applicable to political as to culinary matters, and that, in a more normal state of things, such a parody of the master-stroke by which the genuine, *bona-fide* Napoleon grasped the imperial diadem of France, could only end in discomfiture and ridicule—witness Strasbourg and Boulogne,—still, there does now exist such profound lassitude of what is, and such an eager yearning after anything else, no matter what, provided it be not a republic of any colour, that were his satanic majesty himself to step forward, and offer to assume the reins of power, there is every chance of his being received with open arms, provided he would but engage to deliver us from this awful *statu quo*.

In the meanwhile, there is something passing strange in the uncontrolled manifestation of every shadow of opinion which is tolerated; may be, that this one liberty is left us, in exchange for all the others of which we are deprived. It is by no means an unusual circumstance to behold prints and statuettes of Henri de France and Cabet, Proudhon and Louis Napoleon, the Comte de Paris and Raspail, all jumbled up together in the most ludicrous confusion, affording to the observer an eloquent,

though silent warning that we shall not so easily extricate ourselves from the democratic quagmire wherein we flounder, as if there were fewer pretenders on the look-out to lend us a helping hand out of it.

Some few days back a curious occurrence took place at the ex-Palais Bourbon, which has furnished food for much comment in the different political *salons* of Paris. It is first necessary, however, to state, that out of all the nine hundred representatives of the "sovereign people," two alone possess the privilege of driving into the court of the Assemblée Nationale, and of alighting thence out of the gaze of vulgar eyes. The one to avoid the bullets of his enemies; the other, the ovations of his friends. So true is it, that two diametrically different causes do sometimes produce exactly the same effect. It is almost needless to mention that *les privilégiés* are General Cavaignac and Louis Napoleon.

On the said day, the eleventh legion, which is one of the most *républicaine, démocratique, and social* legions in Paris, happened to be on guard there; and, as the carriage of the prince drove into the court where the detachment was stationed, he was immediately recognised, and almost stunned by their loud vociferations of "*Vive la République!*" One sturdy citizen amongst them, whose feelings must have been of an extra degree of republicanism, advanced to the carriage-door, and, as he alighted, bawled into the very ears of the unlucky "hero of the Eagle,"—" *A bas les prétendants!*"—" *Il n'y a plus de prétendants, monsieur; il n'y a que des citoyens!*" was the prompt and clever rejoinder of the prince, who, for once in his life, came off with flying colours.

Amidst the numerous victims of this revolution is one Citoyen Coquenard, whose hard case ought to be brought before the Assemblée Nationale, in order to obtain at their hands justice for the cruel injury that he has sustained. The case stands thus:—upwards of half a century ago, an ancestor of this said Citoyen Coquenard happening to do something or other that was very meritorious, obtained, by way of recompense, the signal honour of bestowing his cuphonical name upon a certain street,—a very dirty, gloomy street it is in our own days,—which was then in construction, and which, according to his descendant, ought, to all intents and purposes, to have borne it till doomsday. Alas! poor Citoyen Coquenard! Amongst the many ups and downs brought about by the "four days of glory" was that of depriving half of the streets in Paris of their legitimate denominations, and re-baptizing them after the rising lights of the republic. Every street whose name bore any allusion to royalty was immediately endowed with a less obnoxious appellation, and sundry others, indeed, wholly innocent of any such crime (in republican eyes) did not get off any better. Thus, the Rue de Rambuteau, named after the Préfet de la Seine, became Rue Barbès, and remained such until the 15th of May, when Barbès played naughty, gave offence to his quondam colleagues, and got himself locked up, in what he himself so melo-dramatically writes at the head of all his letters, "*Le donjon de Vincennes;*" and now the poor unfortunate street is "a nameless thing," with nothing but a broad white patch to distinguish it from its better-endowed neighbours. All these transmutations had hitherto occasioned no more serious evil than just puzzling postmen and hackney-coach drivers, making one's letters reach one an hour later, or causing one to be set down in a wrong street, but now the just reclamations of *Le Citoyen Coquenard*, or rather of his lineal descendant, threaten to occasion some little embarrassment to the government. The just indig-

nation experienced by M. Coquenard, on discovering that the street of his glory had been transformed into La Rue Lamartine, is said to be very clamorous indeed, and has already manifested itself in the press. Nor is he the only one dissatisfied by such a metamorphosis, for a wag having quaintly enough observed that, as Coquenard has assumed the name of Lamartine, it were but just that Lamartine should henceforth bear that of Coquenard, *le nom lui en est resté*, and has given no small offence to Madame de Lamartine, who takes the matter most seriously to heart.

Monsieur Thiers and General Cavaiguac are, at length, laying their heads together to find some efficacious means of really lending an helping hand to poor Lombardy. The former, whose warm sympathy for Italy is so well known, is bent upon ensuring some positive amelioration in the fate of that hapless country, and I have good reason to know, that at his instigation a national government, and a national army, with an archduke for governor or viceroy, will be demanded from Austria by Mr. Vivien; therefore the wind veers round to war again, for, will Austria adhere to such a demand without?

During the few weeks that the independence of Lombardy lasted, pieces of five *lire* were coined, bearing the following inscription,—“*Italia Libera, Dio lo vuole.*” Radetzky has just had a certain number of similar medals coined, which he distributes amongst his friends, and upon which is the following cruel parody of the original piece, “*Italia Vinta, Radetzky lo vuole.*” What volumes are in that one act of the barbarous old warrior!

The great question of the election of the president is now absorbing all minds, and leaves small space for foreign affairs. Paris begins to present a somewhat unusual appearance of agitation, and the different barriers admit sundry groups of ill-favoured looking citizens, that betoken anything but a duration of our present tranquil state. It is very generally whispered about, that should the Chamber vote *against* the law of universal suffrage, the “*sovereign mob*” will march upon the Assembly, dissolve it, and proclaim something or other in its stead. This is very generally believed by the terrorists, who, of course, form the majority of the population; but, there are sundry pieces of artillery drawn out in awful array in front of the *ci-devant* Palais Bourbon, and which seem to betoken that any such renewal of the 15th of May might perhaps turn out a somewhat hazardous undertaking in any way.

Should it so happen, however, that, notwithstanding the imposing military force of *l'état de siège*, any new political commotion does attend upon the result of the all-important question now under discussion, there is but one thing to be feared; but, that one thing alone is in itself enough to make the stoutest heart quail. As long as the army and the National Guard keep together, all will be right; but, will they?—there is the question.

From my own personal observations, no less than from what has been told me by those well able to judge, the spirit of the army is not only anti-republican, but, as far as the mere soldiers are concerned, is extremely Bonapartist in feeling. Now, what may arise in the event of a mob-army marching to the chamber to put down the Republic and proclaim an Empire, is more than the wisest of us can foresee; but in every case it threatens convulsion and bloodshed; for the National Guard—with the exception of some few legions—is either legitimist or

Orleanist, and is not likely to submit tamely to the yoke of the young pretender, whom the army—mobo-military—may endeavour to cram down their throats.

A very good story is told, the truth of which is well known, and which illustrates pretty strongly the real value of *la liberté du vote*, for which the heroes of February fought. In one of the more distant departments it was well known that the peasantry had the full intantion of voting in favour of Raspail, who had been represented to them as the friend of the people. The opponent of the socialist member, aware that such was the case, immediately formed and executed a scheme calculated to checkmate the movements of Raspail, and ensure his own nomination. Some few days previous to that fixed for voting, the inhabitants of the surrounding country remarked that several men, bearing the appearance of engineers, or land-surveyors, were busily employed in measuring the land in every direction, and in taking notes thereupon. Extremely puzzled as to the cause of such very unusual proceedings, a sturdy old peasant, upon whose corn-fields the surveyors were then at work, went up, and demanded what they were about. The answer was:—"As it is well known that Le Citoyen Raspail will certainly be elected in your department, and that immediately after his nomination he will carry into effect a law upon the division of property, we are taking measure of the land hereabouts, that as little delay as possible may take place in carrying the new law into execution!" The report immediately spread like wildfire, and the result was, that Raspail scarcely obtained a single vote, and that his opponent was duly elected *représentant du peuple*. So much for the *liberté du vote* of Republican France.

MEMOIR OF CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N., C.B.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE subject of the following brief memoir, Frederick, was the second son of the late Mr. Marryat, the eminent West India merchant, and was born July 10, 1792. Having acquired the rudiments of education at an academy in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, he was sent to a classical school at Ponder's End, kept by a Mr. Freeman. It is to be hoped that the discipline of the school, described by the hero of his earliest novel, is no true picture of the treatment he experienced at Ponder's End; but the following anecdote suggests that, of whatever punishments were in course of infliction at that seat of learning, he was likely to have come in for his due share. The master, coming into the school one day, saw young Marryat standing upon his head. Surprised at this reversal of the ordinary practice of mortals, he inquired the reason of it, when the lad with audacious readiness replied, "I had been trying for three hours to learn my lesson on my feet, but I couldn't; so I thought I'd try whether I couldn't learn it on my head." There is no reason to doubt him when he says, "Superior in capacity to most of my schoolfellows, I seldom

took the pains to learn my lesson previous to going up with my class. I was too proud not to keep pace with my equals, and too idle to do more." But he acknowledges that besides "a little Latin and less Greek," he made some proficiency in mathematics and algebra.

Withdrawn from this school, he was placed with a teacher of mathematics in London, under whose tuition he remained a year, and on the 23rd of September, 1806, he entered the navy as a first-class boy, on board the *Impérieuse*, forty-four guns, commanded by the illustrious Lord Cochrane. During his service under this gallant officer, which lasted till the 18th October, 1809, he took part in more than fifty engagements, in which many ships of war and merchantmen were cut out, off the coast of France and in the Mediterranean.

Having chased a ship into the Bay of Arcupon, which sought safety under a battery, Lord Cochrane resolved to cut her out, and young Marryat was one of the boarding party. He followed closely the first lieutenant who headed the expedition, and who at length, after his party had sustained a severe loss, succeeded in gaining the deck of the enemy. He had scarcely done so when, struck by thirteen musket balls, he fell back a corpse, knocking down his follower in his fall, who was trampled on and almost suffocated by his shipmates, who, burning to revenge their leader, rushed forward with impetuous bravery.

The vessel captured, an examination took place of the bodies of the killed and wounded. Marryat was numbered among the former, and being in a state of stupor was unable to deny the doom assigned to him. But soon arrived the surgeon and his assistants, and with them came a midshipman who bore no good-will to Marryat. This worthy youth, seeing the supposed lifeless body of his comrade, gave it a slight kick, saying, "Here is a young cock that has done crowing! Well, for a wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!" This salutation, with its comment, revived the almost expiring energies of the other, who faintly exclaimed, "You are a liar!" a retort which, notwithstanding the melancholy scene around, produced a roar of laughter.

Shortly after this he was engaged in a rather "untoward" enterprise. His ship fell in with a vessel of a suspicious appearance. It was under French colours, which it soon hauled down, shewing no others, and threatening to fire into the English ship if it attempted to board her. Upon this, she was boarded and taken, with a loss of twenty-six killed and wounded on her side, and of sixteen on ours; and not till then was it discovered that she was a Maltese privateer, and a friend, who had made a like mistake in supposing her opponent to be French. After this unfortunate mistake, the *Impérieuse* proceeded to Malta.

It was while lying in this harbour that one night, a midshipman,—a son of the celebrated William Cobbett,—fell overboard. Young Marryat jumped in after him, and held him up till a boat was lowered to their assistance. For this daring and humane act he received a certificate from Lord Cochrane.

The road from Barcelona to Gerona, which latter place was besieged by the French, had been completely commanded by them, for they had possession of the castle of Mongat. On the 31st July, 1808, Marryat had a hand in the reduction and levelling of that fortress. This proceeding greatly delayed the transmission of the enemy's stores and provisions which were designed for their operations in Catalonia;

so much so, indeed, that on one occasion the French general was under the necessity of abandoning the whole of his artillery and field ammunition. During these operations he was twice wounded, and he a third time sustained injury in the defence of the castle of Rosas, under Lord Cochrane. On the arrival of the *Impérieuse* in the bay, she perceived that the castle of Trinidad,—the maintaining of which was essential to the preservation of the main fortress,—had been so hotly bombarded by the enemy, that the British portion of the garrison had withdrawn from it. Lord Cochrane, therefore, taking with him a party of officers and seamen, amongst whom was Mr. Marryat, went on shore, and defended the fortress for some days,—indeed, until the main fortress was taken, notwithstanding that the castle, by this time a complete ruin, was attacked, sword in hand, by 1200 chosen men of the enemy.

When Lord Cochrane proceeded against the boom constructed by the enemy, before he sent in the fireship to attack the French fleet in the Basque Roads, Mr. Marryat was in one of the explosion vessels, commanded by Captain Ury Johnson, which his lordship led for that purpose. For his gallantry on that occasion, he received a certificate from Captain Johnson, who brought his services under the notice of the Admiralty, and for his whole conduct in the Mediterranean he was recommended in Lord Cochrane's despatches.

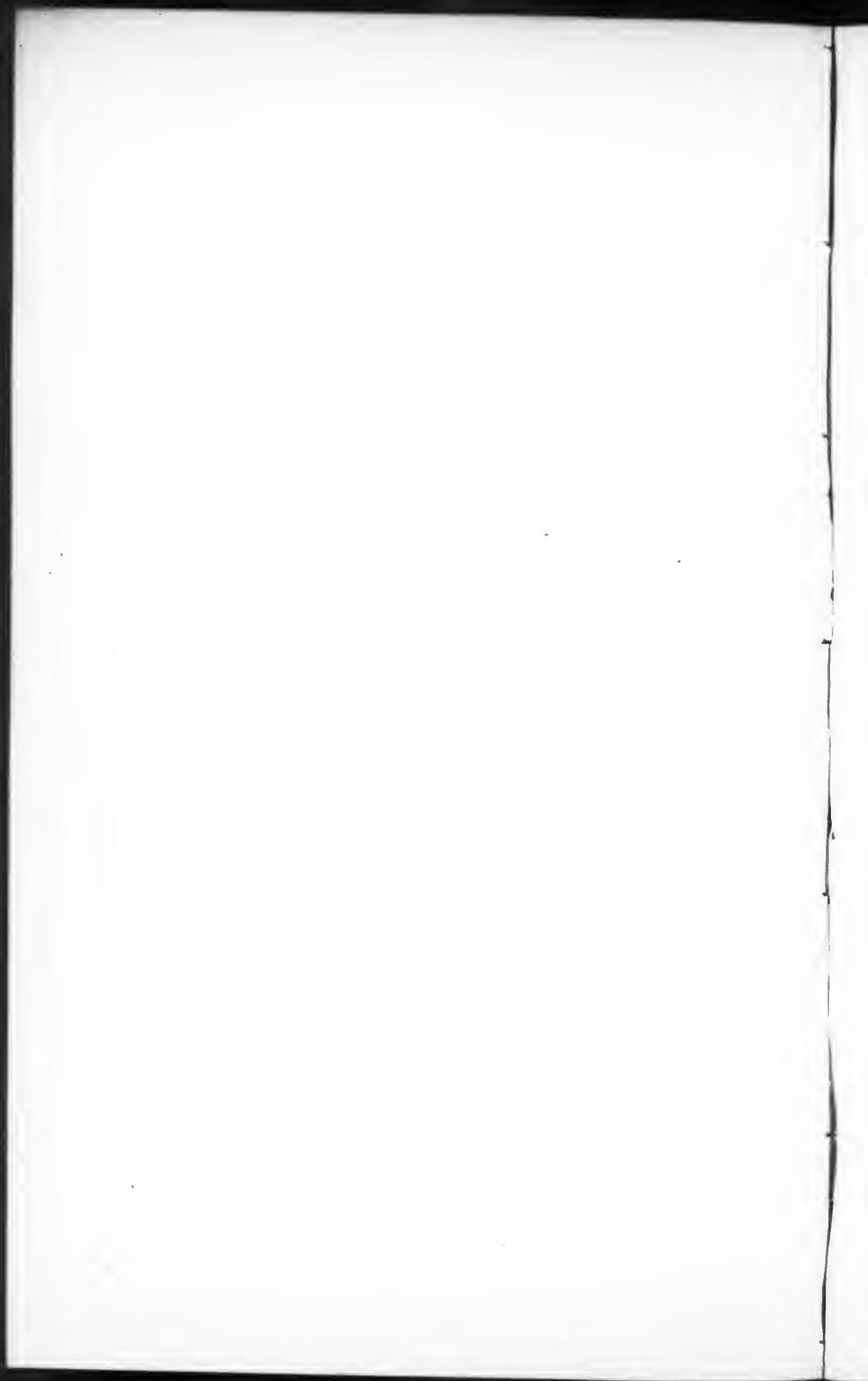
The log of the *Centaur*, 74, flag-ship of Sir S. Hood, attests, that in September, 1810, he jumped overboard and saved the life of a seaman named John Mowbray, who had fallen from the main-top; and in 1811, when on his passage to join the *Æolus*, on the American station, he leaped overboard, and endeavoured to save a seaman named John Walker, but did not succeed in doing so. But we must give this incident in his own words:—"One of the fore-topmen, drawing water in the chains, fell overboard; the alarm was instantly given, and the ship hove to. I ran upon the poop, and, seeing that the man could not swim, jumped overboard to save him. The height from which I descended made me go very deep in the water, and when I arose, I could perceive one of the man's hands. I swam towards him: but, Oh, God! what was my horror, when I found myself in the midst of his blood. I comprehended in a moment that a shark had taken him, and expected that every instant my own fate would be like his. I wonder I had not sunk with fear: I was nearly paralysed. The ship, which had been going six or seven miles an hour, was at some distance, and I gave myself up for gone. I had scarcely the power of reflection, and was overwhelmed with the sudden, awful, and, as I thought, certain approach of death, in its most horrible shape. In a moment I recollected myself; and I believe the actions of five years crowded into my mind in as many minutes. I prayed most fervently, and vowed amendment, if it should please God to spare me. I was nearly a mile from the ship before I was picked up; and when the boat came alongside with me, three large sharks were under the stern. These had devoured the poor sailor, and, fortunately for me, had followed the ship for more prey, and thus left me to myself."

Whilst in the *Æolus*, he jumped overboard and saved the life of a boy, for which he received a certificate from Captain Lord James Townshend; nor was this the sole testimonial of approbation accorded to him by that gallant officer. He had previously been mainly instrumental in saving the frigate from shipwreck during a tremendous hur-



Portrait of [Name] by [Artist]

[Additional text or inscription]



ricane. The ship was on her beam-ends, and her top-masts and mizen-masts had been blown over the side, when the question arose, who would be found daring enough to venture aloft, and cut away the wreck of the main-topmast and the main-yard, "which was hanging up and down, with the weight of the topmast and topsail-yard resting upon it." We must let the captain tell how he conducted himself in this case of awful suspense and dismay:—"Seizing a sharp tomahawk, I made signs to the captain that I would attempt to cut away the wreck, follow me who dared. I mounted the weather-rigging: five or six hardy seamen followed me: sailors will rarely refuse to follow when they find an officer to lead the way. The jerks of the rigging had nearly thrown us overboard, or jammed us with the wreck. We were forced to embrace the shrouds with arms and legs; and anxiously, and with breathless apprehension for our lives, did the captain, officers, and crew, gaze on us as we mounted, and cheered us at every stroke of the tomahawk. The danger seemed passed when we reached the catharpens, where we had foot-room. We divided our work, some took the lanyards of the topmast-rigging, I, the slings of the main-yard. The lusty blows we dealt were answered by corresponding crashes, and at length, down fell the tremendous wreck over the larboard gunwale. The ship felt instant relief; she righted, and we descended amidst the cheers and the congratulations of most of our shipmates." For this heroic deed, Lord James Townshend gave him a certificate, and reported him to have "conducted himself with so much courage, intrepidity, and firmness, as to merit his warmest approbation."

When he belonged to the *Spartan*, he was put in command of a boat, and cut out the *Morning Star* and *Polly*, privateers, from *Haycock's Harbour*, and likewise a revenue cutter and two privateers in *Little River*.

Mr. Marryat obtained his promotion as lieutenant in 1812, and in the following year was appointed to *l'Espeigle*, Captain J. Taylor, in the West Indies. Whilst on service in this vessel, he once more risked his life, in an unsuccessful attempt to save the life of a sailor who had fallen overboard in a heavy sea. Lieutenant Marryat was picked up, utterly exhausted, more than a mile and a half from *l'Espiegle*. Having burst a blood-vessel, he was left behind in the West Indies, in sick-quarters, and after a time was sent home invalided.

In January, 1814, he joined the *Newcastle*, 58, Captain Lord George Stuart, and led an expedition which was dispatched to cut out four vessels off New Orleans. This he did with a loss of one officer and twelve men. He acquired his commander's rank in 1815, and in 1820, commanded the *Beacon*, sloop, at *St. Helena*, from which he exchanged into the *Roserio*, 18, in which vessel he brought home duplicate despatches, announcing the death of Napoleon. He was now actively engaged in the Preventive Service, in which he effected thirteen seizures. Appointed to the *Larne*, 18, in March 1823, he sailed to the East Indies, where, until the Burmese war in 1825, he was fully employed as senior officer of the naval forces, the order of Commodore Grant being, that none should interfere with or supersede him. Sir Archibald Campbell, the commander-in-chief, was received on board the *Larne* at Calcutta, and Commander Marryat led the attack at Rangoon. When Captain Chads, of the *Arachne*, relieved him in

September, 1824, he had lost nearly the whole of his ship's company. He now proceeded to Penang and Calcutta, returning to Rangoon in December, 1824, and in the following February sailed with the late Sir Robert Sale, of glorious memory, on an expedition to reduce the territory of Bassein. On his return in April, having successfully performed his perilous duty, he was promoted to a death vacancy, and commanded the *Tees*, which, on her arrival in England, he paid off.

Captain Marryat commanded the *Ariadne* in the Channel and Western Islands, from November, 1828, to November, 1830. Twice thanked for his services in the Burmese war by the Governor-General of India, he received three letters of thanks from Sir Archibald Campbell, commander-in-chief of the forces, and was five times recommended by him. He was likewise thanked for his expedition with Sir Robert Sale, and was three times recommended and thanked by Commodore Coe. In June, 1825, he received the decoration of C.B., and,—an honour, a record of which must not be omitted,—he was presented with a medal by that admirable institution, the Humane Society, for his daring and humane exertions to save the lives of so many men. That society has not on its list a name so worthy of honour as that of Marryat.

In 1837, the Captain published "A Code of Signals for the Use of Vessels employed in the Merchant Service." That admirable invention is now in use in the royal and mercantile service, not only of this country but of foreign nations. He twice received the thanks of the Ship Owners' Society for it, and, the publication having been translated into French in 1840, was brought under the notice of Louis Philippe, from whom he received the gold cross of the Legion of Honour.

In connection with this last distinction, we have a story to relate which we are sorry to feel ourselves constrained to tell, because it presents our late king in a light in which it is not pleasant, and has not been customary, to regard him. William IV. had read and had been delighted with "Peter Simple." It was likely that so true and striking a picture of naval life and manners would have captivated a sailor. He expressed a wish to see the author. The captain, standing in an ante-room in his favourite attitude, of which the reader will form a notion by turning to the accompanying portrait, the king came forth, and observing him, asked a gentleman in waiting who he was. The captain overheard the question, and said, addressing the gentleman, "Tell his majesty I am Peter Simple." Upon this, the king came forward, and received him graciously. Some time after this his majesty was waited upon by a distinguished member of the government, to request permission for the captain to wear the order conferred upon him by the King of the French, and to obtain, if not some further promotion, some higher distinction for one who had so long and ably served his country. The former request was granted as a matter of course; and as to the latter, the king said, "You best know his services; give him what you please." The minister was about to retire, when his majesty called him back. "Marryat! Marryat! by-the-bye, is not that the man who wrote a book against the imprisonment of seamen?" "The same, your majesty." "Then he shan't wear the order, and he shall have nothing," said his majesty.

Every reader will make his own comment upon this. The work in question had been written by a man who had the best interests and

the honour of his profession at heart, who had done much to maintain them, and whom the Earl of Dundonald,—best known as Lord Cochrane, the hero of Basque Road,—in a letter recently written, has thus characterized:—"He was brave, zealous, intelligent, and even thoughtful, yet active in the performance of his duties." It is painful to expose one act of injustice on the part of a sovereign whose nature, in the main, was manly, upright, and generous.

In 1829, Captain Marryat turned his attention to authorship, and having published "The Naval Officer; or, Frank Mildmay," the reception of which gave him encouragement, he set to work with an earnestness and a zeal which he brought to all his undertakings. "The King's Own," "Peter Simple," and "Jacob Faithful," followed each other in rapid succession. To these he added, in the course of a few years, "Japhet in Search of a Father," "Newton Forster," "Midshipman Easy," "The Pacha of Many Tales," "The Poacher," "The Phantom Ship," "Snarley Yow; or, the Dog-Fiend," "Percival Keane," "Masterman Ready," "Poor Jack," "The Settlers," "Olla Podrida," "Diary in America," in Two Parts; "Monsieur Violet's Adventures," &c. All these works obtained a considerable popularity, and even gained the author a reputation which very few modern writers of fiction have succeeded in acquiring.

It would be unprofitable to dwell upon the genius of Marryat as a novelist. His merits lie upon the surface, and are obvious to every man, woman, and child, who take up one of his works and find themselves unable to lay it down again. He tells plainly and straightforwardly a story, tolerably well constructed, of diversified incidents, alive with uncommon characters, and, as his experience was large and had been acquired over a wide expanse, he had always something to tell which would excite curiosity or rivet attention. He had one quality in common with great men, and in which men of finer genius than himself have been deficient,—a thorough manliness of heart and soul, which, by clearly shewing him what he was able to accomplish, preserved him against the perpetration of that sublime nonsense and drivelling cant which now-a-days often pass for fine writing and fine sentiment. "Peter Simple" has been pronounced his best novel; but we confess we like "Jacob Faithful" at least as well; although we think it would have been better if the Dominie had been mitigated, who is rather an extravagance than an original, and if that passage had been discarded in which the parish-boy tells us he read Tacitus and Horace at a charity-school.

His "Diary in America" gave great offence on the other side of the Atlantic. We do not know whether the captain ever regretted it, but it was an ill-advised publication, and was certain, from its tone as well as its matter, to wound deeply a gallant and sensitive people, who, say what some few of them may to the contrary, are anxious to stand well in the estimation of the mother-country. But that this work was written with malice prepense against the Americans we cannot believe, for the author's venerable mother is a native of the United States; and it may be pleasing to our brother Jonathan to know, what we are pretty certain is the fact, that from that lady he inherited the energy of will and the vigour of mind which he displayed in all the occurrences of his life.

Captain Marryat had been seriously ill for more than a year, from the bursting of a succession of blood-vessels, which forbade all hope of

his recovery, and on the 9th of August, 1848, his sufferings were brought to a termination.

This gallant officer and distinguished man had two sons in the navy. The elder was a lieutenant, and had fair to have proved himself a worthy son of his father. He jumped overboard and saved the life of a seaman in the *Tagus*, and his exertions at the wreck of the *Syphax* were of the most heroic kind. He perished with nearly the whole of his crew in the wreck of the *Avenger*. The younger son is still a midshipman, and has, we are told, displayed great talents as an hydrographer.

THE CELLINI CUP.

BY SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD.

CHAPTER V.

THE reader will imagine probably more forcibly than we could describe the varying emotions excited by the perusal of the epistle which concluded our last chapter. Whatever they were they produced a fixed and unalterable result. Forgiveness to his erring brother, was recorded in heaven long before Mr. Oldmixon had concluded the prayer which sought it; but no reflection was needed to decide on the path of duty which he deemed was now before him. Restitution the wretched wanderer had been deprived of the means of making. But it must be made. With the view of providing for younger children, Mr. Oldmixon had from time to time made considerable purchases in his neighbourhood, and had thus somewhat largely extended his paternal estate. Having always since he came to his inheritance acted as his own steward, he knew precisely in what quarters to apply in case of exigency. He sent, therefore, directly for his attorney, and desired him to advertise for immediate sale certain farms, &c. which were not entailed; and, aware that the produce of such sales would not nearly meet his present wants, he wrote off to his bankers to request them to advance, or obtain for him, the loan of ten thousand pounds on mortgage of his entailed and unincumbered property, for which loan he engaged to insure his life, and, as collateral security for fulfilling that engagement, to deposit the deeds of a certain estate which he reserved for that purpose. The next foreign post was charged with a letter to his wretched brother, conveying in the language of heartrending agony his own feelings of humiliation and disgrace, and at the same time announcing his personal forgiveness: desiring him to draw quarterly by the name he had adopted on a London banker, whom he designated, for the annual sum of two hundred pounds, so long as he never acknowledged or resumed his paternal name, and which he trusted would enable him to live, if not with luxury, at least above temptation. In this he enclosed a banker's letter of credit for fifty pounds, as an anticipation of the first quarter.

He moreover desired him merely to acknowledge the receipt of his letter and enclosure, and then to write no more, since he had resolved

to abandon his polluted name and station for ever, and to pass the remainder of his days in obscurity.

Suddenly roused to exertion, he never rested until, by the sales he had hurried on at a great sacrifice, and the loan he had obtained without hesitation or demur, he became possessed of the sum he required. He now posted up to London, without food or rest. He arrived much exhausted at the house of the too well-remembered Bankers in * * * * Street. Alighting from his chaise and four, which the fevered energy of his mind, rather than any anxiety for speed, had suggested, he entered the office, and desired to speak with one of the partners. There was that in his appearance, and the style of his arrival, which claimed attention, and he was shewn into a back-room where three gentlemen were congregated.

"I request to speak in private with any acting partner of this house," he said, with a polite inclination of his head.

Two of the gentlemen instantly rose, and bowed and departed. "You are a partner in the house, I presume," said Mr. Oldmixon.

"Principally the acting one," replied Mr. —.

"I believe it is not usual to open an account with a banker without an introduction," observed Mr. Oldmixon.

"Certainly not, sir," replied Mr. —, "but every rule has its exceptions."

"Here is the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds which I wish to deposit in your hands."

"A capital recommendation, without any other introduction," observed the banker; "may I ask your name?"

"Be pleased to receive, and enter it in your books in the name of 'Restitution!'" replied Oldmixon.

"Restitution?" echoed the banker, fixing on him a gaze of curiosity and surprise. "An uncommon name, sir," he at length added, "we have none such on our books!"

"Well, sir, if the name surprises you, add, if you please, to the word 'restitution,' 'for a fraud committed on your house some few years since, and now returned with interest.'"

"Good God! is it possible?" exclaimed the banker; "you allude, of course, to the case of Oldmixon."

"A name accursed, and blotted from the page of life for ever!" vehemently added Oldmixon. "Take the money, sir, and enter it how you please, or enter it not at all. It never will be called for."

"I know you not, sir," interrupted the banker, "but what you desire of me is to compound a felony, which I dare not do."

"I desire no such thing, sir," replied Oldmixon.

"I desire to deposit twenty-five thousand pounds in the hands of your house, and will not take even an acknowledgment for it! enter it on your books as deposited by Jones or Smith or Brown, or how you please. There is the amount, sir," placing a paper parcel before him, "and here our conference ends. I wish you a good morning."

So saying, without waiting a reply, he hastily left the room, passed rapidly through the office, threw himself into his chaise, and, as had been previously arranged, was shortly on the high road on his return to Devonshire.

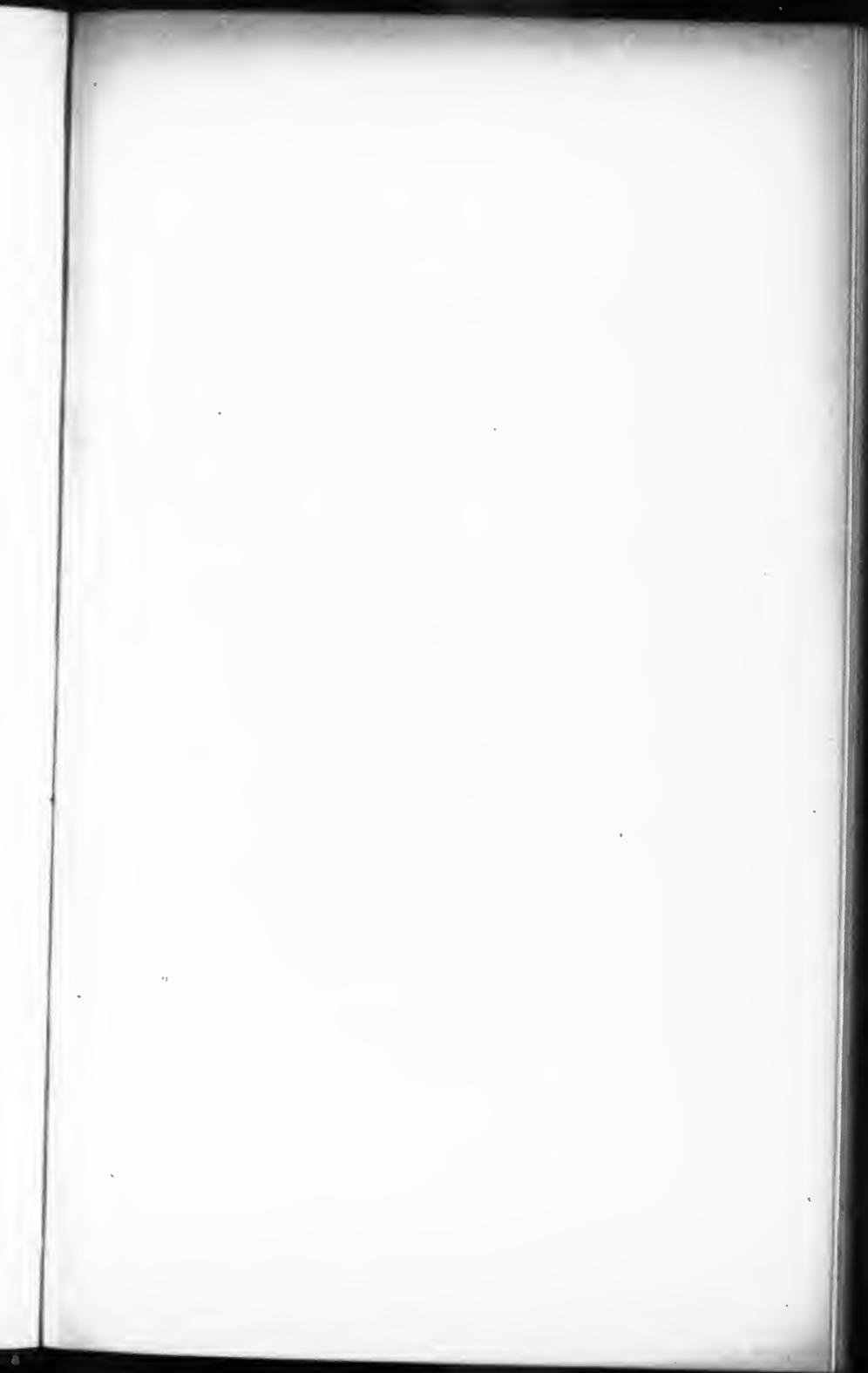
He next arranged through his country bankers, the principal of whom was his intimate friend, the deposit of a sufficient sum in the funds, in

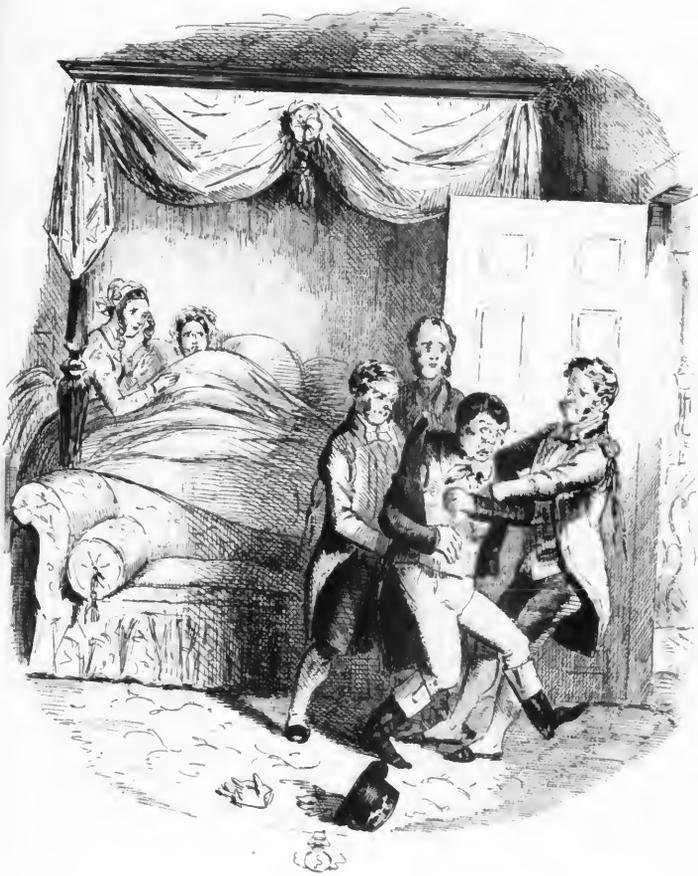
the names of trustees, for the payment of his brother's annuity, and a power of attorney to receive the dividends was forwarded to the bankers whom he had named in his letter.

However soothing the tranquil satisfaction he felt when these objects were accomplished, it was not destined to last. The London bankers who had received so unexpected a benefit, acting no doubt under legal advice, advertised the transaction in the London Gazette, from which it was copied into every newspaper in the kingdom. Mr. Oldmixon read, and started in horror, as he read his name thus once more brought before the world; all the agonies of his first tortures returned, and he now precipitated his long cherished intention of retiring from his county and connections, and passing the remainder of his days in obscurity under an assumed name. This intention he confided only to his wife at first, who in this as in all other things sympathised in his views and feelings, and to his long tried and valued friend Sir John Mansell, the principal of the country bank, to which we have before alluded. To this gentleman he gave ample powers to receive his rents, to renew leases, and to manage entirely as his own the reduced property which he was now about to abandon for ever. His son had now entered his sixteenth year, and the anxious mother felt and urged that it was high time his destiny in after life should be prepared for, so far as related to such an education as befitted his station. But Mr. Oldmixon would not listen for a moment to the suggestion of sending him to any public school, or to either university; such had been the course adopted, and which had so signally failed in the education of his brother, and could he with that fearful example before his eyes expose his only son to similar temptations? The lad had shewn an early and rather remarkable taste for the fine arts. His drawings were admired even by artists, and the celebrated cup, which has been so particularly mentioned in the early part of this history, had been first copied by him in clay, and afterwards, with only a few lessons from an ingenious sculptor in a neighbouring town, had actually been carved by him in ivory with a sharpness of handling and delicacy of touch, which, his youth and want of practice considered, excited the real astonishment of all who saw it.

To this decided talent his father now addressed his thoughts. His object to renounce his own name for ever was fixed and unalterable. He had resolutely determined that the very day his son became of age (never for a moment doubting the ready assent of his heir when his powerful motives should be explained) to cut off the entail of the estate, and to sell it with as much privacy as possible.

His next thought was the nature of his retirement, and its locality. He knew the great secret, that there was no retirement on the whole globe like that of a populous city; and, above all other cities in the civilized world, like that of London. That emporium of the world, with a police, perhaps, comparatively lax, if it afforded a mask to the guilty, afforded also a mantle to the innocent. London, therefore, he resolved should be their destination.





The Picture Gallery

THE TWO MR. SMITHS; OR, THE DOUBLE MISTAKE.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.

THE rector of a parish in one of our midland counties, after having, in conformity with established custom, called on Mr. Marsden, who, with his family, had taken a house in the vicinity, received an invitation to dinner, as the surest (and to the worthy divine the most pleasant) mode of cultivating his acquaintance, and making him known to Mrs. Marsden, who, with a son and daughter, of the respective ages of thirteen and fifteen, formed the circle of the dinner table of the new parishioners.

The doctor, for D.D. he was, was not the one to eschew honest port, and sound sherry, either with or without the antecedent exhilaration of champagne, and sparkling Moselle; it was, moreover, an invariable rule with him when dining where he was not acquainted with the general after-dinner habits of his host, to secure a sufficient number of glasses during dinner to perfectly qualify himself against any remissness that possibly might occur in the host, passing the bottle after the cloth was removed.

This he had done on the present occasion, so that when the port had performed its transit a few times, the doctor was just in that state which he recommended to his flock, namely, in kindly feeling with all mankind. We are not to infer from this that he was, in vulgar phrase, the worse for wine, on the contrary, he felt himself all the better; he was, however, just at that point when he was always disposed to be communicative, though, truth must allow, some little mistakes and discrepancies occasionally crept into communications that emanated from him under such circumstances and influences. This led to two somewhat singular *contretemps*, the result of the gentlemen's present conversation.

"As probably," said Mr. Marsden, "you are acquainted with the appearance of most persons in this neighbourhood, can you tell me who a person is that has excited my curiosity? But to enable you to do this I will describe him, man and horse, for it is when on horseback we have met. The first time I ever saw him was a few weeks since, when he joined the hounds for an hour or so; he then addressed me with considerable civility, I do not exactly say politeness, and a few days afterwards I met him on the road, when he again accosted me. There was nothing, apparently, intrusive in his address, for he is, in short, one of those persons who may or may not be a gentleman;—a man of refined manners he certainly is not."

"Well," said the doctor, "now for his person, dress, and horse, perhaps they are not as common as his manners."

"He is, then," said Mr. Marsden, "a middle-sized man, swarthy, with dark hair, and a somewhat turned-up nose, wears a black coat and waistcoat, leather breeches, and boots, neither made in the best possible taste, and rides an ordinary-looking brown horse; he told me

he lived at Okington, said his name was Smith, and that should I or my family be desirous of his attendance, he should immediately obey any summons sent to him."

"Ha, ha, ha," roared the doctor, involuntarily, committing the *gaucherie* of creating a kind of whirlpool in his glass; "excuse me, my dear fellow," for the doctor had now got to the friendly and intimate point. "Ha, ha, ha, the thing is too rich, why, my dear fellow, your friend is the trumpeter to our yeomanry cavalry."

"Trump what," cried Mr. Marsden, with astonishment, but smiling.

"Trumpeter to the yeomanry," said the doctor, as plainly as his now boisterous laughter would let him, "a shoemaker, also, by trade, who teaches the trumpet and Kent-bugle."

"Confound the fellow," said Mr. Marsden, "I wish he had not been so civil; I would then horsewhip him the first time we meet, for his impertinent intrusion."

"No, no, my dear fellow," said the doctor, "do no such thing, your friend makes capital shoes, and perhaps," absolutely screamed the doctor, with delight, "perhaps Mr. Marsden may be disposed to learn the trumpet."

"Well," said Mrs. Marsden, "this Mr. Smith seems really determined to become acquainted with the whole family. He is a veritable Monsieur Tonson. What do you say to his having been here to-day?"

"The deuce he has," said Mr. Marsden; "pray, whom did he ask for? and what did he want? You did not see him, of course?"

"No, I did not; for, meeting the cook, he left his message: which was, that if any of the family would favour him by employing him, he would endeavour to give satisfaction; and he left two cards, indicating his double occupation of shoemaker and teacher of the trumpet and Kent-bugle."

"Oh, do, papa," interposed Master Marsden, "let me take some lessons of him on the Kent-bugle, I should so like to learn it."

"Well, my dear," good-naturedly replied his father, "when I meet him again, I will tell him to come over, and we will see how cheap a bargain you can make for yourself."

"By-the-bye, doctor," said Mrs. Marsden, "on this person's leaving, my cook told James he was a Mr. Smith, a surgeon of your town, whom she had once seen. Pray, is there such a medical gentleman as she alludes to?"

"Indeed, there is, madam, and a very skilful man he is, much liked by the whole neighbourhood. I hope you will not require my friend Smith's advice, but you should allow me strongly to recommend him."

"I may, however, conclude his appearance is not particularly aristocratic," said Mrs. Marsden, "if my servant mistook Mr. Marsden's friend the trumpeter for him."

"You must not, my good lady," said the doctor, "picture to yourself the appearance of my friend in too unfavourable a guise. He has not, certainly, much the air of fashion about him, but the trumpeter is really a very passable personage. As to appearance, and in point of manner and address, my friend has not much the lead of the trumpeter:

the manners of the latter are, perhaps, superior to most men in his rank of life, and my friend Smith's are a little homely for a man in his, which accounts for their being somewhat on a par in this particular; and, further, they each own a brown horse, and both sport the same equivocal kind of dress,—so your servant might readily mistake the one for the other."

Some few days after this conversation, Mrs. Marsden, feeling herself somewhat indisposed, deputed her maid to send a note to Mr. Smith, their medical neighbour, requesting him to call the next morning; and, the same day Mr. Marsden meeting the supposed trumpeter, told him that his son, having heard his abilities favourably spoken of, had given him no peace till he promised to place him under his care.

Mr. Smith bowed somewhat stiffly at the expression of his abilities having been favourably spoken of to a boy; he, however, made no remark on the circumstance, but promised to call and see the young gentleman.

"And," added Mr. Marsden, "I have promised my son to allow him in this case, for the first time in his life, to play a man's part, in making his own arrangement with you; so when you call, you have only to request to be shewn into him."

If Mr. Smith's bow was somewhat stiff before, it now bore evident signs of offence received; and merely saying, "I shall see your son, sir, to-morrow," he slightly moved his hat and rode off.

"Upon my word," soliloquized Mr. Marsden, "this is a curious person. When I offer to employ him, and put money in his pocket, he bows like a grandee. I begin to suspect he is at bottom a coxcombical, impudent fellow.

In the meantime, Mrs. Marsden's note had been despatched to Mr. Smith. Now, Mr. Smith the surgeon not having called, but Mr. Smith the trumpeter and shoemaker chancing to make his appearance, the note, which was directed by Miss Perkins, the lady's-maid, simply to Mr. Smith, was, as a matter of course, given to the latter.

The receipt of a note with the compliments of a lady in Mrs. Marsden's position in life, and, moreover, accompanied with a request to see him, might have flattered the vanity of a wiser shoemaker than Mr. Smith. He blew out his cheeks with surprise and gratified pride, till they assumed their customary rotundity when placed in contact with the yeomanry trumpet on field-days; and not wishing to be behindhand in politeness to a lady, he, in his reply, returned the compliments, with the assurance that he would have the honour of attending on Mrs. Marsden at the time mentioned.

To-morrow—the wished-for to-morrow—came, and Smith, after having bestowed unusual pains on his toilet, appeared before his good spouse, all ready to start on his voyage of discovery as to the lady's pleasure.

"Upon my word, Mr. Smith," exclaimed the dame, "pray is the wedding-waistcoat I gave you put on as a compliment to me or the fine lady you are going to see; for I have never seen it on since the day we married till now?"

"Why, really, my dear," replied Smith, in a softened tone, "if I have not worn it, it is because I am so choice of it as your present."

This well timed compliment brought Mr. Smith back to the eye of his lady in all the admiration she felt for him on the memorable epoch to which she alluded, and giving him a push towards the door, she said, "There, go along, you always had such winning ways with you."

The vestment in question, certainly, so far as the richness of the satin went, did credit to Mrs. Smith's liberality; but a sky-blue ground ornamented by alternate scarlet and amber-coloured flowers of the size of a crown-piece, did look somewhat out of place when sported under a black coat, with leather-breeches and top-boots; but as the coat was thrown back to its extreme limits to shew the admired vest, a great part of the incongruity of the costume was done away with, so far as regarded the bust of Mr. Smith, the leathers and boots only appearing in prominent judgment against the lustre of the parti-coloured satin. Such, however, was Mr. Smith's dress, and thus he arrived at the great house, where, on attempting to hang his horse's bridle on a hook destined for such purposes, he was not a little surprised and flattered to find a groom step forward and take the charger—for such he was—to the stable. On his master's knocking at the hall-door, he was immediately admitted, and shewn by the well-bred footman into the library, where, being told that Mrs. Marsden should be informed of his arrival, we must leave him, and turn to Mr. Smith the physician, who arrived a few minutes after his namesake.

On entering the yard he rode up to the stable-door to find some one to take his steed, and was answered by the groom, that there was no room in that stable, but he would find a hook in the wall to which he could hang his horse. So, thought Mr. Smith, the man seems to have about the same respect for medical men as his master; however we shall see if it runs through the family. On entering the house and asking to see Mr. Marsden's son, he was desired to sit down in the hall; the servant would call his young master.

"Can I not go into the library?" inquired Mr. Smith.

"No," said the man; "a gentleman is there."

"Pleasant this!" said Smith; "in truth, this seems rather a singularly organised family. Yet on my first two or three conversations with the head of it, he seemed a particularly urbane, gentlemanly man. However, he will see how it will all end." After sitting some time he strolled to the window, and there saw the footman assisting his young master in putting on his jacket, after concluding his game at trap-ball. "By heavens!" said he, "this is too impertinent; first to be turned over to a boy, without either of his parents receiving me, and then to be kept in a hall while the youngster finishes a game at trap-ball!"

On Mr. Smith's concluding his soliloquy, in came Master Marsden. The servant opened the door of the dining-room, and his young master, moving towards it, beckoned to Mr. Smith to follow.

"Cavalierly enough, young one!" thought Smith; but he followed.

"Well," said the boy, "now what are your terms, Mr. Smith? I suppose you have brought your instruments?"

"My terms and instruments!" thought Mr. Smith. "Is this sheer madness or folly? With respect to my terms, young sir," said he, "I am quite unaccustomed to have such questions put to me when

called in to any case, and as to my instruments, you will be pleased to let me judge whether they will be wanted, and I am happy to say I see no present occasion for them here."

"Pray, do people engage you without knowing your charge?" said the boy. "At all events, what is the use of your coming without the instruments, unless you mean me to practise this way," added the young gentleman, making a kind of cylinder of his two hands, and giving no bad imitation of a bugle-call.

Smith burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, angry as he felt, at the boy's insolence.

"Come, come," said the youth, "you seem a good-natured fellow, so do tell us your terms; do you charge by the hour, or the job?"

"Your manners and language, sir," said Smith, rising, "are as ridiculous, as they are impertinent to a man of my standing in my profession, and who, I am proud to say, has attended the first families in the neighbourhood for the last twenty years."

"Well done!" said the boy, perpetrating a bit of low wit, "if you have left your bugle at home, it seems you have brought your trumpet."

"By all that's good," thought Smith, "the boy is mad; no doubt but he has shewn symptoms of derangement, which have occasioned my being called in; in truth, his father's last conversation with me was most strange, perhaps there is something like insanity in the family. I must see his father."

Here Smith got up, and, without any apology, rang the bell. "Pray, sir," said he, on the servant's entering the room, "is your master at home? If he is, it is necessary I should see him."

"Come," thought the footman, "the man knows how to speak properly to a gentleman's servant, at all events, wherever he learned it." So he at once acquainted his master that Mr. Smith requested to speak with him. On being ushered into the library, Smith at once addressed Mr. Marsden as follows:—

"I have requested an interview, sir, on a most delicate subject, but my profession, I regret to say, often involves those who pursue it in scenes most painful to the feelings, but from which it is our duty not to shrink."

"Profession, sir," said Mr. Marsden, somewhat haughtily, as well as ironically. "I was not aware that your general vocation was termed a profession; but if so, I am still to learn what it can have to do either with your feelings or those of others."

"Then," said Mr. Smith, in a tone as haughty as that used towards him, "we will come to the point at once. Pray, have you ever perceived anything particular or extraordinary in your son, so far as relates to his mind?"

"Perhaps," replied Mr. Marsden, "my son may, from the manner in which he has been brought up, be somewhat more precocious (if you understand the term) than many boys of his age, but any remark from you on his manner or mind I must consider extraordinary, if not meant as impertinent. But pray, what has called forth your observation?"

"His conduct, sir," said Mr. Smith, "is no more singular than your language, but I will state it; you will then judge for yourself."

Mr. Smith then narrated all the circumstances of his introduction to the house, and the eccentric conduct of the young gentleman.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Marsden, "I see nothing singular in all this. What have you to complain of, or to think so extraordinary?"

"Nothing extraordinary, sir," said Mr. Smith, "to be kept in your hall, waiting the pleasure of a boy! Nothing extraordinary to be asked if I charged by the hour, or job! and above all to be told I had brought my trumpet, if I had left my bugle at home! What, sir, have I to do with trumpets or bugles?"

"I should think a good deal," replied Mr. Marsden, somewhat decisively. "Though probably you find the last and leather the more profitable articles in your two employments."

"What, in the name of heaven, do you mean, sir!" said Smith, almost convinced that the father as well as son was labouring under aberration of intellect. Or what, or whom do you take me for?"

"Pray, in return, let me ask what do you mean, my good man, by asking me what I take you for. Is not your name Smith?"

"Smith *is* my name," replied the physician.

"You live, I believe, at Okington?"

"Most unquestionably I do," replied Mr. Smith.

"And pray," rejoined Mr. Marsden, "are you not by trade a shoemaker, and professionally, as you term it, are you not a teacher of the Kent-bugle, come to instruct my son in that instrument, and, further, are you not trumpeter to the yeomanry cavalry?"

At this Smith burst out into such an uncontrollable fit of laughter, that Mr. Marsden, in his turn, began almost to think he was confronted with a man in a state of insanity.

As soon as Smith could control his laughter, he held out his hand to Mr. Marsden, saying, "Really, my good sir, I have not the honour of being accomplished in either of the avocations you have mentioned, but there is such a person in our town of my name who is; and I presume, that from some cause or other, you have mistaken me for him."

"Really, Mr. Smith," said Mr. Marsden, shaking the proffered hand, "I cannot make apologies enough to you, but I will explain how this mistake has occurred;" and he recounted the conversation with the rector, to their no small amusement.

"But," said Mr. Marsden, "did you not get a note from Mrs. Marsden, requesting you to favour her by calling this morning?"

"Not I, I assure you," said Mr. Smith, "I came by your request, as you may recollect, to see your son."

"Who, I find," said Mr. Marsden, "has treated you more cavalierly than he would have done the Mr. Smith of trumpet celebrity; However, we will now inquire what has been done with this Mr. Smith, who I heard was in the house. I will then have the pleasure of introducing you to Mrs. Marsden, who, I regret to say, is far from well."

On the servant answering the bell, "where," said Mr. Marsden, "is Mr. Smith, the shoemaker?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the man; "is not this Mr. Smith?"

"Yes it is," said his master; "but this is Mr. Smith, a medical gentleman; where the devil is the other?"

"I will inquire, sir," said the man.

The servant being now made *au fait* of the identity of the two Mr. Smiths, a few moments' absence sufficed to carry the story to

the servants' hall, kitchen, and stables, whence the groom instantly ejected Smith's charger, filling the vacated stall with the horse belonging to the physician.

The man on his return said: "Miss Perkins has taken the other Mr. Smith up to my mistress's bedroom, sir," stifling, with much effort, his inclination to laugh.

"By heavens, this is too ridiculous!" cried Mr. Marsden, absolutely rushing out of the room, to see what was going on in his lady's bedroom.

We must now see how it had sped with our son of Crispin "up stairs," "and in my lady's chamber." We left him waiting in the library to be summoned to the presence of Mrs. Marsden. After waiting a short time, Miss Perkins, the lady's maid, came to him, and, in her most silvery tones, said, "I am sorry to say my lady feels herself so much indisposed to-day, that she has not left her bed, but sends her compliments, and requests you to walk up, sir."

"To her bedroom!" said Smith, with a look and tone something between surprise and bashfulness.

"Yes; if you please, sir, to follow me."

A thousand thoughts whirled through the bewildered brain of Smith; he began to think that the lady must have seen him, and thought him (as Richard concluded Lady Anne did) "a marvellous proper man." Involuntarily he smoothed the hair down on his forehead as he ascended the stairs, nor could he help casting a glance at the memorable sky-blue satin waistcoat.

On entering the bedroom, which struck him as a kind of elysium he never had seen before, he stopped short (his confidence, even in the effect of his waistcoat, deserting him), and stood gaping, in utter bewilderment of mind, to the equal bewilderment of Mrs. Marsden and the abigail, as to the strangeness of his manner. The doctor's avowal, however, of his medical friend's manners not being very refined, at once recurred to Mrs. Marsden's memory, which at once accounted for his Cymon-like manner and look.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," said Mrs. Marsden in a soft tone, that poor Smith hardly knew how properly to interpret; "I thank you for your prompt attention."

"Your servant, ma'm," said Smith, timidly.

A titter from the London-bred lady's maid would probably have risen to a laugh, but it was checked by a look from her mistress.

"My illness," said Mrs. Marsden, smiling, "is not, I trust, of a very serious nature, and I have no doubt you will be able to restore me to perfect health without much trouble. I feel a little feverish," added the lady, presenting a hand that to Smith it appeared profanation to touch; however, summoning up every energy of mind and body, he took the offered hand, but dropped it immediately.

"You *do* feel hot, ma'm," said Smith.

A feeling of disgust at his vulgarity that she could not control, took possession of the lady. "Excuse me, sir," said she, "but really your manner is most singular. May I ask, are you ill?" a ray of suspicion flashing across her mind that he was stupid from drink.

"I am quite well, thank you, ma'm," said Smith; "and I hope you will be so soon."

"I think," said Mrs. Marsden, again extending her hand, "you will find my pulse fuller than you could wish."

Smith scarcely knew now whether he stood on his head or heels. To be twice offered the hand of a beautiful woman in the prime of life, and in her bed, with the utmost modesty could, as he thought, be interpreted but in one way. He took it, and with the same look that had made such devastation in the heart of Mrs. Smith, he pressed it between his own. A half scream was uttered by Mrs. Marsden. "Wretch!" ejaculated the lady, and violently pulling a bell by her bedside, she cried out, indignantly, "Perkins! Perkins! command the footmen instantly to expel this man from the house. Mr. Marsden, sir, shall be acquainted with your conduct. Leave the room."

Poor Smith would gladly have made a speedy exit; but as he was on the point of quitting the room, Mr. Marsden and a body of domestics in the family livery entered it.

"Kick him down stairs!" cried Perkins; "the wretch has insulted my lady."

It was in vain that Smith attempted to expostulate. He was rudely collared by the footmen—a scuffle ensued, in which he was overpowered by numbers. At last, by a desperate effort, he threw off his opponents, and, as if pursued by the demon of destruction, flew down the stairs, and blessing his stars on finding his horse on the hook instead of in the stable, mounted him. He was seen galloping from the house, as if the same demon was still at his heels.

Mrs. Marsden was in a state of alarm; but, on calling her husband to her bedside, matters were soon explained.

The true medical Mr. Smith was now introduced, and a merrier party were never seen in a sick chamber.

As for poor Smith, of trumpeting notoriety, how he accounted to his wife for the tremor in which he arrived at his home, was never known; but the whole story of his retreat and flight was carried to the town by the errand-lad, who saw it; and for months the unfortunate wight was almost a prisoner in his house, for no sooner did he shew his nose out of it, than he became the laughing-stock of every urchin in the parish.

THE MYSTIC SERENADE.

WHAT gentle force unlocks the chains of sleep,
 And bids my languid sense come forth to feast,
 While the pale moon smiles on me, so released,
 As glad that I, like her, should vigil keep
 Amid such sounds?—Drink, drink! and be increased,
 Thirst of mine ears! Let draughts become more deep,
 Till of those sweets the fountain shall have ceased,
 Nor from its bosom one more drop shall creep!—
 Hark! Is it *Oberon's horn* that winds and swells?
 And is 't the *magic flute* that adds its charm?
 Say, my rapt soul! *whence* hath the night such spells?
 Through what weird power? Through what enchanter's arm?
 'The *answer* rang, next Monday, at my gates;—
 "Your honour, pray remember us—the *Waits!*"

G. D.

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND,

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

Reminiscences of York.—Knavesmere Race-course.—The Manor-house at Heslington.—The Druggist's Shop in Mickle Gate.—Charley Robinson.—“Old Smelt.”—Robert Ridsdale.—Merton Racing Establishment.—Gully.—Captain Frank Tailor.—Scott, the Jockey.—Frank Maw, the Dealer.

THERE is no town in England more thoroughly imbued with the genuine spirit of racing than the grand old city of York; and in none have there been greater exertions or more princely liberality displayed of late years for the encouragement of the noble pastime by all ranks, shades, sects, and sexes, than in venerable Ebor.

The ground at Knavesmire is admirably adapted by nature, and will bear comparison with the most eligibly-situated arena for the purpose in Great Britain; and now, since the improvements in draining and rounding the elbows of the old line have been effected, may justly be pronounced as perfect a race-course as turf and ingenuity, and, above all, unremitting attention on the part of the race-committee, can make it.

Within a lounge of the city, with a distinct and pleasant route for foot-passengers across the fields, the scene of action is gained without fatigue or expense; whilst the pride of ecclesiastical architecture towers over a series of waving foliage, hallowed ruin, fat pastures, and the winding, silver waters of the Ouse, completing a scene singularly rich in rural beauty, antiquity, and historical association.

York is the metropolis of hospitality. The inns—called, in modern parlance, hotels—are unequalled for sterling comfort, civility, plenty, and moderation in charges. Such glorious examples of the ancient English inn do not exist in the same number in any city or town as here; whilst the old-fashioned shops, filled with the best and every variety of merchandize, luxury, and ornament, display to the lounge a continued bazaar in his promenade, and offer no slight temptation to his powers of self-denial. The cathedral is a theme too lofty to be even touched upon in a roadside sketch, like the present; though the gorgeous pile, completing, as it does, the “pomp of the view” to the beholder of York, looms too grandly on our memory to suffer us to omit all mention of it.

Within a few miles of York, embowered in the rural, primitive village of Heslington, is situated a glorious old dwelling, inhabited by Major Yarburgh, a steady and staunch patron of the turf, and not unfrequently a successful competitor on it. The manor-house is said to have been a hunting-lodge of the Virgin Queen, and is as quaint, national, and baronial a mansion as the most fastidious antiquary could desire, and is, worthy the high by-gone honour imputed to it.

Embattled, moated, and ivy-grown, the old house, built of red brick and stone, and now become grey and dappled by the mellowing hand of time, is embosomed within high, yet carefully clipped groves of yew and holly, and is as befitting an abiding-place for a true English squire of lineage, and eke a turfite of the patrician school, as can be well imagined. The interior is pannelled with dark oak, and famous for its mighty ale; whilst the snug paddocks, sheltered and fenced from the rich pastures of ancient swarth, are celebrated as the "dropping" places of many a once high-mettled racer.

Here, with an ample fortune, and hardy frame, and innate love of sport, it were meet and in character to see the stalwart proprietor of the domain, peradventure leaning over the hand-gate on a summer's evening, complacently regarding the graceful creature, half buried by her flowing, untrimmed mane, lounging towards him, with the frolicsome foal at her foot,—musing, probably, in dreamy speculation upon his Derby horse at three short years hence. But, if you will step with me into yon druggist's shop in the city, on our return to the patriarchal, home-like hostel—the Old White Horse, in the Pavement—and converse for a quarter of an hour with the feeble, nay, deformed little gentleman (though the plainness of language is intended in anything but a spirit of offence,) who is perched upon yon high stool, and regaling his nose from the huge, coffin-like box of black rappce—possibly making out an invoice for Scammony or Epsom salts—you would not suppose him to be actuated by the same spirit and yearning for sport that moved the stout squire of Heslington. Yet neither in the breast of the latter, nor in the heart of a Mellish or Nimrod himself, was ever the genuine love for a race, or pluck in contributing towards it in money or exertion, more fully developed than in the big heart of that little tradesman of York, seated on the high stool in the murky, drug-scented den in Mickle Gate!

Poor Charley Robinson!—for who is there, having any acquaintance with the turf, to whom thy name is unknown? Who does not mind thy puny frame and more than manful exertion in the cause of sport? And who does not regret thy premature departure?

From the feudal, turreted old manor-house at Heslington to a smoke-dried, dwarfish druggist's shop in Mickle Gate, though a wholesale one, is a wide step; but, in the thorough mental attributes of a sportsman; in liberality, in time, and money for the good of his native city; in conviviality, drollery, tenacity in backing and sticking to his horse, the little man had ten to one the best of the major.

Emanating from the young, the unemployed, and the wealthy, the love of sporting is tame and of too easy a conquest to bear a comparison with the unwavering affection displayed by the unfortunately-formed individual, occupied in business, whose portrait we are drawing. With him it was a sacrifice, though a willing one, throughout; yet the love of sport was in him, and urged him to do a manful *devoir* for old Ebor ere he was run to earth, of which the whole country is well cognizant.

"Little Charley Robinson" was known to every one, from Mr. George Lane Fox to old Tommy Life, and had the *entrée* of the Hall and Saddle-room alike. At a race time, when any of Scott's horses

were the favourite, as they *occasionally* were, the little fellow was the gamest supporter in the ring, and would give the quietus to many a burly *leg* by snapping him for a round sum in backing his fancy, when they thought he had "done." Not five feet high, he would face Gully or the devil with equal indifference, and over a bottle of old port could scarcely be beaten fairly. "Walls of flesh," thews and sinews, bone and muscle, were denied him; but the *heart* compensated for the loss of these, and more.

But it was in rousing the city to repair the course on Knavesmire, and to "come out" like inhabitants worthy the second city in Britain; in collecting subscriptions for large stakes, and in subscribing most handsomely himself, in addition to devoting his time to the furtherance of these views, that Charley finished his racing career, and left a name honoured by every one to whom the turf and prosperity of York are of the slightest interest. As an amateur antiquarian, friend to theatricals, music, agriculture, and good citizenship, equally with being an honourable English tradesman, he was alike celebrated for his love for the turf; and when he died, it is safe to say no man was more missed or regretted by all classes in old Ebor than the worthy little fellow of whom I have thus inadequately etched my slight memoir.—*Requiescat in pace!*

Besides the little wholesale druggist's, there were, in my day, many retail shops in York, wherein you might purchase half an ounce of cayenne and "get pepper" to a "pony" on any great race pending, from the sedate, tranquil old gentleman who served you,—if known *masonically*, that is. There was a sporting, smellfungi old character, habited in drab integuments and a flaxen wig, who dealt in chemicals, and seemed a very "deacon of the craft;" so methodical and combed into respectability did he appear, as you made known your solicitation in his line. But give him a three-quarter look,—a glance "across the flat,"—and insinuate, "I say, doctor, what can you lay against "Syringe" for the "Nursery?" then wouldn't the old gentleman's eye flash with an *arch*-deacon-like gleam? Or say, "Doctor, I want to back a horse in the Ebor Handicap for a 'tenner,'"—probably one at Malton, a stable lad from the *lot* not impossibly being, at the very moment, in the doctor's little back parlour, discussing a plate of corned beef and horn of October; after having told the worthy old citizen that your fancy was indisposed, and that he might "lay"—wouldn't he *then* make a rush at you over the counter, and book you before you could say "done!" They were all more or less inoculated with the true vaccine of the John Bullish propensity to trade and sport simultaneously. Even the old Quaker tea-dealer in the square would take a point more than the betting on John Scott's Ledger horse; yea, even on the good steed "Solomon" for a "fiver," would he venture—and *stake!* whilst many a bootmaker would give you a pair of boots, and any tailor a coat to "return fifty" on their fancied outsider in Scott's lot for the Derby.

But old Smelt, the "Clapham-town-end" bred, unctuous publican of the Shambles, did the city "business;" he making a "thousand poond" book, and having a five pound lottery to boot; and it was at his house of an evening that the sporting Yorkites met to read his Tattersall's list, and, if betting was dull—to play a bit of "three card loo," at which the tub-bellied old Boniface was a "dab hand,"

and an "artful card" on occasion. Yet sometimes he had the worst of it: when lord! how he would steam and mop his bald, irreverent head! He, once, had only two horses in the Derby who were his losers—though heavy ones—the remaining eight and twenty runners, or so, ran to win for him, and the old sweltering publican mounted a wagon to see the result, after laying the odds to 10*l.* over and above his book to *oblige* a neighbour.

Both horses remained at 40 or 50 to 1, and the "knowing-ones" accepted the price as a sure sign of safety. However, at the straight run in, the two despised outsiders singled themselves from the "ruck," and made a race of it; and it was at the instant of old Smelt getting fully persuaded of the fact, that his face became a study for a disciple of Lavater, as invaluable as it was original. With an exclamation that they were "*both winning!*" and an un-called for anathema on his unfortunate eyes, the yokel-turfitte dropped from the wagon like a rook from its nest with a ball through his head, and did not recover the shock till after Doncaster, during which time he had the Yorkshire commission from old John Day to console him. Three horses averaging 4½ to 1 in the betting, and eagerly inquired after for four months, and "*all scratched*" on or before the day, helped the rotund little worthy out of a portion of his losses on the great occasion.

But, Ridsdale was *the* man of York once on a time; a time I mind right well, and must refer to, for a moral, though a sad one, and no little interest to the narrator and his contemporaries hang over the memoir of the once triumphant, gallant-hearted owner of Merton. In juvenile contrast to the ancient manor-house at Helsington, in an equal ratio as the rank, or rather origin of the proprietors varied from high to low, Merton was a new, farming, racing, comfortable establishment, replete with handsome red-brick out-houses, white gates, enclosed fold-yards, double fences—kept as clean as camelias in a conservatory, and was, to my thinking, the *beau idéal* of a tasty, sporting yeoman's abode. The cottage was small, yet exquisitely furnished; whilst the table of poor Bobby was not surpassed by those of either the high sheriff or archbishop.

A more liberal, jolly, manly-hearted fellow did not breathe; nor could a bolder or more naturally skilful a horseman follow the hounds than he. When in the zenith of his good-fortune, after *netting* 47,000*l.* on "Giles!" Ridsdale appeared to be more intent on farming, hunting, and feeding fine cattle, than on racing; and being splendidly mounted, of bull-dog courage, and of a light weight, he was always in the first flight in the field, and equally celebrated for his fat stock at fair time. As I have before hinted, he was of humble origin, having been, I believe, once in service as a groom at Lambton Castle; but, he was of an off-hand, gallant, Dick Turpin and Squire Western like deportment, which, added to an unpretending air, excellent taste in costume, and consummate cleanliness, made him always acceptable, if not admired in the rougher paths of the sporting-world; and I confess to having relished his heartiness as a narrator of stirring events on the turf, more than that of any man I ever met on or off it.

At Merton, if you dined there and spent the night, you were always treated as if nothing could be too good for you. Claret from Griffith's, with a bouquet like a bed of violets you might swim in, if

you chose,—or *drown* if you preferred it. Your comfortable “loose boy” with a tidy lad in dress stable-suit to attend you, were at your service when you wished it, and not an instant before. The Magazines and daily papers were strewn about the sofas and easy chairs, whilst the chaste and massive plate, picked up with exquisite taste, regardless of cost, together with the paintings of racing scenes by Herring, on the walls, made the cottage at Merton elegant and comfortable in the *extreme*.

Ridsdale had, on one occasion that I visited him, a *hundred head* of blood-stock on his premises, besides hunters and farm-horses, eating hay and corn, and paying taxes; and it would have needed a “St. Giles” and an equal net sum of 47,000*l.* every three or four years to have kept his expenses under. And though he did on several occasions win enormous stakes, the regular out-goings at the rate of 10,000*l.* a year, at least, effectually “wound him up” in the sequel; and when he failed to liquidate at Doncaster in the “Queen of Trumps” year, mainly, I believe, through the failure again of other parties on whom he had claims, though nearly every member of the turf would gladly have aided him to continue on it, he could not put up with a position on sufferance; and after selling all up at Merton, and paying a very handsome dividend to his creditors, plunged sullenly and recklessly into the dense obscure of the suburbs of London; barely answering when hailed by his oldest acquaintance, if he could possibly avoid him.

This stern determination to abstain from soliciting or accepting proffered favours, argued a breeding in the beaten man beyond the flunkey or his caste; and sufficiently accounts for the taste in Claret, cleanliness, and off-hand manners, developed, as we have seen, in the hey-day of his career.

An unfortunate quarrel with Gully precipitated poor Ridsdale’s ruin; and when they became at “daggers drawn,” in lieu of confederates, from an unmanly assault in the hunting-field on the part of the huge ex-prizefighter, on the slight, non-combatant owner of “Giles,” his evil fortune in the ring seemed to overtake him with redoubled severity. A jury of honest Yorkshiremen gave a verdict against the perpetrator of the outrage, his fighting-fame standing in ugly relief in court; and so anxious were the spectators for the result, and gratified on 500*l.* damages being awarded, that a general view-haloo was given by them, in which the learned brethren of the bar and ermined judge were maliciously reported at the time to have cordially joined.

A singular instance of the flirting jade’s vagaries with our Merton friend, when her capricious favours seemed to have left his door for ever, is the fact, that after all was sold off, from “Coriolanus” to the coffee-pot, a wretched, ill-conditioned colt-foal—howbeit with the blood of old “Tramp” in his veins, remained without so much as a bid being obtainable, with a speedy prospect of “the dogs” in reversion. This animal, however, was eventually taken to Newmarket by William Ridsdale, a well-behaved, pleasant, unassuming fellow as ever trod the heath, and as “Bloomsbury” won the Derby, and, for a very fleeting period, put poor Bobby into scant and ruffled plumage.

When in “feather” he was as extravagant as an Irish peer, and as Derbies did not come in succession, nor luck abide with him

after his *coup* with "Bloomsbury," our friend "threw out," and "passed the boy," together with nearly every acquaintance for the future.

I must relate one instance of Ridsdale's hardihood in the field, to which I heard him allude over his own mahogany very modestly the day after performing the exploit.

He had had the "Ainsty" to himself, on a late severe run, for a considerable time, from being the only man in a large field who dared, or liked to take a "yauner" to get at them. He was riding his celebrated grey horse "Sedan," since the property of that genuine gentleman Mr. Alexander Bosville, of Thorp, when the only outlet from a strongly-barricaded paddock lay over a wide ditch and high staken-bound fence, *into* a deep, weed-covered watering-pool on the off-side. Ridsdale did not hesitate an instant, but crammed "Sedan" at it, and *amphibiated* to his work at the tail of the hounds as unconcernedly as if taking a canter over a grass field.

Another worthy of York appertaining to the turf about this period was Captain Frank Tailor, formerly of the 13th Light Dragoons, and latterly famed for whisker, gout, and being the owner of "Ainderby." The captain lodged at Pardoe's, the chief constable's, in St. Ellen's Square, and might usually have been seen sauntering, attired in a drab sack of a pee-jacket, and a cloth shoe, either towards old "Billy Strick's" shop, or Charley Robinson's drug depôt. He was a pleasant, gentlemanly fellow, and perfectly docile before dinner, notwithstanding he made his toilet by the aid of brandy, and swore as they did of yore in Flanders, much to the horror of poor little Charley, when the captain made an inroad upon him in trading-hours, and frightened many a staid old bagman doing business with him out of all shadow of propriety.

The captain generally kept a couple of tidy nags of the cob order for his own riding, and had stables and a saddle-room on the premises of old Lady Foulis, as neat as it was possible to maintain them. His horse "Ainderby," a very second or third-rate animal, once bowled over the mighty "Queen of Trumps" at Doncaster, in a good stake, by reason of the mare's being crossed or heeled by a ferocious mastiff, who ran at her in the race, and caused her to swerve, or change a leg, and consequently to lose it.

They betted twenty to one on the winner of the Oaks and Leger—as well they might, barring accident!—and it was no little surprise and satisfaction to the hairy centurion of the 13th Light, when he was told in the bar of the Grand Stand that he was the winner of a couple of thousands. He very gratefully gave five pounds for his canine friend, and for ever after kept him on the daintiest fare, and eventually, I believe, left him an annuity. The captain was a terrible martyr to the gout, and absorbed lagoons of brandy per year in the insane attempt at stiffing it; but the fell disease stifled *him* in the long-run, and left him a skin full of chalk-stone, colchicum, and cognac, with nothing but his grizzled whiskers remaining intact, by which he could have been recognised.

He once gave us at little Charley's classic den,—his private one, bachelor quarters, in every way worthy his good taste and liberality,—a glowing account of an affair he had with Jack Mytton at Chester, in his sounder days, when he and the high-sheriff of two counties were incarcerated for licking a mob of ruffians in a cellar at midnight.

On the special evening referred to at Charley Robinson's we had the company, amongst others, of Bill Scott, the jockey, who then resided in an excellent house most appropriately flanking the entrance to Knavesmire. Bill was then in his palmy days; a winner of more "St. Legers" than any preceding Jock,—“of several “Derbies,” “Oaks,” and other great races innumerable; was wealthy, sound in head, and as hospitable, kind-hearted a fellow as ever trotted through the streets of York.

To an innate knowledge of the race-horse, and a comprehensive judgment in making use of him when he had “quality” to steer, added to great nerve up to this period, and a correct personal test of his animal in “trial,” may be traced the success of Scott's powerful lot under Bill's most accomplished jockeyship. For, at this period, if the state of things shewed they were in earnest, and a friend was told to back a horse “on the day,” it seldom happened they were wrong; and I know no stable so universally near the mark as John Scott's, when poor Bill was pilot.

No man kept a better house, or was more liberal in dispensing the good things in it than he; and, at a race-time, lords, legs, cits, country friends, and brother Jocks, were alike to be seen at his well-spread board, and were equally welcome and attended to by the amusing, bustling host; who, whether condescending or not to ride, was accoutred in strict professional twig, and had a jovial word and sly joke for every one passing his door to the course; ay! and a guinea, too, for many a poor quondam friend out at elbows.

When in his best form, no man ever excelled Bill Scott as a horse-man over the flat, and as rarely equalled him in his knowledge of a horse's powers. When he won the St. Leger on “Satirist,” and defeated “Coronation,” the winner of the Derby, a horse his superior, on the day by a stone, a more brilliant display of judgment and fine riding was never witnessed. Patience, hands, and finally the act of “coming” at the precise *instant*, served to land him a gallant winner by a short half-length in advance of his formidable opponent, steered by old John Day. A more splendid race was never seen; and I remember hearing John Scott say on the morning that, if he could not train a two-stone inferior animal to beat anything prepared by a Cockney *butler* in a paddock, as “Coronation” at the last was supposed to be, he would retire from the profession,—a boast which he verified manfully in the time of struggle.

Bill's vocabulary over the table or a “clay” was filled with inapplicable words, as long as a two-year-old course, and I mind especially how solemnly polite he was in the earlier part of the evening to the patron of the stable with whom he was in familiar conversation; whilst the Captain, though he many a time and oft cut into Bill's mutton at Knavesmire Gate, and had him equally often at his own quarters, addressed him in a bland, half-patronising, kind-masterly strain as “William.” But, as the oyster-shells were removed, the pipes replenished, and the strong waters arrived at “flood,” the little round-shouldered Jock in the corner, with his feet on the hob, and the gouty, *réchauffered* old dragoon, packed in the huge easy chair, became fiercely familiar, the “William” having become “Bill,” and the “Captain” curtailed into “Frank.” Indeed, the former, after running through a coil of serpentine phrases, such as, “through the pre-eminence of the feeling of human nature, and *vice versâ*, on

the footing of it," offered to run the latter d—d impostor "Ainderby" with a grey hunter he had in York (as thorough-bred as "Eclipse!") for a thousand. Shouting at him, with a half-savage leer peculiar to him, "I say, Frank, you hairy old devil, do you hear? I'll lay you fifteen hundred to ten, and put the money into Charley's hands."

At this sally from the chimney corner, the Captain, ever self-possessed and perfectly well-bred, retired on the "William" again, softening Bill into a sly triumphant chuckle by saying he should always ride for him, not against him, and getting him to charge his pipe and replenish his beaker.

It was a rich scene! Our host, when seated, could barely get his nose over the table ledge, and, like a sporting gnome, hounded on the dark-visaged jockey to make the match, with mischievous drollery; whilst Simmy Templeman,—worthy, civil little fellow! sat choking with laughter, and egging on the captain to do the same. The owner of the "Cure" (not by gallons, the "cold-water" one!) set to his work like a galliot under the big crane at Cognac, seeming so intent upon getting a load, and eventually kennel'd under the side-board with a coal-skuttle for a pillow.

The many traits of charity, generosity, and good-feeling which might with truth be placed to Bill Scott's credit, leave a considerable balance due to him in the account-current of character; and effectually serve to neutralize his many eccentricities and occasional breaches of *boni mores*, after being exposed to the rays of conviviality.

In concluding my sketch of the *dramatis personæ* from the stable scenes of Eboracum, I cannot resist a passing tribute to the memory of another, "Frank," viz. Maw the "Dealer;" for, assuredly, a more respectable and respected a person could not breathe than himself; nor could any citizen have earned a reputation for unspotted probity in the great mart of horseflesh more complete than he left behind him.

It was a luxury to see Maw in his elegant, comfortable home and well-filled establishment in the heart of the city, and something most gratifying to a man of reflection to behold a calling, usually not the most fastidious or refined, so elevated and unimpeachable as it was rendered by this well-mannered most honourable horse-dealer.

He was company for the highest in the county, for he had intelligence, good-breeding, and modesty withal; and I can safely affirm that, as a type of a yeoman-trader in his portly, tidy, sportsmanlike demeanour and "cut" in general, Frank Maw was not excelled by any brother of the cloth in Great Britain or out of it.

He died suddenly and in the prime of life, being universally regretted by all who knew him, having left a post open to the emulation of any man of enlarged views and fair principles of dealing with a county full of good people, in which the demand for high-class horses is uniform with the sporting taste inherent in it throughout.

THE GLASSES OF GOUDA.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

By which way those to whom holiday means no post, no newspapers, nor imps crying for "copy" as vigorously as the Horse-leech his sons, should run out of England,—whitherward to escape in search of peace, quietness, and such fresh impressions as are absolutely necessary to the over-wrought Londoner,—was not the easiest thing in the world to decide this autumn of 1848. Yet there was small choice. If a distant flight was to be taken, it must be to Spain, Greece, or Norway; if a home tour, to Holland.

In the latter land the pretensions of neither Louis Blanc nor Louis Napoleon trouble the Israel of *Mynheer*. They are dyked out. He will have none of their teachings or ideas. I had found the country charming a couple of years since—curious in its works of art—interesting in the moral and material courage and resolution, which its entire prosperity (nay, even preservation) reveal; toothsome (don't be shocked, transcendental reader) in its water-sootje, its rusks, and its curaçoa. Only I could not make myself like the climate. I hate the Cockney word "*muggy*," yet nothing else will do for the temperature of Holland. Hot and steaming; cold and aguish: such is the pilgrim's bill of fare. D— (who always lays everything upon misgovernment) maintains that this state of atmosphere is kept up by the Schiedam manufacturers and those who sell *kanaster*. I am not sure but that there may not be some truth in his notion. One leans indulgently towards a yard of clay, and lovingly in the direction of a gin-bottle, ere one has been in Holland many mornings and evenings.

The best way to go into Holland is, assuredly, from Belgium by water. Leave Antwerp by the "*Amicitia*" steamer, submit to the normally civil search of the custom-house officers at Fort Batz,—and be set down on the pier at Bergen-op-Zoom,—ye who have a fancy to do what is characteristic!—this, with one proviso,—if the weather be fine. For the pier at Bergen-op-Zoom is three-quarters of a mile out of the town, situate (as old geographers say) on the edge of a dyke and beneath the walls of the fortress. Our disembarkation was complicated by the departure of certain military heroes, who, attended by their female friends, crowded the little jetty. But in this matter the Hollanders don't seem to mind inconvenience, if one is to judge from a quaint picture by Ruysdael in the gallery at the Hague, in which sundry authentic personages with their ladies are represented as absolutely wading through the surf on the shallow shore to reach the packet-boat, which will push off so soon as the tide rises one more inch!—Our luggage was stuffed into a boat, to be rowed up into the town,—ourselves preferring to walk; and thus we came in for an exquisite piece of Dutch sentiment. On the pier was an old man fishing for crabs; picking out the largest from the teeming baskets which he hauled up, securing them in a net, and allowing the rest to crawl back by hundreds to their native element. Up the pier came slowly a tender *She*,—tearful after parting with her Major Sturgeon,—if one was to judge by the laced handkerchief to her eyes. But few griefs will resist a little timely diversion. I used

to take infinite pleasure in the *Princess of Amboyna* in the Eastern piece, whose lover was carried away at the instance of the cruel tyrant to feed the Imperial Bengal Tiger—when she was bidden by her *confidante* to compose herself, put up her hair, dry her eyes, and come to see “the Royal Elephant eat his supper,”—the *sui-vante* snugly adding, “Try, madam,—’twill do you good,—it is a most wonderful animal,” and there and then launching out into rich quotations from Goldsmith and “the posters.” But here was a reality little less whimsical. The forsaken lady of Bergen-op-Zoom was arrested by the crabgathering: stopped as she passed the fisherman—considered his spoil—poked with her parasol the small “specimens” not worthy of being brought to market which were sideling hither and thither—smiled—thought of her widowed soup-kettle or stewpan—and was comforted, after the famous receipt of Mr. Robert Fudge.

If I am dallying on Bergen jetty, when my point was a very much further one, forgive me for the sake of the moving picture I have set before you. Further would you know how from Bergen-op-Zoom we posted in the roomiest of post-waggons to Breda,—what manner of excellent inn we found there, and how rare are the curiosities in the Great Church,—how, on the following day, we posted through Ter Heide to Moerdijk,—crossed by steam to Willemsdorp,—walked thence to bright, quaint, glowing, busy Dordrecht,—and were there picked up by steamer for Rotterdam,—I am willing to narrate the above, dear, patient reader, for “a consideration,”—two better days of entertainment not being in my record. Enough, however, has been sung to symphonise the main subject of my present ditty.

Unless you be a pupil of Mr. Willement, it is more than probable that you may have never heard of the “glasses” of Gouda, otherwise the Krabeth—and windows in the Great Church there. We had, though merely paper-stainers, settled to make a pilgrimage to the same from Rotterdam. This steam hath now rendered the easiest thing in life, and one of the pleasantest—fine weather granted. Crossing the ferry at the end of the Boompjes, we were, directly in the midst of the “short steamers,” as the boats going to Geertruidenberg, Gorinchem, and Gouda may be called. We can shew busier scenes on our own Thames and Mersey, but there are few so busy out of England. M—, who does the engineering of our expedition, denounces these *lagoon* craft (for the Maas, the Waal, the Lek, and the Yssel are here hardly rivers) as clumsy. They are very slow—ours required two and a half hours to puff up the water to Gouda. But the voyage had its varieties. On board we had a very sociable—which means a rather impudent—Jew tailor, who was resolved to fit me out from his boxes; disparaged my coat, and tendered me a better one at a fabulous price, made all the more fabulous by his affectionately particular desire to sell *to me*. “No coat?—no pale-tot?—no waistcoat?—no *ahems*?—Nothing wanted? Then, perhaps, Mynheer would buy a watch?” And out came a silver turnip, very little more civilized than the “hour-eggs” which hang up within the Frankfort gate of Nuremberg, in the little *uhr-macher’s* booth there. Except M. Monte’s importunity, there was little to notice among our fellow-passengers. But on either bank what pictures! “Dutch pictures!” cries my friend the Sentimentalist, with a sneer intended to be withering. Well, and why not a poetry in Dutch landscape? In the first place, it is remarkable for a clearness, a

lucid light of atmosphere totally distinct from harshness, such as is to be seen nowhere else, save, perhaps, in the Rhine Land. Then it is made up of ingredients not one of which is intrinsically ugly. Tame it can hardly be called when the colour is so brilliant; while as to its appeals to thought, reason, and feeling . . . if the mountain heights (as William Howitt has beautifully called them, the strongholds of freedom) are noble,—is there nothing glorious in a kingdom won from the rapacious Sea, which he laps, and licks, and bites, and undermines, and yet cannot master, because MAN has vowed to his household gods that the foe shall not devour them? On our water-way to Gouda we had every combination of windmill, farmhouse, flower-garden, reed-stack, single tree and avenue, spire, and boats, picturesque in form and freightage, gliding up and down, and across and aslant the landscape. Boats behind an orchard,—the smell of tar in the midst of Keetje's milch-kine,—for lane a creek—for hedge a bed of plummy reeds, each eight or ten feet high, affording, when swayed by the wind, an exquisite play of light, colour, and sound,—to say nothing of the quaint fantasy of a great and powerful land guarded from the Spoiler by barricades of feathers!—I tell you, brother pilgrim, who take up the cuckoo-cry of abuse against Dutch landscape, for the sake of Switzerland, or the Italian lakes, (God bless them! and send them a settled government!) or the grand valleys of the Tyrol, or the Rhine rocks, or the Danube uplands,—that you have not enjoyed any one of these to the full—that is, with a painter's eye. You would otherwise also enjoy, as we did, our two hours of winding and twining up the Yssel. "It is the soul that sees," said Crabbe, and the same that under-measures the pleasures of the plains, will also stint of its due dignity the glory of the mountains.

At last, after passing a particularly long row of trees, the steamer came to a full stop by the pier at Gouda: and we went on shore and made our way along the canal side, in the direction of the great tower which announced itself. The provincial Dutch are rather given to staring at strangers, I must say; a body-guard of half a dozen children being a pretty fair allowance to each passenger. Here, in addition, we were favoured by the attention of a friend in a blue coat, with a brass medal for decoration, and cane *vice* constable's staff,—neither quite so mysterious nor familiar as the government attendant whom the *chef de la police* allotted to me at Vienna four years ago;—but reasonably well got up for Gouda. We were in the midst of a brave debate about the angle to which certain tumbling houses were out of the perpendicular, when up stepped Mynheer Blue Coat and Brass Medal, and demanded our passports. They were left at Rotterdam. "Had we no *carte de sureté*, then?" Not even this could be mustered. We had merely come out for a morning to see the windows. "Then we must follow him there and then to the Police office;" and, not listening to *yea* or *nay*, the functionary whom our want of a proper seriousness under suspicion somewhat exasperated, would have us with him to the Hotel de Ville; the afore-mentioned small children of Gouda looking fearfully on. The example, it is to be hoped, will sink deep into their minds.

I confess (much misliking the mood of the British Lion, when thus enforced he becomes the British Turkey-cock) that my reverence is on these occasions very apt to fail me;—never having been

properly able to associate the idea of justice with such rubbishy transactions. Shall I ever forget the *Dogberina* of Angera on Lago Maggiore, to whom (her *Dogberry* being absent) we furnished an agreeable entertainment on a hot morning in consequence of being cited by certain frantic and extortionate boatmen; and how she smiled away the complaint?—Shall I ever forget the irate English painter, brought up before my friend admirable Burgomaster Wappcner of the Nassauer Hof at St. Goarshausen on the Rhine, for the unlicensed eating of grapes in a vineyard on a Sunday morning, and amerced to the awful sum of one shilling and three pence?—But to be taken up as a rambling Louis Blanc or Caussidière, was a better adventure with a vengeance, if one could have bent one's mind to it.

Now, the Hotel de Ville at Gouda,—in spite of its having served as residence for Jacqueline of Bavaria during the wars betwixt Hoek and Kabiljauw,—looks in no respect more dignified than one of those alabaster churches with coloured glass windows and a lamp within, which meet the Londoner by the trayfull on autumn evenings, when other shows languish. But had it been as grim as the Rath-Haus at Ratisbon, there was no getting up a sensation, so far as we were concerned. Two words from us to the very civil *chef*, and about three from him (mostly ending in *EEK*), to the officious *commissaire*, and that official was dismissed to tell the small children of Gouda, how he had been snubbed, and the lawless English travellers were set at liberty to enjoy and amuse themselves as they listed.

The Great Church is about half a hundred steps distant from the Hotel de Ville. The doors were invitingly open—organ playing was going on. Be the building ever so mean, the instrument ever so bad, and the player ever so trumpery, the sound of organ-playing surging out from the doors of a church, is about one of the best things to be enjoyed by any man having an ear. A vagueness, a pomp, a mixture of associations belong to it, such, I think, as are commanded by no other music. And at Gouda the organ is excellent, possessing a particularly potent and expressive *vox humana* stop. The church, too, is noble in its proportions (the Gothic of these churches in Holland is of a very good period), though spoiled by that plaster-work of whitewash with which it is here the fashion to overlay every sacred building. Sometimes, however, a combination accidentally gets made by ignorance, chance, or even parsimony, which produces a capital result; and such is the case at Gouda. The wooden roof has been painted a heavy olive-green; and, ugly as this sounds, taken in combination with the vistas of white columns, and the gorgeous tapestry-like effect of the one and thirty painted windows of side aisle, transept, and choir, the picturesque effect of the entire interior could hardly be mended, were Mr. Pugin to come, with his scraper and pattern book in hand, on the work of restoration intent.

The "glasses" at Gouda have the advantage of another accompaniment, as precious, after its kind, as the rich and agreeable tones of the organ. Not only is the *cicerone* a talking specimen of that marvellous language got up for the stranger's use, which is nowhere to be found so rich, grave, and civil, as in Holland; but he has to sell a book in English, printed at Gouda towards the end of the seventeenth century, worth its weight in gold. This is an "EXPLANATION of the famous and renowned GLASS-WORK on painted windows in the fine and eminent church at GOUDA. For the use

and commodity of both Inhabitants and Foreigners that come to see this artificial Work." And the book contains descriptions, mottos, appropriate sentiments, written in a delicious old fashioned, serious, moralizing strain, by some foreigner who piqued himself on "spiking" English; which, taken in conjunction with a pretty rich crop of press-errors, makes up about as whimsical a *vade mecum* as those who cultivate malapropriety could desire.

The Church of John the Baptist at Gouda, burnt down by lightning in 1552, and the rubbish having been carried away "by the inhabitants of the city by turns, voluntarily and merrily, the people going to work at the sound of pipes and drums"—"another church was raised, as a Phoenix from the ashes, but far more glorious and magnificent than the former, so that because of the excellent glass-work this building is renowned all over the world."

I am not going to make the Reader go the round of the one and thirty "Glassen," beginning with the first "next to thee steeple door at the north side," though the descriptions and glosses have that pleasing and profitable quaintness, which I am sure that he (being somewhat of a humorist I doubt not) would enjoy heartily. How one was given by "the Noble Prince *Ericus*, Duck of *Brunswick*;" another by "Philip King of Spain, Engeland, and France, and both the Siciles;" others by the "Lords Burghermasters of *Amsterdam*, *Rotterdam*," &c., is all methodically set down in the dear *vade mecum*,—with legends, and moral sayings interspersed. But some among the former may never have reached Lord Lindsay or Mrs. Jameson:—at all events, I am sure that neither of those eloquent or earnest writers could narrate in so charming a style the subjoined legend of

Saint Benedictus.

narrated *apropos* of the "Glas" given by

The Reverend Lord *Cornelis van Myerop*, Provost and Arch-Deacon at Utrecht, and Canon of St. Saviour's Church at Utrecht, 1556.

"His portrait," saith the little book, "stands underneath, and before him Mary with Jesus in her lap, a serpent under her seet, and behind him a great sire (*fire*), with the image of Saint Benedictus, having in his hand a stick, with a black raven on it; it being on record and reported that a raven came every day to the said Saint to get his sood, and also that one Florentius, who could not bear the virtue of Saint Benedictus, sought to kill him by a poysonous loaf, which he sent him as a charity. But this holy man commanaded the raven to carry the loaf where nobody should be able to find it; which being done by the raven, he returned to fetch his usual food.

"The fire had this signification: Saint Benedictus saw a temple, wherein on the altar stood a devil, in the shape of the false god, Apollo, to whom divine honour was paid. But this so troubled the holy man that he broke the idol, threw down the altar, and set the temple on fire. The devil, incensed because of this, appeared in a most terrible shape, casting forth fiery flames from his mouth, eyes, and ears."

Thus charmingly is the "glass-lover" led on from window to window: nor was ever quaint device of language more deservedly lavished upon any object of art than upon these "matchless pieces." The designs, of which carefully-executed cartoons are displayed in

the vestry, are grand, rich, elaborate;—not too pictorial—not too formal. The Krabeths (or the artists who planned these “glasses,” which they stained) knew precisely how far design might go,—how far their task was artistic,—how far decorative. Later, the two characteristics have been somewhat too thoughtlessly confounded. A few days after we were admiring this gorgeous Krabeth ware, we were standing before the new windows in the Cathedral of Cologne, from the Munich furnaces of MM. Hess and Ainmüller; in the central portions of which the direct emulation of pictures has been attempted. But the latter do not get beyond a consummate copy on an oiled silk blind,—the distances will not retreat, the shadows have an unreal, transparent look; the flesh does not resemble life or natural texture so closely as the *impasto* of a china-plate. One is perpetually reminded by what is done of what no magic can ever effect.

It was not thus with the ancients. Easy within inevitable limits, they had leisure to give themselves up to the perfect execution of what was practicable. Grand single figures there are of Saints, and Bishops, and Magi, and Kings; magnificent groups of the personages of Scripture; but disposed and composed without the slightest idea of touching upon the painter's province, or evading the conditions of window-art,—which are transparency, universal brilliancy, and that minute, subdividing framework which is not to be got rid of. And, what colours came out of the Krabeth crucibles! The richest of flowers, the most lustrous of jewels—amethyst, topaz, ruby, garnet, emerald—might have been molten there; also bright gold and starry silver (the episodal touches, so to say, of pure glass, being most artfully arranged, so as to produce the lustrous effect of the diamond). The very brown used in one or two of the designs (where caverns, &c., or buildings are represented) by way of shade tint, is no sad and heavy hue of earths and oils—but rich, warm, and clean, foiling the primitive colours without sombreness or indecision; making no pretext at any such dimness, or blending of effect, as are indispensable in a picture where to imitate nature and reality—be it ever so poetically or conventionally—is the artist's first object. What is excellent, too, in these gorgeous windows, is their harmony one with the other. Be it accident or intention, in spite of inequalities in their execution, there is a consonance and agreement in the general effect, such as (to illustrate from the most redoubtable modern example) the new Bavarian “glasses” in the Cathedral of Cologne do not shew. There, one might be called the pink and yellow window; another, the scarlet and blue one; thus making patches, each arresting the gazer by some salient colour, by which his eye counts its way unpleasantly,—a process at variance with those vague ideas of space which it is peculiarly the duty of Gothic architecture and decoration to engender and multiply. At Gouda the *coup d'œil* is that of a superb and brilliant garland, so cunningly arranged, that no one flower is prominent. This I take to be the triumph of glass-staining as an adjunct to architecture.

I wish I were satisfied that due care is taken of these treasures. A huge patch of greenish-white, abruptly cutting in half “Philip, King of England's” *glas*, tells its tale to the contrary. These perishable works merely exist per favour of weather; since it was a hailstorm which made the ravage I speak of, for the reparation of which there are no funds forthcoming. Did the purple and the gold, and the velvet-rose colour of the Krabeth palette exist in

any living laboratory, I do not know whether Gouda has its *Captain Clutterbucks*, who care for art and antiquity—as well as its Blue Coats and Brass Medals, the to-be-feared conservators of public order. But, if I belonged to the place, I should tremble with anxious thoughts in my bed, and over my pipe, every time the wind began to blow and the rain to fall, so long as the pride of my town remained so defenceless,—with that raw, naked, flaring piece of ruin before my eyes! And the rain can fall, be it noted, in Holland, “as if the world were drowned,”—and as if the whole Low Countries, must needs give the battle up, and be splashed down, full fathom five, into the mud of canal, and river, and sea!—But I fancy that the gentry of the land may be more solicitous about their dykes and houses than the intelligent preservation of their glories of Art.

So much for “the Glasses” of Gouda. Let me add, that we were there on a lucky day, since it chanced that a ceremony, well worth assisting at for once, was held in the church: to wit, the distribution of prizes to the pupils of an academy, seminary, or college (which is the proper word in Dutch I can’t tell). It was a weighty business: the poor boys—or young gentlemen—being preached upon for a good hour by one of those robust and inveterate cushion-thumpers who seem to have a monopoly of the pulpits here; and the cadences of whose voices are so particularly “*dis-engaging*” (as — puts it). How they yawned, sneezed, made faces at each other, and enacted similar indiscretions, may be imagined. After the lecture, the organ gave out a few bars; and then a worshipful person, whose gifts in the article of shoe-buckles were astounding, addressed each fortunate youth in Latin, presented him with the book or other treasure awarded to him, and awaited the thanks of the *alumnus* thus distinguished. A few officers were among the bystanders; and a lady or two—in particular an old one, who, in her stiff *fraise* and black dress, was precisely *the* Old Lady whom Rembrandt has so often and again painted. The whole solemnity was something tiresome, but homely; and as such, a sight not bad to see in one of the churches or Holland. By the time that the show was over, it was time also to step on board the slow lubberly steamer which took us back to Rotterdam: having earned a good appetite, among the other deeds and gains of a pleasantly full morning.

 THE DREAMER.

THROUGH the shadow'd chamber floateth faint perfume of flowers,
Perchance they breathe mysteriously of life in happier hours;
For o'er the sleeper's pallid face a glimpse of sunshine stealeth,
O'er trickling tears and gentle smiles as patiently she dreameth.

She waketh with the morning light—the night stars shine no more—
And so she opeth lingeringly her quiet chamber-door;
Afraid to break the spell which stern realities destroy—
Afraid to lose 'mid daily cares that dream of hope and joy.

But no, it fadeth not away, and time shall leave a trace,
Which future weal or future woe may never more efface;
She only sayeth that to her revelations sweet were given,
'Twere well that life own'd no such bliss, or earth were too near heaven

But what the dream her throbbing heart hath locked up in its cell,
How blest and bright those communings, what human tongue can tell?
She moveth softly on her way, foldeth her hands in prayer—
From spirit-land the message came, in *thought* she dwelleth there.

C. A. M. W.

PARA ; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE
BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY J. E. WARREN.

Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the sunshine of the torrid zone.—MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER XIII.

Superstition of the Islanders.—Romantic Story.—The "Belles" of Jungcal.—Evening Salutations.—Skirmish in the Water.—An Angling Adventure.—An unexpected Bath.—The Fish-ox.—Mosquitoes and Chigoes.—A dential Operation.—Sickness of Teresa.—We cure her.—Our advance in popularity.—Last Night at Jungcal.

THE natives at Jungcal were egregiously superstitious, and firmly believed in the existence of ghosts, hobgoblins, evil spirits, and all kinds of supernatural apparitions. Their legends and stories were of the wildest character, and at night, during the fine starlight evenings, they were accustomed to entertain us with their narration. Under other circumstances, these simple tales might have been regarded by us as totally devoid of interest, but at that time we listened to them with the sincerest attention; for everything around and about us was so dream-like, that the stories, although absurd and improbable when submitted to our understanding, were nevertheless quite interesting and pleasing when viewed by our imagination alone.

They told us of beauteous shades, who wandered by midnight through the groves of the island, and whose melodious voices, sweeter than the notes of the nightingale, were frequently heard emanating from the darkness of the clustering foliage. They spoke also of aquatic spirits, whose phantom canoes were often seen by starlight sailing down the rippling streamlet.

There was one story, which we heard repeated many times, and always with the assurance that it was perfectly true. It was told substantially as follows:—

On a pleasant afternoon, not more than ten years since, a young lad, of about eight years of age, was observed frolicking by himself on the meadow before the cottages, and running up and down the margin of the stream. Little heed was taken at the time of his motions, but some two hours afterwards, when he was desired, he was not to be found. It was now within half an hour of sunset, and, as may be conjectured, a certain degree of uneasiness and anxiety began to be felt respecting the fate of the child; and these apprehensions were quickened into alarm when the horsemen, who went out into the campo in all directions to seek for him, returned without having discovered the slightest clue to his extraordinary disappearance.

The parents of the boy were wild with grief, and believed that their child had fallen into the stream, and had either been drowned or eaten up by alligators. Some intimated that he had been spirited away by goblins, and this opinion finally obtained an ascendancy over all other surmises that were advanced.

An awful stillness brooded over Jungcal on the evening of that fatal

day, unbroken by the merry laugh of the natives, or the tinkling of their rude guitars. The silence of the sepulchre could not have been more profound.

After a dreary and sleepless night, morning at length came as a solace to the hearts of the bereaved parents; but what mortal pen can paint the intensity of joy which animated their bosoms, when they beheld their lost and lamented boy, whom they had wept for as dead, calmly sleeping on the green sward before them, sheltered only by the azure canopy of heaven!

Overcome with delight, each in turn clasped the wanderer to their bosom, and then bore him in triumph to their own habitation. As soon as he had recovered his consciousness he gazed wildly about him, as if just awakened from a wondrous dream. On being asked where he had been, he told a strange story of having been accosted, as he was walking along near the bank of the stream, by a party of beautiful women in a curious canoe, who carried him forcibly with them far away up the stream. They then conveyed him to a "little paradise" in the heart of the forest, where he was surrounded by hundreds of charming maidens, with long dark hair, which fell in dishevelled folds almost to the ground. The fairy damsels, he said, crowned him with garlands of flowers, offered him various kinds of sweetmeats, and nearly smothered him with their honeyed kisses and endearing caresses. At last, on his beseeching it, they brought him, back to the very spot from which he had been taken. This marvellous account (which was undoubtedly a dream) was strictly believed by the simple-minded natives, whose unsophisticated minds could not conceive any other satisfactory cause for his mysterious departure and absence.

Among our olive-complexioned neighbours were two young girls, whose fine forms and pretty faces especially elicited our admiration. The one was named Teresa, the other Florana. The former could not have been more than fourteen years of age, and was rather short in stature, with exquisitely rounded arms, and a bust already of noble development; the latter was somewhat taller, and at least three years older; they had both, however, attained their full size. Animated as they were beautiful, they were always overflowing with vivacity and life; their conversation, which was incessant, was like the chirping of nightingales, and their laughter, like strings of musical pearls. These then, beloved reader, were, during our stay at least, decidedly the belles of Jungcal.

At the close of every day we were visited by all the juveniles in the place, who, in their own sweet tongue, bade us "adieu," and at the same time besought our blessing, which latter request we only answered, by patting them gently on the head.

The pretty maidens we have just alluded to, instead of shaking hands with us, were accustomed to salute us at eventide with a kiss on either cheek. The propriety of this we at first doubted, but the more we reflected upon the sweetness and innocence of the damsels, the more inclined were we to pardon them; and in fact, we finally began to think their manner much more sensible and agreeable than that of those who consider anything beyond cold and formal shaking of hands a grievous sin. Besides, it must be borne in mind, that this was a sacred custom of the place, which it would have been considered

great rudeness in us to have resisted. Therefore, kind reader, do not judge us too severely; for know, O chary one! that extreme bashfulness and modesty have always been considered two of our principal failings!

One day Teresa and Florana invited us to take a bathe with them in the stream. This we declined point-blank. They then charged us with fear of alligators. This was a poser: our courage was now called in question, and we were literally forced to submit. Pray what else could we have done under the circumstances?

When they had once got us into the water they took ample revenge upon us for the uncourteous manner with which we had at first treated their request. As we were encumbered by our clothes, they had altogether the advantage, and, in less than ten minutes, we cried out lustily for quarter, but no quarter would they give us, and, to tell the truth, we were somewhat apprehensive of being drowned by them, to say nothing of being devoured by blood-thirsty alligators.

Emerging from the water, we walked up to Anzevedo's cottage, revolving in our minds the severe ordeal through which we had just passed, and determining henceforth never to refuse any request, sweetened by the lips of a pretty maiden, unless, perchance, (though highly improbable,) she should ask us for our heart! which, alas! we have not to give.

To variegate our amusements, we occasionally indulged in angling. My success, however, with the gun was seldom equalled by that of the rod. One afternoon, I remember, we repaired to an adjacent brook to procure a few delicate little fishes for supper. The spot was singularly beautiful. On either side of the stream was a semi-circular area of ground, covered only by a mantle of velvety grass, dotted here and there with flowering bushes. The surrounding trees were of a prodigious height, and, with their bending tops, formed a canopy of the most lively verdure. Their trunks were interlaced together by an infinity of running vines, and their loftiest branches richly decorated with parasitic flowers of every hue.

Could a more delightful place for piscatory purposes be desired! Having baited our hooks, and made all other necessary preparative arrangements, we sat down on the bank, and quietly dropped our lines into the water. How little did I surmise the sequel of this fishing adventure!—how painfully mortifying the reminiscence! for, instead of waiting patiently, like a Job-like disciple of Isaac Walton, I very inconsiderately, and very unintentionally, fell asleep! Yes, indulgent reader! when you think of the amphitheatre of natural loveliness which encircled us, the deep solitude of the woods, the narcotic blandness of the atmosphere, and the monotonous rippling of the streamlet, you cannot be much surprised at this extraordinary occurrence, for we ourselves would have pardoned even Argus under similar circumstances, should he have closed his hundred eyes and slept.

From my state of unconsciousness I was suddenly awakened by sliding off the bank into the stream. What a damper upon further proceedings! Alligators I knew were abundant; so I scrambled up the bank as expeditiously as possible, and soon after returning to Jungal, I comforted myself with the assurance that, although I had caught no fish, yet I had caught a decided ducking.

My companion was much more fortunate, having succeeded in cap-

turing as handsome a string of fish as ever met the eye of a happy angler. They were of various sizes, odd shapes, and many colours. Some were of red and yellow, while others were mottled with tints of gold and purple, their transparent scales glistened in the sunshine like plates of burnished metals.

The Brazilian streams have many strange inhabitants. Besides their numerous alligators, amphibious serpents, tapirs, and others, there is a monstrous kind of fish called the "peixe-boi" or fish-ox, which is as remarkable as any of the others. It is, perhaps, the largest of all fresh-water fish, measuring sometimes above seventeen feet in length. The general appearance of its head bears some resemblance to that of a calf. Its eyes are exceedingly small, and the orifices of its ears so fine that they can scarcely be discerned even by the most careful observer. The skin looks like india-rubber, and is so tough that it is almost invulnerable.

This curious animal derives its subsistence principally from a certain plant which grows in the water. It occasionally raises its head above the surface for the purpose of respiration, and it is at such times that it is captured. The Indians formerly made shields of its tenacious hide, and its flesh is considered an excellent substitute for beef.

Without question, the most serious drawback to our pleasures at Jungal, was the very great fecundity of pernicious insects which swarmed amid the moist shades of the forest, and flitted in the warm sunshine of the campos.

Besides being numerous, the moschitoes were unusually mischievous, and, moreover, quite corpulent. Many fell victims to our wrath, but our wanton destruction of so many valuable lives served only to excite the others to revenge the loss of their companions. Detested gallinipers! Had it not been for them we might possibly have lost sight of our own mortality in contemplation of the Eden-like luxuries and delights which surrounded us. Peace, then, to the manes of those we inhumanly slaughtered; and happiness, and plenty of plethoric victims, to the remainder!

We experienced, also, considerable annoyance from a small insect known as the "chigoe" or jigger. This insect is so extremely diminutive that it is seldom observed. Having pierced the flesh of a person, it deposits its eggs (which are contained in a little sack), and there leaves them to their natural development. The sack rapidly increases in size, until it becomes as large as a common pea, when it begins to occasion a sensible degree of pain. On first feeling this disagreeable sensation, the bag ought to be carefully extracted, otherwise a troublesome sore is liable to be produced.

We observed that the feet of the natives were sadly mangled, owing to their rough manner of cutting out these sacks. The feet are more subject to the attacks of these insects than any other part of the body, and we noticed that in some instances the heels of the natives were almost entirely gone.

We shall always remember with gratitude the kindness of the lovely Florana in extracting on many occasions these bichos from our pedal extremities. So gracefully did she use the instrument, and so delicately touch our feet with her tiny hand, that we always considered the operation rather a luxury than otherwise.

But another operation which we saw attempted we can only think of with horror. It was a case of tooth-pulling—but such a scene we wish never to witness again. The patient, or victim rather, was a poor old slave, decrepid, and grey-headed. For some weeks past he had been a martyr to the agonies of the tooth-ache, and had at last resolved to have the offensive grinder extracted: for this purpose he applied to a tall, brawny mulatto, who was something of a barber-dentist and sailor combined. The fellow undertook the operation.

Having mutilated his victim's gums in a barbarous manner with a rusty knife, he placed his miserable apology for a turnkey upon his tooth, and, with a savage wrench, succeeded in breaking off a portion of it, which he triumphantly exposed to the gaze of the sufferer. Again and again he placed his turnkey upon the tooth, each time breaking off another small piece. At last he gave up in despair, being unable to get out the deeply-embedded fangs. But never can I forget the agonising look of that venerable slave during the whole operation, although no shrieks, or groans, or murmurs of disapprobation broke from his lips: at the close, a half-suppressed sigh only, fell upon our ears. For weeks afterwards his face was dreadfully swollen, he was in far greater pain than he had been before.

One day the black-eyed and charming Teresa was taken ill of a fever. There were no doctors on the island, and we were fearful lest our Indian favourite might be suddenly taken away to the spirit-land. Our grief was uncontrollable, and we languished and pined away in the bitterness of our heart.

Some of the natives were preparing a superstitious decoction of grated bones, deer's horns, and other strange ingredients, when we interfered, and besought the privilege of administering to the fever-smitten damsel ourselves. The request was immediately granted, and forthwith Teresa became our patient. What medicines we gave her, or in what manner we treated her complaint, we will not fatigue the reader by relating. In the space of three days Teresa was so far recovered that she was able to walk out and enjoy the sweet breezes which blew freshly over the island at both morning and evening.

After this astonishing cure, as may be supposed, ourselves and medicines were in great repute. We had risen at least fifty per cent. in the opinion of the natives, who seemed to regard us somewhat in the light of a couple of necromancers or magicians. Our pills and other panaceas were sought after with such eagerness that our supply was soon exhausted. When this fact was made known, the decrease in the number of invalids was strikingly manifest.

Sad were we when we took our last supper at Jungcal. Early on the morrow Jenks and myself were to separate for a brief season. An English naturalist, who had been for some time engaged in collecting specimens at Cajueiro, in the interior of the island, had come down in his canoe for the purpose of escorting me thither. My companion was to depart for the city, and weeks were to elapse before we should meet again. The evening was uncommonly serene and beautiful—the winds seemed hushed—the stars shone with more than their ordinary brilliancy—the stream murmured by with a low and melodious sound, and methought even the birds sang their vespers more plaintively than usual—and why? Ay! it was the last night that my friend was to spend with me on a Murajo.

QUEEN'S BENCH SKETCHES.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

"The law of arrest for debt, is a permission to commit greater oppression and inhumanity than are to be met in slavery itself—to tear the father from his weeping children—the husband from his distracted wife—to satiate the demoniac vengeance of some worthless creditor."—*Lord Eldon's Speech on the Slave Trade.*

SKETCH III.

A COLLECTION of some three hundred persons composes, in the present day, the body politic of the Queen's Bench, and divers are the offenders for which *in Banco Reginae*, each and every has been accommodated with a residence, exempt from rent and taxes. The glory of the Fleet is departed, like Nineveh. Antiquarians, in another century, will fall out about its locality, and except by an octogenarian sheriff's-officer, its whereabouts will be lost in the stream of time. Totally annihilated, a wall half pulled down, and denuded of its *chevaux-de-frize*, and plastered over with posting-bills, obscurely marks the *enceinte* of the building, for the Woods and Forests have done more in demolition in one brief month, than John Knox and his iconoclasts could have effected in a year.

With that sickly survivor of twin sisters, the Bench—*stat nominis umbra*—where be the seven hundred occupants who some few years since tenanted the prison? and where the other hundreds, extramurals, who resided nominally within the rules? Where are the Coventrys, the Wellesleys, the Jack Myttons, and the Gompertz, who spent their ten thousands within its walls or its purlieus? You would enquire for them in vain, and twenty or thirty state jail-birds, a couple of hundred smugglers and swindling shop-keepers, a dozen *soi-disant* captains, colonels, and men of fashion, *i. e.* bonnets and *employés* of the hells, two or three degraded clergymen, double that amount of lawyers, a few honest men in business, and about as many out of it, the return will be complete, and *voilà*, the Queen's benchers!

There are men here, chancery prisoners, whose imprisonment, in an advanced state of moral reform, as we boast our's to be, would approach the alleged, ay, and the proven cruelties, perpetrated in the times of the last three Louis, for the *lettres de caché*, then, were scarcely more stringent than the *Ca Sa*, since, and the wretch incarcerated in Fleet or Bench, was hopelessly, but more openly locked in his living grave, than if he had tenanted a dungeon in the Bastille.

This is no fanciful sketch. I see at this moment, an old, feeble, squalid, attenuated man, pumping his kettle full, who has been *thirty-six years* detained for some alleged contumacy which the keeper of the Great Seal has decided shall constitute an offence worthy of eternal imprisonment. Ask him, poor wretch! the story of his wrongs, and a memory, stretched beyond half a century, by some twenty years, has become so confused, that he cannot himself comprehend the cause of his detention. He will wander discursively from the commencement of his living-burial to its middle epoch, and then he will add, that he cannot exactly recollect the rest. Lawyer A. put him in, and Lawyer B. engaged to get him out. Lawyer C. got possession of his papers,

and Lawyer D. could do nothing without them. He will run through all the numerals in the alphabet, to tell you the names of other harpies who, from time to time, pocketed his money and rivetted his chains. Some of them are dead, one is transported. Ask him what were their proceedings? Whether friendly or hostile he forgets. He "babblles of green fields," for he was a farmer, but expresses a wish to die within the dull brick walls which encompass him; for were he turned out, he would be helpless, forlorn, a cast-a-way upon the world, for not an early acquaintance is left; and five-and-twenty years ago, the survivors of his family emigrated, and he forgets to what country!

"What means this?" will be a natural inquiry. Simply, that this silly old man litigated some real or imaginary right to a cottage and garden, not worth an annual ten pounds fee; that one rascal of the law, threw it into chancery, and another, counselled him, the prisoner, to oppose the proceedings of this *court of equity*. A productive farm, that realized a steady three hundred pounds a-year, was sacrificed in the bootless contest; and for six-and-thirty years, the wretched man has been a burden to the country, as far as lodging and food will go. Do you consider the picture over-drawn? Go to the Bench.

"*Mou cher* Asmodeus, you seem excited. It is all professional jealousy; for you, the lawyers and the Levis, if rumour may be trusted, row quietly in the same boat."

"I deny it," exclaimed the little imp. "I believe that 'few and far between,' there may have been a semi-honest solicitor. I knew one myself; he died in penury, and was buried by the parish. But to insinuate that a personage like myself, moving in the best circle in Pandemonium, *vide* the 'Demonical Court Journal,' should directly or indirectly, hold converse, acquaintanceship, or even distant knowledge of or with denaturalized Galileans, and immediate descendants from the impenitent thief; I really, sir, must demand an apology on the spot."

"Which I most willingly accede to. Shall it be verbal, written, or printed in the first column of 'the Times?'"

"The *amende honorable*, so promptly delivered, is quite enough, and I really have doubts whether the Thunderer, that is the name we give 'the Times' below,"—and the little two-sticked man pointed towards the antipodes with a finger, furnished with an unquestionable brilliant,—"would insert, though paid for it liberally, an advertisement, were it addressed 'to the devil.' Would you credit it? Among the lower classes, we are held to be upon a par with an attorney!"

Asmodeus directed a look at me, which expressed the deepest indignation, but assured me nevertheless that this libelous belief was universal. Then having applied his fingers to his snuff-box, he thus continued:

"Without the judicious contrast of light and shade a picture would be valueless. Criminal statistics have extensive varieties, and to understand the true working of the debtor laws of England, first view its infant development in the Bench, follow its progress, and mark its consummation in the Court of Insolvency; for there, *suus coronat opus*, if the victimizer restricts himself to commonplace swindling. But this generally requires more forbearance than he can command, and particularly should he be an adept in caligraphy. Should a man want a pipe or two of port, when there are hundreds and thousands lying in the docks, and attainable by the simple process of filling up a wine-

warrant. If the gentleman operates in 'bits of stiff,' obtains money upon bills, which he has got hold of under false pretences, should the name of the drawer of the note look a little queer, and that of the acceptor a little queerer, what in this difficulty can the thief do to overcome the scruples of the receiver? Why add but an endorsement or two, and the paper then becomes quite respectable. People might question the honesty of taking a liberty with the name of an acquaintance, but is there a man who has lived in this world long enough to reach manhood, and enter freely into the business of life, who will gainsay the pain attendant on declining compliance with a request made him by a friend? A rabid dog does not evince greater horror at the sight of water, than many persons recoil from exhibiting their penmanship across a stamp. Well, if one knows that this peculiarity exists, why tease a nervous gentleman unnecessarily? Just write the name and say nothing; and the nearer the signature approaches the autograph of your friend, the surprise of being on paper will be enhanced, when the elegant imitation is submitted by a banker's runner for his inspection.

“Early prejudices are hard to overcome, and many a narrow-principled young gentleman, on his first introduction to this establishment of our sovereign lady, holds such antediluvian notions of the thing which he is pleased to term common honesty, that he would tell you additions or alterations to a bill were absolutely felonious. Let him but for a year or two associate with the respectable society he will meet with here,—by the way, he will find the fashionable circle of the place any thing but exclusive,—and at the end of the twelvemonth, I will bet one hundred pounds, if any one will lend me the money, that he will admit that polishing 'a bit of stiff' with a friend's name, to render it more marketable, is as innocent an operation as retouching a picture before you submit it for the inspection of a connoisseur.

“In the manipulation of a stamp, much delicacy, however, is required. Although you must not appropriate a china-orange without payment, the law of England generously permits you to steal a bill with impunity. Still, under this gracious privilege conceded to the ingenious, danger lurks concealed. The line of demarcation between a swindling transaction and transportable offence, is so finely drawn, that one step over the boundary, will send you safe to Australasia. Where, therefore, one false move may prove so ruinous, see what advantages to the body politic must arise from a short probation in the Bench. The neophyte, commencing a trade, dangerous as Shakspeare describes sapphire-picking, will here be indoctrinated in the art of living on his wits, by men of honour who have followed the profession through the last quarter of a century. He who came raw within the walls but a few brief months ago, will start upon the world after a short novitiate, with practical instructions that shall enable him to 'do brown' any tradesman he shall encounter. Unless he draws it over-strong, his career may be brief, but it will be brilliant; he will return to the place from whence he came, to complete his education. In six or eight weeks more, let him present himself in Portugal-street, *de novo*, and if he can but satisfy the chief commissioner that he is guiltless of paying an old and honest debt, he will be returned to society clean as a whistle, and with greater experience in teaching book-keeping on an extended scale, to dealers and chapmen, whether in town or country.”

The frightful effects of imprisonment in debtors' jails has been faithfully delineated a century ago by Fielding and Smollett, and, up to a

recent period, when a partial reform was introduced by a wise and salutary legislative enactment, to purify, *quantum valeat*, the Queen's Bench, or more poetically, cleanse this Augean stable, every species of vice and crime were perpetrated within these walls. Corrupted principles, instilled by precept and example, eradicated the "still, small voice" of conscience, which feebly whispered in the bosom of the youthful prodigal, that imprudence and dishonesty were different offences, that misfortune teaches wisdom, and the sad recollection of past folly might yet redeem "the ruin he had wrought," and eventually restore him to society. His better angel at times would warn the captive, that extravagance had not deprived him of caste, and, that with honest exertion, he might yet remove the debtor-burthen from his back, and reclaim his lost position; while one foul act would close his moral history, as

"Honor, like life, once lost, is lost for ever."

But would not these low whisperings of principle be speedily overpowered in the general encouragement, that urged folly on to crime? and the tainted atmosphere of a den of infamy, blight, beyond recovery, the *morale* of the wretched youth exposed to all its damning contamination?

In the criminal statistics of Newgate, the opening of many a vicious career, that closed in ignominious death, to this place might be traced back easily; *facilis descensus averni*, and a room in the Bench not infrequently led the occupant by easy steps, to "sleep his last sleep" in the condemned cell

Criminal instruction was not confined to thimble-rigging and sleight-of-hand. Here, many a note was forged, and here many a base coin was fabricated; and the celebrated halfpenny, by which low gamblers still cheat at "pitch and toss," was invented and manufactured, when within these walls, by the celebrated Captain Montgomery.

The general description of the place, as it was some dozen years ago, will be best understood from an extracted passage in a prisoner's petition, laid on the table of the House of Commons. After the preliminary forms, the statement thus proceeds:—

"That the Prison * * * which had become the most extensive * * and brothel of the metropolis; that the services in the prison are neglected or indecorously administered, and the restraints and consolations of religion, so vitally important in an institution such as the warden has long presided over, are weakened or placed out of the reach of its inmates; that corruption of manners and morals, prostitution, drunkenness, with its consequent disease and death, gambling and robbery, are all grievously and inevitably extended under this negligent and vicious system of Prison Government; thus adding to the unavoidable wretchedness and distress of imprisonment for debt, and during the long period of its continuance diffusing ruinous effects, more or less, over a mass of more than fifty thousand individuals, committed by the Court of King's Bench to the custody of this officer; and, also, over the suffering, once innocent, but in too many instances corrupted families of many of those unhappy individuals."*

Bad as the place is still, what must have been its *quondam* state when no restrictive regulations classified its infamous community?

* A fashionable swindler, capitally convicted of forgery, who anticipated the hangman, the night before he was to suffer, by swallowing poison in his cell.

The convicted rogue consorted with the simpleton, snapped up under *mesne process*, by a west-end tradesman, who had first led the silly boy into debt, and pounced upon him when he, poor fool! fancied himself in full security. The victim of the swindler—the man not wilfully but accidentally unfortunate—the careless sailor—the broken soldier—were torn from their homes, and indiscriminately herded in the same small cell with some couple of scoundrels whose escape from the gallows, or evasion of the hulks, was considered by their ruffian *confreeres* as events almost miraculous. This enormity in punishment inflicted upon poverty, was effected by the thing called “chumming,” or huddling of two or three people into the same room, regardless of every conventional or criminal distinction. The reduced gentleman might find in his strange bedfellow some discarded groom; and the proud spirit, who had crowned

“The imminent deadly breach,”

he confederated with scoundrels, in thieves’ *parlance*, known by the title of “macers and magsmen.”

But this infernal system was not confined to the imprudent and unfortunate; for, as it hath been truthfully observed, in half the cases of imprisonment for debt, woman is the sufferer. Will man confide the secret of his difficulties to her whose happiness he tenderly regards, and to whom a disclosure of embarrassment would occasion the most poignant misery? The storm, poor wretch! he fancies may blow over; and, until hope is ended, in mercy to the feelings of her he loves, will he not hide the secret of his misfortunes? He argues that the evil disclosure had better be delayed while it is possible. Let her dream on in fancied happiness; too soon, God knows! the vision will be dissolved. While there is lead resting on his heart, he musters a languid smile; and his mental absence in the day, his startings in the night, he ascribes to press of business. To the last he carries on the kindly delusion—ay! until he is picked up by some Jew bailiff, whom he can no longer bribe—and from that den of dirt and extortion, called a sponging-house, is removed by *habeas* to the Bench.

Well, before the present code of prison discipline was introduced, how would he find himself when lodged in *Banco Reginæ*? He bought out the blackguards who held his wretched room in joint tenancy, giving them, probably, the best portion of his means, by weekly payments, to brutalize in what were called whistling-shops, and stay afterwards where they could find a shelter. A meal abridged would be a light consideration for the liberty of communing with his young wife, or daughter, or sister. What must that man’s feelings have been when he found a professional profligate cantoned directly opposite, and a woman, hacknied in debauchery, holding eternal orgies with the most depraved within the prison walls, and, in drunken recklessness, inflicting upon ears hitherto unsullied by verbal impurities, language that in a brothel would be repudiated? Imagine a sort of rabbit-warren infested by dissolute men and abandoned women—no hours to limit the drunken revelry, which open beer-shops, and spirituous liquors attainable for being sent for, must keep in eternal turbulence. Fancy a man of letters or of business, in the first floor—a gin-shop underneath him—a coiner working over head. In one room, a Cyprian—in another, a returned transport—and in a third, a fellow half his time labouring, from eternal gin-drinking, under *delirium tremens*—add a chancery prisoner

or two—some female dotard, or clown who cannot write his name—and you have the Bench—or rather a building of it—delineated as it existed half a dozen years ago.

The moral system of the prison, then in operation—I mean before arrest on *mesne process* was abolished—will admit the introduction of an illustrative anecdote. Mark ye yonder personage in black—his eye-glass gilt—his cane headed in proper keeping with *mosaic*—his shirt is frilled—his sables have undergone frequent renovation—his style of man is what is expressively termed “the shabby genteel”—his age may be close on seventy. That gentleman is what, in prison *parlance*, is termed a touter. He gets up small cases by the job, and pays some discreditable attorney a per-centage for the privilege of using his name.

Mr. Isaacs was a Jew solicitor, and, in the palmy days of this prison, drove a roaring trade—at least, trade enough to enable him to drive a carriage. He was really a useful man—discounted bills, obtained stag bail to any amount, and, did a gentleman's cause in court totter for a strengthening affidavit, he, Mr. Isaacs, would prove on corporeal oath, that a person on Monday on Eel-pie Island, was, on Tuesday, in sight of Otaheite. Long and useful was this worthy man's career, until, some twenty years ago, a lapse of recollection on his part, was called perjury, and the name of Emanuel Isaacs for ever removed from the law-list. This visitation, however, did not crush the spirit of this exemplary practitioner. He was “scotched not killed;” and the third day after he was struck from the rolls, he proved that his game was first-rate—his resources inexhaustible.

Lord Frederick Fosberry, when riding the preceding evening in Rotten Row, had been accosted by a servant out of livery, and requested to favour Mr. Sloman with his company. Lord Frederick had a dinner engagement that day at the Earl of Wintercastle's; but, though Mr. Sloman was but a commoner, he waived the nobler invitation; for, indeed, it was too pressing to be got over. The next evening found him in the Bench, and seated in “5” number “4.”

“Curse it, Wellesley, what a bore!” exclaimed the fresh arrival, as he pushed the claret across the table. “Just concluded my treaty with Kate Hamilton, and that vulgar brewer, little M——, will take advantage now, and certainly outbid me.”

“D—d nuisance, my dear Fred. But there goes the best unbeliever that ever eschewed swine-flesh; and, my life upon it, he'll come to the rescue, if any man in England can.”

The unbeliever was called up, and Mr. Emanuel Isaacs immediately presented himself.

“What would you give,” inquired the Israelite, after he had listened to the narrative of Lord Frederick's delicate distress, “if this Kitty Hamerton or Hamilton was snug in the Bench, to-morrow?”

“Oh! the man that could effect it should command my eternal gratitude and—”

“Jist name the rowdy you'd stump up,” said Mr. Isaacs, who disliked long speeches.

“Will twenty do?” said the peer.

“Add another five-pound flimsy and the tling's a bargain,” returned the Jew.

“Done with you, butcher!” returned Lord Frederick.

The ex-solicitor pulled out a piece of paper, noted down the terms

of agreement, asked the name of the lady, and her residence, with other particulars, to prevent mistakes, and, on the following evening, Miss Hamilton, arrested at the suit of a Madame Larandieu, defunct a dozen years before, was introduced to the Bench, and conveniently accommodated with an adjoining apartment to Lord Frederick's.

"Observe! as evidenced in this case," said the little devil, "the utility of a harmless affidavit."

"Prodigious!" was my usual exclamation.

"Not only," continued the two-sticked gentleman, "is the society, but also the arrangement of this prison radically altered. You may remark that modern piece of brick-work that shuts in the lady prisoners as effectually as if they were *en pension* in a convent. Look back to the shoulder of the building, *vis-a-vis* to that where the patronesses of flinty-hearted dressmakers are ungratefully consigned for ducks of bonnets, polkas, and pellerines; that is a sort of criminal department, and men grin hourly from these barred casements, than whom minor criminals are gauged in Woolwich Dockyard."

I obeyed the little man, and looked in the direction that he pointed to. In the lady-ward, a round white arm was gracefully placed in classic repose between the bars, the fair proprietrix exhibiting not "short glimpses of a breast of snow," but a bust more extensively denuded than the wax-figures which ornament the plate-glass window of a fashionable *coiffeur*.

"Little, Master Asmodeus, left to the imagination by that fair *detenue*."

"Mad, sir,—mad as a bedlamite," returned the devil. "She may, poor idiot, date her insanity to a solicitor and a swindler in the railroad bubbles."

"What!" I exclaimed. "I fancied that in locomotive speculation, the right of ruin was reserved to our sex exclusively, and that women were barred from operations in Stag Alley, as peremptorily as they were excluded from 'the Corner.'"

"Not at all. A lady has the privilege to destroy herself, and can readily effect it through the agency of some d—d good-natured friend, and this a brief memoir of that romantic looking gentlewoman with the bare arm will establish.

"There are a thousand instances of women, under salutary control, passing through life respectably, who, were they left to their own direction, would hurry in double quick time to your very humble servant," and the little gentleman made a most magnificent bow, that would have astonished Baron Nathan. "But two years since that form, reclining gracefully against the barred window of a debtor's prison, might have been seen ornamenting a casement in the government house at —, where her deceased husband held the honourable appointment of Port Admiral.

Wayside Pictures

THROUGH

FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY.

XIV.—LIFE ON THE ROCK.

The danger of crossing the sands to Mont St. Michel has been egregiously exaggerated. Tourists have a way of confounding their sensations with the objects which produce them; and out of this perpetual recurrence to self spring the chief errors and fallacies we find in books of travels. The writers rarely judge of circumstances by their relation to each other, but by their relation to themselves. Thus one traveller, who believes himself to be strictly impartial and discriminating, never can get anything to eat in a country where some millions of people dine luxuriously every day in the year; and another, put out of his way by the vivacity of the people, attributes it all to hollowness and levity. Excesses on the other side, with a little unconscious vanity in them, may be traced to the same source. The sense of pleasure or of peril sets up the slightest incidents in a *mirage* of the imagination; a common-place satisfaction is vented in a rhapsody, and an ordinary adventure expanded into an exploit. The tourist makes the whole scene about him subordinate to his own importance, and becomes insensibly the hero, instead of the artist of the picture. It is in this heroic way the hazards of the approach to Mont St. Michel have been so ridiculously over-stated. Hazard, of course, there is; but it may be easily avoided, if people will only exercise their common sense.

There are three routes from Avranches to the Mont, varying in length and in the extent of strand to be traversed. By one of these routes, the shortest, you have a league and a half of the sands to cross; by another, the longest, only half a league. This latter route, which looks the most tempting, is the least desirable, and should not be undertaken without good information as to the state of the strand, which is here intersected by numerous deep channels of flowing water, sometimes so swollen by the action of the tide as to become nearly impassable. Returning by this route, we saw the track of the commandant's carriage, which had crossed in that direction in the morning, and concluded, therefore, that we were tolerably safe; yet our horses were forced to wade up to their girths in the gullies that lay between us and the shore. If a traveller were to trust to his own judgment in crossing these streams, he might possibly be swallowed up; but men who are well acquainted with the peculiarities of the surface, and who almost live in the water, are stationed here to pilot you over for the trifling consideration of a few sous, and it is clearly your own fault if you are swamped or drowned. In no case is it necessary, whichever route you select, to cross on foot. The strand is practicable for carriages up to the base of the Mont.

The whole secret of the danger is susceptible of a very simple explanation. During spring-tide Mont St. Michel is an island, approachable only when the tide has receded; during neap-tide it is

always accessible. Now, the actual danger exists only in the former case. The traveller, who has not taken the obvious precaution of calculating time and distance, and who, midway in the sands, sees the sea rising and advancing upon him, will find himself in a situation of imminent peril. Conscious of danger, he strains every nerve to reach the shore; but he who has committed himself to so fearful a risk, can have no adequate notion of its real extent. The sea gains so rapidly upon him, in consequence of the openness of the shore, and the great number of channels through which the water rushes in, that all chances of escape are cut off, nor is it in the power of any human being to afford him the slightest aid. In this dreadful extremity he must perish in sight of land, and under the very eyes of the inhabitants of the Mont. But nobody perishes in this way. The danger is well understood and carefully avoided. The necessity of endeavouring to provide some means of succour in such cases has not been overlooked, and within the last few years two life-boats have been established here, one anchored on the sands, and the other kept in the town. Of what avail they would be in the fury of the in-coming sea has not yet, I believe, been tested.

The fishermen who spend the greater part of their lives on these desolate sands smile at the notion of danger. They are constantly out, far out seaward, and accidents rarely occur even in that direction, although the risk is proportionally increased by the distance to which these people are carried in the prosecution of their business. The day I visited the Mont two of the children of one of these hardy fellows had wandered away upon the strand, forgetting to note how far they had gone, so as to leave themselves time to get back before the return of the tide. Occupied in their daily toil of exploring for shell-fish, they were already a long way beyond the point of safety, when they saw the tide breaking afar off, the white waves rippling against the sun, a token which, however remote and indistinct, they well understood. They turned to the shore and fled. But they could not fly as fast as the ocean which now, roaring behind them, followed with violent rapidity. The poor children, clasping each other's hands, and almost overpowered by terror, still struggled forward. The rush of the waters was in their ears, their heads grew dizzy, their home on the rock swam and danced before their eyes. Still they pressed on, mechanically, blindly; but in vain. The waves gained upon them, and the boiling spray fell about them in showers. The girl's strength and resolution forsook her. Fear and horror had paralyzed her limbs, and, unable to proceed, she summoned one great effort, and entreated her brother to abandon her, to save himself, and leave her to her fate. But the brave little fellow refused. His courage rose as hers fell. Seizing her arm, he dragged her along by force. His new responsibility inspired him with new vigor. The sea itself could scarcely travel with greater speed than the feet of that heroic boy. Cheering her as well as he could, and singing songs to make light of the danger, while his heart sank within him at every step, he dragged her for a distance of two leagues, until he reached the foot of the rock, where depositing his charge in safety, he gave way to the emotion of terror which love, up to that moment, had enabled him to suppress.

A worse danger than the approach of the sea lurks under the feet of the tourist who ventures to cross these sands without a competent

guide. The constant action of numerous hidden springs has so effectually disturbed the surface as to produce, in some places, what are called shifting sands. It is impossible to distinguish them by external signs, and they are of such depth that, according to some of the historians of the place, scarcely a year passes that a vessel is not engulfed in them, sinking lower and lower with each retreating tide, until at length even the tips of the masts disappear. A few years ago a bridal party, going upon an excursion to the Mont, happened to drive upon one of these fatal spots, and instantly went down into the abyss, the sand closing over them like quicksilver. Such accidents, however, cannot occur under the conduct of a guide to whom the geography of the bay is familiar.

The only remaining risk to which you are exposed is from the fogs which sometimes set in suddenly, with such density that you cannot discern your horse's head. Formerly, the luckless wayfarer thus paralyzed in the midst of the sands, was enabled to speculate upon the direction he ought to take by the sounds of the abbey bell, ringing out from the summit of the Mont; but the bell is now mute, and he must trust to his good genius in picking his steps through the black mist by which he is surrounded, or run the risk of waiting till it disperses. Some notion may be formed of the extraordinary density of these fogs, from a circumstance which befell M. Martin, the director of the works, who, towards the close of his journey, on a very hot day, was surprised on the sands by a fog which suddenly blotted out the sun, and turned a bright sultry day into dark night. After walking by the side of his horse for a quarter of an hour, he thought he heard, on his left hand, the distant sound of a tamborine. He stopped and listened. Hearing the same sound still more distinctly, he turned in that direction, and in a few steps arrived in front of a door. Unable, however, to distinguish either the rock, or the buildings above, he called out for his servant in a loud voice. "Here I am, sir," replied the servant. "How, rascal!" replied M. Martin; "You knew I should come home to dinner, you see the fog, and you come without a lantern." "I beg your pardon, sir," returned the servant, "I have one in each hand."

Having made the excursion, and taken some pains to ascertain the nature of the risks of which I had heard such vague and alarming accounts, I have no hesitation in saying that the worst part of the route lies through the lanes and cross roads, through which you must pass to gain the beach. If you are not totally shattered in the ruts, you may look forward with perfect satisfaction and security to the rest of the journey. The drive across the sands, especially if the day happen to be fine, is unquestionably the most agreeable part of the whole.

Arriving at the foot of the stupendous rock, your attention is drawn to two large cannons, with great stones in their mouths, which you are told were taken from the English in the sortie in which Robert de Beauvoir was engaged. The fact that they had not been discharged is assumed as a conclusive proof that they must have been taken by the French. It is hardly worth a dispute; but it would be a more candid conjecture to infer that the English were obliged to leave them behind when the approach of the sea compelled the troops to make a precipitate retreat.

The appearance of the Mont, as you stand at its base, is grand and

picturesque. The town which scales the cliffs on the land side is buried behind fortified walls built up direct from the sands; and above the town rise fresh tiers of naked rocks, over which there is another series of fortifications, and, crowning them all, on the apex of the rock, stands the church, whose light masonry seems to mix with the clouds.

Ascending the broken steps by which you climb into the town, you are assailed by a triad of fish-wives, who act as guides to the summit. These haggard women, who have the aspect of witches of the sea, are not only barbarously ignorant of all the interesting points of the place, but speak in a horrid jargon which it is nearly impossible to comprehend. It is idle to complain, or to look for more intelligent conductors, for there are no other guides to be had. Winding laboriously up the narrow shelving streets, pausing now and then on the battlements to look out upon the country and the sea, and passing under one or two quaint old arches, we finally reach the *château* or monastery, for it has served both purposes, and bears palpable evidences of the military and monkish uses to which it has been indifferently applied. The *château* is completely separated from the town below. None of the inhabitants are allowed to ascend beyond the entrance to the Hall of the Chevaliers, now the guard-house. The guide conducts you so far, and, seating herself on the stone steps, waits very patiently till you return.

The entrance to the Hall is a sight not to be forgotten. It carries us back at once to the feudal times, and in its living incidents realizes their modes and pictures. The lofty flight of steps in front, the mighty arch that spans the entrance, under the heavy shadows of which you continue to ascend, till you reach the large and gloomy hall, with its massy stone stairs within, its forest of pillars springing up on both sides to the vaulted roof, its small windows sunk in the deep walls, and its ponderous doors clouded with huge iron clumps;—fill this interior with groups of soldiers scattered about, some seated idly on the stone stairs, others engaged in earnest conversation, and some moving up and down with slow and measured step, as if they could not get the monotonous parade out of their heads, and you have an accurate scenic representation of a stronghold of the middle ages, even to the iron men, whose presence enhanced the romance of its terrors. Nor is this impression likely to be disturbed by the figure of a soldier, bearded like a pard, who, with a stern air, advances to demand your passport.

There are two hundred soldiers stationed here. They have a barrack on the cliffs, where they practise firing at a target, and from whence they draw the sentries and guards necessary for the surveillance of the prison above. On the side facing the sea you are shewn the place where half-a-dozen prisoners made their escape some years ago—one of them successfully; and it is enough to make the stoutest heart quail merely to look upwards at the terrible and almost perpendicular steep where this achievement was accomplished. Here, at this spot, precipitous and gigantic rocks are piled up in masses beneath the stupendous walls of the highest part of the castle, close to where the common prisoners are taken out daily at a certain hour to walk—a point of such fearful elevation, that it is difficult to understand how the bare conception of selecting it for the purpose of attempting an escape could have occurred to the most desperate man.

There are two classes of prisoners in the *château*, the state criminals and minor delinquents. They are kept carefully apart, the former being prohibited from all intercourse with strangers, not even being allowed to be seen, unless you get an accidental glimpse of the head of one of them glancing past the lofty windows of the apartment where they are consigned for exercise. Sometimes the other prisoners, probably when they have earned a little favour by special good conduct, are suffered to descend into the town, under an escort, by way of relaxation, for an hour or so; but as the town consists of nothing more than a few ragged streets, on the face of the rock on the land side, the side next the sea being a blind fortification to the summit, the enjoyment of the privilege is scanty enough. Slight, however, as the change is, to breathe the air of this miserable town, it is a change of some importance to the wretched prisoners. It rescues them for a brief interval from the dreadful monotony and incessant labour of the *château* above, and gives them a consolatory peep into the lower world of action and liberty—such as it is.

When I visited Mont St. Michel, there were altogether five hundred prisoners confined in the *château*. Many of them were allowed the indulgence of occupying a portion of their time in those ingenious works for which "French prisoners," time out of mind, have been justly celebrated. Their skill is chiefly employed upon cocoanuts, from the shells of which they contrive to form elegant little articles for the toilet and the boudoir: egg-cups, prettily carved, vases of graceful and classical shapes, rings, bracelets, pendants, and ornaments in endless varieties of outline and workmanship. These articles are sold at the entrance to the town, in the only *auberge* the place rejoices in, and from the exorbitant prices demanded for them on behalf of the poor artists, it is much to be feared that the urgent hostess puts the largest share of the profits into her own pocket.

A grotesque memorial of the ingenuity of a prisoner who was pent up here for some twenty or thirty years is exhibited as a great curiosity. It is a meretricious figure of St. Michael killing the dragon, said to have been carved with a pen-knife, and to have occupied six months in the execution. The poor fellow, in the hope of propitiating the authorities, presented it to the little church of the town. For this act of devotion he was released, but when he left his cell, after so long a period of estrangement from the world, there was not a solitary friend or familiar face to greet him.

The prisoners work in one part of the *château*, and sleep in another, higher up. The dormitories are remarkably clean, and kept in excellent order. The works carried on are extensive, and the visitor cannot fail to be struck with the practical uses to which such a mass of human energy, redeemed from crimes and vices, is thus profitably applied. But it is impossible, as a matter of taste, not to recoil from the barbarous destruction of the architecture which the accommodation of all this convict industry appears to have rendered unavoidable. The monastery, and even the church itself, have been cut up into a sort of house of correction, and so subdivided that it is only by a strong effort of the imagination, assisted by a scrap of a pillar or a section of an arch here and there, you can conjure up an idea of the structure as it stood in its original entirety. The beautiful Hall of the Chevaliers is choked with cotton-looms, and otherwise grievously mutilated by having a temporary passage partitioned off at one

side which totally mars the unity of the design. The only part of the whole which has been spared from desecration is that which is appropriated to the cloisters, but this is worth all the rest. The tranquillity of these aerial aisles sleeping sweetly in the air at this great height above the stir of the lower world, fills the mind with an inexpressible feeling of monastic repose. They form a quadrangle, with triple rows of pillars, intersected by delicate pointed arches. It is impossible to convey an adequate notion of the stillness which reigns over the scene, and which in its complete abstraction seems as if it were literally seated in the heavens. The only sounds that ever break the solemn silence of the cloisters are the footsteps of the state prisoners who are occasionally permitted to exercise here.

Amongst the political *détenus*, who were here at the time of my visit, were some of the men who took a conspicuous part in the Revolution of July, or rather in the republican and legitimist movements which followed it. Of these the most notorious were La Honssage, Mathieu, Blanqui, and Barbès, who attempted the life of Louis Philippe, and who has since distinguished himself by acts no less violent and outrageous. Barbès was then a man of about twenty-eight years of age, of a remarkably mild expression of countenance; but inspired with daring energy and resolution. He glorified in the crime for which he was condemned to death, and for which he must have been executed but for the clemency of the royal family, who interested themselves on his behalf. A romantic story had got about, that his sister had come to live on the rock, in order to be near him; but there was not a word of truth in it. She had never seen him from the moment he was placed in confinement. She exerted herself zealously, however, to procure a mitigation of his sentence, and M. Hugo supported her prayers to the throne in the following lines:—

“ Au Roi Louis-Philippe.
Par votre ange envolée ainsi qu'une colombe !
Par ce royal enfant, doux et frère roseau !
Grace encore une fois, grace au nom de la tombe !
Grace au nom du berceau ! ”

To Barbès himself is attributed a couplet put into the mouth of his sister.

“ Oh ! bon geôlier, laissez-moi voir mon frère,
C'est de pain blanc que je veux lui donner.”

Poetry, it seems, is by no means a stranger to these dungeons, and some of the prisoners have consoled themselves by venting their sorrows in verses which, if not remarkable for their skill, are at least interesting from the circumstances in which they originated. The popular *chanson* beginning with

“ Hirondelle gentille
Qui voltige à la grille
Du prisonnier,”

is ascribed by M. Héricher to a captive in these dungeons. Mathieu, one of the state criminals, who was confined here with Barbès, published a collection of pieces, entitled “*Mes Nuits au Mont St. Michel.*” They are deeply coloured by the miserable reflections incidental to the penitentiary cell, of which the following stanza from an ode may serve as a specimen:—

“ Ange aux ailes d'azur, ne te verrai-je plus ?
 Un amer souvenir, des regrets superflus
 Seraient-ils la fin mes rêves ?
 N'est-il plus d'autre espoir qu'une mort sans réveil ?
 Oh ! non, car je te vois, dans mon demi-pommeil,
 Onduler au-dessus des grèves.”

The life of the soldiers appears to be almost as dismal as that of the prisoners. They never move beyond the stipulated precincts, and are, in fact, as closely confined as the criminals under their charge. One naturally asks how they contrive to keep up the supply of the necessaries of life, seeing that no intercourse whatever is allowed with the world below. It is done in this way; there is a sort of slide, or duct, built down the side of the rock, by which baskets are lowered and raised, and provisions conveyed to the castle through a window. One's head gets giddy in gazing at the tremendous descent. It is a fearful piece of work, this lowering and drawing up of baskets, and the prisoners are put to do it, under the superintendence of a guard. Of course the men are carefully selected, for it presents a tempting opportunity for a desperate fellow to dash out his brains in fit of madness. As there are no such luxuries as springs at so great a height, huge cisterns, in which they collect the rain water, are made to answer the purpose, and by a strict economy of this precious element, they manage to supply the wants of their eleven hundred inhabitants. But in case of siege or dry weather, we inquired of our gruff military guide, what would be done? “ We should filter salt water,” he replied, with the imperturbability of a soldier who is never put out of countenance by a difficulty.

The number of residents in the town may be estimated at about four hundred. With the exception of six clerks who are attached to the civil service, and three women who act as guides, all these people live by the fisheries. The trade is perilous enough, and is carried on at a cost of labour out of all proportion to its scanty profits; yet it is found to be sufficient for their support in the wretched way in which they are accustomed to live. Where they have made a haul of fish, of which there are all varieties in these waters, they carry their spoils to a certain rendezvous, at a distance of two leagues, where the market-people meet them. The journey to Avranches is thus divided midway between the fishermen and their wholesale customers.

These people are in reality as much cut off from the world as if they dwelt in one of the monasteries of La Trappe. There are only certain times when they can approach the shore, and even then the distance between them and all human habitations is too great to admit of a frequent indulgence of such an enjoyment. Indeed, their extreme poverty leaves them no leisure for enjoyments of any kind. The consequence is, that they hold little intercourse with the outer world beyond that which is indispensable to enable them to carry on their business. Their lives are literally passed on the waters, the sands, and the rock. Men are born and die here who see no more of this green earth. Children are brought up here in boats and nets, and from the cradle to the grave have no further knowledge of the uses of language, the culture of their powers, or the habitudes of the social state than is barely necessary to feed their animal wants. To labour and die are the sole ends for which they

are born. Yet they seem to live with an abundant contentment in their own way, so miraculously does nature adapt us to the exigency of circumstances. Such of the women as remain within-doors to attend to domestic duties, are as happy as birds; and you may hear them chattering and singing all day long as they watch their rude cradles, rocked by any contrivances that will spare their hands, which are usually busily employed in mending nets, or patching the rent garments of the absent fishermen. All sorts of resources are brought to bear for keeping up the animal economy on this rock. Some of the old dungeons scooped in the naked stone, are let out for various uses; one of them has been converted into a tolerably commodious *magasin de bois*. The houses are dark and shallow, scaling the sides of the precipice, and presenting a repulsive and forlorn appearance; yet the inmates, to do them justice, throw off as much as they can of this air of misery, by establishing little scraps of flower-beds here and there, and planting roses which climb prettily up rickety trellises in spots where we should look for anything else in nature rather than the grace of flowers.

XV.—THE BRIDGE OF PONTORSON.

ABOUT five leagues, or so, from Avranches, on the road to St. Malo, we reached the frontier of Brittany—the Armorica of the ancients. The difference of aspect at this point between the two provinces is quite as sudden, and almost as remarkable, as one feels in ascending out of the sunny plains of Italy into the wintry track of the Simplon. But we must linger a few moments on the tattered bridge of Pontorson—the last Norman village, before we take leave of the luxuriant districts through which our course has hitherto lain.

This Pontorson consists of a mysterious heap of huts, half-buried in a bed of drifting sands. It is built at the embouchure of a river called the Couësnon, and occupies the point of the most inland creek of the bay of Mont St. Michel. The bridge over this river marks the boundary between the two provinces. Sometimes in the winter the river overflows the surrounding swamps and flats, reducing the inhabitants to a state of domestic existence analogous to that of Holland, as depicted by Butler:—

“ A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of nature.”

Of Pontorson it may be said with equal propriety, that it is

“ A place that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which men do not live, but go aboard.”

It was once a place of strength, and had a château hung round with threatening battlements, which shook the thunders of war from their fiery heights; but at present it more nearly resembles a nest of marauders, who had seized upon a bleak and untenable spot on the coast, where they might carry on their maritime speculations without much risk of interference. It is like the wreck of a marine village, made up of little, dark, smoke-dried dens, leaning against fragments of old walls, and shouldering each other as if they were drunk, the doorways choked with sand; the windows were black recesses amongst stones and rubbish, and the roofs of loose shingles, particles of which are momentarily lifted by the wind and whirled into your face, making a sensible variety in the hurricane of small

gritty powder which prevails in these latitudes. The vestiges of antiquity which were formerly to be seen here are now either destroyed or blotted out by the sands and the hovels. Nothing remains but the dilapidated ruins of the old church, which was built by the father of William the Conqueror, but which has been so patched in subsequent times that the body is the only relique of the whole which seems to belong to that early period. There is not a single memorial left of the history of Pontorson except this church and the indestructible river, into which the luckless ladies of the wife of Du Guesclin were thrown in sacks, for plotting the escape of the Englishman, Felton, from the château, in the 14th century. The river still flows, but the château is gone, and we are forced to fill up the hole in the ballad as well as we can by the help of imagination.

A long gaze back into Normandy from the crest of this beggarly bridge sets one involuntarily thinking about the traditions and characteristics of the race whose picturesque valleys we are now about to quit for the stony plains of Brittany.

Of all the varieties which enter into the composite of modern France, the Normans are most akin to us in habits and feelings. There is reason for this in the intercourse, friendly and hostile, which for ages past was maintained between the two races. The Normans sent us a line of kings, with trains of followers, whose leaders established themselves in all parts of the kingdom, mixing their blood, names, and usages with our Anglo-Saxon population. We, in return, from time to time overran their province, besieged their chief cities, held possession of the Seine and its forts, made pacts and intermarriages with them, and blended the two races on their soil, as they had already blended them on our own. The English of those days probably caught something of the French gaiety from the Normans, and the Normans acquired increased gravity and steadiness of purpose from the English. Perhaps the finest race of men in the world was that which, living close to the time of transition, directly inherited this happy combination; and the finest stocks by which they have been succeeded are those to whom it has descended in different proportions—the Norman and the Englishman of to-day.

The seriousness of the Norman is the characteristic which distinguished him from all other Frenchmen. It is not to be traced exclusively to their early subjection by the Saxons. They are more serious than the Saxons themselves, with a reserve of vivacity which helps to set off their superabundant earnestness. The history of Normandy exhibits a succession of calamities and humiliations, which sufficiently explains how it was that the people grew into this habit of gravity. The Saxons first, then the Romans, then the Saxons again, swarmed into this country, and held it by the sword. Here were elements of gravity enough to supply a national temperament for a thousand years. Then came the Franks, and then the English, to shut out more of their sunshine, so that the Normans, through whatever changes we regard them, have invariably had to do with the most saturnine and hard-headed of conquerors and rulers. For centuries they never enjoyed a single interval of repose; it was a sanguinary struggle from the beginning to the end. Their most prosperous cities were sacked and demolished; they had to contest their pastures inch by inch; they were hunted like stags over their own domains. This was not a way of life likely to gene-

rate light hearts and sprightly tempers. Nor did the conquest of England contribute to spiritualize them: it only gave them a zest for plunder and aggrandizement, and cast a fierce, rather than a lively glow over their character. The invasion of Normandy by the English made the matter worse. The reverses they suffered during these roving campaigns completely broke them down, and rendered them sullen and distrustful. All these incidents of their history must be added together, to explain the French anomaly of Norman gravity. The wonder is that they did not become morose and depraved.

And out of this succession of crushing events sprang other peculiarities, for which the Normans are noted — their reserve and their litigiousness. It is next to an impossibility to prevail upon a Norman to give you a promise. He will never undertake positively to do anything; he will never directly commit himself; there will always be an escape through some evasion in the expression, or some safe condition. Yes and no are not in his vocabulary. We see in this clearly enough that habitual caution which is the offspring of wrongs and deceptions. The Norman has dealt too much with people who have taken dishonest advantage of his pledges, or broken their own, not to speak guardedly, and, as it were, under protest, even on the smallest occasion. As to his litigiousness, that, too, is the fruit of oppression and violence. No man is so fond of a law-suit as your Norman. The experience of so much robbery by the sword left him no appeal but to civil tribunal. The law was his last resource, and his only protection; and the habit outlived the necessity. Besides, in a country where property has so often changed hands under the shadow of aggressive flags, all notions of rights in the soil become confused and obscure. Hence grew endless occasions of litigation, false claims, with strong hands to enforce them, and legacies of lawsuits left to be scrambled for by one generation after another, who naturally inherit, with the grounds of dispute, the passion for gambling over the spoils.

With their cousin-Germans, the Normans are a studious people. Their earnestness is not a mere affair of constitution; it is the outward sign of a thoughtful and inquiring habit of mind. They are devotedly fond of reading; and avail themselves with avidity of all possible opportunities of poring over every volume they can put their hands upon. The stranger in Caen or Rouen will discover this ruling passion as he saunters along the streets, if he will take the trouble to peep into the shops. Wherever the tradespeople happen for a moment to be relieved from their business, he will find them engaged in a book of some sort; and this resource is common to all ages and to both sexes. Even little boys, of eleven or twelve, may be seen perched upon high stools, with their elbows planted firmly on the counters, and their eyes buried in an old tome—perhaps, for all we know, the *Roman de Rou!*

XVI.—ROUTE TO ST. MALO.

CLEARING the Norman hills, and leaving their rich woods behind us, we now get down amongst the Breton farmers, who grow tobacco and beet-root, and depend chiefly upon apples, and such crops as they can cultivate in their orchards. These farms are industriously tended, yet they have a ragged air, arising from the vicissitudes to which their situation exposes them. Midway between Pontorson

and St. Malo there rises up out of the marshes a conical mountain, upon the top of which stands a church, surmounted by a telegraph. This is Mont Dol, famous only for being the central point of the operations of the local administration, to whose guardianship the dykes of this neighbourhood are confided. Extending for a considerable sweep round this place, the properties of the farmers are enclosed and protected by a network of dykes and flood-gates; yet notwithstanding all these precautions, the whole district is inundated in the winter, and Mont Dol, like Mont St. Michel, is literally cut off from the mainland, and converted into an island. Such farms as have been drained and redeemed are said to be exceedingly fertile, and the land is particularly luxuriant in a species of reed, which grows here without culture, and gives to the fields the appearance of sugar plantations. These reeds are extensively used by the people in covering their houses. The tourist must put all his travelling philosophy in requisition to enable him to bear up against the local phenomena of this region—floods in winter and dust in summer. Mont Dol is the antithesis of Venice, seeing that in Venice there is no dust, and that here in the fine weather there is nothing else.

If you have been able to preserve your eyesight through these clouds of whirling sand, a glance at the streets of Mont Dol will compensate you for the inconveniences you have suffered. It is a perfect specimen of an old Breton town. The streets are so narrow, that the projecting arches and quaint arcades, whose pillars and cornices embroider the fronts of the houses, hardly admit the passage of a carriage; and as if the dense population of the place had resolved to increase the difficulty as much as possible, they live out in the open air, squatted upon chairs, not only at their doorways, but in the middle of the causeway, or guttered into groups, like noisy urchins, in loud squabble or riotous play. The little lattice-windows, the black tracery on the *façades*, the odd, picturesque style of the buildings, the middle-age air of darkness that hangs over the town, and the hustling of people in strange, old-world costumes, furnish the incidents of a picture which carries you back into the mists of many hundred years. The suggestion is greatly assisted, too, by a certain cramped and drawn expression in the faces of the inhabitants, generated partly by poverty and unwholesome food, and partly by the unhealthy atmosphere in which they live.

I am afraid it must be confessed, that in the matter of beauty, the swart, hard-featured Bretons must not be compared with their clear-faced, handsome neighbours. In the towns you see them at the worst. Sometimes in the open country one's opinion is a little shaken; but the pastoral accessories by which they are here surrounded help to make out an ideal, not always improved by too close an inspection. As you drive along the roads, charming faces start up in the corn-fields, where crowds of women are employed in reaping. Their attitudes, as they suspend the action of their arms to gaze after the carriage, are exceedingly striking. These reapers use a small hand-scythe, which, sometimes thrown up in the air, and sometimes struck down to the ground, while they rest from their labour, with their bright, streaming heads looking out earnestly over the corn-flowers, have a very animated effect. The corn in many places is grown in the orchards, under the shadows of which we saw several *tableaux* of this description, realizing the most exquisite conceptions

of the old masters, when they painted the wood-nymphs sporting in the depths of the forests. I am compelled to acknowledge, however, that before I left this part of the country it was my misfortune to see a few old women whose transcendent ugliness somewhat lowered my enthusiasm about the poetry of the Breton corn-fields.

Accomplishing a journey of fourteen leagues in six hours and a half, I alighted at the door of the Hôtel de France in St. Malo, just at the moment when the noisiest and most bountiful *table d'hôtes* was about to develop its hospitality. The fact was announced by the riot and confusion which prevailed within and without; and, above all, by the significant looks of the people that rushed past us into the hall. You could see the dinner in their eyes, and in the haste with which they flew to hang up their hats and caps, and put aside their sticks, swords, and cloaks.

The Hôtel de France is the best in the town,—an old, scrambling place, with sentinels at the gate, guarding the adjoining house of a general,—a dirty yard with a melancholy brown statue in the middle of it of Apollo playing the flute,—a merry set of servants scampering about like demons released for a holiday,—and a landlord with a rose-coloured neckcloth, an English wife, and a volubility of tongue which could not be surpassed even in Brittany, renowned for feasting and roaring. This landlord was a character, and being perfectly aware of the fact, he made the most of it. With the dashing, negligent air of a wit and a *bon vivant*, he managed to pay the strictest attention to business, pulling out his pleasant swagger and topping spirits as part of his stock in trade. I was not ten minutes in the house before I was in possession of his whole history, and his wife's history, and the names of her relations in England, and how it was she came to marry an innkeeper, and what it was they intended to do by-and-by by way of vindicating their gentility. Our host had taken the hotel about the time of the Revolution of 1830, had made a fortune in the interval, and being resolved to retire into private life,—or more correctly, to make a splash and enjoy himself,—had now advertised the establishment for sale. He was very particular in impressing this upon us. He wished us clearly to understand, not only that he was about to become an independent gentleman, but that he had conducted his house all throughout upon gentlemanly principles. Some credit was certainly due to him for the reforms he had introduced, since he had found, like most original reformers, that the work of improvement was a service of danger. Before his time, the hotel admitted everybody indiscriminately; there was no respect of persons, and men in check-frocks, with cigars in their mouths and bearskin caps on their heads, were as acceptable at the *table d'hôte* as the politest of guests. Our vivacious reformer set himself at once against this indelicate custom; but in shutting his doors upon the mob of miscellaneous customers, he provoked the bitterest hostility amongst the townspeople. The revolution in the hotel was followed by a revolution in the streets. The house was besieged by insurgents,—visitors were scared from its doors,—and the innkeeper and his family were assailed with fierce threats of vengeance. But he was not a man to be turned from his purpose, and he fought his opponents bravely for two years, sleeping every night with pistols under his pillows, to protect himself against the violence of the crowds that used to gather under his windows,

shrieking and yelling with as much fury as if they were seeking for satisfaction upon some great political malefactors. At last he wore them out, and succeeded in obtaining quiet and exclusive monopoly of the travelling and local respectability of the town. Having given us a circumstantial narrative of these transactions, he concluded by informing us, in a confidential chuckle, that he had made over all the tag-rag and bobtail to his vulgar neighbour, the Hôtel du Pays.

St. Malo is the gustiest spot on the whole coast. An eternal squall whistles day and night over the bleak rocks that deform the surface of the sea under its walls. The visitor who attempts a promenade on the ramparts may readily fancy himself on the roof of the Temple of the Winds. You may be blown round them (walking is out of the question) with ease in ten minutes, provided you relieve yourself of all anxiety about your hat by leaving it behind you, or pitching it into the sea. Of the dismal rocks that are scattered about in the water, several are strongly fortified and garrisoned, and have their own proper names and histories, which you can easily ascertain from the gazetteer, if you have any curiosity on the subject. But who can be expected to have any curiosity about the history of these black precipices, the very sight of which is a sort of ghastly remembrancer of storms and shipwrecks?

The town, or the stony heap on which it stands, is an island, approachable on foot only on one side, where a sort of pier connects it with the main land. It was once, like the other rocks in its vicinity, covered, or nearly covered, with water; and by way of leaving a pious memorial to posterity of its deliverance from the flood, the monks have turned the first house that was built upon it into a chapel. So completely is this little iron-cage of a town shut up in foam and brine, that even the faubourg of St. Servan cannot be reached except by a ferry, unless you make a circuitous expedition over the pier. St. Servan is the English quarter of St. Malo, and it might have been expected that the St. Malonians would have found it worth their while to cultivate the good-will of that money-spending population by building a bridge to facilitate their intercourse with the town. The only difficulty in the way of such a project is the violence of the sea, which rushes in here with great force. During the winter season, especially in the spring-tides, the water rises to such a height, that a considerable part of the adjacent country, including extensive farms, orchards, and tobacco-grounds are submerged, so that it would not be an easy undertaking to build a bridge at this spot, where the sea finds an entrance to the land. But, remembering what engineering skill has accomplished elsewhere, in such erections, for instance, as the bridge in the Gorge of Gondo on the Simplon, which is literally built in the spray of the torrent, such obstacles appear comparatively insignificant. When I was at St. Malo, a basin was in course of construction within the pier to restrain the flood, and it was intended to build a bridge as soon as the basin was finished,—a prospect which seemed to me of indefinite remoteness. In lieu of a bridge, the only means of communication between the town and its suburb was a ferry, which ferry was only a mockery and a snare; for if the day happened to be gusty (and it would give me infinite satisfaction to receive an authentic account of a day that was not gusty at St. Malo) nobody would venture to cross.

Chateaubriand was born here ; and the people were so proud of him, that while he was yet alive they anticipated his burial by building a tomb for him on one of the rocks. The proceeding was conducted on the most approved French principles. His compatriots being desirous that he should have a foretaste of his posthumous glory, first obtained his promise that he would consent to be buried at St. Malo, and then submitted to him a plan of his tomb, of which he was pleased to express his entire approbation. The correspondence which passed between the poet and the authorities on this occasion is carefully preserved in the archives, and exhibits a curious commentary on the vain-gloriousness and foppery which sometimes hurl distinguished Frenchmen into their graves. If the scrap of local scandal which winds up the popular version of the story may be credited, the tomb was no sooner finished, than the bill was forwarded for payment to the illustrious gentleman for whose accommodation it was built !

THE DANE, AND HIS KING.

A PATRIOTIC SONG FOR DENMARK.

(A Sketch of the 11th of February, 1659,) from the Danish of Andersen.

“ Alt reiser Wint'ren sit hvide Telt ;
 Med Is ligger lille og store Belt ;—
 Men Danmark stoler paa Herren.” o. s. w.

His white tent Winter spreads around,
 In icy chains both Belts are bound ;
 But Denmark trusts in the Lord !

By Copenhagen camps the Swede,—
 Trusts in his name, trusts in his deed ;—
 But Denmark trusts in the Lord !

Sore, bitter Want rules village, town ;
 And Hunger-death treads all men down ;—
 But Denmark trusts in the Lord !

The Faubourg all in ashes lies ;
 From God's own house fierce flames arise ;—
 But Denmark trusts in the Lord !

The Danish king from rampart calls ;—
 The red-hot ball beside him falls,—
 But Denmark trusts in the Lord !

Now holds the foe the Isle, and all,—
 But Frederik swears that there he 'll fall ;—
 And Denmark trusts in the Lord !

All fight—what boots their place—who can,—
 Each man's a god,—each maid a man !
 And Denmark trusts in the Lord !

Shrouds, shrouds, the Swede now puts him on,
 Like death-bands o'er the snows they 're gone ;
 But Denmark trusts in the Lord !

The living Snow-man comes like Death,
 But melts before a woman's breath ;—
 So Denmark trusts in the Lord !

On storms the Swede with shout and cry,
 Soon in the snows a corpse to lie ;
 For Denmark trusts in the Lord !

“ Te Deum ” speaks, as true hearts spoke,
 And kneels the King with all his folk,
 And thanks for all the Lord !

W.

THE LUNATIC LOVER.

It is now thirty years since, in the course of my official duties, I was charged with the mission of inspecting the prisons and hospitals in several of the departments of France. For this purpose I visited, amongst many others, the city of —, and commenced an inspection of the Lunatic Asylum there. I had already passed through that portion of the building appropriated to the male patients. The superintendant and the physician had accompanied me from cell to cell, exhibiting, with all the indifference of habit, the sights of misery they presented.

We went into the women's apartments. I was first taken into a large room where several Sisters of Charity were acting as nurses to the sick patients. After having addressed a few words to the superior, we were leaving the room to continue the tour of inspection, when I saw one of the sisters approach the physician, and ask him, in a voice trembling with emotion, "How is he to-day?" I looked at her with more attention: she was young, and I thought her beautiful, but the expression of her countenance was that of the deepest sadness. The physician answered, "What do you hope for? there can be no change." Then, turning towards me, "She inquires," he said, "for a lunatic in whom she is much interested." I asked the cause of this interest. "It is a very sad story," answered the physician. The fair young sister had moved away, anguish marked on every feature of her lovely face, and the superior, observing what had passed, thus addressed me:—"If you should wish to know the terrible affliction which decided the location of my sister Margaret, I can give you the account that she herself has written. When she became one of us, the poor girl had not the power of telling me her sad story; she therefore wrote it, and placed it in my hands."

I hastened to end my visit; my imagination was deeply impressed with what I had seen, with what I had heard. The mournful beauty of the sister Margaret was ever before my eyes. I felt no more interest or emotion at the sight of the other patients. I finished mechanically my duties of inspection. When I was leaving the establishment, the superior gave me the promised manuscript. I hurried home and read as follows:—

"I am the only daughter of an eminent physician in the province of —. He bore the deserved reputation of wisdom, skill, and probity. He had particularly devoted himself to the study of mental maladies. After the death of my mother, he even established a lunatic asylum, and devoted his time to its occupants, influenced as much by feelings of benevolence and charity, as by the love of his art. This establishment was on a very large scale; the house contained numerous apartments, and the garden was very extensive. The patients were not numerous, so that each individual could be cared for with particular attention. As for me, I lived with my father in a cottage at some distance. He would not allow me to run the risk of witnessing any of the horrors of the asylum. I never approached the body of the building where the lunatics, who required the

strictest treatment, were confined. However, their cries sometimes reached my ears, never without filling me with horror and affright.

"Those patients who were calm and gentle, or whose convalescence was assured, were allowed to walk in the garden belonging to the establishment. They were almost entirely at liberty; frequently they even approached our cottage, and could easily have opened the trellised gate which separated from the garden the small enclosure appropriated to us. This, however, was not permitted; but the keepers were not always there, and, besides, my father wished his poor patients to be always treated with extreme consideration.

"One day when I approached a grassy bank, where I was accustomed to sit at my work, or reading, I found a stranger there; I drew back hastily, with a sort of terror. 'Ah, lady!' he exclaimed, 'how bitter is the feeling of inspiring so much disgust that pity is forgotten.' These words pained me. The idea of having excited an emotion which might either increase or renew the stranger's malady, instantly presented itself to my mind. I had heard my father say that even a slight annoyance might bring back former crises of alienation, and renew mental disease. 'Sir,' I said, 'do you wish to speak to my father?' He understood that I affected to suppose that he had come from a distance. 'I belong to this establishment,' he hastily answered; 'I am one of those wretches whom your father seeks to benefit, and you know it well. I frighten you, but fear not; I do no harm; they even say that I have become much more rational latterly; as a proof, I am going away; I ought not to be here. It is forbidden, is it not?' He rose as he spoke, and moved slowly away, leaving me deeply agitated.

"I spoke to my father of what had happened. 'He is very gentle,' he remarked, in answer to my recital. 'His mind never appeared to me much diseased; I have even hesitated about receiving him into the establishment. To any one but me, he would indeed have appeared as completely in his right senses as most of the people one meets with in the world; but I am so experienced in the symptoms of this melancholy disease, that I feel sure, in his case, of its ultimate increase. I have therefore subjected him to a salutary regimen, and have especially taken care to guard against those circumstances that agitate him.' 'Father,' I asked with much curiosity, 'can you tell me the turn his madness takes?' 'It will seem to you very strange, and yet it is far from being singular: he believes himself mad; he has a deeply rooted belief that his reason is hopelessly gone. He examines his own mind, he proves to himself that he is mad, and is filled with anguish at the conviction. Nothing can dissuade him, nothing can console him. No labour, no study serves to divert his mind from the one fatal thought. He cannot keep his attention fixed on any book, and he affects not to understand it, not to be able to follow the connexion of ideas, and sometimes this is really the case. It was he himself who came and asked to be admitted amongst my patients. 'It is there I ought to be,' said he, 'it is my proper place. I am no longer fit to live amongst people of sound mind.' He then asked to see the rooms; he chose his own, had his furniture carried there, made all necessary arrangements himself, and took up his abode here on the day fixed upon, about three weeks ago. He is better since he came; the regularity

of the system here does him good. Besides, when he was at large, the railery or the apprehension of his friends excited him. His fixed idea took deeper root, because others disputed its truth. Here, no one mentions the subject to him. I do not try to prove that he is of sound mind, but, without acknowledging it, he compares himself with the other patients; the disordered state of their intellects forcibly strikes him; unconsciously to himself, he is becoming gradually convinced that he does not resemble them.'

"These details interested me. I often asked my father for further accounts of the young man. 'His disease has changed in character,' he said to me sometime afterwards; 'he has had attacks of violent derangement, but I do not therefore despair of his cure. This kind of mental disease is less durable than a settled calm accompanying a disordered mind. I must not, however, leave him in the neighbourhood of the other lunatics; their fits of frenzy may have a contagious effect upon him. I should like to give him a room in our cottage; if, during the next few days, no new crisis occurs, I will decide on doing so. This young man interests me. His cure shall be accomplished.'

"About a week afterwards, I beheld him opening gently the gate of our garden. As he was passing onwards, one of the keepers ordered him, in an angry voice, to go back into the garden of the asylum. The patient shuddered; a strange light flashed from his eyes; the harshness of the keeper had excited him. I was terrified: his eyes were now fixed upon me: he saw what I felt, and became instantly calm; a gentle, soothed expression stole over his features, and he was retiring, in obedience to the keeper, when my father, who had been looking on from a window, exclaimed, 'No, leave him there, he will do no harm.' The young man turned round: 'Ah, sir,' said he, 'how good you are!' The sound of his voice dissipated all my fears. He approached and seated himself beside me on the bank. 'I have suffered much,' he said; 'I have been betrayed, abandoned. I was alone in the world; no one pitied me, no one understood me. My reason fell beneath repeated trials. It is here, it is in a mad-house, that for the first time I have met with pity and sympathy. Thanks to your father, thanks to you, who speak to me so gently, whose looks soothe my troubled heart, and make me hope that I may become like the rest of mankind.'

"Without being frightened, I was uneasy; I saw that he was becoming excited; but at that moment my father approached us. His presence imposed silence. His patient stood before him like a child before the master he respects. 'I am very glad that you have paid us a visit. You may come from time to time, but unless you are gentle and rational, I cannot leave you with my daughter.'

"He came again—often. His fits of violence did not return; by degrees he ceased to speak of the unsoundness of his mind. He related to me those events which had marked his infancy and coloured his early youth. He had been long an orphan, deprived of both parents; his father had died mad, and that had given him the earliest impression of his own danger, believing as he did that the fatal malady was hereditary. He described to me the solitary life he had led in the country; his melancholy habits of mind; then his residence at college, where he was made wretched by the ridicule of his companions; his indifference for the amusements of the young; his contempt for

worldly pomp and show ; and how it always seemed to him that his acquaintance thought him disagreeable and ridiculous ; that everyone seemed to be conspiring against him ; that he fell into fits of deep melancholy by indulging fancies whose falsehood he afterwards recognised : in short, he told me the history of a timid, doubting, diseased spirit—a spirit, as it were, destined to the loss of reason.

“I felt that I did him good. I knew that what he said was true, and I enjoyed the sweet consciousness of power and of beneficence, I listened without ever contradicting him, naturally taking an interest in everything he told me. I took care to interrupt him without any appearance of design, whenever he became excited in conversation, or his ideas began to be indistinct and confused. Often to soothe him, I took a guitar and sang. This was a great pleasure to him, and never failed in producing the effect I wished. Then the poor young man would compare himself to Saul, soothed by the songs of David : he wept at the thought, and I wept too.

“My father soon considered him well enough to give him a room in our cottage : he became daily more attached to him, and hoped in time to effect a complete cure. He now passed many hours of the day in our society ; he never wished to be alone. Solitude was bad for him, his thoughts began to wander, and excitement followed. He had, in a degree, resumed former habits of study, but he could not read with fixed attention for any length of time ; his ideas became confused, and this led to danger. I took great care, however, not to allow him to speak much. We were obliged to avoid long conversations or exciting subjects ; my object was to lead him to forget himself. I played and sang to him ; I associated him with me in my daily occupation, together we worked in the garden, and took care of my flowers. Sometimes, when my father had time to accompany us, we wandered forth into the country and enjoyed long walks about the neighbourhood. This mode of life gradually wore away every symptom of his malady. His conversation and his mind became each day more calm and settled. His countenance acquired a peaceful and open expression. What joy to me to observe the progress he was making ! Unconsciously he was becoming the first object of my life. He alone engrossed my thoughts from morn till night. Between anxiety and interest he kept me in a state of perpetual excitement. My every word and action, each gesture, each look, was regulated by the one desire of preserving him from pain or harm—the one happiness of contributing to his welfare. I could not seek in him what a woman ordinarily seeks in him she loves ; he could inspire no idea of protection, of support, of superiority ; my feelings were those which are excited by weakness and suffering, a sort of maternal love ; my tenderness went no farther.

“We had been living thus for two months when I perceived a change in his manner towards me. There had never been any familiarity between us, for whatever might have been my affection, a degree of terror always mingled with it. As for him, he feared himself more than I could fear him, but he could not exist out of my presence. Scarcely had he torn himself away and shut himself up in his own apartment, when I beheld him returning to resume his place beside me. But he now began to exercise a stronger control over himself, he sought solitude perseveringly, and I was often obliged to go in search of him and bring him back.

"I remarked this change to my father; at the end of some days he said, 'Our convalescent is now recovered, the cure cannot be more complete. He must return home.'

"The next day my father spoke to him, with gentleness and affection I am sure, for he loved him much. After the conversation he remained for a long time alone; then, when he knew that he should find me by myself, he came down into the saloon and seated himself beside me. I saw that he was exercising strong control over his emotions, and he succeeded; to all appearance he was calm.

"'You know your father's decision!' he said; 'I am to go away, to leave this house, where more than life has been restored to me—where I am so well, so happy, so rational.' He uttered this word in an accent that pierced my heart. 'Do you think this prudent? Is he not exposing his patient to a terrible relapse? Here, near you, within reach of your cares, no evil can touch me. It is you who have cured me, you are my good angel—the guardian angel of my existence. Far from you I see nothing but grief and danger. Your father is so good; why is he changed towards me? Does he wish to cause my destruction? yes, he will cause it, I am sure.'

"'I cannot listen to you speaking thus,' I replied; 'have I not often told you that you have not been ill; we have done nothing but dissipate your absurd fancies; you have been with good people who loved you, and then you renounced your suspicions—your exaggerations. It is your temper and your mind that require a regimen; promise me that you will no longer take pleasure in fancying yourself unhappy—will you not promise it to me, your nurse, your friend? You will often come to see us; and I shall be angry if you are not contented and tranquil.'

"'Yes, I will come often, every day, but it is not the same thing as living under one roof with you, looking upon you every hour. The sight of you, the sound of your voice, has ever infused consolation and calm into my troubled heart. Now, all my safety is gone; I shall be always trembling for myself, and this fear alone, will be enough to throw me back into my former condition.'

"'But it may not be that the whole of your life should be spent here; you must no longer be our patient, but our friend—an honourable friend who has a distinguished career before him, useful occupations, a serious and thoughtful mind. Your idleness it is that has been fatal to you, your solitary indolence.'

"'Always right!—always good!—always words at hand for soothing, and healing, and encouragement! Yes!' said he, rising, 'it is true that I am worthy of nothing. I only deserve the contempt of mankind, the pity of the good. The world only knows me as a miserable victim of insanity. From whom dare I ask for esteem and affection? I will shake off this stigma: I will deserve happiness. Yes, I am rational enough to know that, as I am, can I expect nothing but compassion. Farewell, I leave you. You desire it as well as your father, and there is nothing more reasonable. It must then be.'

"I took his hand; I made him sit down again by my side. He became quite tranquil, and then I allowed him to depart, without uttering a word. I had long understood what was passing in his mind, but I would not suffer my thoughts to dwell upon the subject. Could I even be certain what I felt myself? All my senti-

ments were confused, reflection, I knew, could not enlighten me; I yielded to my emotions without examining into their nature.

"The next day he was no longer with us; the house appeared deserted, the day long. The interest of my life had disappeared. To the unceasing excitement of his presence succeeded a wearisome void. It was not, perhaps, a happiness that I regretted, but my heart was no longer occupied. I neither knew what to do with my time or my thoughts.

"He came to visit us. My father had fixed upon an hour in the day when he was to be with us. My father's presence had never been a restraint; I had no thought that I wished to conceal from him; I might have said everything I wished before him; nevertheless, I felt no longer at my ease.

"My father said to me one day, 'These visits do him more harm than good. We must invent some pretext for putting an end to them; you shall go to spend some weeks at my sister's in the country; when you come back, we shall see how he is.'

"My father went in the evening to tell him the sad news. The next day I received a letter in his hand-writing. I opened it, and read thus—'The cruel and unexpected resolution you have taken destroys all my prudent projects, and hurries me to a step on which I am sure my life depends. I am making every effort I am capable of to be calm, that I may open to you that heart which ought to have been closed against human emotion. I wish to say nothing but what is right. My words must be measured, prudent. Alas! if I cannot now appear calm and rational—if I appear to differ from others—my fate is decided for ever. Margaret! I owe you everything, and yet I dare not remind you of my obligations; your benefits, your cares, are, perhaps, associated in your memory with ideas of terror and disgust. The first moment that I met you, the first day that I passed by your side, these hours of new and improbable happiness, I must try to banish them from your thoughts. What I have been must never return to interfere between us. Forget the past; it terrifies me; I think of it with horror. Let it then never be known how I have learned to love you, and for what reason I love you better than any one ever loved before. However, you have often told me that I was only unhappy; yes, but you alone consoled me. Is not this a bond between two souls who have sympathised and understood each other? As for me, I feel that I can live no longer without you. Margaret, I can control myself—I am rational—I shall always be so. I am strong enough to support all the emotions of life—but one. I conjure you not to inflict an injury greater than even the good you have done me. It is impossible that you have not some affection for me; pity, alone cannot have made you so winning, so gentle. The unhappy may be cared for, but without love they cannot be cured. It is your sympathy which has saved me, which has rescued me from the abyss into which I was falling. Will you suffer me to sink back into it again? Love me! after the blessings you have conferred on me, you have no right to abandon me—you are incapable of such refinement in cruelty. I must end, my brain is fevered! No, Margaret, I mistake; I am cool, calm. It is with a sober judgment, with the most calculating prudence, with a full knowledge of the present, and a full consideration of the future, that I ask to be allowed to devote my life to you, to take upon myself the charge of

your happiness. I send to you the letter I have written to your father; it is for you to give it to him.'

"I did give it, it ran thus—

"I hope, sir, that you will not be surprised at the request I make to you. I owe you much. If you listen to me favourably, I shall owe you a thousand times more. I love your daughter. I could not have known her so long as I have done without forming a strong and deep attachment. Till to-day she has never been told of my love. She and you ought to become acquainted with it at the same time. My fortune is considerable; I belong, as you are aware, to an illustrious family; as for my character and my sentiments, you know them well. I have been treated as your child; will you allow me to become so for ever?"

"After having read both letters, my father remained for a time silent, then he fixed his eyes steadily upon me. 'What is to be done?' he said; 'it is as I feared.'

"I did not answer.

"'How, my child,' continued he, 'can there be a moment's hesitation? I know not what your kind heart may suggest to you, but my duty as a father leaves no room for doubt. To abandon the life of my precious Margaret to this poor creature who, notwithstanding all my care, still remains in the same deplorable condition—who is on the eve of sinking into complete idiocy. It is a thought of horror: I should be more mad than he is if, for a moment, I indulged the idea of yielding to his wishes.'

"I stood before my father motionless and silent. I was incapable of uttering a word: a mysterious instinct impressed upon my mind the firm conviction, that I should not have incurred any risk by a union with my unfortunate lover, that our life might have passed in happiness and tranquillity;—that I possessed the power of preserving that suffering spirit from the evils he had always dreaded,—that a refusal of his only chance of happiness must be fatal to him. But, how could I venture to assert all this in opposition to probability, to common sense, to all apparent evidence? How oppose my own wishes to those of my father, ever so prudent, so wise, so affectionate towards me? He was right: I knew it, I could not deny it; but, in the depths of my heart a voice that would make itself heard assured me of the contrary. I ought to have had courage to resist. Now I experience the bitterest remorse for not having entreated, conjured my father to relent; for not having extorted a consent which involved danger to myself alone, and—full well I knew it, not even danger to myself.

"My father left me; he went to see him, and told him that other engagements had already been made for me; but these precautions did not soften his refusal. The scene that took place was violent; my father acknowledged this, but entered into no details. I lived in an agony of apprehension. I soon learned that he was again seized with paroxysms of delirium; my father said he had expected this.

"I have had so much experience in these diseases, that I had no doubt about it. I will not see him again,—my presence would agitate him; but I watch anxiously over him, having constant and detailed accounts of his situation from those who have the charge of him. If unfortunately his violence should continue, I am making arrangements to have him transferred to a lunatic asylum twenty miles from

here. I know the head physician well; and the best care will be taken of him.'

'This prudence, which in my father was not harshness — this chilling benevolence intimidated and silenced me. I dared not express my feelings. And what were they, those feelings? What could I have said? What could I have asked? A moment's reflection taught me that it was vain to struggle any longer against the will of Providence. But I prayed, I implored a miracle. I dreamt that it was granted, and I passed from resignation to hope.

'I saw him again. He was between two keepers. His aspect was terrible. His hair was long and dishevelled, his eyes widely opened, his mouth wore an expression which would have been convulsive but for exhaustion. Suddenly he perceived me; an emotion of shame passed over his countenance; he felt the humiliation of appearing in such a condition before me; but when he heard the sound of my voice he gained courage, and spoke.

'“You have then condemned me,” he said. “How could I have cherished so presumptuous a hope? I could not have been cured when I formed so wild a project;—to marry a mad-man!” and he laughed a terrible laugh.

'“Have I deserved that you should speak thus?” I answered. “Have you not witnessed my affection?”

'“Yes; your goodness, your compassion, your charity,—but affection, who could feel affection for such as I am? I have been driven away from you; even you, so good, so pious, have been revolted at the sight of my misery. If I have fallen into the terrible condition in which you now see me, who is the cause? tell me.”

'“I could no longer restrain my emotion. I burst into tears; I sobbed violently. He became more excited; he raised his head; his eyes flashed.

'“I am unjust and cruel!” he exclaimed. “It is not you who refused me. You did not will my death; you could not have been so cruel. It is your father who has destroyed me. It is his barbarous prudence which has caused my ruin. Margaret, I implore you to tell me that you would have consented, that the refusal did not come from you. Give me this assurance; it will soothe my sufferings—it may still my fury. If I can say she loves me, this will be enough of happiness to make my short life calm and peaceful.”

'“The blood still freezes in my veins when I think of the answer I might have given him. Can I be thankful enough for having been preserved from such awful recollections? What danger was I exposed to! In what horror should I have held myself!

'“In a few moments I recovered my composure. I reproached him gently for his ingratitude towards my father. I tried to inspire him with some hope for the future. But, while I spoke, his keepers interposed between us, and entreated me to retire; they saw that a fearful crisis was approaching. The attendant who accompanied me hurried me away by force.

'“From that day his lucid intervals almost ceased. They told me his reason was entirely gone.

'“How shall I end my story? How shall I come to the terrible conclusion!

'“My father took care never to be seen by him; but he daily visited the place of his confinement, and gave constant and anxious

directions respecting him. On one of these visits he caught a sight of my father through the grated window of his cell. The door had been left open for a moment. He rushed out, exclaiming,

“It is he! it is he! my enemy, my murderer!”

“He darted down the stairs before any one could overtake him. He held a knife in his hand, that he had snatched up as he passed. He threw himself upon my father, and laid him dying at his feet. My father was brought back to me, bathed in his blood. The steel had reached his heart. He spoke with difficulty. ‘My dear child! my poor Margaret!’ were his last words, and I read in his dying looks the satisfaction he felt at having saved me from that stroke which had laid him low.

“No language can describe the agony I suffered: from that moment I have only existed for sorrow. God has willed it thus.

“To a state of mind like mine exertion is necessary. I wish to devote myself to the service of the poor and the sick. It cannot be displeasing to heaven that it should be especially to the service of the sufferers from that fatal disease, the image of which is ever before my eyes and in my mind.

“I made inquiries respecting the unfortunate, the unconscious instrument of my terrible misfortune. He has never since had a momentary interval of reason. Never since has he recognized any one. Sometimes I thank heaven for this; at other times I reproach myself for the thought. He was immediately taken to the asylum where my father had intended to send him, only delaying his removal from kindness to his patient. It is at this asylum that I wish to be employed by the superiors of the order, into which I implore the favour of being received. Is it wrong for me to feel that I have still duties to fulfil towards him whom my father watched over with such tender care? I know that I shall not even be permitted to see him; but I shall be near him, I shall learn what his sufferings are. If he should ever recover, I shall ask to be sent away far from the place where he dwells.”

I gave back the story of Sister Margaret to the superior; she told me that none of the pious sisterhood were more devoted, more zealous in exertion, more serene and placid in piety. “Nevertheless,” added she, “her efforts are beyond her strength; she tries to subdue her sorrow, but it inwardly consumes her. It is never absent from her thoughts: but she never speaks of it.”

Six months afterwards I received the following letter:—

“SIR,—you seemed to take so much interest in Sister Margaret, that I feel myself called upon to announce to you that her sorrows are at an end. God has called her to himself. The poor young man who was confined in the asylum has latterly been suffering more and more from the violence of delirious paroxysms. Fifteen days ago brain fever declared itself. Margaret was informed of it. She asked me to dispense with her daily services; she sought refuge in the chapel, where she continued in prayer all that day, and almost all night. The young man died the next morning. His body was carried to the chapel. When we came forwards to sprinkle the holy-water, Margaret would stand in her appointed place. As she passed before the coffin she fainted. Two days afterwards she died in my arms—died as a saint should die.”

AN HOUR WITH LADY ANN HAMILTON;

OR,

WHO WAS GEORGE THE FOURTH'S SPY?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

"It was a marked feature in the lot of that most unfortunate woman* to be encircled by spies all her life."

Mr. (afterwards Lord Chief Justice) Tindal.

"THE gist of the matter lies in small compass," said I to my excited companion,—for an elderly and an antiquarian he was singularly *impulsive*,—"did the trinket ever belong to the royal personage you mention? Is it genuine? Can you authenticate it?"

"Is Milton's mulberry-tree in Christ College gardens genuine?" returned the virtuoso, pettishly. "Is Sir Isaac Newton's MS. 'Principia,' preserved in one of the cabinets of Trinity College Library, genuine? Is Charles the First's death-warrant, with the signatures of the regicides attached (as shewn to one in the British Museum), genuine? Authentic! I tell you the trinket has never been hawked about by the curiosity vendors. It came to me all but direct from royalty."

"That last fact was suppressed till now," said I, calmly.

"It should not be; for it is most material," roared my virtuoso friend, Mr. Esten—his pardon for not having sooner announced him!—"but people now-a-days won't hearken; countless speakers, no listeners. Who will now lend an ear to the remarks of an old man?"

"I: cheerfully and readily, if those remarks be made calmly and intelligibly," was my wicked response.

"Thanks be praised!" shouted Mr. Esten, his face crimson with anger and his eyes sparkling as he spoke; "my temper is under perfect control. Irritation is, in my judgment, pitiable. No created being ever saw me exasperated. In truth, I defy the power of circumstances to ruffle me!"

It was only by visible and extreme effort that he refrained from finishing the sentence with a stamp.

"I am"—here commenced—"I am—"

"Manifestly an impassive person," was my quiet conclusion.

"And was from boyhood," added he, complacently: "but now for details. When I lodged in Lower Berkeley Street, the son of the mistress of the house fell ill. An ignorant apothecary was called in, and the poor lad was dosed and drenched till he was reduced to the weight and semblance of a skeleton. Seeing that death was inevitable if the drenching system was persevered in, I prevailed on his mother to let me send him to St. George's Hospital; where his case was thoroughly investigated, and where he gradually recovered. The gratitude of his family was great; and a sister who had lived for some years in the establishment of the Princess of Wales brought me 'as an acknowledgment' this antique filagree box, which, she said, her royal

* Queen Caroline.

mistress had given her for 'faithful services,' when that ill-advised princess quitted this country for the Continent in 1815."

"A procedure that proved, as she was forewarned, her ruin."

"Forget her for the moment!" exclaimed my companion quickly; "and heed only my filagree *honorarium*. To accept such an article of *bijouerie* as a present was out of the question. I bought it; and though I paid smartly for my whistle, thought myself the winner of a prize. One morning,—years after it had come into my possession,—as I was exhibiting it to some country virtuoso, who fingered and thumbed my treasure till I could have pitched him off his chair for his vulgar familiarity, I fancied that I discovered a chink or flaw in one of the compartments. Rescuing it eagerly from his clutches, and examining it closely after his welcome departure, I detected, at the base, a small, narrow drawer. In it, among other trifles of no moment,—such as a fragment of gold-beater's skin, a skein of white silk, two mother-of-pearl counters wrapped up in silver paper,—lay a letter, which I conceive to have been written by no other than the late Princess Charlotte, and addressed to her mother. Examine the date and signature, and see if you can arrive at an opposite conclusion."

He tendered me, as he spoke, a letter, and then (with the characteristic agony of a collector) begged me to be "most particularly cautious how I handled it."

It was a small sheet of coarse, common writing-paper, which, from repeated foldings and unfoldings, would scarcely hang together. I scrutinized the water-mark. It tallied, indisputably, with the year in which the letter professed to be dated. The ink was faded; the paper was yellow from age. But still the purport could be distinctly gathered; for the characters traced on the discoloured page were boldly, firmly, and deeply written. One word—"unalterably"—was inscribed in letters of larger size than any other in the missive; and the interest of the document was heightened by the surmise which its appearance suggested—that it had been *blistered by tears*.

Thus it ran:—

Warwick House, July 9th, 1814.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

YOU may rely on my firmness.

Always and unalterably your affectionate

C. P.

"And now, Hammond, what say you?" I hesitated. "Give me your candid opinion—adverse or friendly—out with it."

"Speaking as a lawyer," said I, "there is undoubtedly evidence, *primâ facie*, in favour of this exquisite little casket having once belonged to Queen Caroline; and of this note—letter if so you like to call it—having been written by her lamented daughter. But this evidence is not varied; nor is it conclusive. C. P. may stand for Charlotte Ponsonby, or Cecilia Pratt, or Cordelia Pierpoint, or half-a-dozen other ladies. And there is, undoubtedly, more than one Warwick House in London. I myself know a Warwick House in Bayswater; in the Regent's Park; at Norwood; at Brompton—"

"Ugh!" exclaimed Mr. Esten, with a gesture of vehement displeasure. "Ugh! Scepticism everywhere triumphant! snubs one right and left. Ugh! *A.* disbelieves this; and *B.* discredits that. Ugh!"

Apparently unconscious of his displeasure, I proceeded—

"The letter you will observe is addressed to no one. The cover, unhappily, is wanting, and consequently we lose the corroborative testimony which the seal would have supplied."

"How dare you, sir, dispute the genuineness of that document?" gasped out the antiquary. He tried to utter another sentence, but his rage rendered him inarticulate.

"I don't dispute its being genuine," was my rejoinder; "my remark simply goes to this—that the evidence in support of its authenticity is incomplete. I should like the little note to be verified by one who had been about the late Princess Charlotte, or who was thoroughly conversant with her handwriting, and could fearlessly pronounce upon it."

"Any other painful and damaging suggestion?" inquired my companion with affected calmness.

"There are no initials on the casket, as you are doubtless aware; no coat of arms; nothing to connect it with royalty; nothing to indicate that George the Fourth's Queen was its former owner."

"Permit *me* now to make an insinuation," said the old gentleman, bitterly, "perhaps the relic is not silver, but pewter—in rare preservation, and exquisitely polished."

"Surely I have not offended you!" was my reply. "You asked for my candid opinion; you cannot entertain anger that I have given it?"

"Two facts," continued he, articulating with difficulty, "I re-assert and will not be driven from: the writer of this letter was the Princess Charlotte; and that box was once the property of her mother. Such is my fixed and firm belief."

"And that you may hold it on sure grounds I will, with your concurrence, endeavour to arrange an interview with Lady Ann Hamilton, for so many years lady-in-waiting on Queen Caroline, and submit both the letter and the casket to her inspection and decision."

"By the latter I won't hold myself bound if it be against me," exclaimed Mr. Esten, sharply; "she's an authority, I admit, but not infallible."

"It will be no easy matter," I observed, "to obtain her opinion. She lives at Pentonville in great seclusion, and is not very accessible. But I know a Mrs. Janet Hamilton, a kinswoman and favourite of the late Lord Archibald; with her, I believe, Lady Ann keeps up occasional intercourse. A note of introduction from my venerable friend will, probably, procure us an audience."

Mr. Esten paused, and looked somewhat pugnaciously disposed. "Why should *I*," murmured he, "waste my time by running after this or that ex-lady in waiting? *I* want no opinion. *My* mind is made up. But still—name your day and hour," and he turned to me abruptly; "'twill but exercise the horses."

"The third day from this—Friday; the hour—two: will that arrangement meet your convenience?"

"Consider it as an appointment and keep it," grunted the virtuoso; and we parted.

On a most unpropitious morning—it rained in torrents—we started off in Mr. Esten's britschka for Pentonville; and, after repeated inquiries, at length stood before the humble dwelling where the favourite attendant of a queen—the firm and faithful adherent of her royal mistress—was closing her eventful life. It was a touching and cha-

racteristic incident, that while the "bettermost classes" could give us no information as to her residence—had "never heard of such a lady"—"didn't believe she lived anywhere in that neighbourhood"—"were sure they should have heard of her if she had"—we eventually traced her whereabouts *by means of the poor*. They knew her well: and it was a half-clad, pinched, and shivering old man who, with an expression of as much glee as cold and famine would permit his face to wear, guided us to her house.

She was known only by her good deeds.

It were well if the eminent in station were always similarly distinguished!

Our summons was answered by an elderly, staid, prim-looking matron, who, beyond all question, had been bred in Lord Eldon's school. *She had her doubts*. Her eye ran over, calmly and deliberately, Mr. Esten's turn-out,—his stylish crest, sleek horses, and puffy coachman; and still, like George the Third's own chancellor, "*regard being had to all the attendant circumstances,*" she "*entertained very considerable doubts.*"

We tendered our cards and Mrs. Janet Hamilton's bulky note of introduction.

The oracle closed her hand upon them, and at length spoke.

"Lady Ann was at home, and tolerably well that morning; but—was it on any matter of charity we wished to see her?"

"No!" burst forth Mr. Esten vivaciously.

"Charity?—No, no!"

The scruples of the vigilant janitress were not yet laid asleep. "Was our visit, might she ask, at all connected with pecuniary matters?"

"Neither directly nor indirectly," said I, quickly, to prevent a burst of wrath from my wearied companion. "Your duty is simple: pray present that note and these cards to her ladyship, and say that we await her pleasure."

Five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed. Our admission was evidently a matter of debate within. Blinds were drawn up and down,—doors were opened and shut,—windows rattled. At length we were told that Lady Ann would receive us. Up a narrow staircase we followed our conductress into a small and meagrely-furnished drawing-room, where sat a lady far advanced in life, thin and anxious-looking.

She was plainly, almost shabbily, dressed in faded half-mourning. A modern milliner would have wept over its palpable antiquity. Her head-gear was remarkable. It was neither bonnet, cap, nor turban, but a mixture of all three; dark with a good deal of black lace about it, and a profusion of bows of stiff, black love-ribbon. It towered high upon the forehead like a military cap; and when in conversation Lady Ann shook her head dissentingly from some of Mr. Esten's premises, the fabric, bows and all, shook and quivered again in a manner truly trying to human gravity.

Still, amidst all this, there was the bearing—never to be mistaken—of a high-born, self-possessed, and well-bred gentlewoman.

As an almost historical personage, I looked at her with great interest. *Silent*,—her demeanour was painfully stiff, precise, and formal; her countenance *then* wore an air of gravity, bordering even on sadness: but when she spoke, there was a benevolent smile and a kindly tone, peculiarly gracious and winning.

I was the spokesman; and while Lady Ann made a few graceful inquiries touching the health and well-being of her "valued kinswoman, Mrs. Janet," Mr. Esten drew from a smart mahogany case his treasure—the disputed casket. This he placed without comment upon a small work-table beside him. Lady Ann's regards were fastened upon it at once. She looked at it in silence for a few seconds, and then said,—

"That is an old acquaintance! I recognise it at once: it belonged to my royal mistress. How its loss was deplored! Where did it cast it up? and when?"

"It has belonged to me, madame, for at least these dozen years," said Mr. Esten proudly.

"Indeed! so long! The hours"—continued Lady Ann, musingly—"hours? days, I should say, which I have spent in searching for it. Pardon my curiosity—but how did it come into your possession?"

"I purchased it," responded Mr. Esten, with something of a flourish, "from a party who had served for many years in the princess's household; and to whom her royal highness had given it as a reward for meritorious conduct."

"Humph!" said her ladyship; and then added, with quiet emphasis, "*it was stolen.*"

Mr. Esten looked aghast. He rose hurriedly from his seat with an evident intention to explain; then as hurriedly resumed it,—muttering the while some deprecatory remarks, of which the only intelligible words were "mistake,"—"high respectability,"—"faithful services,"—and "monstrous depravity."

"You could with difficulty imagine," continued Lady Ann, coldly, "that an article of such value would be given to a servant? Creature of impulse as the unhappy princess was, she would hardly have bestowed on a menial that which was originally a present from her uncle, George the Third!"

"Mr. Esten was deceived," said I, observing that that worthy was *hors de combat*; "and if your ladyship will allow me to enter into details, you will see that no common artifice was used."

I then narrated somewhat at length the boy's illness and cure, and the sister's gratitude and subterfuge.

"I remember the party," said Lady Ann when I concluded; "she was very obliging, and had remarkably pleasant manners. And so Susan was the thief! We fancied that the box and any papers that it might contain had found their way, like other 'waifs and strays,' to Carlton House. And that prompts the inquiry," she continued, turning and addressing the discomfited Mr. Esten, "whether any letters were in the casket when it came into your possession? The queen always fancied that it had been filled with papers."

The distressed gentleman so distinctly called upon bowed courteously to Lady Ann, and then waved his hand piteously to me in token that he was past all oral communication. The imputation of being a receiver of stolen goods weighed heavy on his soul.

"No letter but one," said I, most unwillingly again becoming spokesman, "which we conceive to have been written by the late Princess Charlotte, and addressed to her mother: your ladyship can perhaps identify it?" I handed her the letter.

"Yes; your conjecture is correct," said Lady Ann: "that is the

Princess Charlotte's writing beyond all doubt. That letter was received in Connaught Place a day or two before the princess's hasty flight from Warwick House. Verbal as well as written messages passed at that crisis between mother and daughter. Oh, yes! Every word of that brief note was written by the princess! Of that I'm positive. How I have heard the poor queen lament the loss of that letter!"

I glanced at my companion, expecting that this confirmation of his views would cheer and rouse him. I was disappointed. Bitterly chagrined, he maintained a resolute silence.

Reverting to the past, Lady Ann proceeded:—"That my royal mistress was careless and unsuspecting, and often left desks and cabinets open which should have been carefully secured, is too true; but of what repeated and audacious robberies of papers had she to complain? The letters of Lady Douglas to Mrs. Fitzgerald, which would have told much in the princess's favour, and which she kept in a cabinet in her own sleeping-room, were stolen from her immediately prior to the first conspiracy against her in 1806. Years afterwards a letter which the Duke of Kent wrote her (a confidential and kind letter: through life he was her friend), to put her on her guard against a certain peer, was taken out her writing-desk. Within one week it was in the prince's possession at Carlton House! In fact, from the hour she landed in this country, up to the week of her death, she was watched by spies,—spies even in her own household, who were in the pay of her husband. *He* was kept thoroughly *au fait* of all that took place in the dwelling of his wife! and his chief informant—a woman! But all this is idle, and worse than idle. It only excites and distresses me; and to no purpose. It is a subject I rarely revert to. The persecutor and the persecuted are gone, and I must shortly follow them."

I made some complimentary allusion to her firm fidelity to her royal mistress amid the ingratitude and desertion of others on whose adherence she might have counted.

"Of that I am clear. I never failed her. I was with her on the eventful coronation morning, and braved the mob. There is no point on which I can reproach myself. I said I never would desert her, and I never did."

But in spite of considerable native resolution, the burden of years told. Lady Ann looked fagged and exhausted when she ceased speaking, and we rose to take our leave. Mr. Esten still remaining silent, I thanked her ladyship, in his name and my own, for the details she had given us, and for her valuable testimony in favour of the royal relics. She bowed in reply, merely adding,—

"I ought not to have seen you. Our interview has led to discussions on a subject on which I cannot be silent, but which I feel I should avoid."

Once in the carriage, I congratulated Mr. Esten on the result of the conference.

"I shall break up my collection," said he vehemently; "a pretty joke at my time of life to be treated as the receiver of stolen goods."

"But, my good sir, reflect—"

"Hammond," said the old gentleman, "I've one request to make, and it is this; never mention to me this box, yellow letter, or vexatious drive to Pentonville again. If you do, our friendship ends."

I obeyed him.

MEMOIRS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[CHATEAUBRIAND was born in Bretagne, the sombre land of forests The fairies, with golden harps, who haunt these majestic woods, presided at his birth, and crowned his brows with bay leaves. His childhood was passed in a gloomy old castle, which frowned upon the sea; the dashing and foaming of the waves alone broke the dreary stillness of the scene; thus his character took almost imperceptibly a shade of melancholy, his love of the sea became a passion, which lasted as long as he lived. Unfortunately, Chateaubriand did not meet with that tenderness and affection from his family, which, to a sensitive and ardent nature like his, was absolutely necessary to the development of his genius: the endearments of the domestic circle were unknown in the castle of Combourg. His mother was anxious that he should enter the Church, but his father does not seem to have formed any plans with regard to his future path in life; he was entirely abandoned to his own feelings and pursuits; his chief amusement at this time appears to have been in scribbling and rhyming, but he soon found a sweet companion in his sister, Lucille, and henceforth he becomes a new being; he has left us only a sketch of this favourite sister, while he has given us full length portraits of most of the other members of his family.]

“ My father, M. de Chateaubriand, was a tall, gaunt-looking man, with an aquiline nose, thin white lips, and deeply sunken eyes. When he was angry, his countenance assumed an expression which was really terrible; I have never seen any person who looked as he did on these occasions; his flashing eye-balls seemed as if they would leave their sockets, and strike the offender to the ground, like a thunderbolt. The ruling ambition of my father was family pride.

“ He was naturally grave, and became still more so as he grew older: his taciturnity was remarkable, and he roused himself from it only by fits. He was avaricious, from the desire of restoring to his family its original honours; haughty to his equals, harsh and severe to his dependants, and in his domestic circle he was tyrannical and unbending; in beholding him it was impossible not to fear him. If he had lived till the Revolution, and had been younger, he would certainly have taken a prominent part in it, or would have died in defending his château of Combourg. He undoubtedly possessed considerable talent; and if he had been placed at the head of an Administration or of an army, he would certainly have distinguished himself. It was on his return from America that he seriously thought of marrying. He was born on the 23rd of September, 1718, and on July the 3rd, 1753, at the age of thirty-five, he married Apolline Jeanne Suzanne de Bedée, born April 7, 1726, and daughter of Messire Ange Annibal, Comte de Bedée, Seigneur de la Bonétardais. My father took up his residence at St. Malo, with his bride, within a few miles of which place both he and my mother were born; so that they could see from their dwelling the horizon under which they first came into the world. My maternal grandmother, Maria Anne de Ravenel de Bois-

teilleul, Dame de Bedée, born at Rennes, the 10th of October, 1698, was educated at St. Cyr, in the latter years of Madame de Maintenon. Her daughters were unconsciously influenced by the nature of her education. My mother possessed very good abilities and strong imagination; her mind had been modelled upon the study of the works of Fénelon, Racine, and Madame de Sevigné. She had been bred up in familiarity with the anecdotes of Louis the Fourteenth's time; she knew the whole of Cyrus by heart. Apolline de Bedée's features were large and strongly marked; she was dark, small, and ugly; the elegance and vivacity of her manners, and her whole disposition, formed a strong contrast to the rigidity and calmness of my father's usual manner. She loved society as much as he enjoyed solitude; she was altogether as arch and animated as my father was cold and silent; in short, she did not possess a taste but it was completely opposed to her husband's. The contrariety which she experienced affected her spirits, and from being extremely lively and amusing, she became quite melancholy; she was often compelled to remain silent, when she would have liked to enter into conversation. Finding herself thus restrained, she assumed a fractious sadness, mixed occasionally with heavy sighs, which alone broke the melancholy silence of my father. Still she was as good and devout as an angel.

"My mother gave birth to her first child, a boy, at St. Malo; he was christened Geoffrey, the name of all the eldest sons of my family; he died very young. After this boy another was born, and two girls, none of whom lived beyond a few months. These four children died of an overflow of blood to the head. At length my mother presented my father with another boy, who was named Jean Baptiste; he afterwards became the grandson-in-law of M. de Malsherbes. Four girls were born after Jean Baptiste, Marie Anne, Bénigne, Julie, and Lucille; all the four were extremely beautiful, but the two eldest only survived the stormy times of the Revolution. I was the last of these ten children; it was with difficulty that I was brought into the world; I seemed to have an aversion to existence. The following is an extract from the register of my birth in 1768:—

"François-René de Chateaubriand, son of René de Chateaubriand and of Pauline Jeanne Suzanne de Bedée, his wife, born the 4th of September, 1768, and baptized the following day, by me, Pierre Henry Nonail, principal vicar of the Archbishop of St. Malo; Jean Baptiste de Chateaubriand, his brother, was his godfather, and his godmother was Françoise Gertrude de Contades. These persons have signed their names, as well as the father, in the following manner: Contades de Plouër, Jean Baptiste de Chateaubriand, Brignon de Chateaubriand, and Nouail, vicar-general.' In my works I have made a slight blunder as to the month of my birth; I have stated that I was born on the 4th of October, instead of the 4th of September; my Christian names are, François René, not François Auguste.*

"The house which my parents then inhabited, is situated in a dull narrow street of St. Malo, called Rue des Juifs; the house is now an inn. The room in which my mother's accouchement took place, looked out upon a deserted part of the city walls; from the window

* Twenty days after me, on the 15th of August, 1768, in another island at the other extremity of France, Bonaparte was born.

of this chamber the sea appeared boundless, and dashed wildly against the rocks. In the register of my baptism it will be seen that my brother was my godfather, and the Countess de Plouër, daughter of the Maréchal de Contades, my godmother. I was nearly dead when I came into the world. The roaring of the waves, additionally agitated by a hurricane, shewing the approach of the equinoctial gales, prevented my cries being heard: these details have often been related to me; their melancholy nature has never been effaced from my memory; scarcely a day passes, when, pondering over what I have been, that the thought of the rock upon which I was born, the chamber in which my mother inflicted life upon me, the storm without, and the unfortunate brother who gave me the name, which I have nearly always borne in misfortune, does not rise forcibly to my mind. Heaven seemed at my birth to have foretold my future destiny.

"My first exile took place immediately after I had seen the light, I was banished to Plancouët, a pretty village situated between Dinan, St. Malo, and Lamballe. The only brother of my mother, the Comte de Bedée, had built the château de Monchoir, near this village. One of the boundaries of my maternal grandmother's estates extended in this neighbourhood as far as the town of Corseul. My grandmother, who had been long a widow, lived with her sister, Mademoiselle de Boisteilleul, in a hamlet which was separated from Plancouët by a bridge, and called L'Abbaye, from an abbey of Benedictines, consecrated to our Lady of Nazareth, being on the spot. My nurse was found to be incapable of nourishing me, so another good Christian took me to her bosom; she devoted me to the patroness of the hamlet, our Lady of Nazareth, and vowed to her that I should wear blue and white in her honour, till I arrived at the age of seven: I had lived only a few hours, and yet care seemed already stamped on my brow. Why did they not let me die? But God thought fit, in his wisdom, to grant to the prayer of innocence and ignorance, the preservation of that being who promised one day to achieve an empty reputation.

"The vow of this simple peasant woman does not belong to these days, yet it is touching to imagine the intervention of a divine mother placed between the child and heaven, and sharing the solicitude of a terrestrial mother.

"At the end of three years I was taken back to St. Malo; seven years had already elapsed since my father had recovered his estate of Combourg. He was anxious to possess those lands which had formerly belonged to his ancestors. He was unable to treat for the seigneurie de Beaufort, for the right of the family of Goyon to its possession had been established; neither could he negotiate for the barony of Chateaubriand, for it had fallen to the house of Condé; he therefore turned his thoughts upon Combourg, spelt by Froissart, Combour. Several branches of my family had possessed it by marriages with the Coëtquen. Combourg defended Bretagne against the Normans and the English. Junken, Archbishop of Dol, built it in 1016; the great tower dates as far back as 1100. The Maréchal de Duras, who held Combourg in right of his wife, Machovie de Coëtquen, the child of De Chateaubriand, entered into arrangements with my father. The Marquis de Hallay, an officer in the horse grenadiers, forming the royal guard, and well known for his bravery, is the last of the Coëtquen-Chateaubriands. M. de Hallay has a bro-

ther. The same Maréchal de Duras, in consequence of his being connected with our family, afterwards presented my brother and me to Louis the Sixteenth. It was settled I should go into the royal navy: aversion to the Court was natural to every Breton, and especially to my father.

“When I returned to St. Malo, my father was at Combourg, my mother at the college of St. Brieuc, and my four sisters were at home. My mother lavished all her affection on her eldest son; though I do not for a moment mean to say that she did not fondly love her other children, but she shewed always a blind preference for the young Comte de Combourg. In consideration of my being the youngest, a boy and chevalier as I was called, I certainly was allowed a few more privileges than my sisters; but still I was almost entirely abandoned to the care of domestics. My mother, who was exceedingly virtuous and full of talent, was always either engaged by the duties of religion or the demands of society.

“The Comtesse de Plouër, my godmother, was her intimate friend, and she often saw also the relations of Mauvertuis and of the Abbé Trublet. She loved politics, society, and excitement: she threw her whole soul into the affair of La Chalotais. At home she was always scolding or murmuring; her thoughts seemed to be engaged elsewhere; and she bore the appearance of a spirit of parsimony, which prevented us for some time from being able to appreciate her many good qualities. She displayed order in most of her arrangements, yet her children never felt the good effects of it; possessing real generosity, she always appeared an avaricious person; though naturally gentle in disposition, she was always chiding. My father was the terror of the domestics, and my mother their scourge.

“My early sentiments were very much influenced by the disposition of my parents. I became warmly attached to the person who took charge of me, La Villeneuve,—while I write her name, tears of gratitude gush into my eyes at the recollection of all her kindness. La Villeneuve was a sort of superintendent of the household. She would carry me in her arms, and give me secretly all that she could find; by her all my tears were wiped away. Sometimes she thought it necessary to reprove me, but she would soon take me into favour again, and stuff me with sweetmeats and wine. My childish fondness for La Villeneuve soon gave place to a more suitable friendship and affection.

“Lucille, the last of my four sisters, was two years older than myself. Being the youngest, she was less noticed than the rest, and her dress was composed of the left-off clothes of her sisters. Picture to yourself a tall, thin girl, who had outgrown her strength, with long, awkward arms, and an exceedingly timid and hesitating manner whenever she spoke, who found great difficulty in learning anything,—fancy her in a dress which was evidently intended for a different figure to hers, and imagine her poor little chest and waist encased in whalebone, her throat supported by an iron-collar covered with brown velvet, her hair drawn back off her face, and confined at the top of her head in a sort of *toque* in some black material,—and you will then have before your eyes the miserable little creature who first met my gaze when I was brought home to the paternal roof.

“No person then dreamed for a moment that the neglected and sickly Lucille would one day become remarkable for her beauty and talents. She was abandoned to me for a playmate; but I did not

abuse the privilege allowed me. Instead of making her submit to my whims, I became her protector. I was taken every morning with her to two old hump-backed sisters, dressed in black, called Couppart, who taught children to read. Lucille read very badly; I read still worse. Lucille was scolded; but I scratched, and beat the sisters; and great complaints were made to my mother. I began to be considered a good-for-nothing fellow,—a very rebel,—an idle and stupid boy. This opinion gradually took root in my parents' minds. My father said that all the Chevaliers de Chateaubriand were mere sportsmen, drunkards, and brawlers; my mother sighed and grumbled as she beheld the disorder of my jacket. Young as I was, my father's words quite revolted me; and when my mother 'crowned his lectures with ill-judged eulogiums on my brother, whom she called a Cato, a hero, I really felt myself disposed to be as perverse as they considered me.

"My writing-master, M. Després, was not much more satisfied with me than my parents. He made me continually copy out the same thing. I hated the very sight of the two lines—not, however, because there is any fault to be found in the language:—

'C'est à vous, mon esprit, à qui je veux parler :
Vous avez des défauts que je ne puis céler.'

"He accompanied his reprimands with blows of the fist. He would call me *tête d'achôcre*. Did he mean *achore*? I don't know what *tête d'achôcre* signifies, but I am sure it must have been something very dreadful.

"St. Malo is only a rock. It stood formerly in a salt-marsh, and became an island in time from the inroads of the sea, which, in 709, formed a gulf and left St. Michel in the midst of the floods. In the present day, the rock of St. Malo is joined to the main land only by a bank. This bank is poetically called *Le Sillon*. *Le Sillon* was nearly destroyed by a tempest in 1730. During the ebbing of the tide the port is perfectly dry, and large portions of the shore are covered with the most beautiful sand: it is then possible to go completely round my father's estate. Far and near stretch rocks, forts, and islets; the Fort Royal, the Conchée, Cézembra, and the Grand-Bé, where my tomb is to be. I had rightly chosen this spot, yet without knowing why: *bé*, in Breton, signifies *tomb*. At the end of *Le Sillon*, upon which was planted a Calvary, was a mound of sand bordering the open sea: this mound is called the *Hoguette*; it is surmounted by an old gibbet. The pillars served us to play at four-corners: we disputed possession with the sea-birds, but it was not without a certain sense of fear that we stopped to play in this place. Here, too, are also the *Miels*,—downs upon which sheep pasture. On the right, at the foot of *Paramé*, are meadows, the posting-road to St. Servan, the new cemetery, a Calvary, and several mills upon mounds of earth, like those which rise upon the tomb of Achilles at the entrance of the *Hellespont*.

"I was nearly seven years old, when my mother took me to *Plan-couët*, that I might be absolved from the vow which my nurse had made for me. We visited my grandmother. If I have known happiness, it has been in that house. My grandmother occupied a house in the street of the hamlet of *Abbey*, and the gardens belonging to it descended in the form of a terrace into a little valley, at the bottom of

which was a fountain surrounded by willows. Madame de Bedée could no longer walk, but with the exception of this inconvenience, she suffered little from the infirmities of age. She was an interesting old lady: rather a large person, fair, and extremely neat; her deportment was majestic, and her manner particularly elegant and dignified; her dresses were of the old style, and she wore always a head-dress of black lace, fastened under the chin. She possessed a cultivated mind; her disposition was of a grave cast, and her conversation partook of the same character. She was tended by her sister, Mademoiselle de Boisteilleul, who resembled her in nothing but her goodness; for she was a little, thin person, very lively, fond of chattering and a bit of scandal. She had been in love with a Count de Trémignon, who had promised to marry her, but he afterwards broke his engagement. My aunt consoled herself in celebrating their love in verse,—for she was a poetess. I remember very often hearing her sing—very nasally, by-the-way, with spectacles on nose, while she was embroidering some sleeves for her sister—an apologue, which began in the following manner:—

‘ Un épervier aimait une fauvette,
Et ce dit-on, il en était aimé.’

“ This has always appeared to me rather singular in a sparrow-hawk. The song finished with this *refrain*:—

‘ Ah! Trémignon, la fable est-elle obscure ?
Ture lure ! ’

“ How many things in the world finish like my aunt’s courtship, ‘ ture lure ! ’ ”

THE GRAVE OF GENIUS.

WHERE sleep the dead, whose living tones filled earth with dreams of heaven ?
Where to their loved and precious dust has dust at last been given ?
Where do they rest, whose honoured names breathed ever of renown—
They of the burning heart and mind, they of the laurel crown ?

Some lie beneath the sculptured tombs, within the holy shade
Of England’s old cathedral walls wherein our fathers prayed ;
And marble statues stand around, and o’er them banners wave,
And chisell’d flowers in beauty bend above each hallowed grave.

And some lie on a foreign shore, far from their childhood’s home,
And only by their place of rest the stranger’s step may roam ;
And only the dark cypress-tree is left to mark the spot
Where one may sleep whose blessed name can never be forgot.

And many lie beneath the sod the village church around,
Without a stone to tell us where their green beds may be found ;
Neglected and alone they seem, and yet it is not so,
Though seldom to their quiet graves earth’s wanderers may go.

Where sleeps the dust of those whose thoughts are not by death laid low ?
Where are the graves of Genius seen ?—what matters it to know ?
Think rather of the place of rest the mighty dead must find
And shrines that never may decay in every thoughtful mind.

R. G. M.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

I do not remember to have met with a matter-of-fact description of Lord Mayor's Day. Some years ago the late Mr. Theodore Hook published a famous story called "The Splendid Annual," in which he depicted, as he only could have done it, the glory of the Lord Mayor when he took possession of his office, and the grandeur thereunto attached, ending with a capital account of the indignities he endured when he sunk the mayor in the citizen at the conclusion of his reign. Every year the papers come out with long lists of the viands provided upon the occasion; the quantity of tureens of turtle "each containing three pints;" the number of dishes of potatoes, "mashed and otherwise;" the bottles of "sherbet," which I take to be the *Guildhall* for "Punch;" the plates of biscuits; and the removes of game; enough in themselves to have emptied all the West India ships, Irish fields, Botolph Lane warehouses, ovens, preserves, and shops generally, ever known or recognised. And they also tell us how the Lord Mayor went, and how he came back; how he was joined on his return, at the Obelisk in Fleet-street, by all the noble and distinguished personages invited to the banquet at Guildhall; and what were the speeches given. But they omit the commonplace detail; and as this is something that is sought after, now-a-days, whether it relates to a visit to a pin-manufactory, a day in a coal-mine, or a dinner in the city, I venture to give a report. And I beg to state that this is intended more for the amusement of my friends in quiet country nooks and corners—who hear occasionally by a third day's paper of what is going on in our great world of London—rather than for those who know city dinners by heart, and can look back through a long vista of many years, at the sparkling splendour of Guildhall, as on our retreat from Vauxhall we cast a last glance at the Neptune, at the end of the walk, ever spouting out amidst his jets and glories.

My earliest recollections of Lord Mayor's Day are connected with my scholarship at Merchant Taylors'. The school was once called "Merchant Tailors'"; but I remember some eighteen years ago, when instruction in writing was first introduced there, and we had copies to do, with the name of the establishment as our motto, that our esteemed head-master, "Bellamy," (for "Reverend" or "Mr." were terms alike unknown to us) altered the orthography. "How will you have 'Tailors' spelt, sir?" asked Mr. Clarke, who had come from the Blue-Coat School (if I remember aright) to teach us our pot-hooks and hangers. "With a *y*, most certainly," was the answer of the "Jack Gull;" for Bellamy (that I should live to write his name thus lightly, and so treat him without fear of an imposition; but he was a goodly creature and a great scholar, and will forgive me) had his name inscribed over the door of the school-room as "*Jac. Gul. Bellamy, B.D. Archididascalo*," and from this abbreviation he took his cognomen amongst the boys. And so, we did not mind being called "snips" by opposing schools, (and, mind you, we had great fights with

Mercer's and St. Paul's thereanent; and pitched battles in Little St. Thomas Apostle, and Great Knight-Rider-street) but we stuck to the *y*, and henceforth believed greatly in our school, and its motto: "*Parvæ res concordia crescunt*," although ribald minds still told us that its true translation was "Nine tailors make a man."

But I humbly beg pardon, all this time I am forgetting Lord Mayor's Day. It was to me a great holiday. I had some kind friends in Bridge-street, Blackfriars, who always invited me, on that festival, to join their party; and from their windows, over the little court that runs from the above-named thoroughfare, into Bride-lane, I first beheld the pageant. I look back upon those meetings now with very great pleasure; enough, I hope, to excuse my dilating upon them in these few lines. None of the parties which, as a floating literary man upon town, I have since been thrown up with, have ever equalled them in unstrained fun and honest welcome. I can recall vividly the crowd in the street; the only parallel to which I ever saw was from the roof of Newgate previous to an execution; for a mob is not particular as to the object of its assembling. The visitors, and above all, the girls, at the windows above; the laughter that the pieman caused when he was pushed about by the crowd; the hard time the applewoman had of it when she unadvisedly ventured into the middle of the street, with the pertinacity of a half-price pit fruit-vendor; the impudent boy who had got on the lamp-post and actually made faces at the policeman, knowing that he was beyond his power; the fortunate people, who, having possession of the door-step, looked down upon their fellows; and, above all, the lucky mob, whom it was the fashion in after times, before the misery of Europe put them at a discount, to call "the people," who had carried the obelisk by storm, and perched themselves upon every available ledge; all these things, I say, I can recall, and wish I could look at them again with the same feelings of fresh enjoyment; before it was so constantly dunned, and hammered, and reviewed, and bawled, into my ears that "purpose" was the end of all observation.

Well, the crowd jostled, and swayed, and quarrelled, and claffed, and at last the procession started from the bridge. Its commencement was difficult to determine. You saw a flag waving about amidst an ocean of hats, and an active gentleman on horseback riding backwards and forwards to clear the way. Then the flag stopped, until more flags came up—from where goodness only knows—and waved about also. Then the sound of a distant band was heard, only the bass notes falling on the ear, in that unsatisfactory strain that reaches you when a brass band is in the next street; and at last there did appear to be an actual movement. Large banners that nearly blew the men over, preceded watermen, and "companies," and all sorts of bands played various tunes as they passed under the windows, until they were lost up Ludgate Hill, until at length came the "ancient knights." They were the lions of the show. I had long wondered at them from their "effigies" in a moving toy I had of the Lord Mayor's Show, which my good father had made for me when quite a little boy; and henceforth they were always the chief attraction. I can now picture their very style of armour, their scale surtouts and awe-inspiring helmets, which reckless spirits have since called brass '*blanc-mange* moulds;' the difficulty they had to sit upright; the impossi-

lity it would have been for them to have stood a course "In the name of Heaven, our Lady, and St. George," in the lists. But they were very fine. And then came the carriages, so like other toys I bought at the fair, in a long box, where the coachmen had a curly goose's feather in his hat, and the horses dazzled with Dutch metal; then came other bands, and the huzzahs, and the mob again. It was all very delightful: and nothing ever moved me so much, not even the procession in *The Jewess* when I first saw it. And it was very proper too. Now I am writing this very paper in the depths of the country. A wood fire is flashing upon the wainscot panels of my vast bedroom, which are cracking, from time to time, with its heat. The air without is nipping, and frosty, and dead still. A fine old hound who has chosen to domicile himself with me for the night is lying on the rug, like a large dead hare, dreaming fitfully of bygone chases; and nothing is heard but the wheezing turret-clock that sounds as if it had not been oiled since the Reformation. It is impossible to conceive anything more opposite to a sympathy with civic festivity than this picture; but yet I look back to New Bridge-street, and Lord Mayor's Day, with the greatest gratification. I do not call the pageant "slow" or absurd. I only think if the spirit that would suppress it, with our other institutions, had been allowed to run wilful riot abroad, where would our homes and hearths have been at present? What would the *merchants* of Paris, from the *Chaussée d'Antin* to the *Quartier Latin* not give to see any of their festivals of the middle ages progressing in the same unaltered steady-going fashion as our own "Lord Mayor's Show?"

The procession over, I cared not what became of its constituents; and it was not until the very last anniversary that I ever had the chance of dining at Guildhall, and seeing what became of the principal part of them.

The ticket I received was wonderfully imposing; a whole sheet of Bristol board had apparently been used in its construction; and it was accompanied by a plan of all the plates at the table, my own being painted red, so that I knew at once where I was to sit. It did not say at what time dinner would be ready, but informed me that nobody would be admitted after a certain hour; so that, from some hazy recollection of the procession taking in its distinguished guests at the obelisk about three o'clock, I thought four would be a proper hour to arrive at Guildhall. The ride thither was by no means the least striking part of the day's excitement. From Ludgate-hill to Gresham-street my cab ploughed its course through the densest mob of people I ever saw; and as they were all in the way, and had to be "Hi'd!" and sworn at, and policed therefrom, I do not believe any one ever received so many epithets, more or less complimentary, in half an hour, as I did during that time. The windows were alive with heads; where the bodies thereunto belonging were crammed, was impossible to guess; and not only the windows, but the balconies and copings, the tops of shop-fronts and parapets were equally peopled; and this continued all the way to the doors of Guildhall, where my ticket and hat were delivered up and I entered the Hall.

The effect upon entering was very beautiful. The long lines of tables, sparkling with glass and plate, were striking in themselves; but they were comparatively nothing. The noble building itself,

with its picturesque architecture, outlined by dazzling gas jets; the brilliant star at the western window, and the enormous Prince of Wales' feathers, of spun glass, at the eastern, surmounting the trophy of armour; the helmets, banners, and breastplates hung round; the men-at-arms on their pedestals, in bright harness; the barons of beef on their pulpits; and, above all, Gog and Magog gazing, as they had gazed for centuries, on the banquet, carrying fearfully spiked weapons which now-a-days nobody but Mr. W. H. Payne is allowed to use—and he only in a pantomime; all this formed a tableau really exciting: and, distant matters being considered, made one think there was no national conceit in the pride and glory of being an Englishman after all.

From the Hall the majority of the guests went on to the Council Chamber, where the presentations were to take place; and here there was amusement enough to be found in watching the toilets of the company. The gentlemen in their court-dresses and coloured gowns, were well enough: there was a grave municipal appearance about them that set off the scene wonderfully, nor could it have been possible to have seen so many good old honest intelligent heads together anywhere else. But we must run the risk of being considered for ever ungallant in saying that the dress of the ladies, with few exceptions, was in itself worth going to see. Their costumes were not poor—on the contrary, they were as magnificent as Genoa, Lyons, and Mechlin could make them. Neither were they old-fashioned: such would not have been altogether out of keeping. But they were singularly comical; the most heterogencous colours, styles, and trimmings, were all jumbled together: and the wonderful combinations of manufactures they wore in, and on, and round their heads, would require a list as long as the "Morning Post's" after a drawing-room, to describe. Caricatures of the *coiffures* of all the early Queens of France and England might have been detected, by a sharp eye, amongst the company; nay, one old lady had made up so carefully after Henry VIII. that, with whiskers and beard, she would have been wonderful. A large proportion had a great notion of a fluffy little feather stuck on the left side of their heads; and all preferred curls to bands when such were practicable—and curls of elaborate and unwonted nature and expanse. Amongst them, to be sure, were some lovely girls who would have put the west-end belles upon their metal—faultless in dress and *tournure* as a presentation beauty—but they were overwhelmed by the dowagers.

There did not appear to be much to be seen here, for it was impossible to get near the dais, so I went back to the Hall, to my place at the table, and learnt, to my sorrow, that dinner would not take place before seven. But there was plenty to be amused at as the more distinguished guests arrived, and passed on to the Council Chamber through an avenue of gazers, being announced by name as they entered. This name, however, it was impossible to catch; every one, from the size of the place, ended in unintelligible reverberations. So that from 'Lord Or-r-r-r!' 'Mr. Baron Pr-r-r-r!' or 'Captain Uls-s-s-s!' you made out what you conceived to be the most probable, and were contented accordingly. From time to time a brass band in the gallery played selections from operas; hungry gentlemen looked wistfully at the cold capons; and frantic officials, with white wands, ran about with messages and ordered the waiters. For ny-

self, I confess to having settled quietly down on my form, and made myself as perfectly happy with my French roll and some excellent Madeira, as any one could possibly have desired.

At length some trumpets announced the approach of the Lord Mayor; and his procession, including my dear old friend of childhood, with the large flower-pot-shaped muff upon his head, entered the hall to a grand march. They came in long array down the steps, then round the end below Gog and Magog, along the southern side, and so up to their tables. This was really impressive; and, as the civic authorities, the judges, and serjeants, the trumpeters, and all the rest marched round, one was tempted to think much more of Dick Whittington, and Sir William Walworth, Evil May Day, the Conduit in Chepe, together with Stowe, Strutt, Holinshed, and Fitzstephen, than the present good Lord Mayor Sir James Duke, and all the municipal, military, naval, and forensic celebrities that accompanied him, to the tune of "Oh, the roast beef of Old England!" played in the gallery.

Our good friend Mr. Harker—without whom I opine all public dinners would go for nothing, and the Old Bailey Court become a bear-garden—gave the signal for grace, the tureens having already appeared upon the tables during the *cortège*; and then what a warfare of glass and crockery, of knives and forks and spoons, and callipash and callipee began! The hapless guests, by the tureens, had a hard time of it in supplying their fellow-visitors; and the rule for politeness in the "Book of Etiquette" which says "It is bad taste to partake twice of soup," had evidently never been learnt; for they partook not only twice, but three times; and would, doubtless, have gone on again but for the entire consumption of the delicacy. For the vast number of people present it was astonishing, by the way, how well everybody was attended to. The waiters ran over one another less than they usually do at great dinners; they recollected when you asked for a fork, and brought you one; and if it had not been for their clattering down all the plates and dishes against your heels under your form, the arrangements would have been perfect.

At the head of our table was the most glorious old gentleman I had ever seen. Whether Farringdon Without or Broad Street claimed him as its own I do not know, for the wards were divided at the table; but whichever it was had a right to be proud of him. He knew everybody, and all treated him with the greatest respect. He was a wit, too, and made some very fair puns; besides which, by his continued pleasantries, he kept the whole table alive. He took wine with all whom he saw were strangers, and offered them his snuffbox with a merry speech. He was the best mixture of the fine old courtier and common councilman it was possible to conceive; and my admiration of his good fellowship was increased, when I was told that he was actually eighty-two years of age! I should like to have had some quiet talk with that old gentleman. He must have known many youths, barely living on their modest salary, who afterwards rode in their own carriages in the lord-mayor's procession—perhaps, as the chief actors. He could, I will be bound, have told us stories of the riots of '80, when he was a mere boy; and of the banquet given to the Allied Sovereigns in that very old Guildhall, a score and half of years afterwards. But he left our table early; and when he went, and told us all that he was going home to put on his slippers and

have a cigar, we were really grieved to part with him, and could have better spared the touchy gentleman near him, who did nothing but squabble with the waiters, and threaten to report them.

The dinner was despatched—the cold turkeys, and hams, and tongues, and the tolerably hot pheasants and partridges—in less time than might be conceived. There was no lack of anything. The punch was unexceptionable; the madeira of the choicest; and the champagne unlimited. And after all this, a bevy of pretty young ladies, with an equal number of gentlemen, appeared in the south music gallery to sing the grace, which they did very well. The visitors evidently knew their business. They did not applaud when the grace was over, in the manner of some reckless and enthusiastic spirits fresh at public dinners, who look upon it as they would do upon a Cyder Cellars chorus; but received it gravely, filled their glasses, and waited for what was to come next. Then the trumpets sounded, and were answered from the other end of the Hall, and the new Lord Mayor rose and proposed "The Queen." And if her Majesty could have heard how that toast was received, with an enthusiasm that made the very men-in-armor totter on their pedestals, and Gog and Magog almost invisible through the haze of excitement, she would have known that the expressions of her belief in the allegiance of her good old city of London, with which she was accustomed to respond to addresses, were beyond the conventional, after all.

The remaining toasts could only be heard by those at the principal table; but when the ladies left, the gentlemen went up, and stood about on the forms and benches to see and hear the "great guns" of the meeting. Afterwards tea and coffee was served in a long room to the right of the council chamber; and then dancing began in the latter apartment, until the part of the hall above the railing was cleared for the same purpose. During this period the company had an opportunity of seeing two very clever pieces of scenic view which were displayed, to be looked at through windows, on what might possibly otherwise have been a blank wall. These were modeled representations of the Tower, and the Rialto, at Venice. They had a charming effect; the sober light and air of tranquillity thrown over them, being in excellent contrast with the noise and brilliancy of what was in reality "the hall of dazzling light," usually treated as a poetic and perhaps apocryphal piece of festivity inseparable from striking a light guitar.

The dancing was famously kept up, "with unabated spirit," as newspapers say of a ball. To be sure, the more refined Terpsichorean nerves were occasionally shocked by hearing subdued wishes for "the Caledonians." The majority, too, preferred the polka to the waltz; and mistrusted themselves in the *deux temps*. But they were evidently very happy, and believed greatly in every thing about them; and if we could always do the same in society we should have little to grumble at. At last, not choosing to let the world generally know at what hour my faithful latch-key put me in possession of that most inestimable property, one's own bed-room, I slipped off, and arrived at home with calm propriety, filled with gratitude to the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and the Corporation generally, for a very hospitable (and to me a very novel) entertainment.

CAREER OF GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

OF the many strange positions at this moment in Europe, Cavaignac, perhaps, occupies the most peculiar: a dictator, and not an usurper: a possessor of, and at the same time a candidate for, power. Every day, which brings him nearer to the great civil struggle which is to confirm or to terminate his supremacy, brings also into stronger relief this singularity. We are edified at one moment by his submission to the Assembly; at another, shocked by his open governmental canvass of the people. He hastens the election for the presidency, and sends down commissioners to the provinces. He makes open appeal to the country, but refuses any categorical declarations of his opinions. The country, however, has not been so reserved, and, under the double claim it has upon him as one who has received and who asks for its favour, it makes no difficulty in catechising, with true popular rigour, both his past and present, in reference to his future. It thinks it has a right to know something of its own. There is no fault to be found with this. The people is sovereign. In all such inquiries, however, especially at such a moment, there will be more of passion than of justice, and Cavaignac has had not so much a series of biographies, as of panegyrics or invectives. He is not only charged with his own faults, but made accountable for the sins of a father, because he testifies the piety of a son. At one time he is a Red Republican, because he repudiates Girardin; at another, a Reactionnaire, because he adopts Dufaure. He is in some sections, a restorer of order; in others, a projector of anarchy. He belongs to all countries, or to none. We have him claimed as a half German from Strasburg, or an intense Irishman (under a slight disguise) from Leinster. Cavaignac is only the unguttural form of Cavanagh. These extremes are natural: at the present moment inevitable. We believe, even, that they are wholesome. Truth, and truths come out in the collision. We, who are not to be his subjects, can afford to be spectators and observers, and no more. We do not think he has a single regicide opinion in his heart, no more than we believe he has a drop of Irish blood in his veins. He is a *merus Gallus*, a thorough Frenchman; but, for a Frenchman, a remarkable combination too. From all we learn of him and his family, he presents a singular conjunction of elements and tendencies. By blood, by birth, by connexions, by education, by profession, by services, he touches on all parties, receives and reflects all opinions. This it is which upholds him between all, but makes him seem to oscillate between all. It is his great difficulty now, as it was his recommendation heretofore. The Republic wanted a middle term, a mediator. She now sets up for herself.

The Cavaignac family derives from an old provincial house of the higher *bourgeoisie*, originally seated in Provence, afterwards in Gascony, and which, from time to time, has given many a good name in field and council to France.

His father, Jean Baptiste Cavaignac left behind him three children. The eldest, Godefroy, became an *avocat*; the second, Eugène, entered the army; the third was a daughter, Caroline. These three

children were brought up at Paris, under the superintendence of their mother. The mother and daughter were zealous Bonapartists; the two sons, like their father, staunch Republicans. In despite of this, it is difficult to imagine an attachment more thorough and cordial than that which existed between every member of the family. Madame Cavaignac, *née* Julie de Corency, is still living: she is of an ancient and noble family of Provence, of that olden type in which energy and loftiness of character is in a remarkable manner associated with the gentler affections. Educated herself to a degree which some might consider extreme, but without a symptom of pedantry or pretension, she took care to give her children similar advantages. The two sons completed their studies in the "College of Sainte Barbe," a seminary which, from time to time, has sent forth men distinguished in every walk of human science and action.

Godefroy Cavaignac, born at Paris in 1801, devoted himself to the study of law, and at an early age passed with distinction the usual examination for admission to the rank and privileges of *avocat*. Highly cultivated, and with more than ordinary talents for business, there is little doubt he would have soon succeeded in opening to himself an honourable and agreeable career, had not his political convictions, which had strengthened with years, thrown him into the turbulence of party politics. In the Revolution of 1830, he took an active part, and exposed his life to imminent peril in the desperate attack during that struggle on the Hôtel de Ville. On the elevation of the Orleans branch to the vacant throne, he was one of the first to place himself in direct hostility to the new Government. In December, 1830, he was captain of that same legion of the artillery which, in consequence of the revolutionary spirit it manifested during the trial of Charles X., was ordered to be disembodied. So early as October, 1831, as member and president of the Republican society, "Les Amis du Peuple," he did not hesitate to charge the Administration with treason to the people. During the trial to which it gave rise, he made frank profession of his Republican faith.

It will be easily seen from the foregoing that Godefroy Cavaignac was a Republican of the sternest stuff, a revolutionist of the old unadulterated school, no Republican "de lendemain," but of a "veille," as old as the year 1831. But this, as now, was no protection. There will always be found some stronger than the strongest; some deeper-coloured frenzy than the reddest republicanism. "Vive la République!" "Vive la Guillotine!" "Vive l'Enfer!" are biddings only at this public auction. Godefroy belonged to the "Amis du Peuple," but he soon found himself borne on by the exigency of the times, to a still more patriotic society, "Les Droits de l'Homme." Here his speech was considered disgracefully moderate; even his republicanism was regarded as a mockery; he was denounced as an enemy to the cause. A secret committee, a sort of "Vehmgericht," was held on the patriot; he was declared "hors de la loi," but the national character for honour, it is to be hoped, interposed; no "Freischöffe" could be found to carry into execution this "Blut-Urteil," or sentence of blood. Ingratitude, however, had no effect on the zeal of Godefroy. We find him again in 1834 suffering an imprisonment of longer duration, with his friends Guinart, Recurt, Marrast, and others involved

in the April prosecutions. Their escape from St. Pelagie is well known. Godefroy Cavaignac got safe to England, and there for five years gave himself up to political economy, and other cognate studies. His mother and sister visited him in this interval, and to this journey, undertaken in the midst of much mental anxiety, and to the severity of the following winter, may be ascribed the illness, which terminated in depriving him of his sister Caroline. She died unmarried at the age of twenty-two, a year after her return to Paris from England. Madame Cavaignac now found herself deprived by the same blow of her only daughter and her eldest son, from whom she had never been separated up to the time of his flight, and in consequence of the calamity was constrained to pass three whole years in retirement in Paris. But during all this time she evinced the same unchangeable courage and affection. But two hours after the death of her daughter she had the strength of mind to write a long letter to Godefroy, in which she put him in possession of circumstances of which till then he was not aware, and implored him not to think of returning to France for the present. Godefroy followed her counsel, he did not appear in Paris till two years after, on the occasion of the amnesty accorded by the Molé ministry. No sooner, however, had he resumed his former position, than he recurred to his old vocation; he once more took his stand in opposition to the government. Ledru Rollin now induced him to set up "La Reforme" as an organ through which he could give adequate expression to his opinions. He employed it with some success and vigour, but with more moderation and caution than he had yet evinced against the policy of Louis Philippe, and gave, as it may be supposed, no inconsiderable impulse to the propagation of Republican doctrines. By honest adherence to his convictions, and by the accuracy and richness of his historic knowledge, he extorted the respect even of his adversaries, and already seemed to have secured that extent of circulation, which has since attended that print. But he never thoroughly recovered the loss of his sister. The vicissitudes, too, and dangers of his political life, his efforts and disappointments, had greatly injured his health, never very strong, and the labour and anxiety imposed upon him by the editorship of his journal, completed the ruin of an already shattered constitution. After suffering for a few months from an inflammatory attack on the chest, he died on the 5th of May, 1845, in the forty-fifth year of his age. On the very day of his death appeared one of his best articles on the fortifications of Paris, against which he struggled to the last, with the whole of his expiring strength.

Godefroy Cavaignac possessed a military exterior; his fine head in particular was striking. Under a somewhat rude surface he concealed deep-feeling; for everything, upright, he had an enthusiastic heart. It has been thought fortunate for his happiness, that he did not live to share the triumph of his party; he must have quarrelled with his dearest friends; very probably even with his brother. As it was, he departed from amidst them esteemed by all, by his brother almost adored. The democratic party lost in him one of their truest champions; the moral vigour and rectitude of his character, was one of the strongest supports of their cause. His *champ de bataille* was the "Tribune" and the "Reforme." These papers contain the fullest expressions of his political faith. His leading

articles in each, though not exempt from the tirade tone so general in France, are characterized by a bold, nervous, and manly style, and are not unworthy of appearing in a collected form. They present a striking illustration of his party and times.

Eugène Cavaignac, the second brother, and *pro tempore* ruler of France, is, however, the principal object of these pages. He was born in Paris the 15th of December, 1802. On completing his academical course at the "College de Sainte Barbe," he entered on the studies preparatory to his military career, in the "Ecole Polytechnique," and so early as 1828 was appointed in the expedition of the French to the Morea, to a captaincy. At the outbreak of the Revolution of 1830, he was in garrison at Arras; he gave in his adhesion to the new government; but zealous Republican as he was, he could not but look on the restoration of the monarchy as a measure fatal to the success of the Revolution. Whilst quartered at Metz in 1831, he added his signature to those of many others, to an "Address of the People," calling for war, and denouncing in no measured terms, the supposed overweening tendencies to a pacific policy, on the part of the then government. This is singular, as few rulers of France, and hitherto no soldier, has shewn so earnest and enlightened an appreciation of the blessings and necessity of peace, as Cavaignac, ever since his accession to the supreme power. About the same time he was questioned by his commanding officer whether, in case of insurrectionary outbreaks, he was prepared to obey orders to fire, if necessary, upon the people. His answer in the negative (which appears to have been anticipated, perhaps provoked) was the signal for his removal to Africa, the government not venturing, from the regard in which he was held by his corps, to venture on any harsher punishment. From this period, 1835, till within a few months back, we see him actively engaged in those successive campaigns in Africa to which he is indebted for so much of his celebrity. His career is already so well known, that it will not be necessary to touch on it, beyond what is required to keep up the continuity of his narrative. A little after his landing, in the July, indeed, of the same year, he was dispatched, in consequence of the defeat at Makta, with the then commandant Lamoricière, and the few Arabs who still remained faithful, to determine General Trézel to return to Oran. After the taking of Glemcen in the following January, at the head of a battalion raised by Marshal Clauzel for the garrison of that place, he repulsed the Arabs in all their attempts, and maintained himself successfully against Abd-el-Kader. His energy and endurance during a blockade of several months, are honourably noticed in the "Annales Algériennes" of that day.

The Cavaignac battalion, notwithstanding, received no marks of ministerial approval, owing, as was then thought, to the pronounced Republicanism of its commander; all Marechal Clauzel's solicitations were unavailing; even Bugeaud's intervention failed. On his intimating that he would make a special application in his favour, for the rank of *chef de bataillon*, Cavaignac honourably replied, that he would accept of no promotion unless extended to all. He thus continued in the command of Glemcenen, and was not raised to the rank of major until the following year.

But Cavaignac did not confine himself to his military duties. In 1839 there appeared in Paris from his pen a small production under

the title "De la Régence d'Alger." It is a favourable specimen of his administrative as well as military talent, and was considered at the time to have presented an accurate, but at the same time measured estimate of the character of the French conquest, and an honourable evidence of the justice and comprehensiveness of his own views. He energetically urges a complete occupation of the entire territory. The year 1840 was distinguished by his skilful and successful defence of the town of Cherchell; and 1843—4, by the foundation of Orleansville, one of the most important points of occupation in the whole territory. He was selected for this duty from his universally recognised administrative superiority. Shortly after he was promoted to the rank of General of Brigade, and entrusted with the command of the subdivision of Tlemcen. In March 1845, at the head of four hundred Arabs, he had to protect the conference which took place on the western frontier of Algiers, between the French *envoyé* and the Morocco plenipotentiaries. In the September of the same year, on the breaking out of the general revolt of the tribes on the western frontier, Cavaignac hastened with a column of thirteen hundred men to Traras, and after two hot engagements, and relieving the small town of Nedroma, then pressed by Abd-el-Kader, happily effected a junction with General Lamoricière in the narrow defile of Bab Thaza. On his return to Tlemcen, he again attacked the Beni-ben-Said, and the Beni Senous, and soon compelled them, as well as the neighbouring tribes to suspend hostilities. After the sanguinary events of that year, Cavaignac did all that in him lay to establish in his own immediate district tranquillity and order, and partly by gentle, and partly by rigorous measures, succeeded in retaining in the Algerine territory several tribes who were on the point of emigrating to Morocco. Entrusted with the command of an expedition by the Governor-general against the Deira, or Smala of Abd-el-Kader, then behind Mouilha, he made an irruption at the head of five or six thousand men, into the Morocco territory, but not time enough to reach the camp, it having been struck a little before his arrival.

It was after this incursion that he marched on Djemma Gazouatt, which, five months before, had been the scene of the massacre of a portion of the French army. It still presented many a horrible memorial of the recent slaughter. There lay the remains of the invaders; the sun of Africa, the winter rains had peeled and eaten away the flesh; bleached and dry, in heaps or fragments, lay their bones, scattered up and down, each where they fell or fled, all along the dreary earth. He gathered them together, and with pious care had them committed to a common grave, placing the first green sod upon their remains with his own hand. To these scenes succeeded his encounters with the Prophet Mohammed Ben Abdallah, in the deserts of Morocco. To the invitation of this new prophet, calling on him to embrace Islam, and acknowledge him as his lord, he significantly replied by falling on him in March, 1846, and crushing with one blow the forces his fanaticism had collected around him. The year 1847 was signalized by a series of important and successful operations against the Sahara tribes, in the south-western division of the district of Oran. At the same time, in the midst of these military labours, he by no means neglected the not less important civil duties of his government. The Zakkal, or title

on cattle, was collected through the whole of his district; and by the equity and activity of his general administration he acquired, not without reason, from the inhabitants, the honourable cognomen of the "Just Sultan."

Cavaignac had made more than one application, after the death of his brother, for leave of absence, but without success, in consequence of the continued disturbances amongst the Cabyles; at length, for the first time, in September 1847, he obtained permission to visit his mother, who had for some time after the death of her eldest son continued to live alone, but was now domiciled with her nephew the Marquis de Foissy, at present Colonel on the Staff, and Secretary-General of the Chief of the Executive. Towards the close of the year, Cavaignac returned to Africa, just at the moment that Abd-el-Kader had completed his surrender. He now replaced Lamoricière in the command of the province of Oran, and continued in that office up to the period that a decree of the Provisional Government raised him to the Governor-Generalship of the colony. In this capacity he entered on the 10th of March the city of Algiers. The proclamation announcing it to the inhabitants, is characteristic:—"My feelings are honest, my intentions pure. What I hold to be right I will frankly communicate to you: what I hold to be wrong shall have no support from me. The nation alone is all-powerful: she, and she alone, has a right to command. It is her you must obey: to obey her is a pleasure and a glory. Prepare, therefore, quietly to respond to my call."

His proclamation to the inhabitants of Oran was much in the same tone. He reminded them of his former official connection with them, and modestly referred his new appointment to the claims and merits of his brother.

"By my appointment," says he, "the government has wished to testify their desire to honour, in the name of the nation the memory of a virtuous citizen, a martyr of liberty." But the man of order and discipline is not lost in the exultation of the Republican. "You shall find me," he continues, "the same man you always have seen me: I am no stranger. What regards you and your duties they are comprised in one word—obedience! Obedience not to a man, but to the law, which is the will and act of the nation." This is sound doctrine, and was borne out by his conduct. Good sense, rigorous discipline, respect for individual, as well as public liberty (so often in France confounded) marked all his proceedings. One of his first acts, in his new government, was, after providing for the defence of the territory, to relieve the press from the oppressive and arbitrary restrictions to which it had hitherto been subjected, and to throw open the practice of the bar. At the same time he replied to the town-council of Algiers, which applied to be allowed to outstep, on some special emergency, the code in actual operation: "The energy which pretends to maintain itself on the opinion of the masses is a very dangerous kind of energy. For my part, I scorn it. Government is to be carried on, not by words or speeches, but by written law. No law is so bad as not to be far better than no law at all."

These are sentiments not of a revolutionist, but of a consolidator, and in the secret but general yearning of the national heart for something positive and permanent in the midst of those paroxysms

of insurrection and confusion which followed the days of February, such opinions and conduct, with the additional *éclat* of his Algerine glories, naturally and almost unconsciously carried him into the National Assembly. Simultaneously elected for the departments of the Lot and the Seine, on the ground of family connection, he decided in favour of the former: the "candidature" of Algiers he declined; it would not have been consistent with his official position in the colony. New honours now followed him. Promoted to the rank of General of Division, offered the Portfolio of the Ministry of War, which he refused accepting, in consequence of the rejection of his demand to be empowered to concentrate round Paris a sufficient military force, he was at length recalled from Algiers, on his own application, to his duties of representative; and, after taking leave in a proclamation, in which he gave full expression to his views in reference to the future administration of the colony, arrived in Paris a little after the attempt of the 15th of May. The government had now become convinced of the policy of his proposition, and, adopting it by a decree of the 17th, he was nominated to the Portfolio of War. On the 25th of the same month, the President of the Assembly confided to him the command of the troops destined for its protection, as *the man* best qualified to foresee and meet any future attack.

Cavaignac's appearance on this new theatre was favourable, but not remarkable. He confined himself to the duties of his department, and spoke only when compelled to speak. One of his earliest acts was the enlarging the facilities for entering the army, a wise policy at a time when so many, by the recent convulsions and consequent cessation of many branches of industry and commerce, were suddenly thrown out of employment, and left a prey to every criminal seduction. He took a prominent part, as immediately within his province, in the debates of the 15th and 16th of June, on the motion for the incorporation of Algeria. He spoke on this question without reserve. A large majority supported his views, and, after a renewal of their declaration that Algiers was ever to be considered an integral portion of the French territory, the Assembly passed to the order of the day. The debate, subsequently resumed on the 14th article of the constitution, on the same day,* terminated very much in the same manner.

But the time was approaching when Cavaignac was about to be called to a position more consonant to his character and capacity. Dark and lowering clouds had been for some time accumulating in the political atmosphere; every one expected a convulsion; no one knew from whence or when. The existing government gave in its own bosom the example of dissension. France had just time to recover from the confusions of February and May, when it was again driven in on the bloody arena. The dark forebodings burst into open act on the 23rd of June, with a ferocity and frenzy which seemed the prelude of one wide civil war. Barricades rose up as by evil magic in every street in Paris. The whole community formed into a camp. The city was on the eve of a second reign of terror. The highest civil power, unconscious or too conscious of

* The question was finally decided in the debate of Oct. 23, after the rejection of M. Henri Didier's amendment, vigorously opposed by M. Dupin.

the advancing movement, exercised little caution, less repression. In this crisis the military power saved Paris and France.

In the evening the assembly declared itself *en permanence*, Paris in state of siege, and Cavaignac *Chef du Pouvoir Exécutif*, in other words, if we connect the ideas together, a sort of limited and conditional dictator. He fully comprehended and met the difficulties and duties of his situation; with one hand he smote the rebel, with the other moderated the victor. "In the name of the country," he thus speaks, whilst the barricades were still smoking, "in the name of all civilized humanity, receive my thanks for your exertions, for this necessary, this indispensable, this unavoidable, victory. This evening you are as great in your repose as you were this morning in your anger. I see in Paris conquered and conquerors: my name would deserve execration could I suffer there vengeance or massacre. Justice shall have its way: it is your wish: it is mine. In the intention of again retiring into the rank of private citizen, I bring with me into the midst of you the consciousness of having done nothing but what was essential in this trying crisis for the preservation of liberty, for the salvation of the Republic. I carry with me the belief that I have left an example to all who may hereafter be called on to discharge duties equally important and responsible." There is no display attempted here: but no dictator has so spoken, with the exception of Washington.

We have no idea, it may well be conceived, of following Cavaignac into the administration of his new functions. The events are recent, open to every man's eyes and understandings, and yet in the course only of development. He is still *making* history, his day of judgment is not come. We must have more experiments, before we attempt induction. The medium too, through which this is to be attained is every day becoming more discoloured. He is in a double position it must also be remembered: he is a reigning power—fearing a dethronement: chief of the Executive of to-day, aspiring to continue its chief to-morrow. One of these forces must tell against the other, and drive the otherwise simple straightforwardness of his nature, into a diagonal. All the press of France pours in its blue, green, and red lights upon his actions. The whole intelligence of the country is canvassing, and canvassed. Where, how, or from whom are we to look for truth; truth from the platform and the hustings!

The man, however, as he is internally, has changed nothing under those external circumstances. His private life (if a man, absorbed by the public, can be said to have one) is just what it always was, decorously Republican, unostentatiously simple. There is no *ambitiosa paupertas* about him, in one sense or another. Have you ever been in the Rue Varennes? and if you have, have you observed in the heart of that aristocratic neighbourhood, a true Faubourg St. Germain handsome mansion, the *ci-devant* hotel of the last Duchesse de Bourbon—lately the property of Madame Adelaide. Brogniart built it, and it is not unworthy of a better architect. It is a quiet place in this tumultuous capital, with that long avenue of trees, through a beautiful garden, forming the entrance, and running out as far as the Rue Babylone. You observe a guard of honour of Infantry and Cavalry in the neighbourhood—they are quartered in the barracks hard by—military men will point out to you a strong line of posts,

from the entrance of the hôtel occupied by the camp, and extending along to the neighbouring esplanade of the Invalids. In this hôtel, resides with his mother, *Le Chef du Pouvoir Exécutif*.

If one be so fortunate as to be a foreigner, or of his intimate circle he will find no difficulty in obtaining access to the general. You see a little printed card with the words *Laissez passer le Citoyen* now and then presented, and opening a passage through guards, huissiers, aides-de-camp, to the head of the Republic. It is signed by Cavaignac himself, and sent to all who happen to be personally known to him, or who may really require the honour of an interview. These interviews are stamped with the man, and the government. Few could represent Republicanism more like a Republican; *tricolor*, be it understood, and not *rouge*. He is a soldier too, and has lived and fought under a monarchy. *Dignement* is too high a term—he “worthily” does the honours, as well as duties of the country.

At first sight you would say he was older than he really is, that “in a short time he had consumed many years,” and this may have given ground for a common belief that he suffers somewhat from illness: but he is only forty-five, and his health is much better than what is generally supposed. His quick walk, and the activity with which he flings himself on horseback, belie these rumours: there is nothing of the exhaustion of a worn-down constitution; though African suns and Algerine achievements have not been encountered with impunity. His general appearance is very much what one sets up for their ideal, in reading or hearing of him. He does not impose, but he encourages. You do more than respect, you confide in him. He has the calm self-reliance of a general or chief, not the lofty bearing of a sovereign: a man of activity, business-like habits, and experience; who is what he is, through and by himself—and cares not to appear, and disdains to be taken, for anything but what he is. Nature has given him a slight but nervous figure, well put together in all its parts, an intelligent and even shrewd expression of feature, a well marked structural development of head: his forehead is full and frank: his eyes large, black, and commanding, lit with a tranquil but constant lustre; this, with a handsome aquiline nose, a mouth calm but decided, and a pale but not sickly complexion, brown hair and brown moustachios, make up his *signalement*. His manners are much in harmony with these externals. Grave, but not formal, more occupied about things than appearances, he is direct, earnest, unrestrained, but not demonstrative.

He knows his country and position, and is therefore cautious, if not suspicious of untried men; though naturally of a lively temperament, without being reserved, he is far from communicative. He speaks fluently, but without any of that quality which the French designate by the name of “*verve*,” but in private as in public with force, clearness, and much of that concentrated warmth which takes his hearers imperceptibly captive, and never allows them to forget the subject whilst they remember only the man. He knows what few public speakers know,—the wisdom of enough. A speech with him is not an event, much less the substitute for one, still less a display. He prefers to commit his cause to deeds rather than to words, and rests content with results, careless about opinions. All

this is Cavaignac; it fits him, and would not fit another, and never so well, as where he is, and at the present time. It is impossible not to see in him the very man for an extreme-repressing and extreme-linking *mezzo termine* Ruler. Son on one side of a revolutionist and regicide, on the other of a noble and legitimist; brother to a radical Republican, nephew to an ex-pair (Lient.-General Cavaignac), a Republican under a monarchy, and to a certain extent monarchical at the head of a Republic; he has the several qualities of each: in person, in character, in manners, in language, he presents the elements not so much in juxtaposition as *amalgamated*, chemically rather than mechanically combined, soldier and civilian, vigour and kindness, energy and moderation, coldness and affability—two men and two epochs joined. His official occupations leave him little time for pleasure or relaxation. He seems to desire or to require little. His day is one uninterrupted hour of business. If at its close he sometimes receives a select circle of friends, it is in his ordinary apartments without any of the pretensions of a Court. In his state levees he is somewhat more formal, even brilliant; but in a crowd of court stars and uniforms of foreign ministers, staff-officers, and state-officials, he ventures to retain his black coat and legion of honour riband at his button-hole, without fearing the imputation of a proud humility. His friends speak in high eulogium of his domestic and social virtues. He lives with his family, with strict regard to all the moralities and proprieties. He is an open foe to all manner of corruption, especially pecuniary; has no confidant or favourite—hears all but allows no assumption or influence from any. His mother only is supposed to possess that power which such mothers have over such sons. She has seldom been known to use and never to abuse it. Cavaignac is not rich: his fortune is adequate, but not abundant. His respectability and integrity have never been questioned. His general *ménage* bears the impress of all this. Dinner is daily laid for a dozen or so of guests, chiefly superior officers or members of the government. The *cuisine* is not peculiarly *recherchée*, but good. The honours are performed by his mother, for he himself is still a bachelor. Throughout there is the ease of a man of the world, and the modesty of a sincere untheatrical Republican.

Cavaignac is not popular; a matter of little moment to himself, for no man more truly estimates, or more cordially shuns it. He has been known to retire from a theatre, at the outset of his career, rather than incur the applauses which menaced him. The people's idols he well knows are destined to be scourged as well as worshipped. Cavaignac is not popular; how could he be? He *has* been, and he may *not* be; "*vixit*," "he has lived," as the sensitive Romans used to say, to avoid the unpleasant word "*died*." He is *in transitu*—a necessity of the hour—about to make way for some new necessity, as Lamartine did before him. France is beginning to declare him *impossible*, and to seek elsewhere for some new *homme principe*. Besides, there was that in the man himself, as well as in his situation, which rendered permanence and favour impracticable. He set out with the seeds of mortality in him. He began as the creation of an emergency,—to cease with it; every way casual and provisional. He is, by the very nature of his mission, without support. He rules for the present all parties, by having none. It is precisely because he has

something of all, that he is disliked by all. The Legitimist cannot love or trust the son of a regicide; the Napoleonist the denouncer of their idol, and the detector of their projects; the Socialist the heel which crushed and crushes them still. The *coterie* has no hope of seducing, nor the club of intimidating. His very friends are without a faith; and where there is no faith there will be no works. France is not the country to be governed by negations. A man must be positive, a party, a working as well as a thinking reality, to be at all. Then Cavaignac stood alone; he knew not how to multiply himself in his ministers. They were not the emanations either of his intelligence or will; they had not even the merit of being good instruments. The general dearth of organizing and administrative power in all walks of the Revolution has been remarked. The moved depths have thrown up crude theories, fierce wishes, wild hopes, phantasms of all forms and hues; but little knowledge, less experience, few really state-creating or state-guiding men. His approximation to the Red Republic was mere seeming. Nothing could be found there. He had then to draw upon the past, the exploded, and, by the very necessities of the Republic, not through predilections of his own—was compelled to *reactionise*. The want of workmen, and the pressing nature of the work, left him no choice; the speaking and fighting phases, the liberty-tree planting, and open-air-fraternization epochs, were gone by. Nothing now remained but to build; but bricks were not to be made without straw. Assenting, but not supporting majorities, he began to feel could grant indemnity for the past, but were no guarantee for the future. Cavaignac dared to ask aid from the camp he had left behind him, and rescued, not his ministry, but the Assembly also, in spite of itself. His large majority on the appointment of Dufaure was a *cri de cœur et de joie*, at a deliverance from a danger which the Assembly scarcely knew until it was over. As to those other charges of maintaining a state of siege, and suppressing, rather than repressing, the press, they are a mere child's quarrel with means, while it desires ends. Doubtless it is dictatorship; but is not Cavaignac a dictator? Doubtless it is absolutism; but can Paris yet bear freedom? The Parisians, not Cavaignac, have to solve the question: it is not his, but their own. Not freedom, but order, is the actual first necessity of France. She must be protected from herself. A state of intermittent insurrection requires a provisional despotism. Every one knows that coercive measures are not the *manière d'être* of any civilized people; but still less is anarchy. The belief that all this disorder was purposely suffered, if not created, to render the existing tyranny inevitable; that it might have been prevented by timely measures, and an *émeute* punished would have saved an insurrection, is simply a confusion of two things altogether different,—free republicanism and absolute monarchy. The monarch may prevent; the Republic must suffer and chastise. Vigour before exigency, not suspected but demonstrated, is deemed oppression. The people believe in no demonstration but that of the appearance of the evil itself. Where all authority is *fact* merely, and not *right*; where *every* man is *people*, and the people in all its sections infinitesimal sovereigns, what hope of permanence exists except through power, and what power but that to which all appeal,—physical? and what physical power is likely to

prosper but what is organized; and what so well organized as that which is held by the soldier-citizen,—firm in his calm, moderate in his force. Paris, and therefore France, for some time longer needs this military protectorate. She does not require a conqueror, but a chief; not a dethroner, but a preventer of anarchy. Conquerors, thank Heaven! are not to be had so easily in these days. They are not born, but made. Warriors cannot come without wars; wars are not possible without a full exchequer and a good cause. The maxim of Napoleon, that war supports itself, was true only of his wars, and of his only so long as they were synonymous with victories. Ask what he thought of that of Russia, or what Louis le Grand reaped from his glories in the Netherlands? A nation of paupers, it is true, may, if they be permitted, burst out into a nation of plunderers; but this need not be apprehended of France; her neighbours are not asleep, nor has she yet passed through the Gazette. On the contrary, the tendencies of nations,—and they are now rulers, not their governors,—are every day more and more, of a necessity, pacific. On that side, therefore, France will not and cannot look for relief. She cannot throw the fury from her own bosom on that of her sister nations; she must master it within. Every other panacea has been tried, and each in its turn has failed. Thirteen or fourteen times has everything been changed; wheels, springs, balances; every state mechanician has been called into council; philosophers of pure reason, abstract politicians, poets independent of time and place, dreamers of constitutions *à priori*, all—to little purpose! The machine has remained machine; the statue continued statue: no one from Sieyès down has discovered the true Promethean fire. Why is this? All has been found but the essential. The real conditions have been wanting—caution, experience, patience; and for these again *order* and *time*. Whether a republic can present these conditions; whether France is yet, or ever will be a Republic; what are the means, the *experimentum crucis*, by which she can *best* be interrogated; and *who* is the man to put the interrogatory, is about to be tried. The monarchists will of course desire to get one step nearer to a restoration, little embarrassing themselves about the men, provided they can advance the principle. The Red Republicans will aim to force an organ of the clubs and a creature of the barricades into the bureau as well as into the Assembly; it is a stride to the “restoration of man to earth,”—the “emancipation of conscience from law,” and the millennium of “no family and no property.” Between both stand the Republicans and the Republic; they ask a man of will and power, who can keep both colours, white and red, at bay. Is such a man yet found? Is such a man to be found? If found, will he be supported? In other words, is the Republic and its constitution one jot more than the *Charte* a verity? On the answer to this question depend Cavaignac’s chances of success, and on his success, in great measure, the chances of a Republic.

OUR TIMES.

UN PEU DE DÉRAISON.

BY MRS. MATHEWS.

“WHAT a fuss there is about the turnips!” cried a musical knight of our acquaintance,—after a visit to some gentlemen farmers, who deplored the failing crop of this cattle-food,—his own agricultural knowledge and interest being bounded to the requisite supply of vegetables for the table. “What a fuss they make about them! for *my* part I don’t care for turnips; I think carrots much better; and, for aught I see, there are enough for those who choose to *pay* for them.” (Which by the way is the rational test in all matters of scarcity.) “What a *brawling* there is about them!”

And, echo we, *what a brawling* is there about the *hardness of the times!* Of which, by a parity of reasoning with that of our sapient knight, we don’t believe a word, since, for our part, we find everything very easy and comfortable; whatever we have a mind to pay for, comes as readily and plentifully as ever we remember things.

And yet not to give credence to popular complaint from time to time touching this vital question would be wholly to discredit written authority, which, time out of mind, has had the *pas* of oral testimony.

That which is in print must be true! is an axiom which the freedom and infallibility of the press has rendered indisputable; but then again, who can look through the columns of advertisements with which our daily and hebdomadal literature abound, wherein variety and abundance of all things merchantable are offered to us for little or nothing; elegancies, luxuries, all that can gladden and adorn this life; besides the *needful*, which, in unlimited sums of money is absolutely *pressed* upon us by generous and disinterested lenders, enabling us to purchase innumerable bargains, those pickpurses of our wives and daughters,

“*Wanted*, because they may be bought—
Bought, because they may be wanted,”

and which solicit us daily in every form:—who, we repeat, can see all these and believe that ruin and desolation are come upon us? Nay, can we withhold our confidence (and moreover admiration) in the manifold inventions and improvements which, *regardless of expense*, as we are assured, are devised for our comfort and convenience? Can we behold these still-beginning, never-ending evidences of our country’s *stamina*, and not feel satisfied, *malgré* the (*mis-*) leading articles of our cherished paper (which it must be confessed sometimes “speak louder than *advertisement*”), foretelling the crush and dissolution of all mundane reliances, that England is still the most flourishing and well-to-do nation in Christendom? Why the very man who in the morning tells you that dearth and famine are the crying evils of the land we live in, will, on the self-same day, spread you a table that shall groan under the weight of that plenty of which his pen has previously laboured to deny the existence!

Pass we over this, *not irrelevant* matter, and proceed to proofs that at this present period, *things in general* are *particularly* prosperous, and, to

say the least, on an average with the *good old times* so vaunted by those to whom "Rien n'est beau que le vieux" and of whose superiority, *entre nous*, we entertain a very certain degree of scepticism, while in many respects we moderns are infinitely above them. Let us take a retrospective glance at the dull matter-of-fact days of old. When the early-to-rise and late-to-rest system of unlettered England's shopkeepers *bound apprentices*, to lean over their counters all day, and lie *under* them at night, nothing more was looked for, or indeed requisite, to the ready sale of their commodities, beyond those significant, tangible intimations of their respective *métiers*, displayed in their windows. Alas! for that single-minded, now exploded race! When dreamed *they of early closing movements*, who never stirred from their shop and its little back parlour of six feet by four (for with them there was *measure* in everything)? When thought they of "busying themselves in scull contending schools" and improving their minds?

What cared they for letters? save and except those capital ones, the emblems of a flourishing trade, and initials of their house's prosperity, *L. S. D.*, which made up the sum total of their learning's lore. The English trader needed then no tongue but his own; no "foreign lingo" to perplex his honest mind. Content to know *nothing* beyond his trade-craft, and only *studied*, like Norval, "to increase his *store* and keep his only son" (if he had one) "at home;" with no higher aim "from early morn to dewy eve" than to open and close his ponderous shutters, and sprinkle the shop-floor before his customers came *down with their dust*. This, reader, "was your husband!" But *young* England is another guess sort of a person from him of *elder times*. Plate-glass and pedantry have found their way into our shops and opened to us a more lucid insight to what was but the palpable obscure of other days.

Increase of our national wealth has led to the increase of our national wants, and ultimately to the development of long-slumbering, national intellect and its concomitant refinement. Our man of trade has now a greater stock of money than he formerly boasted, consequently, a *greater mind* to spend it! Thus the purse and the primer are simultaneously opened with his eyes, to the actual necessity of self-improvement. It follows then that in the Master-mercator, no longer nailed to his counter like the bad shilling of his day, we now behold the *Master mind*, which disdains, *in propria persona*, the sordid occupation of shopkeeping. No longer is he stationed behind his counter with a timid, sleekheaded apprentice at his elbow, with "slining morning face," aproned (and not unfrequently *cuffed*), with haply a provident row of *minikins* darned with precision on his sleeve. No longer is the "*Till*" the nucleus of the house's stamina, but in lieu of the master's eye (perchance in a fine phrenzy rolling), cognizant of the out-goings and incomings of his capital, we behold a plurality of young gentlemen, *Byronians*, with turned down collars, pale faces, and *winning ways*, taking place of the *one*; while a "*cashier*" towers loftily above the other, second only in dignity to the elegant *superintendent*, who, with *measured* step, and vigilant eye, parades the *boutique* and notes the *entrée* of each fair visitant, for whom he places seats with a bowing-grace that would excite the approval, if not the envy, of a Chesterfield.

Everything is in fact *changed*; the very terms and titles of trade are become obsolete. Thus we have no longer *shops*, but *establishments*; no more *shop-boys*, but *assistants*, who have no longer *masters*, but *employ-*

ers; and, superseded as said employers are by this general reform, and released from personal attendance, what have they to do if not to fly to the same resource as their emancipated men, and take, as beseems them, the upper seats at the intellectual banquet so copiously and indiscriminately prepared; and as all presiding heads of families have, *cum privilegio*, the selection of the food of daintier quality to that of their dependents, it follows naturally, that while the subordinates are be-thumbing and dog's-earing their spelling-books, and labouring to reinstate or transpose their too long-misused *H's*, and converting their *V's* into *W's*—and *vice versâ*—their superior of the *upper form* is majestically wielding his polyglott, and digging to the very roots of the tree of knowledge for the wherewithal to “amaze the (yet) unlearned, and make the learned smile,” doubtless with pleased approval! Thus *mind* triumphs over *mercery* as over less tangible matter; and *why not?* Shopmen have souls! and genius can no longer be bound up by stay-tape and buckram; besides, “a bad education mars gentility;” wherefore an ambulatory, indefatigable schoolmaster is continually on his march of mental motion, treading upon the heels of ignorance, and sometimes in his *haste* and zeal, a little too much confounding *classes*. *Mais, qu'importe?*

On looking over the “*Farthing Post*” (that *first* of newspapers!) set up by our thrifty forefathers, we find that the article *Advertisement* was “short and far between,” a mere occasional nudge of the elbow to the idle dreamer of novelties, brief intimations of things not needful, yet *necessary* “to those whom Providence had blessed with affluence,” the coveters of “le beau superflu,” as a distinctive mark of their superior grade and good taste. But now, in these our *better days*, they are indicative of no less than our country's *genius*!

The gorgeous George Robins, of illustrious memory, whose reputation was grounded upon his florid descriptions, would have been a stunning loss to diurnal literature, had he dropped his hammer thirty years ago. Time happily spared him for posterity's use and example, till his excursive mind and superlative diction spread their garish light over the fashionable columns of “*the Post*” they so adorned, and his spirit infused itself into the pens of his successors.

“Too apt is study to be overshoot;
And while ambitiously it seeks to *know*,
It doth forget to *do* the thing it ought.”

Not so our students of the nineteenth century. *Now*, not only the merchandise, but the merchants are assiduous in their respective callings and indefatigable in their efforts to secure our commendation and custom, not indeed as *servile supplicants*, but by the all-compelling force of *intellect*, all pervading intellect! And while in their multifarious claims upon our notice, and their tempting descriptions, we hanker after the commodities described, we actually *long* for an introduction to their accomplished vendors. Let us at once turn over the file of our chosen paper, and read one by one the long lines of advertisements, those veritable *signs of The Times*, which give more than presumptive evidence not only of the wealth, but the *wisdom* of young England. Previously, however, to the setting forth our more erudite samples, the lucubrations of our “*learned Thebans*,” let us briefly touch upon the lighter specimens, the unstudied effects of Liberty and Fraternity, appeals rather to the reason than to the imagination, genuine hearty *John Bull-isms*, di-

reeted to the *good sense* and reflection of their countrymen who cannot fail to be struck with the prompt, manly style of the blunt, and therefore *honest* tradesman, who, disdaining all trick and subterfuge, with an endearing familiarity, a "touch of nature," which in our reformed age "makes all mankind akin," without preface or apology *demands* rather than asks.

"*Why do you buy your boots and shoes at Paris?*"

The question is at once pertinent and startling. It seizes upon the eye, and touches the *understandings* of its readers—awakens every dormant faculty of thought, and places us in a sort of dilemma, out of which we see no valid form of extrication, for how reply satisfactorily, even to oneself, to such a downright question? "*Why, indeed!*" we musingly exclaim, after a pause, during which our eye has again fallen on the pithy paragraph—"Why *do* we buy our boots and shoes at Paris?"—(here we snatch a hasty glance at our extremities, *bien chaussée*)—and just as we believe we have hit upon "the reason which justifies" so un-English a proceeding, our justification is arrested, and o'erthrown by the closing assertion that he, the said shoe-maker, "*Sells them cheaper and better!*" Here he "throws conviction at us in a lump," and we bend under the bootless folly—to say nothing of unnecessary expense and loss of time—to crossing the *channel* for a pair of *soles!*

In number two of these, our quaint quotations, the writer exhibits all the characteristic frankness and unprelaced brevity which marks his brother tradesman (for "one of these men is genius to the other"), and we must admit that he bears in his style a little too much on the *imperative* in the injunction to

"*Buy your shirts at 301, St. Martin's le Grand.*"

Nevertheless, we can allege no just cause—though possibly some *impediments* to so long a drive eastward—no reason, moral or physical, why we should not obey this, however peremptory suggestion,—unless indeed the succeeding invitation to a nearer and more fashionable quarter of the town, which, in a blander tone, urges us to inspect.

"*The soirée* (not night) *shirt,*" produced, as we are credibly assured, "*under talented, and exclusive female superintendence*" (!!!). Here the greater glory dims the less, and poor 301 is put fairly out of countenance, and reduced to a mere *cipher*, by the force of feminine attraction, which let *him* resist who *can!*

In number three, we find, in reference to another essential article in dress, that Mr. — the tailor, "*Is enabled to assert without fear of contradiction* (!) *that the characteristic of his fitting is a gentlemanly ease.*" Now, here we have a pretty fair climax, for what can go beyond "*gentlemanly ease?*" *Nothing*—but the advertiser's considerate feeling, which prompts him to add—"for *stooping, sitting, walking, and riding,*"—a misgiving evidently coming across him, whether, with the generality of purchasers, a pair of trowsers might not possibly be deemed objectionable, unless accommodating to these various caprices of human locomotion.

In number four we see announced—

"*A Paletot built for the present season.*" Evidently, like most of our modern *buildings*, of a slight constructure; and poor in *pride* as in purse must that man be who would venture to display it in its dilapidation a

second season, when it would "hang quite out of fashion, like rusty nail, in monumental mockery."

We next, in number five, see afloat

"Some waterproofing facts," touching "a new sort of dreadnought coat and capes," which facts are of such absorbing interest to mankind in general as to dissipate all hydrophobial terrors, and render rain and snow mere nullities in creation.

"Something new," however, says number six.

"Something new was wanting," (so popular favour waits on chance and change!) and lo! appears

"THE PALLA GALLICA!"

In the production of which, we are credibly informed by the ingenious "inventors" themselves, (and what better authority can we desire?) that they have "left all their compeers far behind,"—doubtless to pant and puff, after the perfection with which they are unable to keep pace! Finally, we have the

"REGISTERED AQUASCUTUM OVERCOAT,"

which is *surtout* so anti-plebeian that the "proprietors" delicately infer its total devotion to the *beau monde*, by thanking "noblemen and gentlemen (only) for its support."

Let us now "speak by the card;" and, lest to some of its readers it should seem that the trader doth protest too much, let it be recollected that "to things of sale, a seller's praise is due," and, moreover, that "praise too short doth blot."

Learn we then that "Messrs. W. and Co.," in announcing "An extraordinary excerption of foreign articles, consisting of a beautiful compilation of rich silks, gold watches, umbrellas, and many other peregrine productions of peculiar merit and great VERTU, are induced to avail themselves of this auriferous opportunity to the very extreme boundary of prudence," (who could expect more?) "the result is, that by their usual discretion and vigilance," (Is this a world to hide virtues in?) "they are enabled to submit to the public the most superb display of foreign productions ever yet arranged together in one coacervation. W. and Co., for the guidance of those who may favour them with a call during this ostensible exhibition enclose a list of the leading articles which they intend to explicate on this momentous occasion."

A nicer "derangement of epitaphs," to borrow from our old friend Mrs. Malaprop, or a more compendious programme of an excerption of peregrine productions arranged together in one coacervation, from an auriferous opportunity, never before entered the mind of man, or into the compass of "a card" to explicate! Truly, the force of learning can no further go!

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CERVANTES.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

DON MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA was born in the year 1547, at Alcalá de Hénarez. The day of his birth is uncertain, but he was baptized on October the 9th. The age of Cervantes was that of Philip the Second, when the Spanish monarchy, declining somewhat from its palmy state, was still making extraordinary efforts to maintain, and even to extend its already overgrown empire. Cervantes, who, though poor, was born of an ancient family (it must go hard with a Castilian who cannot make out a pedigree for himself), had a full measure of the chivalrous spirit of his day, and, during the first half of his life, we find him in the midst of all the stormy and disastrous scenes of the iron trade of war. His love of the military profession, even after the loss of his hand, or of the use of it, for it is uncertain which, is sufficient proof of his adventurous spirit. In the course of his checkered career, he visited the principal countries in the Mediterranean, and passed five years in melancholy captivity at Algiers. The time was not lost, however, which furnished his keen eye with those glowing pictures of Moslem luxury and magnificence, with which he has enriched his pages. After a life of unprecedented hardship, he returned to his own country, covered with laurels and scars, with very little money in his pocket, but with plenty of that experience which, regarding him as a novelist, might be considered his stock in trade.

During all this while, he had made himself known only by his pastoral fiction, the "Galatea," a beautiful specimen of an insipid class; which, with all its literary merits, afforded no scope for the power of depicting human character, which he possessed, perhaps unknown to himself. He wrote, also, a good number of plays, all of which except two, and these recovered only at the close of the last century, have perished. One of these, "The Siege of Numantia," displays that truth of drawing, and strength of colour, which mark the consummate artist. It was not until he had reached his fifty-seventh year, that he completed the First Part of his great work, the Don Quixote.

The First Part of Quixote, which was given to the public in 1605, was begun, as the author tells us, in prison. It was not till several years after the publication of the Don Quixote, that he gave to the world his Exemplary Novels, as he called them; fictions, which, differing from anything before known, not only in the Castilian, but, in some respects, in any other literature, gave ample scope to his dramatic talent, in the contrivance of situations, and the nice delineation of character.

The writings of Cervantes appear to have gained him two substantial friends in Cabra, Count of Lemos, and the Archbishop of Toledo, of the ancient family of Rojas; and the patronage of these illustrious individuals has been nobly recompensed, by having their names for ever associated with the imperishable productions of genius.

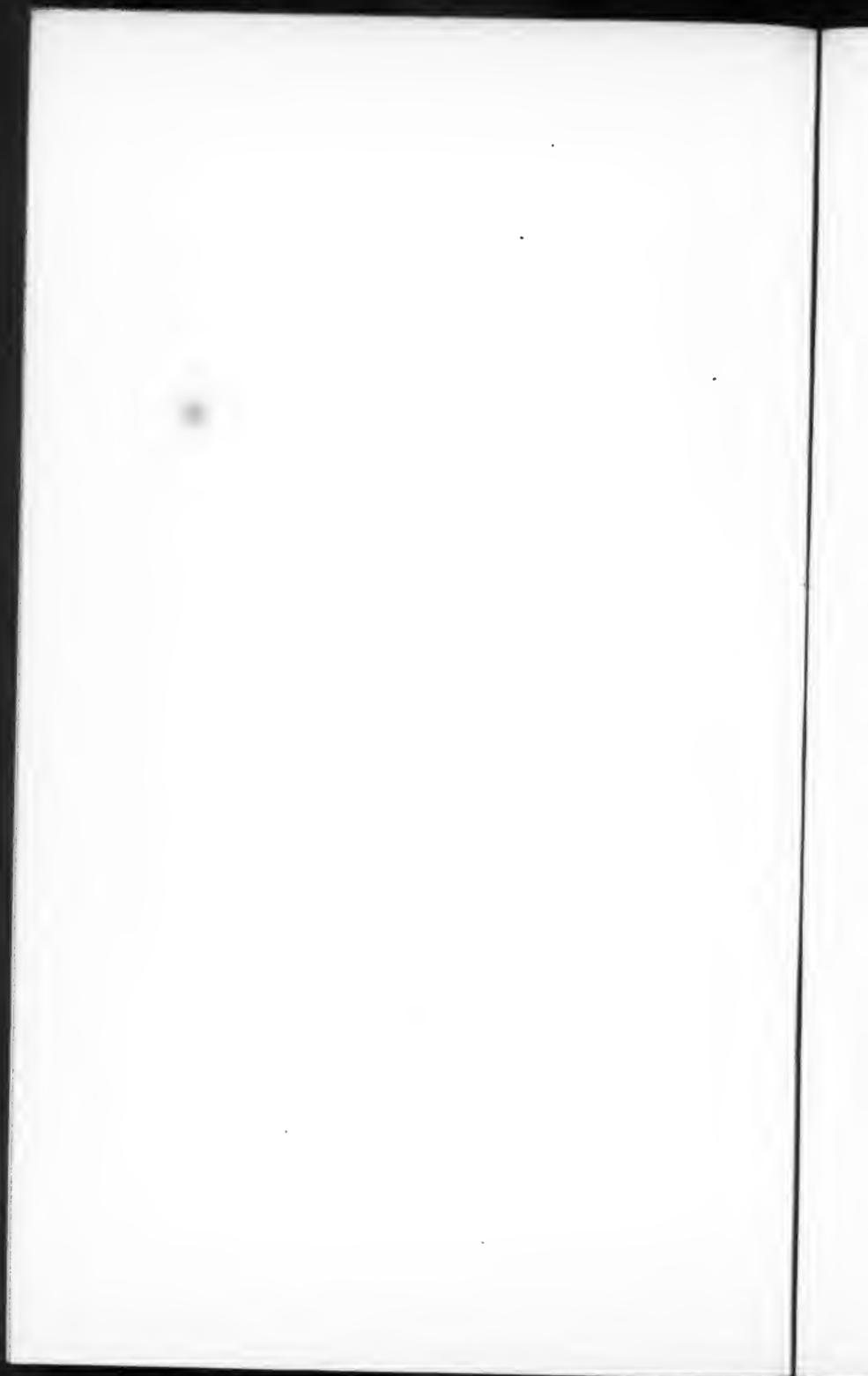
In the dedication of his ill-fated comedies, 1615, (for Cervantes, like most other celebrated novelists, found it difficult to concentrate his expansive vein within the compass of dramatic rules,) the public



Joseph Marenus delin.

Joseph Brown sc.

Miguel de Cervantes



was informed that "Don Quixote was already booted," and preparing for another sally. It may seem strange that the author, considering the great popularity of his hero, had not sent him on his adventures before. But he had probably regarded them as already terminated; and he had good reason to do so, since every incident in the First Part, as it has been styled only since the publication of the Second, is complete in itself, and the Don, although not actually killed on the stage, is noticed as dead, and his epitaph transcribed for the reader. However this may be, the immediate execution of his purpose, so long delayed, was precipitated by an event equally unwelcome and unexpected. This was the continuation of his work by another hand.

The author's name, his *nom de guerre*, was Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. Adopting the original idea of Cervantes, he goes forward with the same characters through similar scenes of comic extravagance, in the course of which he perpetrates sundry plagiarisms from the First Part, and has some incidents so much resembling those in the Second Part, already written by Cervantes, that it has been supposed he must have had access to his manuscript.

Cervantes was much annoyed, it appears, by the circumstance. The continuation of Avellaneda reached him, probably, when on the fifty-ninth chapter of his Second Part. The best retort of the latter, however, was the publication of his own book, which followed at the close of 1615. Cervantes correctly appreciated his own work. He more than once predicted its popularity. "I will lay a wager," says Sancho, "that before long there will not be a chop-house, tavern, or barber's stall, but will have a painting of our achievements." The honest squire's prediction was verified in his own day; and the author might have seen paintings of his work, on wood and on canvas, as well as copper-plate engravings of it. It has been translated into nearly every European tongue, over and over again; into English ten times, into French eight, and others less frequently.

He had now reached the zenith of his fame; and the profits of his continuation may have relieved the pecuniary embarrassments under which he had struggled. But he was not long to enjoy his triumph. Before his death, which took place in the following year, he completed his romance of "Persiles and Sigismunda," the dedication to which, written a few days before his death, is strongly characteristic of its writer. He died on the 23rd of April, 1616. His remains were laid, without funeral pomp, in the monastery of the Holy Trinity at Madrid. No memorial points out the spot to the eye of the traveller, nor is it known at this day.

We are indebted for some masterly criticism on the life and writings of this illustrious man to Mr. Prescott, whose researches connected with the History and Literature of Spain, are more ample than those of any preceding English or Anglo-American author.

Among recent literary discoveries, perhaps the long-lost work of Cervantes holds the most remarkable place. The loss of the "Buscapie" has been a matter of regret in the literary world for upwards of two centuries. Some months ago, a manuscript copy of the work was found among some old books, the property of an advocate, about to be sold by auction at Cadiz. A translation of this singular and caustic production has just been published in English.

VIENNA DURING THE LATE INSURRECTION.

The Archduke Charles Hotel, Kärnthner Strasse, Oct. 7th, 1848.

WHO, at the commencement of the current year, would have imagined that this capital, which I had hitherto regarded as the *Chef lieu du luxe et de la tranquillité* would become so suddenly changed.

Surely, the love of disorder and revolution must be deeply engrafted by nature in the human heart, to have caused the hitherto pacific Viennese to break out as they have done. No one wonders at the unruly acts of a Parisian mob; a chartist row every now and then is a matter of course in our own country, notwithstanding its general character for loyalty; while an Irish rebellion excites no more surprise, and just as much ridicule as the burlesque of a successful tragedy. But a revolution in Vienna is incomprehensible, what had the Viennese to complain of? A capital, more favoured by its Government never existed, its inhabitants were as the children of a kind, indulgent father; indeed, if there ever were a happy city of earth, it was Vienna, previously to the unlucky month of February, which has not only brought anarchy and confusion upon that unhappy country, France, but the tide of revolution having overflowed its banks, its waves have found an entrance into the Austrian capital, and transformed a loyal, quiet, and orderly people, into a set of discontented rebels.

The last time I wrote to you, was just as I was quitting Paris for Vienna at the commencement of July. I had hoped that the sort of revolution that had previously taken place among them, would have contented my friends the Viennese, and I had made up my mind to a peaceable residence of several months in a city, where, as you are aware, I had formerly passed so many happy days. To be brief, I had been staying ever since my arrival at the hôtel from which this letter is dated; occasionally, it is true, having my repose somewhat disturbed by those unruly young fellows, the students, who in England, would be kept in order with the rod, for the greater portion of them are mere boys. These ingenious youths imagine themselves to be cut out by nature, for constitution and republic makers, and are deluded into the idea of their being the regenerators of humanity: fortunately, however, they have experienced a set-down, which will suffice them for at least some time to come.

Yesterday, the 6th, I had just returned from a visit to Schoenbrunn, and was taking my luncheon at the excellent *restaurant* affixed to my hôtel, when I heard some persons talking very loudly and energetically outside, and on looking through the window I perceived a number of National Guards (not dressed as they are in Paris, but in hideous black and yellow uniforms) running quickly in the direction of St. Stephen's cathedral. Anxious to learn what was going forward, I hastily quitted the hôtel, and on reaching the open space before the cathedral, found a crowd congregated there, consisting of National Guards, chiefly from the Faubourgs, and students in their new revolutionary uniform. A large party was striving to sound the tocsin, while the black and yellow, or, as I will call them for shortness, the Imperialist National Guards were opposing the attempt. These latter had entered the steeple of the cathedral, and suddenly poured down a volley on the crowd below, by which

several persons were killed and wounded: a dreadful yell now arose, and the armed men around me began to fire upon the National Guards in the church. As you may imagine, I tried to get away as fast as possible, but this was no easy matter, for I was hemmed in by the crowd; but at length I managed to get at some distance from the scene of action, when I came upon a regiment of Imperial soldiers, accompanied by artillery; upon this I rushed through the *porte cochère* of a house, and running up stairs to the first floor, with several other persons, who, like myself, were non-belligerents, I looked upon the fight that was taking place in the street below. The regular soldiers were soon put to flight, and several cannon captured by the National Guards (not the yellow-blacks), the people, and the students, or rather, as these latter term themselves, the Academic Legion. As I considered my quarters as anything but safe, I quitted the house during a temporary lull, and went off to a Viennese friend of mine, who lived in the Graben. This, however, was going out of the frying-pan into the fire, for shortly after my arrival, a barricade was thrown up nearly opposite the house, which was attacked by some infantry and artillery. Soon afterwards a cannon-ball passed through one of the windows and buried itself in a mirror over the fireplace. Fortunately, no one was wounded by the pieces of broken glass. A few minutes afterwards the apartment was entered by a dozen armed men, chiefly students, one of whom, addressing us very briefly, exclaimed:—

“We have to apologize, gentlemen, for disturbing you, but we require the loan of this room to fire from,” and without more ado, the party proceeded to open the windows and fire from them upon the military. You must be certain that I was by no means desirous that the insurgents should gain the day, upon this occasion; but I must frankly confess that in this one instance, I did somewhat hope that the Imperialist soldiers might be repulsed from this quarter, for I felt assured that if the barricade below were taken, that the troops would enter the house and shoot every person in it, on account of the firing from the windows. My friend, who was a most loyal subject to his Emperor, evidently entertained the same fears as myself, so that we both awaited the result in great anxiety. The defenders of the barricade, however, not only held good their own, but actually drove the troops from their position, and gained possession of the artillery after some very sharp fighting. Our unwelcome visitors then retired, having civilly thanked us for the use of the windows.

Shortly after this affair, several persons called upon my friend, bearing the lamentable news of the murder of Count Latour, the minister of war, who, after having been stabbed in many places, had been hanged up to a lamp-post opposite his own door, notwithstanding the efforts made by M. Smoka, one of the vicepresidents of the Diet, to save the nobleman's life. It was a cold-blooded, ferocious deed, worthy of the demons that disgraced the first French Revolution. I had dined at Count Latour's only two days previous to his murder.

As the fighting had ceased in the environs of the Graben, I ventured to return towards my hôtel. I came, however, almost immediately upon a picket of Imperialist troops; the soldiers of which, having arrested me, conducted me to their officer, who, on my informing him that I was an Englishman, and producing my *carte de séjour*, allowed me to proceed, and at about seven o'clock I reached my own quarters.

The booming of cannon and the reports of musketry kept me awake

all night ; and at daylight, on my descending to the court-yard, the master of the hôtel informed me that the arsenal had capitulated after a severe struggle. On going out into the streets, I found barricades erected at almost every corner, which were being fortified by cannon. During the combat in the streets very few barricades had been raised, and the present ones were for the purposes of defending the city against any attack that might be eventually made, should the troops return. A good many dead bodies were lying about, one of which I recognised as that of a very handsome young officer of the Imperial Guard, whom I had frequently met in society. I must, in justice to the rebels, remark, that his corpse had not been plundered, although he wore several valuable rings on his fingers, and round his neck was a beautiful Maltese chain, to which was suspended a gold chronometer, by Barwise, of London. I assisted in carrying the body into an adjoining house.

At ten in the morning the news arrived that the Emperor had fled from Schoenbrün, with his court and escort of four thousand cavalry, which was considered by the Viennese as an act of treachery on his part ; as if they expected that his Majesty would quietly submit to their dictation, and surrender all his prerogatives, just because a handful of rebellious subjects chose to murder his minister of war, and get up a rebellion in his capital. Surely the Viennese might have contented themselves with the immense concessions already granted them by their generous sovereign, had they possessed the slightest feeling of gratitude. Anyhow the garrison, consisting of ten thousand men, has quitted the capital, and here we are under the rule of an infuriated populace, whose power within the precincts of the city are unlimited. All respectable persons are naturally terror-struck. How all this will end, I know not ; anyhow I have no intention of quitting the place, as I consider it to be the best plan, in cases such as the present, to remain where one is. Those who quit Vienna at this moment, will in all probability find the country in a dreadful state of disturbance, and will run the risk of being plundered and murdered by roving parties. Even when the Imperial armies attack the capital, which they are certain to do, before long, should they regain possession of the city, foreigners will have nothing to fear, if they keep quiet and refrain from meddling with what does not concern them.

Oct. 31.

Since writing the above, we have been going through a series of events sufficient to satisfy the most ardent seeker after excitement ; for my part I have had a little too much of it, for it is by a miracle only that I am alive. You must have seen in the newspapers many accounts of what has occurred since the commencement of the insurrection. At this moment, thank heaven, Vienna is again in the power of its proper authorities, and good measures are being taken to ensure the preservation of order.

During the first few days that followed the departure of the troops, matters within the city went on without much disturbance, and had it not been for the barricades which remained standing, and the constant parading of National Guards, the Academic Legion, and the armed populace, we should have scarcely imagined that we were in the midst of a besieged city. Contradictory accounts kept coming in. At one moment we were informed that the Hungarians had attacked Jellachich,

and routed his army, while at other times, it was asserted that the provinces were in open revolt, and were attacking General Windischgrätz. Every succeeding day, however, affairs became more serious, and the constant firing and booming of cannon proved to us that we were in the midst of war. I ascended St. Stephen's steeple several times, and could perceive the Imperial forces quartered around the city, and I felt assured in my mind that the place could not possibly hold out against such well disciplined troops. At length the attack began in real earnest, a proclamation found its way to within the glacis, by which Windischgrätz declared that everyone found carrying arms should be immediately shot by the Imperial troops. You may imagine my dismay, when a counter-proclamation was issued by M. Messenhauser, that every able-bodied man, whether foreign or native, who should refuse to take up arms and aid in the defence of Vienna should be immediately shot. Bitterly did I repent of my not having quitted Vienna on the out-breaking of the insurrection; for on the 29th, a band of armed men entered the Archduke Charles's hôtel, and forced me and several other foreigners, among whom was a Dutch Quaker, to accompany them to the Leopoldstätt, to assist in defending that Faubourg against the troops. On arriving there, we were compelled to fire from a barricade, which was being attacked by a battalion of Grenadiers of the Guard. There was no use expostulating, for several infuriated insurgents in our rear levelled their muskets at our heads, and swore that they would blow out our brains should we make any attempt at escape. I remained for some time in the midst of the firing, and you may easily imagine the feelings of a peaceable man like myself, on finding himself in such a dreadful position. All round me appeared a dream, and I loaded and fired mechanically, my shot indeed could not have occasioned much damage. At length the barricade was carried and the troops rushed forward, putting us to flight; I say us, for although with the troops in spirit, I was corporeally with the insurgents. It was a regular *sauve qui peut*, and I ran until I got among the ruins of a house that had been burned down and which were still smoking. I had not been long there before a company of Light Infantry passed by, following in the steps of the battalion by which the barricade had been taken. On perceiving their captain, I recognised him as a Baron de Lederer, with whom I had been many years acquainted. Darting from my hiding-place, I ran towards him, exclaiming, "Lederer, my dear fellow, save me for the love of God," adding immediately afterwards, with a loud voice, in order to prevent the soldiers from firing at me, "Vive l'Empereur, Vive Windischgrätz." Notwithstanding these precautions I narrowly escaped being shot down, and would, indeed, certainly have had my body riddled with bullets, had not the Baron recognised me, and taken me under his protection. I marched with the company into the capital, over scenes of blood-shed and horror, such as I fervently hope never to witness again.

Thank God, I am at this moment comfortably housed at the "Archduke Charles," recovering from the effects of my fright and bruises.

Yours very truly—

HENRY WALTER D'ARCY.

POPULAR BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Mirabeau: a Life-History in Four Books. London. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The author tells us that he was induced to attempt this work by many reasons; amongst others, that we have no life of Mirabeau; that the French have no readable memoirs of him; that in all our sketches, which are as numerous as lives are scarce, not only are there very many malignant and scandalous false statements fastened upon him, but the actions of his life are mis-stated, mis-dated, or omitted; and that he considered him as an ill-used and mis-judged man.

Now, we think it very likely that the English public, particularly at this moment, would be very glad to have presented to it a life of Mirabeau, written with the declared inducements that stimulated our author to the composition of his two volumes. But he, from whom such a "Life-History," to be acceptable, must proceed, ought to be a man who scouts utterly and contemptuously the rubbish about "Hero Worship," of which we have already had too much. From such a biographer we should have no assumption that the man he was writing about was a hero, with an immediate servile prostration of himself before his idol; from such a biographer we should not be told that to be in earnest is always to be sincere, and that energy of will is the same thing as force of mind.

Unfortunately, the present author is a great admirer of Thomas Carlyle; unfortunately, we say, because, although that eccentric genius puts forth many things, the substance of which is admirable, he wrings out many other things which, when they are not deformed common-places, are much worse.

Our author "wanted a hero," as Byron says, adding, "an uncommon want," but this is by no means the case now-a-days. Heroes are "as plenty as blackberries," and picked as easily as though there were no thorns on the bush. Our author has selected Mirabeau, and holds him forth as complacently as though he had not pricked his fingers.

Mirabeau, as an author, gave no evidence of extraordinary abilities. His impetuous will, and as often, perhaps, his want of money, impelled him to the production of pamphlets which afterwards, probably, he did not care to remember, and which now certainly the world will not consent to read. As a politician, he shewed no uncommon sagacity. He urged on the Revolution, and then (when no one had occasion to put on far-sighted spectacles) foresaw the consequences of his acts. He never accomplished, whatever his intentions may have been, any memorable political good in his life.

Look on what is left us of his speeches. Is there any great depth and clearness of thought, any force of reasoning that causes us to lift up the hands and eyes, any noble appeal to the feelings that makes those hands work convulsively, and those eyes fill with water! Nothing of the kind. Mirabeau was a great orator. "A power of life," as Madame de Staël expressed it, proceeded from him. In the Assembly the man was in his element. Here was the "action, action, action." He who has writhed under a respectable actor, with the words of Shakspeare dawdling from his mouth, and been present when the elder Keau has discharged from his lips the fustian of some modern playwright, may form some conception of the mighty power of oratory. Such power,—and mighty it was,—Mirabeau could command. In all other public respects he was not greatly better than an ordinary man.

Meanwhile, his private character was extremely bad; and in one particular, which we shall not name, he was as great a beast as ever human charity was called upon to devise palliations for. And mark how the author of the "Life-History" of this hero, calls upon human charity to do this. Mirabeau, separated from his wife, runs away with the wife of another man, whereupon, "As for the *united lovers*, they resided three weeks in undisturbed retirement at Verrières, and though, by their late rash act, ruined and broken in the world's eye, think ye, they were not happy?" The author then, after cautioning us against too harsh a judgment, adds, "If thou wouldst know how to express thyself on this most questionable act, we say—in silence; but if silence be impossible to thee, why then weep!" Weep! the reader who knows to what such connexions usually lead, will hardly even stare

when he is told that Mirabeau and the lady, who is called his wife-sister, because she happened to be neither, quarrelled and parted; that he afterwards ran away with another lady with whom he could not agree, and that the latter portion of his life furnished a spectacle of moral degradation.

As a specimen of the ordinary style of this performance, we give the following. After describing the mode of life of Mirabeau, and the first fugitive with him, the author says.—“Truly, this is very beautiful; a finer picture of united love it might be difficult to draw. If, as we believe, in plodding over the weary mountain of Life to that unknown much-loved Shadow-Land, which lies on the further side of the Death-river flowing through the valley beyond the Life-mountain—” Is not this enough?

Mirabeau has an interview with Marie Antoinette. On his approach, the Queen pays him a compliment, upon which the author proceeds to say,—

“And so she has acknowledged their equality; and King Mirabeau and Queen Antoinette discourse together. What that discourse was, no man knows; no man, to the end of time, ever shall know; *that there ever was, or ever will be, a conversation holden on this earth one would more desire to know, is dubious!* The conversation between the two whispering conspirators in the rehearsal, was nothing to this. That conversation, if we remember rightly, no one ever did or ever will know.” The above will give the reader some notion of this book, which is of the startlish, marvellous, “did you ever?” kind. What would seem rather curious in it, if we did not know that the author had been engaged upon “Hero-Worship,” is that, mightily sensitive about Mirabeau, he expresses his opinion of the actions of others with the utmost freedom.

Helen Charteris: A Novel. London. Bentley.

In these days when

“Who peppers the highest is surest to please,”

and all manner of extravagance of plot, character, and sentiment, seems to be swallowed with avidity, it is hard to say what kind of reception the novel before us is likely to meet. The endeavour of the authoress has been to represent life as it is, and manners as they exist in one of our cathedral cities. The reader who looks for “intense” writing, who expects to be made a witness of startling situations, unexpected or impossible meetings, unforeseen relationships, and “all that sort of thing,” will be not grossly but thoroughly disappointed in this book. In default of intensity, he must be content to put up with tenderness and feeling; for startling situations he must accept probable ones; for incredible rencontres natural reunions; and for the rest, such of the characters as retain no relations know perfectly well who they were, and those that have them know perfectly well who they are.

But the heroine, who is supposed herself to have taken up the pen, is not like the “needy knife-grinder;” she *has* a story to tell, and a very interesting one it is; and a great many characters figure in it who concur to its consummation. It may be observed,—although the observation is not new—that it is no easy matter to invent a story which shall be at once probable and interesting; and that while to draw characters of some kind in some way or the other, is no difficult task, to draw them after nature is one of the hardest things imaginable. Now the present authoress has striven to give us a probable and interesting story, illustrated by natural characters, and she has so far succeeded that she has made us think more than once of Miss Austen, and made us doubt (and this we offer as no slight compliment) whether we were not reading another work from the pen that gave us “Margaret Capel” and “Mr. Warrene.”

We would earnestly recommend our readers to get this book and peruse it attentively. Let them mark how clearly and strongly a character may be brought out by a succession of minute touches, laid on with care although directed with skill; and then we think they will confess that they have not seen in modern domestic fiction any characters *much* better drawn than the moral and musical Archdeacon, his wife (a perfect gem) Mrs. Beaumont, and Clary, the Creole,—a delineation, we think, hardly to be surpassed. The manner in which the heroine tells her story and discloses her own character is admirable; and the feminine delicacy of tact with which her lover Leicester is shewn to be a heartless scoundrel, without being proclaimed to be one, is a stroke of art worthy of the highest praise.

The Town : by Leigh Hunt. London. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The principal portion of these volumes appeared several years since, in the "Monthly Supplement to Leigh Hunt's London Journal," and we are told, that, should the present work meet the approbation of the public, the author will be happy to continue it.

The nature of Leigh Hunt is so frank, genial, and confiding, that we are not certain, although his poetry may not be the worse for it, whether it is not on that account that it has never been justly valued by the public at large. A delicate appreciation of fancies or emotions generated by a deep sensibility, is only to be expected from the few ; and when those fancies or emotions are sought to be made intelligible by the use of—so to speak—*too* everyday a language, they are further off than ever from vulgar apprehension, and suggest a suspicion of insincerity or affectation, which never had existence in the breast of the poet.

But in works like the one before us, Mr. Hunt is at home—so much so that the reader is, as it were, in the same room with him, listening to a free and easy discourse upon men, manners, and things, for ever interesting to all who have hearts and souls about them. He writes precisely as he would talk, and in such works as the one we are considering, that is the very perfection of treatment,—always provided that the talker in type be a man like Mr. Hunt, thoroughly conversant with his theme, and conversant because a love of it made him so.

There are one or two points in which we cannot agree with our author. Speaking of Dr. Johnson, of whom we think he forms too low an estimate, he quotes Boswell, who says, "He told Mr. Hook that he wished to have a *City Club*, and asked him to collect one ; 'but,' said he, 'don't let them be patriots.'" Mr. Hunt adds, "Boswell accompanied him one day to the club, and found the members 'very sensible, well-behaved men,' that is to say, Hook had collected a body of decent listeners. This, however, is melancholy." Not at all, for it is not the fact. A mere "body of decent listeners," Johnson never could abide. Tyers, the printer, who knew him well, said he was "like a ghost, that would never speak until it was spoken to," and Mr. Hunt further on quotes Johnson's words to Sir John Hawkins. "A tavern chair is the throne of human felicity : wine, at a tavern, exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation, and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love. I dogmatize and am *contradicted* ; and in this *conflict of opinion and sentiments* I find delight."

Again, in his account of Richardson, Mr. Hunt remarks that Dr. Johnson "had so much respect for him that he took part with him in a preposterous undervaluing of Fielding." Now, if by "taking part" he meant that the Doctor joined a league for the purpose indicated, it is not the case : Aaron Hill and other friends and flatterers of Richardson did that. Johnson had a personal hostility to Fielding, and spoke slightly of him, though he sat up all night to read his "Amelia." He said what he did not mean, which is little to his honour ; but let the provocation—the one ungenerous act of Fielding—be stated. In the first chapter of the seventh book of "Tom Jones," Fielding says, "Now, we who are admitted behind the scenes of this great theatre of Nature—and no author ought to write anything but *dictionaries* and spelling-books who hath not this privilege—" a gross sarcasm levelled at Johnson at the moment he was struggling through his great work in comparative obscurity. Such insults rankle when they touch a poor man. Had Fielding lived to see how dictionaries *may* be written !

We must take one more exception. Mr. Hunt calls Sir Walter Raleigh "that romantic and equivocal person." Now that Raleigh was not without faults, no one who is acquainted with his history can deny ; but it makes "our dander rise," as Sam Slick says, when we see Mr. Hunt, in a spirit of uncalled-for humanity, extenuating, or at least striving to explain, the faults, fooleries, and ingratitude of the Earl of Essex. Does Mr. Hunt call Raleigh equivocal because he sought the ruin of that petulant favourite ? Well ; but was Raleigh—the man whose deeds in the first instance made him a favourite of Elizabeth, who was "chased from the Court," as one of his contemporaries calls it, two or three times by Essex, who reinstated himself each time by still greater deeds, who got nothing but what he earned, and, after all, not so much as some who did and could do nothing, was he to play the magnanimous with a man who was at the very moment plotting his destruction, who had before sought to destroy him, and who had destroyed others ? If so, let him be censured, but let not others escape.

Bentley's Cabinet Library. The Clockmaker; or, Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick. Series I. II. and III.—Chinese Legends; or, The Porcelain Tower. London. Richard Bentley.

These are republications. It would be ridiculously superfluous were we to enter upon an examination of the claims of the renowned Sam Slick to the favour of the public. Having made our sides ache by a second perusal of these three series, we see how natural and proper it was that the sayings and doings of that quaint, shrewd, and *wise* person should have become so popular on their first appearance. We see, also, that their salt will preserve them, that their attraction will endure; and, now that they are produced at a cheap rate, that they cannot fail of being widely circulated.

The "Chinese Legends" of Thomas Henry Sealy, who died at the early age of thirty-seven in the summer of the present year, is a work admirably adapted for the Christmas fireside. The design of conveying a familiar picture of the customs and manners of the natives of the Celestial Empire in a series of comic sketches in prose and verse was altogether original, and has been executed with the utmost humour and spirit. There is a something of Ingoldsby in the structure of Sealy's verse, but the humour is all his own.

(By the way, Sam Slick reminds us that we have received a "Sketch of Clock and Watch-making," by Edward Grafton. This little work gives us a popular history of horology from the earliest to the present time, and will be read with pleasure, being nicely done, and, moreover, containing information useful to those who carry a watch, or are about to purchase one.)

Christian Consolation: Discourses on the Reliefs afforded by the Gospel under different states and trials of the Christian Life. By Daniel Moore, M.A. Bowdery and Kerby.

An admirable little Volume, well calculated to afford consolation in the most trying scenes of life, and which ought to be found in every family library.

The Closing Scene: or, Christianity and Infidelity contrasted, in the Last Hours of Remarkable Persons. By the Rev. Erskine Neale, M.A. Longman and Co.

The design of the author is "to prove by instances how dreary a scene is the infidel's death-bed—how hopeless, how sad!" while, on the other hand, he has striven to point out by example that there is "a hope that maketh not ashamed;" and that the Christian, in his dying hour, may fearlessly calculate on the presence and protection of Him who utters to his followers these mighty words of consolation and hope—I go to prepare a place for you. The examples are, Thomas Paine, John Locke, Frederic the Great, Bishop Barrington, Lord Bolingbroke, Blanco White, Charlotte Elizabeth, Madame de Staël, Volney, Dr. James Hope, George Brummell, Sarah Martin, Mrs. Hemans, Theodore Hook, David Hume, Hutton, of Birmingham, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Jeremy Bentham, and the Rev. Robert Anderson. The short memorial of the last most amiable and pious divine, as well as that of Bishop Barrington, will be read with unfeigned delight; whilst the melancholy death-bed scenes of Thomas Paine, Volney, and Shelley give rise to feelings of unmitigated sadness. We think the judgment on Theodore Hook much too severe. The writer assumes the charge of his being a defaulter true, which we are no means prepared to do. If Hook had paid the defalcation supposed to be due to the Government, it would have been an admission by him of the justice of the charge, *which he always denied*. That he was culpably negligent was true, and cruelly he suffered for it. The treatment he met with from his public friends (to whom he rendered such important services) deserves that eternal stamp of baseness, to which it is surely doomed. As to his talents, they were not wholly wasted; he has left behind him memorials of them, which present us with pictures of life truthful and admirable; and, while the pungency of his satire was crushing, (and it generally fell on those who well-deserved it), no writer contributed more largely to the stock of harmless humour and good-fellowship. His life was one of constant temptation; and the portions of his "Diary" which have been published prove his self-condemnation and his inward religious feelings. May the earth lie light upon him!

The Sun-Dial of Armoÿ; a Poem in Latin and English, by Richard Lord Bishop of Down and Connor.

A charming Volume, which will be prized both on account of its earnest piety and the beautiful poetry to which it is united. We quote from it the following lines :

“ ‘ Solis adventu, fugiunt tenebræ ; ’
Admonet Gnomon ; meliora vates
Admonet, si quis monitis patentem
Præbeat aurem.

“ ‘ Solis adventu fugiunt tenebræ ; ’
Solis occasu redit umbra terris :
O dies adsit, sine fine, quem nox
Nulla sequetur.

“ ‘ Night flies before the orient morning,’
So speak the dial’s accents clear :
So better speaks the prophet’s warning
To ears that hear.

“ ‘ Night flies before the sun ascending ;’
The sun goes down, the shadow spreads ;
O come the day, which never ending,
No Night succeeds ! ”

The American Female Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notes.
By Caroline May.

An attractive volume, now first introducing to us many votaries of the Muses in the New World. It will be an agreeable addition to the poetical library. The following poem, on account of its beauty, we cannot refrain from presenting to our readers :—

THE NIGHT COMETH.

YE, who in the field of human life,
Quickening seeds of wisdom fain would sow,
Pause not for the angry tempest’s strife,
Shrink not from the noontide’s fervid glow—
Labour on, while yet the light of day
Sheds abroad its pure and blessed ray,
For the night cometh !

YE, who at man’s mightiest engine stand
Moulding noble thought into opinion,
Oh, stay not, for weariness, your hand,
Till ye fix the bounds of truth’s dominion ;
Labour on, while yet the light of day
Sheds upon your toil its blessed ray,
For the night cometh !

YE, to whom a prophet voice is given,
Stirring men, as by a trumpet’s call,
Utter forth the oracles of heaven—
Earth gives back the echoes as they fall :
Rouse the world’s great heart, while yet the day
Breaks life’s slumber with its blessed ray,
For the night cometh !

YE, who in home’s narrow circle dwell,
Where love’s flame lights up the household hearth,
Weave the silken bond, and frame the spell,
Binding heart to heart throughout the earth ;
Pleasant toil is yours ;—the light of day
On nought holier sheds its blessed ray,
Yet the night cometh !

Diverse though our paths in life may be,
 Each is sent some mission to fulfil ;
 Fellow-workers in the world are we,
 While we seek to do our Master's will ;
 But our doom is labour, while the day
 Points us to our tasks, with blessed ray,
 For the night cometh !

Fellow-workers are we : hour by hour,
 Human tools are shaping Heaven's great schemes,
 Till we see no limit to man's power,
 And reality outstrips old dreams,
 Toil and struggle, therefore, work and weep,
 In God's acre ye shall calmly sleep,
 When the night cometh !

The Life of Marlborough. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S. William Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh and London.

"The world knows nothing of her greatest men," says Henry Taylor in his fine play of Philip Van Artevelde. The line is often quoted, but is a mere repetition of Gray's well-known stanza, which tells us that many a glorious gem lies hidden in the depths of ocean, and that many a flower wastes its sweetness and blushes unseen,—which may or may not be true. However, the line we have quoted has a certain applicability, when we reflect how many of our greatest men suffer under the darkness of an eclipse which looks very like oblivion, because no writer has thought it worth his while to record their deeds in such a manner as shall make the world familiar with them. Mr. Alison justly says, "Consummate as were the abilities, unbroken the success, immense the services, of the Duke of Marlborough, the details of his campaigns can scarcely be said to be known to the vast majority of his countrymen. They have heard the distant echo of his fame, as they have that of Timour, of Bajazet, and of Genghis Khan ; the names of Blenheim and Ramilies, of Malplaquet and Oudenarde, awaken a transient feeling of exultation in their bosoms ; but, as to the particulars of these events, the difficulties with which their general had to struggle, the objects for which he contended, even the places where they occurred, they are, for the most part, as ignorant as they are of similar details in the campaigns of Baber or Aurungzebe."

It is a thing to be grateful for, that the life of so illustrious a man as John Duke of Marlborough has at length found such an historian as Mr. Alison. Coxe's Memoirs few comparatively have an opportunity of seeing, and the very sight of those ponderous volumes is enough to deter any but the most daring and adventurous spirit. Nor have they that within them passing show ; the outside is only too true a type of the text, for Coxe touched nothing that he did not turn into lead. But, if few could read Coxe, who would wade through the despatches published a few years ago, which were said to have been *discovered* in the Record Room of Hensington near Woodstock. It is true, Mr. Alison has done so, and he tells us he has succeeded in getting some grains from this bushel of chaff ; but he is mistaken when he supposes that these papers were "brought to light" in any surprising sense of the phrase. Coxe had had access to them, for he quotes from them ; and they were doubtless packed away on the assurance that all that was valuable had been extracted from them.

Mr. Alison's eminent merit as an historical writer is so well known that we need not dwell upon it, and this work fully sustains his reputation. We have seldom read a more perspicuous narrative. Brilliancy without show, earnestness without warmth, sagacity without pedantry, these are its characteristics. Yet, there would have been some excuse for warmth, if, upon all occasions, a clear and full statement of the truth were not the best answer and rebuke to calumny, under which no great man's reputation (except Raleigh's) has so long lain unavenged, as that of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough.

The parallel between Marlborough and Wellington, is a masterly piece of writing, and the sketches of Louis XIV., Prince Eugene, Charles XII., Frederick the Great, and Napoleon, are worthy of the best historical writer England has produced. The plans and maps of the battles are most interesting to every reader, but invaluable to military men.

THE CELLINI CUP.

BY SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD.

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE he quitted the mansion of his forefathers, Mr. Oldmixon thought of every tenant on his estate, and of every servant of his household. In a letter to his future trustee, as he was wont to call him, Sir John Mansell, he explained his liberal wishes for their future welfare and establishment. They proposed to carry with them only two servants, as if merely removing on an excursion to the sea-coast, or on any other party of pleasure; one, an old whiteheaded man, who had served the family to this its third generation, and who had for many years acquired the appellation of old Trusty; and a girl who had been brought up by them from childhood, and who had grown into the character of lady's-maid equally to Mrs. Oldmixon and her daughter.

In a family conference, Mr. Oldmixon next explained to his children his situation, his feelings, his motives, and his views. The mother's voice was only heard in murmured, but cheerful acquiescence, with every measure suggested for adoption.

The young people listened, heard, understood, and assented, not as persons whose opinions were consulted, but as auditors to whom the reasoning of a parent was conviction, and his decision law.

One difficulty alone remained for discussion. The name under which the wanderers were to be in future recognized. The broken spirit of the father of the family aspired to no higher distinction than the humble names, however subsequently distinguished by the talents of those who bore them, of the Butlers, Coopers, Smiths, or Turners, &c., who had evidently derived their appellatives from the mechanic labours of their ancestors.

If weak it be, there is something divinely human in the affection with which we cling to the pride of name, and the love of noble ancestry. On this occasion the spirit broke forth from the half-educated boy.

"If necessity," said he, "compels us, dear father, to abandon our once honoured name, why should we disgrace it by the adoption of one which mixes us with the common herd? I bear after you the Christian name of George, and received also, I believe, at my baptism, that of Silverthong—a name said to be lost to the world since my dear mother took your own. I can, therefore, boldly, and unhesitatingly sign my name as George Silverthong, and that name I can adopt without a fraud or blush; and I know not why, as some deception *must* be used, this unknown and forgotten name should not, henceforward, be the distinction of our family."

Be it what it might, some human weakness passed over the mind of Mr. Oldmixon, but he merely replied in a voice not quite articulate—"True, true, your mother's family has never been disgraced, and hers shall be our name!"

In the mean time the preparations for their departure were conducted so quietly that even the common servants of the house had not the slightest suspicion of the coming event. Plate, linen, and everything

that carried the armorial bearings, or name, or even the initials of the family were to be left behind—nothing indeed beyond their ordinary garments were to accompany them.

“Misfortunes never come singly,” says the adage, and those which attended this unhappy family appeared to verify it, of them it might be truly said,

“One woe doth tread upon another’s heels,
So fast they follow.”

On the night previous to the morning which had been fixed for their departure, Mr. Oldmixon had been engaged to a late hour in burning a vast quantity of papers, and arranging others, and had hardly been retired to rest for one hour, when the family were aroused by alarm of fire, and such was the rapid progress of the devouring element that it appeared almost miraculous that at such an hour a single life was saved.

The entire principal wing of the mansion in less than three hour was a mass of smoking ruins. Mrs. Oldmixon, who had long evinced symptoms of declining health, thus suddenly disturbed, had scarcely power to throw over her a dressing-gown when she fainted. Her husband, himself in a state of trembling agitation, endeavoured to raise her, but in vain—he succeeded only in dragging her to her dressing-room, at the moment when her attached maid-servant rushed into it to seek her.

By their joint-efforts they placed her in a high-backed ebony chair, which first presented itself, and with the utmost difficulty carried her down the already flaming staircase, and into the open air. Oldmixon left her in the charge of the girl, and the other female servants, who instantly gathered around her, and again dashed into the flames, exclaiming “my children! where are my children?”

There were some of his servants who attempted to follow him, but were driven back by a roaring gush of smoke and fire, as from the crater of a volcano. It seemed as if the children had been the last to be awakened by the alarm, and all the household now crowded round the door in breathless terror and expectation, awaiting the hopeless and terrible result. The hapless mother was fortunately still insensible! on a sudden a shifting gust of wind drove the flames in a lateral direction, and the form of Mr. Oldmixon became visible, extended on the floor of the hall close to one of the double staircases, now half consumed, with the vivid sparks and embers showering from above upon his body. The old and faithful Trusty caught a glimpse of his master, darted through the now returning volume of smoke and fire, seized him by the arms, and half-supported, half-dragged him along the pavement, while he from his higher position, alone encountered the full fury of the element, bore him some paces beyond the threshold, where other hands were outstretching to receive him—then staggered—threw back his arms as if with a convulsive effort to inhale a breath—fell back into the arms of those around him, and instantly expired.

At this very moment a loud shout of joy and exultation was heard from another part of the building, and the young son was seen bearing under one arm his younger and fragile sister, and under the other a small box, or case, which was easily recognized as a constant ornament of his apartments. George had been first awakened by the screams of his sister, who slept in an apartment near his own—had flown to her assistance, and after encountering the raging flames on the principal

staircase; had recollected that by ascending a story higher, they might probably descend a back staircase, leading from the sleeping-rooms of the female servants, to which point the fire, in all probability, had not reached, and so it proved. He had not forgotten, in his alarm, to secure his treasured cup.

Wherefore dilate on the scene of misery which none can appreciate, save those who have felt, witnessed, and suffered by such a calamity?

The wife revived to consciousness in the arms of her safe but afflicted daughter. The father recovered without essential injury, and found himself supported by his son. Neighbours poured in from all directions to offer assistance and shelter, while the great object of stopping the progress of the flames was instinctively attended to by the tenants and the labourers, whom the conflagration had speedily attracted to the spot. But every offer of accommodation was declined by Mr. Oldmixon. He reasonably pleaded that, as the precautions taken had secured the remaining parts of the building, there was abundant shelter for his family, and the only care or anxiety he evinced was for the restoration, and at last for the respectful disposition of the body of the true and brave old man to whom he was indebted for his own preservation.

The departure was of course delayed until all funeral tributes had been paid to the remains of "time-honoured" Trusty.

In the mean time the extent of the ruinous devastation was too accurately ascertained. Many valuable pictures, besides a noble library, had been utterly destroyed. All the old family plate, which had been packed in the chests belonging to it, and placed ready for removal, immediately after the removal of the family, to the care of the bankers, was molten and mixed with the surrounding masses of dirt and rubbish. Not a single article of furniture, of valuable jewels, or even of their wardrobes, had been saved, the precious Cellini cup alone excepted, and the old ebony chair in which its unfortunate mistress had been preserved, and which, from old family associations, was valuable to her, and to her children.

It was a part of the fatal neglect of his affairs which the aberration of Mr. Oldmixon's mind had produced, that he had suffered his insurances to expire!

It will naturally be concluded that the disastrous events we have last recorded in no way diminished the anxiety of the family, to turn their backs for ever on the desolate scene. And now, by as rapid stages as the increased weakness of Mrs. Oldmixon would permit, they at length reached London.

The watchful cares and harassed mind of this amiable lady had marked in silent, but corroding grief, the altered character, and declining health of her husband; and had almost equally deplored the, of late, neglected education of her son. She always bore, however, a cheerful exterior, while sorrow and disappointment were preying on her heart. A slow fever, which she carefully concealed from all around her, had long been undermining her constitution, which at last yielded to the circumstances and events attending her change of situation. The fatigue of travelling so immediately after the violent shock she had received, brought on a crisis—and very shortly after their arrival, and entrance into retired lodgings, she was attacked by typhus fever, and in eight days was beyond the reach of all further affliction.

We pass over the funeral obsequies, and the mourning of her beloved

and devoted family. The still tender husband—the bereaved children, and the attached servants. Our business is with life.

Why linger on the details of a little history which is drawing to its close. The young and ingenious artist, understanding his father's hints and wishes fixed on a trade connected with high art, and desired to be associated with a carving, not a casting, silversmith. Such an artist, of great fame, was still to be found in London. A premium of three hundred guineas was given with him, and in less than two years his master declared that he had outstripped his instructor, and was better qualified to teach than to be taught.

A hint of partnership was afterwards thrown out, but rejected by the (*ainsi dire*) pupil of Cellini: but before the sun had well risen on the completion of his twenty-first year, he knocked at his father's door, and told him he was prepared to execute the final deed which was to separate him for ever from his paternal estate, and a name which it was now his duty to forget.

What have we to do, in a simple narrative, with inquiries into the sources of the frailties and imperfections of human nature? We have merely to acknowledge their existence, but sure it is that the retired misanthrope was rather offended than gratified by this prompt and generous movement of his excellent son: but, as sometimes happens, he was ashamed to exhibit a feeling which he well knew was not calculated to do him honour. He proceeded, therefore, in the business, and the deed was done.

In the midst of all this the son had never stipulated for conditions, or even hinted at a just and equitable participation. The estate, when sold by private contract, neglected as it had been, and dilapidated as it was, produced only the sum of 36,000*l.*

From the above sum was to be deducted the mortgage, which was immediately paid off—nor was this all. In looking into the family affairs, Sir John Mansell had soon discovered that they were involved in terrible confusion. He found that his friend, who for so long a period had been an active and vigilant superintendant and improver of his property, had for the last few years entirely neglected them, and that everything was now in a state of alarming confusion—many serious debts contracted, and, in short, the whole property ultimately collected from the sale left something short of the sum of 20,000*l.* to be invested in the funds.

The expectant heir from this moment became an absolute dependent on his father.

It is often difficult to account for the actions, and still more for the feelings of mankind, even in the ordinary transactions of life—but when the ruling passion (no matter what that passion be) has received a vital shock, and reason, on that particular theme, can exercise no longer a sound discretion, it is idle to investigate motives; and worse than wasted time, the attempt to trace to unexisting causes the startling effects which are so frequently and unaccountably produced by the aberration of a morbid imagination.

The unhappy father, who, under those circumstances, might have been supposed to feel deeply the demolition of the fine property of his ancestors and progeny, so far from evincing any regret, appeared to exult as every fresh claim was advanced which tended to its diminution! Whether he deemed that even competence was too luxurious for his degraded state, or fancied that poverty alone could satisfy his solemn resolve to exterminate, if possible, his very name.

Certain it is, that when his old friend Sir John Mansell came purposely to London to make the final arrangements, he was deeply struck by the increased irritability and misanthropy of his friend's mind. He, therefore, after many hours of earnest and interesting conversation, in which he strenuously argued against his resolution, and endeavoured to give a more gentle bias to his mind, with great delicacy hinted the claims of the son, as if by way of question in what names the funds were to be invested—but this natural inquiry was met by such an air of offended dignity and wounded pride, that the worthy banker and trustee almost repented of his interference.

"Did Sir John Mansell suppose he should defraud his son of his rights?" he inquired, "or was it necessary for his friend to be acquainted with the precise terms on which his son had consented to dock the entail?" at length he expressed his desire that the funds should be purchased in his assumed name of George Silverthong, and that he should take an early opportunity to attend at the bank and accept the stock.

"I regret to see," said Sir John, "that you are displeased with my suggestions, but I will not on that account neglect my duty. I presume you are aware that the stock once purchased and accepted in your assumed name, it can never after be removed but by yourself. In the event of your death it will be lost to your family for ever."

"I am aware of everything connected with the business, my excellent friend, but I must have my way," was the reply.

The honourable banker said no more, but as he proceeded on his errand was more than once tempted in order "to do a great right to do a little wrong." In short he felt much inclined, as by a mistake, to purchase the stock in the joint names of George Silverthong the elder, and George Silverthong the younger, but his cooler judgment told him this would be a violation of his trust, and he proceeded by his first directions—returned with the bank receipts—took a melancholy farewell of his old and young friends, and having afterwards dispatched his remaining business in London, returned to Devonshire.

Note.—In reference to the last number of "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY," we are glad to be enabled to state that the broils in Avranches, about the nomination of an English Clergyman, took place before the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Hickey, under whose zealous and able ministry the congregation appear to have laid aside their dissensions, and become perfectly united.

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